Burl [illegible] Library

The Nation

42702

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, AND FINANCE

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

VOLUME XCV
FROM JULY 1, 1912, TO DECEMBER 31, 1912.

NEW YORK
NEW YORK EVENING POST COMPANY
1912

42702

INDEX TO VOLUME XCV

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1912

(Nos. 2453-2478)

This index is divided into two parts: the first covering miscellaneous matters, the second, authors and books.

Adams, G. B. Government.... 189
Aeronautics 137, 251
Air of quiet study.... 162
Alienist and literature, The.... 350
Allbutt, C. Social problems.... 185
Allen, F. H. Bibliophile (Swiss Family Robinson) 210
Allin, C. D. Discriminatory tolls.... 406
Allinson, F. G. The Loeb Classics.... 613
Amateurs of revolution.... 27
American Academy of Arts and Letters.... 578
American Journal of Inter. Law 172, 512
American-Scandinavian Review 618
Ancient landmarks 79
Andrew-MacVeagh quarrel 24
Anglo-German relations 72
Annales de Géographie....152, 592
Anthony, G. W. Obit.... 389
Arber, E. Obit.... 571
Archæology, Congress of.... 467
Archbald, Judge 23, 45
Arden, H. Obit.... 40
Arizona: Politics 322
Armageddon at Athens.... 407
Art: Boston Museum 293, 451
  Education 534, 587
  Excavations: Abydos (Naville).... 131
   Athens 342
   Baths of Caracalla, Mithra.... 317
   Circus Maximus 198
   Corfu 342
   Datcha 494
   Dutch work at Argos (Vollgraff).... 317
   Egypt Exploration Fund.... 131
   Hittite expedition (Garstang).... 131
   Meir (A. M. Blackman).... 519
   Memphis (J. E. Quibell).... 519
   Mount Cavo 519
   Mycenæ, gold ornaments 131
   Ola, near Tripoli 131
   Palatine (Boni) 199
   Papyri rolls (Rustafjaell) 263
   Rome 199, 317, 393, 468
   Seville (Whishaw account) 622
   Stamboul 368
   Thessaly 494
  Fischer catalogue 574
  Furness portrait 220
  Grosvenor Gallery 517
  Holden collection 392
  International Congress, at Rome....99, 211
  Leech's illustrations 479
  Lithography 547
  Mona Lisa 181
  National Academy of Design.... 597
  Olcott memorial 574
  Print collections 451
  Ruskin, John.... 267
  Salon d'Automne (Paris).... 417
  Tate Gallery.... 110
  Worcester Art Museum.... 418
Athletics: Football 346, 423, 498, 552
  Golf 46, 97, 224
  Olympic games, Stockholm....25, 46, 115, 163. 180, 225
  Tennis 180
  Two standards 163
Austin, H. Obit.... 390
Australia, Physiography of.... 337
Austria 225
Automobiles 203, 256
Axon, W. E. A. Bibliophile (Curzon) 611
   (Dodd) 381
   (Dyer) 143
   (Lawrence) 257
   (Scott) 560
Babbitt, I. Bergson and Rousseau.... 452
Baer, G. F.... 298
Baker, H. T. Gentlemen at the wicket.... 307
Balkan complexities 527
  Diplomacy 449
  States....299, 368, 377, 393, 399, 426, 447, 449, 473, 527, 555
Banking legislation 501
Bauer, J. Rising prices and the public.... 578
Bavaria: Prince Luitpold's death.... 579
Beach, J. W. Bibliophile (Meredith)..306, 328
Becker verdict 401
Berton, P.-F.-S. Obit.... 416
Bibliophile....9, 32, 55, 77, 98, 122, 143, 167, 188, 210, 230, 256, 306, 328, 354, 381, 405, 429, 455, 479, 505, 532, 560, 585, 611
Binney, C. C. Gentlemen at the wicket.... 356
Bird-Lore 595
Birthstones 158
Boise, O. B. Obit.... 574
Books for the busy man.... 303
Booth and his army.... 184
Booth, W. S. The copyright law.... 560
Borland, R. Obit.... 40
Boss, L. Obit.... 338
Bradford, G., jr. Loeb classics.... 534
  Newspapers and history.... 33
Bradley, J. E. Obit.... 337
Brandegee, R. B. Bishop Brooks's mot.... 144
Brastow, L. O. Obit.... 151
Bright, I. A. Windermere.... 283
Brinkley, F. Obit.... 414
Broadus, E. K. Bible and English literature. 79
Brooks, A. M. Art in education.... 534
Brooks, E. Obit.... 18
Brooks, S. What Cuba needs 612
Browne, W. H. Obit.... 595
Browning, R. W. B. Obit....25, 43
Bryan, W. J. 139, 322, 349, 497
Bryce's retirement 450
Buckingham, E. M. Pepys and the Royal Society 169
Burley, C. A. The coast of Bohemia.... 431
Burns, W. J. 136
Burt, S. W. 524
Business, Revival in.... 255
Cabot, A. T. Obit.... 465
Calahan, E. A. Obit.... 265
Calcutta: Apartment houses 3
California: Politics 325, 474
  The Presidency.... 474
Calmour, A. Obit. 516
Campaign contributions, Old-style 49
Campaigns and votes 348
Canada....114, 347, 398, 406, 553, 607
Careless immortals 503
Carleton, W. Obit. 619
Carnegie Foundation 497
Carrel, A. 347
Carrington, F. 393, 451
Carrington, H. B. Obit. 414
Carver, T. N. American and foreign labor 356
  Conservatism and conservation 168
  Restriction of immigration 481
Cave, J. A. Obit. 572
Centralization and monopoly 204
Chaucer in modern prose 427
Chequer, H. The Panama tolls...., 144
Chesterton, G. K. 25
Chew, S. C., jr. Dr. Furness 188
  Shakespeare in the Psalms 211
Child in court, The 139
China: Education 388
  Government 47, 181, 225, 275, 299, 323
  "Pidgin" English 136
  Temples 164
Circus lemonade 279
Civil service 4. 136, 160, 297, 371
Clark, J. B. Political parties in 1912.... 374
Clemons, H. Bibliophile (Gray) 167
Clergymen, Efficiency tests for 402
Coleridge-Taylor, S. Obit. 220
College: Art 587
  Athletics in the Northwest 307
  Collegiate Alumnæ Association 514
  Cost 557
  Degree of Ph.D. 158
  England, and university problems.... 119
  Fellowships 430,456
  Hamburg Colonial Institute.... 39
  Harvard 230, 372, 499, 558
  Hazing 274, 299
  India, universities 504
  Johns Hopkins 398
  Mass. Inst. of Technology 602
  Oxford (Vice-Chancellor's oration).... 398
  Presidents and alumni 346
  Presidents and professors (Jastrow).. 476
  Professors 52
  Rutgers 136
  Semester course 329, 407
  State universities 355
  Thoroughness 558, 612
  Wisconsin (football) 552
Collier's Weekly 372
Collyer, R. Obit. 529, 543
Commerce Court 160
Congress: Adjournments 69
  Annual budget 422
  Cabinet members 601
  Disappointing 182
  Democratic control 397
  House of Representatives....4, 23, 28, 45, 72, 91, 113, 115, 117, 118
  New (1913) 471, 502, 526
  Petitions 577
  Senate 4, 45, 113, 117, 424, 445, 577
Connecticut: Politics 249
Conservation 136, 168, 397, 524
Constitution, Delusions about the 252
  Progress and the 424
Contributions at the altar 506
Conventions, Remodelling 4
Cook, A. S. Keats and Cartwright 34
  Words in the Bible 232
Corner meetings 377
Corporations 5, 254, 345, 374
Corporations and publicity 5
Costs of progress 580
Countermine, J. D. Obit. 595
Craig, J. Obit. 153
Critic among the prophets, A 207
Crops in the United States 158
Cross, A. L. A correction 124
Cuba 3, 159, 423, 612
Cult of super-golf 97
Curtis, E. Obit. 544
Darwin, G. H. Obit.... 572
Davison, J. H. Ulster and Home Rule.... 78
Defective crusader, A.... 116
Delaware: Politics 371
Dent, C. T. Obit.... 245
Despradelle, C. D. Obit.... 242
Detectiveness in fiction.... 141
Divorce reform in England.... 502
Dole, C. F. Professional motives.... 189
Drama: Amateur playwrights.... 130
  Baker's Chains (Browne) 597
  Becky, The Case of.... 339
  Belasco's The Governor's Lady.... 266
  Bennett and Knoblauch's Milestones.... 292
  Bernstein's The Attack 292
  Browne's Everywoman 315
  Davies's Doormats 391
  Didactic plays (Belasco).... 373
  Hamilton's Blindness of Virtue.... 415
  Hastings's The New Sin.... 390
  Hervieu's Bagatelle 516
  Hichens's Bella Donna.... 465
  Houghton's Hindle Wakes.... 572
  Knoblauch's Discovering America.... 246
  Loti and Gautier's Daughter of Heaven.. 366
  Pinero's Mind-the-Paint Girl.... 246
  Poel, W. 621
  Schnitzler's Affairs of Anatole.... 366
  Shakespeare 266, 415, 492
  Shakespeare's Henry V 315
   Julius Cæsar (Faversham) 440
   Twelfth Night 545
   Winter's Tale at the Savoy.... 438
  Shaw's Fanny's First Play.... 266
  Sheldon's The High Road.... 515
  Stage and "moralities".... 19
  Stanlaws's Instinct 440
  Sutro's Perplexed Husband 219
  Thomas's The Model.... 219
  Webster's June Madness.... 315
Dudley, L. Church gifts.... 457
Durham, W. H. Bibliophile (Thomson).... 77
Eaton, H. A. Visual lessons in morals.... 33
Education: English 258
  Illiteracy 422
  Practical (N. E. A. report) 278
  Secondary (England) 335
  Teaching of literature 302
  Vocational training 228
  Work and play 227
Emancipation proclamation 276
Ende, A. v. German books....210, 353, 559
Enfield, C. Funds for Roosevelt.... 169
England: Bermuda 225
  British protest 48
  Canada 114,553, 607
  Cattle trade (Ireland) 299
  Churchill on federalism 252, 307
  Congress of universities 47
  Germany 72
  Government 3, 93, 137, 159, 203, 251, 252, 275, 299, 307, 347, 423, 473, 499, 525, 553, 578
  Hay-Pauncefote treaty (Panama).... 48, 96, 406, 471 553
  Home Rule (Ireland)..78, 275, 299, 347, 525
  Kitchener in Egypt 323
  Land ownership 115
  Morley on men of letters 135
  Naval policy, An insatiate 607
  Peerages, baronetcies 473
  Royal Society 121
  Suffragette methods 282
  University problems 119
  Washington statue 603
  Workingman's insurance 47
English, Freeing written 376
English history in anecdote 257
Erde, Die 569
Eugenics and happiness 75
Evans, M. S. Decorating Washington 383
Evidence, The 94
Exports and imports 113
Fancy and imagination.... 586
Farming 472
Federalism and centralization 252
Fiege, R. Obit.... 340
Field, J. A. Western Economic Society.... 585
Field, M. Wage-earners in Chicago.... 425
Finance: After-election market 468
  Bankers' Convention 250, 277
  Banking legislation 501
   Reform 250, 277
  Better times 199
  Break in the stock market.... 575
  Crops 89, 255, 269
  Decline of speculation.... 111
  Europe and the defeat of Turkey.... 442
  European stock markets and war.... 346
  Europe's gold 317
  Good and bad influences.... 176
  Governing influence 154
  Great harvests of 1912.... 269
  Human nature (Morgan's testimony).... 604
  July investors and the bond market.... 21
  Markets and Balkan war 368
  Money Trust 599
  New influences 220
  News and the markets' response.... 494
  Politics in Wall Street.... 43
  Postal savings 250
  Prosperity and the Pres'l campaign 132
  Pujo on financial control.... 552
  Rising prices and the public.... 578
  Sequence of events.... 294
  Sinews of war.... 393
  Stock Exchange "reaction".... 342

- Finance: Stock market, liquidation 67
  - The war, election, markets 118
  - Turn of the year 623
  - Twenty per cent. money 548
  - Wall St. and the political campaign 217
  - What next? 519
- Fisher, I. National health service 78
- Fite, W. Eucken's philosophy of life 31
- Flirting with fame 477
- Ford, I. N. Obit 151
- Forming the opposition party 526
- Fortescue, G. K. Obit 461
- France: Army 579, 603
  - Duelling 251
  - Government 71, 251
  - Teachers' unions 251
- Francke, K. Militia service 307
- French notes 478
- Friend, E. W. A new thing in Amer. politics 456
- From his "practical" past 301
- Fulton, E. Fancy and imagination before Coleridge 506
- Furness, H. H. 163, 165, 188, 220, 506
- Gandillot, L. Obit 293
- Gates, G. A. Obit 514
- Geographical Journal 65, 129, 194, 292, 390, 491
- George, R. Obit 317
- Germany: Alsace-Lorraine 93
  - City houses (Prof. Flügge) 115
  - Diplomatic corps 553
  - Emigration 181
  - England 72
  - English spies 137
  - Hamburg Colonial Institute 39
  - Krupp centenary 161
  - Meat famine and tariffs 399
  - Schundliteratur 71
  - Tuberculosis treatment 579
  - Universities 150
- Getting away with it 254
- Gompers, Philosophical Mr 475
- Gomperz, T. Obit 217
- Goodwin, J. C. Obit 621
- Gordon, J. Obit 543
- Gordon, J. Senator Heyburn of Idaho 480
- Government: American 48
  - Architecture 28
  - Archives 426
  - Diplomatic service 2
  - Economics 273, 422
  - Foreign service 523
  - Industrial Relations Com. 601
  - Intervention 250
  - Municipal 203
- Governor's Conference 554
- Gran, H. Obit 416
- Greene, W. C. Newdigate prize 16
- Griffin, N. E. Professional motives 143
- Grismer, Mrs. J. R. Obit 572
- Hall, E. H. George Borrow 10
- Halls of Fame 114
- Hanford, C. H. 70
- Hardy, A. K. Bibliophile (Mrs. Gaskell) 188
- Harper, C. A. College teaching of English 258
- Harper, G. McL. Coleridge (Southey) and the Susquehanna 330, 456
- Hart, A. B. The Southern vote 445, 533
- Hartley, J. S. Obit 574
- Hat, Passing of the 203
- Hauk, M. 493, 517
- Hawthorne memorial 592
- Hay, G. Obit 269
- Hedges, Job 297, 298
- Henderson, G. Obit 173
- Herrick, R. 378
- Heyburn, W. B. 480
- Historical parallels 375
- Hoffman, H. S. Obit 514
- Hogg, W. L. Dynamiting at Lawrence 330
- Hogue, A. Raiding the treasury 99
- Holman, C. W. Tenant farms 472
- Holmes (Justice) on young men 3
- Holmes, R. S. Obit 242
- Homicides 322
- Hopkinson, L. W. Roosevelt the crusader 168
- Hotchkin, S. F. Obit 129
- Howard, J. Q. Obit 490
- Humanism 140
- Hume, T. Obit 64
- Humor of the eye and ear 583
- Hyslop, J. H. Defining our terms 98
- Idaho: Politics 551
- Illinois: Politics 45, 371, 397
- Immigration 274, 372, 425, 481, 577
- In statu quo 204
- India: Educational reforms 181
  - Sanitation 423
  - Universities 504
  - Vedic education 76
- Indiana: Constitution 24
- Industrial indications 274
- International radiotelegraphic conference 86
- Ireland 225
- Italy: Camorrist trial 25
  - War with Turkey 47, 93, 115, 181
- Jackson, S. M. Obit 129
- Jaggar, T. A. Obit 595
- Japan: Katsura 603
  - Nogi, General 251, 352
  - Russia 373
  - The Powers (Mikado's death) 95
- Johnston, R. M. Military history 556
- Joining habit, The 584
- Joline, A. H. Obit 389
- Josephson, A. G. S. The reading librarian 430
- Judges do move 448
- Judith, Mme. (Julie Bernat). Obit 415
- Kansas: Politics 92, 136, 223, 273
- Kauffman, R. W. Wilson and the laboring man 283
- Keeping our heads 48
- Kelley, J. P. On writing good English 123
- Kennedy, E. R. Secession in California 330
- Kildal, A. Scandinavian literature 428
- Kipling's scattered verse 528
- Kitchin, G. W. Obit 414
- Konkle, B. A. Immortality (Cave Wilson) 283
- Kuhe, W. Obit 392
- **Labor: American Federation (Gompers) 475**
- Labor: American wage-earners 425
  - Child 552, 580, 601
  - Factory conditions 580
  - Industrial unionism 498
  - Lawrence (Wool charges) 293, 330, 498
  - Lead poisoning 498
  - Papal encyclical 499
  - Railway accidents 581
  - Railway wage award 500
  - Strikes 224, 225, 500
  - Syndicalism 224
  - Weidemann on Amer. conditions 373
  - Wilson's attitude 92, 283
- Laffan, Mrs. R. S. de C. Obit 291
- La Follette, R. M. 1, 46, 94, 113
- Lambert, W. A. Interpretation of life 407
- Lang, A. Genius 120
  - Obituary 70, 86
- Language, English 123, 376
  - Greek and Latin 229, 399, 423
  - "Lurid" 603
  - Violent 325
- Larousse Mensuel Illustre 488
- Lauck, W. J. American wage earners 425
- Law: American Bar Ass'n 201, 202
  - Copyright 560
  - Courts and legislation 306
  - Divorce 147, 502
  - Employers' liability 449
  - Morse, C. W. 224
  - Reforms 202, 449
  - Supreme Court 23, 422, 449, 472, 577
  - Trusts, 69, 118, 161, 372, 374, 472, 497, 551, 577
- Lawless people? Are we a 206
- Lea, H. Obit 438
- Leach, H. G. Scandinavian studies 561
- Leaders in a democracy 604
- Lecky on the demagogue 189
- Legislation by "rider" 4
- Leighton, J. Obit 317
- Leland, W. G. Archives at Washington 426
- Lenz, O. L. Obit 21
- Let the people rule 276
- Lever, C. Memorial 473
- Libraries: American Library Association 54
  - Bodleian 617
  - Librarians 430
  - Widener memorial 230
- Life, Prolonging 50
- Lincoln, A. 276
- Lister, R. Obit 468
- Literary men, Wives of 478
- Literature: Bacon, Lord 51
  - Beaumont and Fletcher 455
  - Bible 79, 232, 335
  - Byron 32
  - Children's stories 29
  - Clough, A. H. 123
  - Curzon, R. 611
  - Dodd, W. 381
  - Dumas, A. 479
  - Dyer, G., and Charles Lamb 143
  - Fiction 141, 477
  - Gaskell, Mrs. 188
  - Gray and Algarotti 167
  - Johnson (Dr.) and Mrs. Knowles 429
  - Keats and Cartwright 34
  - Lawrence, W. 257
  - Literary rewards 185
  - Meredith 306, 328
  - Personages in fiction 403
  - Poe, E. A. 55, 127
  - Professing 302
  - Reading (Dr. Butler) 303
  - Rewards 327
  - Rousseau 53
  - Royal Society 582
  - Saint Méry, M. de 55
  - Scientific analysis 350
  - Scott, Walter 560
  - Shakespeare 211, 403
  - Style 582
  - Turco-Italian war 404
  - Turkish 388
  - Wyss's Swiss Family Robinson 210
- Living, Cost of 203
- Living, Metaphysical standards of 425, 481
- Lobbyists by wholesale 72
- Lodge, H. C. 113, 273
- Loomis, E. J. Obit 545
- Lord, A. M. The passing of doubt 123
- Lorimer, W. 45, 371
- Louisiana: Politics 471
- Lounsbury, T. R. Written English 376
- Ludwig, A. Obit 151
- Lyon, W. S. National vs. individual morals 33
- MacArthur, A. 224, 282
- McCall, S. W. 70
- McChesney, D. G. Obit 40
- McGee, W. J. Obit 245
- MacLehose, S. Obit 40
- Mailly, W. Obit 242
- Maine: Politics 223
- Mallet, J. W. Obit 465
- Marburg, T. 497
- Marden, P. S. Lifeboats and harbor steamers 123
- Marin, D. F. R. 39
- Marks, A. Obit 291
- Marshall, T. R. 23
- Maryland: Politics 577
- Mason, L. Dr. Furness in New Haven 506
- Massachusetts: Politics 70
- Massenet, J. E. F. Obit 154
- Mathematical centenary 606
- Mather, F. J., jr. George Meredith 530
  - John Ruskin 267
- Mead, W. R. 578
- Menage of the mighty 208
- Merriam, H. G. The semester course 329
- Mexico 3, 25, 226, 323, 373, 398, 523
- Michigan: Authors and poets 180
- Military history, The study of 556
- Mims, S. L. Saint Méry's Diary 57
- Monopoly issue 374
- Monroe Doctrine 113
- Monypenny, W. F. Obit 514
- More, L. T. Poincare and the philosophy of science 242
- Mores, O. A vote's a vote for a' that 120
- Morgan, H. A. Obit 265
- Morocco 93
- Morse, E. L. C. Religious propriety 11
- Murderer's trade, The 349
- Music: Aeolian Hall 392, 493
  - Athens 88
  - Bizet 20
  - Blockx, J. 20
  - Brahms, 109
  - Butt, C. 151
  - Carreño, T. 41, 517
  - Charpentier, G. 493
  - Chopin 293
  - Finnish folksongs 175
  - Galston, G. 493
  - Germany 42, 66, 88, 131, 175
  - Hammerstein operas in London 180, 219
  - Harvard Musical Review 441
  - Haydn, J. 154
  - Keller, H. 247
  - Leoncavallo 153
  - London 198, 247
  - MacDowell 87
  - Mahler, G. 42, 109, 131
  - Massenet 266, 293, 340, 546
  - Metropolitan Opera 131, 367, 493
  - Mozart 175
  - Mozart's Magic Flute 517
  - Musical genius 224
  - Paris, opera 247, 293
  - Parry, H. Works 339, 621
  - Publishers and sellers 20
  - Richter, H. 293
  - Ricordi, G. 20
  - Rousseau 20
  - Strauss's operas 219, 267, 467, 597
  - Stuttgart 315
  - Titta Ruffo 517
  - Wagner 42, 131, 153, 247, 293
  - Wolf-Ferrari 109
- Nation, This astonishing 351
- National archives again 426
- National Geographic Magazine 65, 194, 262, 335, 464, 569
- Navajo reservation 96
- Navies of Europe and the Mediterranean 93
- Negro: American Bar Association 201
  - Georgia 602
  - Illiteracy 422
  - Politics 113, 157, 179, 249
  - South Carolina (Gov. Blease) 46, 578
  - Southern Race Questions Commission 463
  - West Virginia (Johnson case) 223
- New Hampshire: Taxation on forest lands 397
  - Politics 601
- New Jersey: Politics 297, 604
- New Mexico: Navajo Indians 96
- New reputations for old 403
- Newspapers: Comic supplements 2
  - Editorial office-holding 582
  - History 33
  - Press (Munsey) 249
  - Trust 174
- New York: Hyde conviction 525
  - New York city police 70, 92, 113, 158, 223, 349, 401, 605
  - Politics (State) 1, 70, 226, 249, 297, 298, 321, 322, 324
- New Zealand 137
- Nicaragua and Mexico 226, 323
- Nobel Peace Prize 618
- Noguchi, Y. Death of Baron Takasaki 10
  - Japanese mask play 231
  - The suicide of Gen. Nogi 352
- Noise crusades 472
- Ober, G. Obit 492
- Ogilvie, W. Obit 492
- Ohio: Politics 91, 201
- Oldham, L. A protest 356
- Oregon: Politics 398
- Oswald, E. Obit 414
- Outlook magazine 73
- Paine, J. A. Obit 111
- Panama Canal 45, 48, 96, 113, 135, 144, 157, 179, 205, 225, 275, 371, 406, 471, 497, 525, 602
- Pantheon in Rome 58, 99
- Peffer, W. A. Obit 322, 337
- Pennsylvania: Philadelphia 273, 552
  - Politics (State) 322, 552
- Pensions 72
- Perkins, G. W. 113, 524
- Perott, J. de Cynthia's Revels 383
- Pershing, J. H. Parties and the Constitution 144
- Personality in professors 52
- Peru 115
- Petermann's Mitteilungen 87, 312, 491, 592
- Philippines 224, 474, 554
- Pitman, I. 275
- Platt, I. H. Obit 173
- Poincaré, J.-H. Obit 87, 242
- Political verbomaniacs 183
- Politics: Ballot, proportions 445
  - Campaign contributions 49
    - Expenses 46, 49
    - Methods—France, U. S. 553
    - Of 1904 182, 301
  - College men 321
  - Convention at Chicago 94
  - Conventions, national 4
  - Democratic party 1, 4, 23, 26, 45, 49, 75, 348, 397, 421, 448
  - Election odds 326
    - Prophecies 400
    - Superstitions 348
  - Hadley's vote 298, 321
  - Hymn-book 297
  - Initiative, referendum, recall 79, 300, 322, 324
  - Insurance, Lloyds 157
  - Leaders 604
  - Mysterious art of 74
  - Opposition party 526
  - Parallels 377
  - People's rule 277, [illegible]
  - Popular government [illegible]
  - Populism [illegible]
  - Physicians [illegible]
  - Presidential campaign and trade 138

Politics: Election (1912)....421, 445, 446, 448, 474, 494, 500, 533
Elections (Harvey) 201
Term 9
Progressivism 300, 371
Radicals 10
Range of topics 446
Republican party 1, 23, 45, 49, 75, 91, 94, 117, 157, 249, 297, 348, 371, 375, 448, 526
Socialists 2
Tariff issue 348, 446
Third party (Roosevelt's)........23, 26, 45, 69, 113, 116, 120, 135, 157, 201, 204, 226, 253, 273, 276, 297, 321, 348, 374, 424, 445, 448, 524, 526, 551, 577
Porter, C. Bibliophile (Lord Herbert)....... 532
Portugal 25
Post Office: Classified service 297, 371
Parcels-post 523
Postal savings 250
Postroads 202
Potter, L. McC. Obit.................. 220
Pratt, H. B. Obit..................... 595
Prentice, W. K. University fellowships..... 430
Presidential experience 307
Message 554
Pensions 497
Price, W. J. Dickens's typical American.. 33
Prints in Boston 451
Professors and the machine........... 476
Progressive illusion, A.............. 300
Progressive morality 26
Prophet of progress, A............... 330
Prophets to the fore 400
Psychology of election odds 326
Putumayo rubber country 115, 172
Quiller-Couch, A. 463
Radicals and Rooseveltism............ 10
Railways: Accidents 580
Coal roads (Hepburn law)............. 577
Eighteen-hour trains 92
Grand Trunk, New Haven............... 472
N. Y., N. H. & H., 322, 346, 472, 525, 581
Ownership (Stanley report)........... 119
Safety in travel..................... 580
Union Pacific 526
Wage award 500
Ramdohr, C A. v. Obit................. 515
Rather hard on "Tom"................. 582
Rayner, I............................ 498
Real popular government.............. 324
Reid, W. Obit..................581, 594
Relief again vetoed (Wool duties)..... 138
Religion: Catholic Church.........179, 499
Clergy 402
International Congress at Leiden....304, 330
Responsibility to the people......... 324
Re-staging 1904...................... 182
Revolution, Is it a.................. 448
Richardson, M. H. Obit................ 130
Rivière, L-A-T. Obit.................. 468
Road-building appropriations 202
Roberts, E. S. Obit................... 18
Robinson, D. M. Art in our colleges....... 587
Robinson, F. Obit..................... 466
Rockwell, J. H. The pendulum swings back. 306
Rodenbough, T. F. Obit. 619
Reedern, K. V. A difference........... 382
Rogers, J. W......................... 180
Romance, Flight of................... 164
Roosevelt, T. 1, 2, 10, 23, 26, 27, 33, 45, 46, 48, 49, 69, 73, 74, 79, 92, 94, 96, 113, 116, 117, 118, 124, 135, 136, 139, 157, 160, 168, 169, 179, 182, 201, 204, 223, 226, 248, 249, 252, 254, 273, 276, 297, 298, 300, 301, 321, 324, 330, 345, 372, 374, 421, 424, 445, 449, 474, 506, 524
Rouse, W. H. D. Learning English through the classics 229
Rousseau, Bi-centenary of............ 53
Rousseau in England 7
Rugh, William 372
Russell, B. The Loeb Classics......... 586
Russell, M. Obit...................... 265
Russia: Czarevitch's accident........ 399
Duma 525
Ruthenians 159
Treaty with the U S.............275, 373
Salesmanship and psychology.......... 447
Schelling, F. E. Horace Howard Furness.. 165
Schleyer, J. M. Obit.................. 196
Schwan, T. The late Gen. Otis......... 282
Science: Aerial sounding............. 152
American Economic Association 446
An Ishmael (Le Bon).................. 280
California almond trees.............. 129
Criminal insane 401
Eugenists, Congress of............... 152
Geological Society of America........ 464
Infantile paralysis 499
International map of the world 292
Johns Hopkins, medical work.......... 398
Medical terms 473
Metchnikoff 50
National Academy..................... 490
Nobel Prize 347
Pellagra 552
Radiotelegraphic conference 86
Rainfall (Lindsay summary)........... 438
Timber development 524
Tuberculosis 579
Scientific atmosphere 51
Scientists on social tendencies...... 185
Scottish Geographical Magazine....338, 464, 512
Scott-James, R. A. American observations.. 351
Scruggs, W. L. Obit................... 86
Sedgewick, G. G. The Loeb Classics.... 586
Segond, P. Obit....................... 414
Shadwell, B. A central parliament for Europe 307
Campaign gifts 211
Shaw, R. N. Obit...................... 494
Sherman, J. S........................ 421
Sherman, S. P. Pantisocrats on the Susquehanna 382
Synge, John 608
Shipping: American and Canadian...... 406
Freed 205
Shipping: Reforms 24, 114, 123
Side-whiskers, Return of............. 328
Singh, S. N. Three new universities for India 504
Vedic education in India............. 76
Skeat, W. W. Obit..................... 337
Smith, E. Obit........................ 545
Smith, W. W. Obit..................... 543
Snowden, A. L. Obit................... 242
Socialism 179, 499
South American republics........275, 523
South Carolina: Blease, Governor, 46, 202, 552, 578
Textile industries 601
Stafford, E. A square deal........... 124
Stanley Committee's report........... 118
Stanton, T. Saint Méry's Diary 55
Stanwood, E. Election fallacies....... 348
State university, The................ 355
Statesman, Excavating a.............. 6
Stockham, A. B. Obit.................. 571
Stockton, C. H. Panama Canal tolls.... 371
Sugar 159
Sulzer, W. 324
Super, C. W. Thoroughness 613
Supervising mankind.................. 401
Swift, L. Roosevelt and Pisistratus... 506
Switzerland: Military organizations.. 71
Swiss notes 121
Syracuse gathering 226
Taft, W. H.: Administration....24, 157, 179, 183, 273, 297, 348, 371, 373, 446, 523, 554
Messages 523 554, 601
On the (campaign) issues 116
Presidential campaign 23, 69, 91, 94, 116, 168, 348, 375, 397, 421
Vetoes 117, 138, 157, 160
Wilson, Roosevelt 273
Tariff: Art standards 346
Bills before Congress 113
Canada 347
Cost of production 2
Familiar ostrich 144
Free trade and protection.....55, 69, 98, 523
Issue (Presidential campaign).......348, 445
Mill costs and Tariff Board.......... 24
New York Press (Munsey) 249
Revision 69, 471, 551
Roosevelt's attitude 92, 223, 445
Steel and Iron 157, 274
Taft's attitude 117, 397
Wilson's attitude 223
Wool 91, 138
Tax, income 91, 424
Telegraph rates 2
Tennessee: Politics 578
Terms needing definition 55
Third party and the Trusts 253
Thruston, G. P. Obit.................. 571
Tillinghast, M. E. Obit............... 599
Tinel, E. Obit 417
Titanic disaster 114
Tompkins, E. K. The Loeb library 481
Torrey, B. Obit 338, 389
Toy, C. H............................ 524
Trade revival and the campaign....... 138
Trifling with good faith 96
Trusts: Bathtub 472
Bills (Stanley committee) 69
Brandeis on Third Party plank........ 254
Facts about 160
Standard Oil..........5, 161, 205, 211, 372
Steel 118, 374
Sugar 5
Third Party's plank 374
Tobacco 5, 161
Turkey: Balkan states.....299, 368, 377, 393, 399, 426, 442, 447, 450, 527, 555
Government 71, 93
War with Italy 181
Turkish difficulties 555
Tuttle, G. M. Obit.................... 438
U. S. Navy Dept.: Battleships.......250, 551
Naval efficiency 345
Increase 91, 158
Secretary Meyer's administration..... 551
U. S. War Dept.: Militia Pay bill.....446, 524
Utah: Patriotism in the schools...... 525
Vacations, Disappointing............. 228
Vanishing home-industry, A 29
Vaughn, W. J. Obit. 621
Vermont: Elections 201
Vernon, F.-C.-V. de. Obit............. 418
Veto, A justified 160
Veto, Overriding a................... 117
Vice and government 605
Wade, C. St. C. Loeb classics......... 534
Towers of Aragon..................... 100
Waller, Mrs. L. Obit.................. 492
War, A baffling (Balkan states)...... 375
War costs 347, 394
Wars, Holy 447
Warren, F. E. (Collier's Weekly)......202, 298
Warren, H. W. Obit.................... 108
Webster, A. G. Nat. Academy of Sciences.. 490
The Royal Society.................... 121
Weeks, R. A universal alphabet........ 561
Wells, H. G. Labor questions.......... 27
Whicher, G. F. Fellowships............ 456
Whitty, J. H. Bibliophile (Poe)....... 55
Jefferson's bull moose............... 211
Wieniawski, J. Obit................... 493
Wilby, C. B. The method of the Bull Moose 144
Wiley, H. T.......................... 321
Wilson, A. Obit....................... 245
Wilson, W. 1, 23, 26, 45, 72, 73, 91, 92, 135, 168, 204, 223, 273, 283, 297, 298, 300, 307, 324, 345, 348, 397, 421, 456, 471, 497, 500, 604
Wolfe, J. H. The candidates........... 168
Woman suffrage..........3, 201, 282, 373, 445
Wood, O. Obit. 269
Woodbridge, H. E. Sentimental borrowing.. 122
World records 447
Wriggling 73
Wright, F. The Loeb library........... 482
Yeames, H H. The Roman Pantheon...... 99
Young, F. B. English suffragettes..... 282
Zeigler, O. W. A profanation.......... 189
Compulsory service 383

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

The entries in the following index are made under the name of author, editor, or translator, as the case may be; sometimes under two of these heads. A number of the more important books are also indexed by title.

Abbott, C. G. The Osprey.............. 217
Abu'l-Mahasin's Rulers of Egypt....... 217
Adams, G. B. The English Constitution..81, 189
Adams, J. Educational Theory.......... 232
Adams, M. B. Cottage Architecture..... 368
Adams, S. H. The Secret of Lonesome Cove.. 309
Adams, W. D. A Book of Beggars........ 561
Adcock, A. St. J. Famous Houses, Literary Shrines 311
Addison, J. de W. Spell of England.... 215
Albe, E. E. F. d'. Chemistry.......... 218
Albright, E. M. Descriptive Writing... 38
Alexander, J. The Truth about Egypt... 39
Alexander, S. J. The Inverted Torch (Poems) 587
Allen's Historical Guides............ 18
American Library Annual.............. 151
Amsden, D., and Happer, J. S. Heritage of Hiroshige 368
Anderson, A. J. Sandro Botticelli..... 442
Anderson, C. L. G. Old Panama......... 413
Angellotti, M. P. The Burgundian...... 126
Annunzio, G. d'. Le Canzoni delle gesta d'oltremare 404
Ansell, M. The Happy Garden........... 363
Arabian Nights (René Bull)........... 561
Arabic manuscripts 18
Architectural Styles for Country Houses..... 368
Arnold, W. H. French Diction for Singers... 516
Aspinall, A. E. British West Indies... 64
Atteridge, A. H. Joachim Murat........ 129
Augé-Laribé, M. L'Œvolution de la France agricole 187
Aulard, A. Napoleon................... 186
Austin, M. A Woman of Genius.......... 384
Australian literature 142, 337
Bacon, E. M., and Wyman, M. Direct Elections 84
Bacon, J. D. The Inheritance 433
Bain, F. W. Bubbles of the Foam 564
Baker, L. H. Race Improvement or Eugenics 515
Baldwin, J. The Sampo 436
Balfour, A. J. Home Rule 618
Ball, J. D. The Chinese at Home 331
Ballore, F. de M. La Sismologie moderne.... 196
Bangs, M. R. High Bradford 237
Barclay, F. L. Through the Postern Gate ... 125
Barley, J. W. Morality Motive in Eng. Drama 19
Barrington, Mrs. R. Through Greece and Dalmatia 64
Bassett, J. S. Life of Andrew Jackson 307
Bates, E. L., and Charlesworth, F. Mathematics and Geometry 235
Bates, E. W. Pageants and Pageantry 245
Baum, J. Romanesque Architecture in France 368
Bax, E. B. Episode of the French Revolution (Babeuf) 64
Bazin, R. Children of Alsace; The Penitent; Davidée Birot 102
Beard, C. A. The Supreme Court 107
Beaumont and Fletcher. Works. 390, 455
Beesley, L. Loss of the Titanic 171
Bell, H. T. M., and Woodhead, H. G. W. The China Year Book 108
Belloc, H. Works 477
Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs. Mary Pechell 459
Bennett, A. The Honeymoon 465
Your United States 461
Bennett, A., and Knoblauch, E. Milestones. 292
Benoît, F. L'Architecture, Antiquité....... 154
Benson, E. F. Mrs. Ames 614
Paul, the Minstrel; The Child of the Dawn 80
Thy Rod and Thy Staff 539
Beowulf 386
Bergson, H. Works 452, 463
Betham-Edwards, Miss. Heart of the Vosges. 17
Betz, W., and Webb, H. E. Geometry 235
Bevione, G. Come siamo andati a Tripoli .. 404
Bewer, J. A. Obadiah and Joel 363
Bey, Omar al Raschid. Das hohe Ziel der Erkenntniss 353
Bianchi, M. G. D. The Sin of Angels 332
Biblical and Theological Studies 389
Bierce, A. Works 512
Bindloss, H. The Long Portage 484
Birmingham, G. A. Lighter Side of Irish Life 567
Priscilla's Spies 332
Black, S., and Chrystal, G. Life of W. R. Smith 215
Blok, P. J. History of the Netherlands 241
Blount, J. H. The Philippines 309, 475
Böhme, M. The Department Store 12
Bond, F. Cathedrals of England and Wales 442
Bonsal, S. Edward Fitzgerald Beale 242
Bosanquet, B. Logic 40
Principle of Individuality 124
Boscan, J. Verses 437
Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes .. 416
Bourne, H. E., and Benton, E. J. American History 235
Boutroux, E. Historical Studies in Philosophy 594
Boylesve, R. La Jeune Fille bien élevée; Madeleine jeune femme 8
Boynton, H. W. World's Leading Poets 203
Bradford, G., jr. Lee the American 13
Breasted, J. H. Religion in Ancient Egypt.. 434
Breckenridge, S. P. The Delinquent Child .. 139
Brehaut, E. An Encyclopædist of the Dark Ages 313
Brewster, W. T. English Composition 233
Briggs, R. A. Pompeian Decorations 393
British Museum, catalogue of music 219

Brown, A. J. The Chinese Revolution 331
Browning Centenary Celebration, proceedings 135
Browning, R. Works 363
Bruère, H. The New City Government 436
Brunot, F. Histoire de la Langue Française 82
Bryan, W. J. Tale of Two Conventions 364
Bryant, M. The Adjustment 191
Bryce, J. South America 451
Buchanan, E. H. The Four Gardens 535
Buckrose, J. E. A Bachelor Comedy 614
Buland, M. Elizabethan Drama 365
Bullard, F. L. Historic Summer Haunts 543
Bulwer-Lytton to Macready, Letters 415
Burch, H. R. and Nearing, S. Economics 235
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities 107
Burgel, B. H. Astronomy for All 414
Burrage, C. Early English Dissenters 36
Burroughs, J. Time and Change 544
Bury, G. W. The Land of Uz 383
Bury, J. B. History of the Eastern Roman Empire 530
Bushby, F. Three Men of the Tudor Time 85
Butler, H. C. Syria 259
Butler, N. M. The International Mind 453
Butt, A. W. Both Sides of the Shield 147
Butz, G. S. Rise of the Modern Spirit 437
Caffin, C. and C. H. Dancing 561
Cain, G. By ways of Paris 195
Cairns, W. B. American Literature 313
Calkins, M. W. Problems of Philosophy 463
Cambridge Manuals, Science and Lit. 312
Camden Miscellany 128
Campbell, D. H. Plant Life and Evolution 174
Canby, H. S., and others. English Composition 233
Carhart, H. S., and Chute, H. N. Physics 235
Carpenter, E. Drama of Love and Death 288
Carpenter, W. B. Some Pages of My Life 38
Carslaw, H. S. Non-Euclidian Geometry 338
Case, S. J. Historicity of Jesus 290
Castle, W. E., and others. Heredity and Eugenics 244
Catholic Encyclopædia 290
Cestre, C. Bernard Shaw 339
Chamberlain, B. H. Japanese Poetry 86
Chamberlain, L. Bond Investment 37
Champlain Society, publications 414
Channing, E. History of the U. S. 482
Charmont, J. Les Transformations du droit civil 187
Chatterton, E. K. Through Holland in the Vivette 312
Chaucer (Prose rendering) 427
Cheiro's Memoirs 512
Chen, H. C. Confucius 173
Chéradame, A. La Crise française 187
Child, R. W. The Blue Wall 60
Children's books 540, 568
Chubb, P. Festivals and Plays 245
Ciolkowska, M. Rodin 598
Clark, J. B. and J. M. Control of Trusts 536
Clay, A. T. Babylonia (Murashu Sons, Nippur) 313
Coffey, G. New Grange and Other Incised Tumuli in Ireland 108
Coffey, P. Science of Logic 40
Coignet, C. De Kant à Bergson 452
Collins, J. C. Posthumous Essays 360
Colman, S. Nature's Harmonic Unity 131
Colquhoun, A. R. China 216
Comstock, S. The Soddy 538
Congreve's plays (Archer) 440
Connolly, J. B. Wide Courses 12
Cook, E. T. Life of Ruskin 267
Cook, F. A. Attainment of the Pole 542
Coolidge, W. A. B. Alpine Studies 595
Cooper, C. S. Why Go to College? 388
Corradini, E. La Conquista di Tripoli; Sopra le vie del nuovo impero 404
Cottafavi, V. Nella Libia italiana 404
Coulevain, P. de. Eve Triumphant 332
Coulter, Barnes, Cowles. Botany 19
Cowan, J. Adventures of Kimble Bent, an Old New Zealander (Te Rauparaha) 142
Craddock, C. E. Raid of the Guerilla 285
Craig, A. A. T. The Dramatic Festival 515
Craies, E. Recipes from East and West 620
Crawford, M. C. Romantic Days in the Early Republic 570
Creevey, C. A. Guide to Wild Flowers 292
Croker, E. F. Fire Prevention 488
Crosthwaite, C. Pacification of Burma 14
Crothers, S. M. Humanly Speaking 569
Crutchley, W. C. My Life at Sea 240
Cumont, F. Astrology and Religion among the Greeks and Romans 460
Curry, J. S. Story of Old Fort Dearborn 335
Cust, R. H. H. Benvenuto Cellini 598
Czapek's Chemical Phenomena in Life 130
Davenport, C. Cameo Book-Stamps 176
Davenport, C. B. Heredity in Relation to Eugenics 543
Davey, R. The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey 106
David, T. W. E. New South Wales 337
Davidson, A. F. Victor Hugo 288
Davidson, L. M. Gates of the Dolomites 485
Davis, F. H. Myths and Legends of Japan 592
Davis, R. H. The Red Cross Girl 285
Davis, W. S. Friar of Wittenberg 237
Davison, J. W. From Mendelssohn to Wagner 366
Dawson, W. Le Nègre aux Etats-Unis 63
Dawson, W. H. Social Insurance in Germany 236
De Cesare, Senator. Mezzo Secolo di Storia Italiana 335
Dehan, R. Between Two Thieves 385
Delage and Goldsmith's Theories of Evolution 338
Delattre, F. English Fairy Poetry 513
Robert Herrick 378
Deloney, T. Works 539
Demosthenes's Orations 241
Dendy, A. Evolutionary Biology 514
Dennett, R. H. The Healthy Baby 414
Devon, J. The Criminal and the Community 17
Dewey, S. Four French Adventurers 263
Dickens. Works 150, 488
Dictionary of National Biography 84
Dictionnaire Militaire 217
Dixon, T. The Sins of the Father 147
Dobson, A. At Prior Park 540
Dostoievsky, F. The Brothers Karamazov 34
Dougherty, J. H. Federal Judiciary 287
Douglas, N. Fountains in the Sand (Tunisia) 437
Douglas-Irvine, H. History of London 569
Douglass, T. O. Pilgrims of Iowa 63
Doyle, A. C. The Lost World 360
Dragoumis, J. D. Tales of a Greek Island 35
Dreiser, T. Sister Carrie 80
The Financier 589
Drinkwater, J. Poems of Love and Death 587
Drummond, H. An American Wooing 286
Du Bose, J. W. General Joseph Wheeler 407
Duff, E. G. English Provincial Printers 9
Duncan, N. The Best of a Bad Job 590
Dunlap, K. System of Psychology 19
Dunlop, O. J., and Denman, R. D. English Apprenticeship and Child Labour 193
Durham, Lord. British North America 389
Durning-Lawrence, E. Shakespeare 211
Dwyer, J. F. The White Waterfall 60
Dyke, H. van. The Unknown Quantity 509
Eaton, A. H. The Oregon System 388
Eberlein, H. D., and Lippincott, H. M. Colonial Homes 598
Edwardes, T. Neighborhood 62
Edwards, A. A Man's World 384
Edwards, G. W. Marken 535
Egan, M. F. Everybody's St. Francis 618
Egyptian Æsthetics 108
Egyptian Hieratic Texts 192
Elliot, H. S. R. Modern Science and the Illusions of Prof. Bergson 108
Elliott, S. B. Timber Trees of the U. S. 108
Elmendorf, D. L. Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land 569
English Drama, Masterpieces of 315
English Essays, Book of 241
Espitalier, A. Napoleon and King Murat 37
Eucken, R. Works 29, 388
Evans, G. W. Mathematics 130
Everyman's Library 106
Fabre, J. H. Insect World 109
Fagan, J. O. Autobiography of an Individualist 591
Fairchild, A. H. R. Making of Poetry 148
Faust, A. B. Deutschtum in den Vereinigten Staaten 514
Ferrigni, M. Madonne Fiorentine 67
Fleming, W. L. General Sherman 569
Flitch, J. E. C. Dancing 466
Fonseka, L. de. Decorative Art 622
Förster-Nietzsche. Das Leben Nietzsche's 312
Foster, M. B. Philharmonic Society of London 546
Foster, R. F. Royal Auction Bridge 363
Foster, W. English Factories in India 291
Fouillée, A. La Pensée et les nouvelles écoles 452
Fox, C. M. Irish Harpers 87
France, A. At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque 432
Les Dieux ont soif 7
Frank, B. Die Schatten der Dinge 209
Fraser, J. F. Land of Veiled Women 40
Fraser, L. India Under Curzon 39
French books 7, 186, 478
From My Hunting Day-Book (Crown Prince of the German Empire) 618
Fullerton, G. S. The World We Live In 357
Furneaux, W. M. Acts of the Apostles 128
Futrelle, J. My Lady's Garter 260
Fyfe, A. Who's Who in Dickens 488
Gaitschick, Prof. Reality and Perfection 121
Galston, G. Studienbuch 516
Galsworthy, J. The Eldest Son 572
The Inn of Tranquillity 566
Garber, J. P. Educational Activities 233
Gardiner, A. H. Egyptian Hieratic Texts 192
Garnett, L. A. Creature Songs 573
Garrett, A. E. Photography 18
Garrod, H. W. Oxford Poems 587
Geer, T. T. Fifty Years in Oregon 264
German books 209, 353, 559
German, French, and Italian Song Classics 573
German poetry 209
Germany in the Nineteenth Century 73
Gerstenberg, A. Unquenched Fire 237
Ghislieri, A. Tripolitania et Cirenaica 405
Gibbs, A. H. Rowlandson's Oxford 460
Gibson, J. Y. Story of the Zulus 148
Gibson, W. W. Fires 588
Gillan, S. Y., and Hewitt, W. C. Civil Gov't 314
Giordani, P. Sui campi d'Africa 404
Gleason, J. B. New Auction and Dummy Play 127
Glyn, E. Halcyone 260
Godfrey, C., and Siddons, A. W. Geometry 235
Goethe's Works 542
Goldmark, J. Fatigue and Efficiency 84
Goldsborough, F. C. Poems and Sonnets 587
Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer 562
Goodrich, J. K. Africa 173
Gorki, M. The Lower Depths 440
Gosse, E. Two Visits to Denmark 263, 428
Granger, F. Historical Sociology 486
Grant, U. S. Letters 594
Gray, D. Ensign Russell 36
Gray, G. B. Isaiah 363
Green, H. C. and M. W. Pioneer Mothers of America 569
Greene, H. P. Interpretation in Song 441
Greenlaw, E. A. English Literature 233
Greer, H. R. Prairie Prayer and Other Poems 587
Gregory, J. W. Geography of Victoria 337
Gribble, F. Catherine the Great 107
Grimshaw, J. People's Medical Guide 620
Gross, A. Lincoln's Own Stories 592
Gulliver, L. Friendship of Nations 233
Haggard, A. C. P. France of Joan of Arc 17
Haggard, H. R. Marie 309
Hakluyt Society, publications 39
Halifax, R. Low Society: The Borderland 213
Hall, C. A. How to Use the Microscope 235
Hall, E. H. Philipse Manor Hall 62
Hall, G. S. Modern Psychology 364
Hall, H. M. Ideals of Fishermen 195
Hamel, F. Jean de la Fontaine 15
The Lady of Beauty (Sorel) 263
Handasyde. The Four Gardens 535
Handcock, P. S. P. Mesopotamian Archæology 239
Harding, S. B. Europe 235
Hardy, E. J. The Unvarying East 128
Hargrave, M. German Women and Their Salons 387
Harland, M., and Herrick, C. T. Cook Book 620
Harper, M. W. Horses 291
Harraden, B. Out of the Wreck I Rise 459
Harris, F. Women of Shakespeare 621
Hart, C. A., and Feldman, D. D. Geometry 235
Hart, R. J. Chronos 150
Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa 512
Hatherell, W. Romeo and Juliet 535
Hawley, R. C., and Hawes, A. F. Forestry in New England 245
Haydon, A. L. Trooper Police of Australia 435
Hay's (John) Pike County Ballads 535
Haywood, A. H. W. Through Timbuctu 174
Hazlitt, W. C. Shakespeare 110
Heath, S. Pilgrim Life 619
Hedemann, Baroness v. My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe 108
Hedgcock, F. A. David Garrick 218
Hegermann-Lindencrone, L. de. In the Courts of Memory 570
Heller, O. Henrik Ibsen 174
Henckell, K. Ein Lebenslied; Im Weitergehen 209
Henderson, W. J. The Soul of a Tenor 509
Hensel, W. U. Christiana Riot 216
Heredity and Eugenics 244
Herford, O. Mythological Zoo 535
Hering, O. C. Concrete and Stucco Houses 176
Herrera, L. A. de. French Revolution and South America 104
Herter, C. A. Biological Aspects of Human Problems 41
Herz, M. New Zealand 142
Hewlett, M. The Birth of Roland 38
Higginson, J. J. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar 486
Hill, C. Fanny Burney 618
Hill, D. J. World Organization 16
Hill, G. F. Portrait Medals of Italian Artists 574
Hispanic Society, publications 437, 465
Historic New York 464
Hjärne, H. Napoleon 429
Hobbs, W. H. Earth Features 196
Hobhouse, L. T. Social Evolution 63
Hocking, W. E. The Meaning of God 613
Höffding's History of Modern Philosophy 570
Holiday books 535, 561
Holmes, S. J. Evolution of Animal Intelligence 543
Holt, E. B., and others. The New Realism 357
Home University Library 84, 541
Honey, S. R. Referendum among the English 84
Hoskier, H. C. Versions of the New Testament 63
Hosmer, Harriet. Letters and Memories 340
House and its Equipment 132
How, W. W., and Wells, J. Herodotus 234
Howchin, W. Geography of South Australia 337
Howe, P. P. J. M. Synge 608
Howell, C. F. Around the Clock in Europe 541
Hoyer, M. A., and Heppel, M. L. Welsh Border 18
Hughes, R. Miss 318 and Mr. 37 260
Hunt, C. L. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards 414
Hutchins, E. R. War of the Sixties 463
Hutchinson, P. A. British Poems 242
Hutchinson, W. Handbook of Health 244
We and Our Children 87
Huth Bequest, Catalogue 98
Hutten, B. v. Sharrow 214
Hyamson, A. M. Elizabethan Adventures 127
Hyatt, A. The Charm of London; The Charm of Venice 412
Hyde, G. M. Newspaper Reporting 618
Ibsen, S. Udsyn og indblik 429
Industrial Competition and Combination 345
Ingalls, J. M. Interior Ballistics 265
Initiative, Referendum, and Recall 84
International Critical Commentary 363
International Studio 175, 547
Islam and Missions 40
Italian books 404, 512
Jackson, A. V. W. Constantinople 211
Jackson, A. W. The Half-Timber House 574
Jackson, H. Rambles in the Pyrenees 294
Jackson, J. C. Family of Wolcott 463
James, W. Radical Empiricism 313
Janitschek, M. Gesammelte Gedichte 210
Janvier, T. A. From the South of France 35
Jenkins, S. Story of the Bronx 541
Jenks, E. English Law 437
Johns, C. A. British Trees 265
Johnson, L. Post Liminium 410
Johnson, Life of (Boswell, Macaulay) 233
Johnston, M. Cease Firing 483
Jones, A. Marcus Holbeach's Daughter 409
Jones, C. E. High School English 233
Jones, H. C., and Strong, W. W. Absorption Spectra of Solutions 18
Jonson's Cynthia's Revels 289, 383
Jordan, W. H. Human Nutrition 108
Jourdain, M. English Secular Embroidery 43
Joyce, T. A. South American Archæology 413
Judson, A. C. Jonson's Cynthia's Revels 289
Kawakami, K. K. American-Japanese Relations 565
Kelly, H. A. Cyclopedia of American Medical Biography 64
Kemmerich, M. Menschlicher Dummheit 353
Kennedy, E. R. The Contest for California 242, 330
Kenngott, G. F. The Record of a City 63
Kent, E. Who? 303
Kerr, M. Influence of Ben Jonson on English Comedy 88
Kester, V. The Just and the Unjust 170
Ketkar, S. V. Essay on Hinduism 129
Kimball, G. S. Providence in Colonial Times 593
King, B. The Street Called Straight 126
King (Mrs.) H. Mazzini 571
King, W. I. Elements of Statistical Method 130
King's Book of Quebec 39
Kipling, R. Songs from Books 528
Knipe, H. R. Evolution in the Past 514
Koebel, W. H. South America 536
Kühnemann, E. Herder 513
Lacy, M. R. With Dante in Florence 463
Lang, A. History of English Literature 238
Lang, Mrs. A. Book of Saints and Heroes 561
Men, Women, and Minxes 616
Langford, N. P. Vigilante Days and Ways 84
Lapworth, C., and Zimmern, H. Tripoli, Italy 488
Larson, L. M. Canute the Great 619
Larymore, C. Resident's Wife in Nigeria 61

Latin and Greek, On the Teaching of 234
Lawrence, W. J. The Elizabethan Playhouse. 596
Lawson, W. R. Modern Wars and War Taxes 60
Layton, W. T. Study of Prices 151
Lee, H. Day of the Saxon 385
Leaf, W. Troy 567
Learned, M. D. Guide to Manuscript Materials 619
Leavitt, F. M. Industrial Education 232
Le Bon, G. La Révolution française 280
Lee, C. Our Little Town, The Widow Woman, Paul Carah 35
Lee, V., and Anstruther-Thomson, C. Beauty and Ugliness 66
Lescarbot's History of New France 414
Lessing's Nathan der Weise (Robertson) 234
Leuliette, V. French Prose Writers 263
Levis, H. C. Bibliography of Books 294
Library Economy (Cannons) 195
Library Work 195
Lichtenberger, A. Petite Madame 9
Liljefalk, A. Kong Fredrik 128
Lincoln, J. E. C. The Festival Book 245
Linebarger, C. E. Physics 109
Lissauer, E. Der Acker; Der Strom 209
Liszt, publications 467
Livingstone, R. W. The Greek Genius 140
Livy, First Book of. (H. J. Edwards) 234
Lloyd, A. The Creed of Half Japan 565
Lloyd, J. A. T. Feodor Dostoieffsky 34
Locke, W. J. Adventures of Aristide Pujol.. 385
Loeb Library of Greek and Latin Classics, 423, 481, 484, 534, 586, 613
Longford, J. H. Japan of the Japanese 61
  Story of Korea 64
Loti, P., and Gautier, J. Daughter of Heaven 366
Loveridge, B. G. Appreciation of Art 42
Lowe, P. R. A Naturalist on Desert Islands 173
Lowrie, D. My Life in Prison 313
Lucas, E. V. A Wanderer in Florence 570
  London Lavender 538
Luchaire, A. Social France 83
Lumholtz, C. New Trails in Mexico 593
Luther, M. The Woman of It 433
Lydekker, R. The Horse 291
Maartens, M. Eve...................... 333
McCabe, J. Goethe 313
  The Story of Evolution 514
McCullagh, F. Italy's War for a Desert.... 15
MacCulloch, J. A. Religion of the Ancient Celts 104
McDougall, W. Body and Mind 58
MacDowell, E. Essays 197
McEwen, J. B. The Thought in Music...... 516
McGilvary, D. Among the Siamese and the Lao 513
McGroarty, J. S. California 85
Mackail, J. W. William Morris 241
McLaren, A. The Yoke of Silence......... 13
Maclaren, I. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.. 619
Macmillan, D. History of the Scottish People 17
Madan, F. Oxford literature 9
Mair, D. B. Mathematics 130
Major, C. The Touchstone of Fortune...... 170
Mancini, J. Bolivar 103
Manley, E. Ein Sommer in Deutschland..... 234
Mansur, A. The Land of Uz 383
Manteyer, G. de. Naundorff au Sénat........ 479
Manzoni, A. Correspondence 461
Marden, P. S. Egyptian Days 413
Markino, Y. When I Was a Child.......... 570
Marks, J. Gallant Little Wales 593
Marriott, C. The Dewpond................ 59
Marshall, A. M. The Frog................ 235
Martersteig, M. Die Schaubühne 354
Martin, W. A. P. Lore of Cathay......... 216
Masefield, J. The Everlasting Mercy; The Widow in the Rye Street 588
Massee, G. British Fungi 130
Massenet, J. Mes Souvenirs 391
Masterman, J. H. B. British Constitution... 63
Mather, F. J., jr. Homer Martin 622
  The Collectors 483
Mathew, A. H. Rodrigo Borgia 290
Mathews, F. S. American Wild Flowers..... 196
Matthews, B. Gateways to Literature....... 364
Maupassant, G. de. Recollections by his Valet 264
Meneval, Baron de. The Empress Josephine.. 437
Meredith, G. Letters 530
  Works 306, 328
Merrick, L. Cynthia...................... 408
Merwin, S. The Citadel.................. 192
Methley, N. T. The Life Boat............. 511
Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon 39
Miles, E. Prevention and Cure............ 364
Milkau, F. Königl. und Univ.-Bibliothek... 264
Milleson, R. H. Artist's Point of View...... 393
Miron, E. L. The Derelict Duchess......... 196
Monroe, P. Cyclopædia of Education........ 541
Montgomery, G. G. Auction Bridge......... 593
Montgomery, L. M. Chronicles of Avonlea... 171
Monypenny, W. F. Life of Benjamin Disraeli 562
Moore, E. C. Christian Thought Since Kant. 389
Moorman, F. W. Robert Herrick........... 378
Morris, C. History of Pennsylvania........ 314
Morris, W. Collected Works.............. 538
Morrison, A. J. College of Hampden-Sidney.. 150
Morton, E. T. Navigation for the Amateur.. 244
Moulton, H. G. Waterways Versus Railways. 261
Münchhausen, B. Das Herz im Harnisch.... 209
Munger, R. Land of Lost Music........... 587
Munroe, J. P. Education................. 232
Musgrove, E. R., and Crothers, S. M. White Hills in Poetry 263
Myers, G. Supreme Court 217
Navarro, A. de. English Pewter........... 42
Needham, M. M. Folk Festivals........... 245
Neil, M. H. Casserole Dishes 620
New South Wales....................... 337
Nichols, C. L. Isaiah Thomas............. 122
Nicholson, M. Provincial American, and Other Papers 485
Nicolay, H. Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln 541, 592
Nielsen, Y. Under Oscar 2s regjering...... 429
Niles, G. G. The Hoosac Valley........... 463
Nitobé, I. The Japanese Nation 565
Nolen, J. Replanning Small Cities........ 16
Norris, K. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne....... 590
Northend, M. H. Colonial Homes.......... 574
O'Conor, J. F. X. Thompson's Hound of Heaven 488
Ohnet, G. La Serre de l'Aigle; Pour tuer Bonaparte 8
Oldham, J. B. The Renaissance........... 437
Ollone, Vicomte d'. China................ 190
Olsvig, V. Ludvig Holbergs unge dage.... 429
Oppenheim, L. International Law.......... 107
Orcutt, W. D. The Moth................ 359
Osborne, D. Engraved Gems 316
Ossip-Lourié. M. Le Langage et la Verbomanie 183
Oxenham, J. Queen of the Guarded Mounts. 170
Oxford English Dictionary..............38, 241
Packard, W. White Mountain Trails 105
Page, T. N. Robert E. Lee 13
Paine, A. B. Mark Twain 457
Palmer, F. Over the Pass 147
Palmer, F. P. Of the Valley and the Sea.. 587
Paquet, A. Held Namenlos 209
Partridge, G. E. Philosophy of Education... 233
Pascoli, G. La grande proletaria si è mossa. 405
Pasetti, P. Note ed episodi della guerra in Tripolitania 404
Pasture, Mrs. H. de la. The Hon. Mrs. Garry 615
Patten, W. Vertebrates and Their Kin 390
Pattullo, G. The Sheriff of Badger 125
Pawlowska, Y. A Year of Strangers 263
Peabody, R. S. Architects' Sketch Book..... 198
Pearce, C. E. The Beloved Princess 241
Pears, E. Turkey and Its People 212
Peattie, E. W. Azalea 484
Pennell, E. R. Our House 489
Pennell, J. Panama Canal 593
Perry, A. C. School Administration 17
Perry, B. The American Mind 566
Perry, R. B. Present Philosophical Tendencies 283
Petre, F. L. Napoleon's Last Campaign.... 617
Phillipps, L. M. Art and Environment 88
Phillips, D. G. George Helm 615
  The Price She Paid 81
Phillpotts, E. The Forest on the Hill 191
  The Lovers 333
Piazza, G. Come conquistammo Tripoli 404
Picón-Febres, G. Libro Raro 336
Pinchia, E. L'impresa di Tripoli 405
Plutarch's Lives (Perrin) 619
Podrecca, G. Libia impressioni e polemiche.. 404
Poe, C. H. Where Half the World Is Waking Up 331
Poe's Bells and Other Poems 562
Pollard, A. W. Fine Books 585
Pollock, F. Genius of the Common Law 151
Poole, Mrs. R. L. Oxford Portraits 198
Poole, R. L. The Exchequer in the 12th Century 333
Porter, E. H. Miss Billy's Decision 238
Porter, G. R. Progress of the Nation 85
Porter, M. T. Billy 388
Powers, H. H. Masters of Art 494
Pratt, H. M. Cathedral Churches of England 294
Pratt, S. S. The Work of Wall Street 361
Prentice, W. K. Syria 259
Price, W. R. Voltaire's Novels 16
Princeton University publications (Syria).... 259
Printing, Revival of 32
Prior, M. Campaigns of a War Correspondent 488
Pryor, R. A. Essays and Addresses 593
Putnam, G. H. A Prisoner of War in Va... 147
  George Palmer Putnam 360
Rabelais. (Trans. by W. H. Robinson) 363
Railway Economics 172
Randall-MacIver, and Woolley, C. L. Buhen.. 83
Ransom, W. L. Majority Rule 409
Raper, C. L. Railway Transportation 14
Rawnsley, H. D. Memories of the Tennysons. 150
Raymond, G. L. The Spiritual Life 290
Reade, A. L. Johnsonian Gleanings 333
Redesdale, Lord. A Tragedy in Stone 468
Reed, E. B. English Lyrical Poetry 261
Reed, M. The White Shield 285
Reinsch, P. S. Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East 104
Reisner, G. A. Egyptian Conception of Immortality 149
Religions, Studies in the History of........ 524
Repplier, A. Americans and Others 616
  The Cat 535
Ricci, C. Baroque Architecture 368
Rice, A. H. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill 614
Richards, G. Caviare 460
Rideout, H. M. Dr. William Jones 150
Riemann, H. Handbuch der Musikgeschichte. 88
Rignano, E. Acquired Characters 543
Riley's (James Whitcomb) All the Year Round 536
Rinehart, M. R. Where There's a Will 309
Robertson, J. G. German Literature 234
Rohie, V. By-Paths in Collecting 547
Robinson, C. R. The Call of Brotherhood... 587
Roe, G. E. Our Judicial Oligarchy 107
Rogers, J. Sport in Vancouver 18
Rogers, R. W. Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament 310
Rohrbach, P. The German Idea in the World 347
Root, J. C. Edward Irving 541
Root, W. T. Pennsylvania 214
Rose, G. B. The World's Leading Painters .. 89
Ross, C. Russo-Japanese War 388
Ross, I. The Fourth Generation 286
Rousseau, J.-J. Works 150, 452
Rowbotham, F. J. Story Lives of Our Great Artists 598
Rowley, C. Fifty Years of Work 85
Royal Society of London, Record of the..127, 464
Rubensohn, O. Hellenistisches Silbergerät.. 220
Russell's Collections and Recollections 257
Sabatini, R. Cesare Borgia.............. 18
Sachs, J. The Amer. Secondary School.... 436
Sadler, M. E. Education in England...... 232
Salter, E. G. Nature in Italian Art........ 154
Sando, R. B. Poultry Keeping 196
Sargent, W. Fine and Industrial Arts..... 232
Saunders, C. F. Indians of the Terraced Houses 618
Savage, E. A. Old English Libraries...... 85
Savage, W. G. Milk and the Public Health. 18
Scandinavian books 428
Scharff, R. F. Origin of Life in America... 390
Schauffler, R. C. The Goodly Fellowship... 191
Schiller, F. C. S. Formal Logic............ 40
Schlemihl, P. Kirchweih 210
Schmidt, A. Cotton Growing in Egypt...... 129
Schmidtbonn, W. Lobgesang des Lebens... 209
Schoff, W. H. Periplus of the Erythræan Sea 216
Schubert, F. Piano Composition........... 573
Sclater, W. L. Birds of Colorado.......... 41
Scott, W. Works 463, 560
Sears, L. John Hancock.................. 513
Sedgwick, A. The Democratic Mistake...... 324
Senter, G. Chemistry 235
Sergeant, P. W. My Lady Castlemaine..... 216
Sérieux and Capgras. Le Messianisme d'un faux dauphin 479
Seth, J. English Philosophers............. 489
Shadwell, L. L. Enactments in Parliament.. 542
Shakespeare. Works 88, 172, 390, 515, 535, 545, 621
Shareefa of Wazan. My Life Story........ 334
Sharp, Mrs. W. William Sharp: A Memoir.. 436
Sharp, W. Writings 238, 436
Shaw-Sparrow, W. John Lavery.......... 132
Sheehan, P. M. The Seer................ 538
Shelley, Lady. Diary 286
Sherman, W. T. Letters................. 569
Shields, J. A. Federal Courts and Practice. 512
Shirley, W. Correspondence.............. 489
Shuster, W. M. Strangling of Persia...... 79
Shute, J. Architecture 442
Sidgwick, E. Promise; Le Gentleman; Herself 508
Sidney, G. My Dog and I................ 565
Silburn, P. A. Evolution of Sea Power.... 463
Simpson, A. The Bald-Headed Man........ 314
Sinclair, M. The Flaw in the Crystal....... 537
Slattery, C. L. Professor Allen 17
Slaught, H. E., and Lennes, N. J. Algebra.. 235
Smith, E. B. Study of the History of Art.494, 587
Smith, E. F. Plant Diseases 245
Smith, F. H. Charcoals of New and Old New York 535
  The Arm-Chair at the Inn............ 260
Smith, H. A Captain Unafraid............ 102
Smith, J. M. P. Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum.. 363
Smith, M. S. C. Spirit of French Letters.... 619
Smith, V. A. Fine Art in India and Ceylon.. 20
Smith, W. R. Lectures and Essays......... 216
Smyth, M. W. Biblical Quotations......... 173
Snaith, J. C. The Principal Girl 147
Snell, F. J. The Age of Alfred......... .. 411
Socialism and the Great State............. 100
Soiberg, H. Af nyskovens saga............ 428
Sombart, W. Die Zukunft der Juden........ 39
Someran, R. A. L. and V. G. L. Birdlife in Uganda 438
Sonnenschein, E. A. Latin Grammar........ 337
  New French Grammar 234
Sonnenschein's (W. S.) Best Books (Part ii).. 336
Sowerby, G. Rutherford and Son.......... 545
Soyer, N. Standard Cookery 620
Spanish literature 336
Springsteed, A. F. The Expert Waitress 620
Squire, J. C. William the Silent 194
Stanley, C. A. Master of the Oaks......... 459
Stein, M. A. Ruins of Desert Cathay....... 145
Steiner, R. Mystics of the Renaissance...... 169
Stephens, W. Margaret of France.......... 126
Sterne, S. Railways in the U. S........... 151
Stevenson, B. E. Home Book of Verse...... 413
Stevenson, E. L. World map 465
Stevenson-Hamilton, J. Animal Life in Africa 314
Stirling, A. M. W. Coke of Norfolk........ 363
Stitch in Time, A 595
Stjerna, K. Essays, Poems of Beowulf..... 386
Stoddard, F. W. Tramps through Tyrol...... 485
Storey, M. Reform of Legal Procedure...... 62
Stratton-Porter, Mrs. G. Moths of the Limberlost 217
Straus, R. The Prison Without a Wall...... 126
Strindberg, A. Works........41, 153, 265, 429,
Sullivan, T. R. Boston New and Old........ 535
Sutcliffe, H. The Lone Adventure.......... 13
Sutherland, H. V. Idas and Marpessa...... 588
Swiss books 121
Synge, John. Works. 608
Talmage (T. De Witt) as I Knew Him...... 618
Taylor, (Mrs.) B. (Harriet Osgood). Japanese Gardens 535
Taylor, B. L. Pipesmoke Carry............ 289
Taylor, G. K. S. London................ 569
Taylor, W. F. The Charterhouse of London.. 363
Tchaikovsky. Correspondence 493
  Songs 573
Tchekoff, A. Plays (Tr. by M. Fell)........ 492
  Seagull; Cherry Orchard 65
Teatro Crítico Venezolano 336
Terry, C. S. History of Europe............ 234
Textbooks 232
Thomas-Stanford, C. About Algeria........ 127
Thompson, H. S. Sub-alpine Plants......... 571
Thompson, J. Latin..................... 234
Thomson, J. Francis Thompson........... 488
Thörnberg, E. H. Amerikanska samhällsproblem 429
Thornton, R. H. American Glossary......11, 262
Thurston, E. Omens of Southern India...... 542
Thurston, E. T. The Flower of Gloster...... 542
Thwaites, R. G., and Kellogg, L. P. Frontier Defence, Upper Ohio 464
Timiriazeff, Prof. Life of the Plant........ 438
Todd, M. L. Tripoli..................... 150
Train, A. Courts, Criminals, Camorra...... 462
Turner, E. R. New Market Campaign....... 128
Tyndale, W. An Artist in Egypt........... 569
United States Catalog.................... 412
University of California, publications........ 217
University of Manchester, publications...... 232
University of Pennsylvania, publications.83, 85, 313
Urlin, E. L. Dancing.................... 466
Urwick, E. J. Social Progress............. 194
Van Hise, C. R. Concentration and Control.. 511
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. J. K. Playing Cards.. 593
Venable, E. The Hamlet Problem.......... 465
Villey, P. Sources d'Idées au 16e siècle...... 478
Vinassa de Regny, P. Libya italica........ 405
Voltaire's Contes 234
Vries, H. de. Die Mutationen in der Erblichkeitslehre 543
Wace, A. J. B., and Thompson, M. S. Thessaly 493
Wagner, R. Bayreuth Letters............. 546

Walker, J. B. An Unsinkable Titanic....... 171
Wallem, F. B. Det norske studenter samfund 428
Walsh, J. J. Makers of Medicine........... 361
Ward, B. Eve of Catholic Emancipation.... 594
Ward, W. H. Habakkuk 363
Ward's (Artemus) Best Stories............ 488
Washington, B. T. The Man Farthest Down. 336
Wason, R. A. Friar Tuck.................. 308
Watson, G. L. de St. M. A Polish Exile
([illegible]kowski) 413
Watson, [illegible] M. Poems...................... 588
Way, T. [illegible] James McNeill Whistler......... 293
Weaver, [illegible] and others. The House........ 132
Webb, W. L. Champ Clark................ 63
Weber, F. P. Aspects of Death........... 88
Weber, Prof. Religion und Kultur.......... 353
Weekley, E. Romance of Words........... 107
Weigelt, C. H. Duccio di Buoninsegna 89
Weill, F. French Newspaper Reader........ 234
Weir, J. Energy System of Matter 244
Weitenkampf, F. American Graphic Art 574
Wells, H. G. Floor Games................ 540
Marriage 358
Wells, W., and Hart, W. W. Algebra....... 235
Weston, J. L. Romance, Vision, and Satire.. 570
Wharton, E. The Reef.................... 564
Whipple, E. P. Dickens................... 207
Whipple, H. B. Lights . . . of a Long Episcopate 594
Whitlock, B. The Fall Guy............... 126
Whitten, R. H. Public Service Corporations.. 217
Wilcox, D. F. Government by all the People 84
Wildenbruch's Die Rabensteinerin.......... 234
Williams, H. N. Love Affairs of the Condés.. 510
Williams, J. H. Guardians of the Columbia;
The Mountain that Was God......... 411
Williams, O. Life and Letters of John Rickman 433
Wilson, C. D. Working One's Way.......... 233
Wilson, H. Silverwork and Jewelry........ 442
Wilson, J. H. Under the Old Flag 507
Wisconsin Historical Society, publications. 195, 464
Wislizenus, F. A. Journey to the Rocky Mts. 594
Witherspoon, J. Lectures on Moral Philosophy 489
Witt, C. de. En pensant au Pays.......... 187
Wittels, F. Tragische Motive.............. 354
Woerishoffer, C. Life and Work............ 63
Wood, R. K. The Tourist's Russia......... 64
Wood, W. North Sea Fishers.............. 85
Woodhouse, S. C. English-Greek Lexicon.... 128
Woodrow, Mrs. W. The Black Pearl........ 308
Woolley, C. L. Karanog 85
Worsfold, W. B. South Africa 615
Wright, M. T. The Charioteers............ 102
Yeats, W. B. Poetical Works.............. 365
The Cutting of an Agate 608
Yen, H. L. China 172
Zangwill, I. The Next Religion............ 596
Zola Dictionary 289
Zwingli, H. Works 570

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2453 THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 26 Dec 12

VITAL BOOKS ON TIMELY TOPICS

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE CONSTITUTION

By CHARLES A. BEARD

Author of "American Government and Politics," etc.

A concise consideration of the charges made in regard to the usurpation by the Supreme Court of powers not granted in the Constitution.

Cloth, $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.10.

THE TARIFF IN OUR TIMES

By IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The History of the Standard Oil Company," etc.

The story of the strenuous fighting during fifty years of tariff making; a narrative of big interests and industrial movements.

Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.63.

GOVERNMENT BY ALL THE PEOPLE

The Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall as Instruments of Democracy

By DELOS F. WILCOX, Ph.D.

Author of "The American City," etc.

A timely exposition of the arguments in favor of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall as practical and effective instruments for establishing popular self-government, with a careful consideration of the failure of the old system of checks and balances.

Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.63.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY

By WALTER E. WEYL, Ph.D. *THIRD EDITION*

Political and Economic Tendencies in the United States.

"The best and most comprehensive survey of the general social and political status and prospects that has been published of late years."—*The Pittsburgh Post.*

"A strong analysis of the whole subject. It will be read widely and will exercise a large influence."—*The Evening Mail.*

"A masterly, scathing, and absolutely fearless arraignment of things that ought not to be in a republic, and of tendencies that no democracy ought to tolerate,"—*Boston Herald.* *Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.12.*

CONCENTRATION AND CONTROL

A Solution of the Trust Problem in the United States

By C. R. VAN HISE

President University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

An indispensable work for all taking part in the Presidential Campaign, as the most important problem confronting the people is the control of the trusts. Condenses all recent information relating to the trust situation. *Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.24*

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA

His Life and Work

By HERBERT CROLY

Author of "The Promise of American Life."

The complete story of Mark Hanna's life, and his extraordinary career as an archetype of the business man in politics.

Illustrated. Cloth, gilt top, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.70.

THE WISCONSIN IDEA

By CHARLES McCARTHY

"A great feat, which deserves the careful study of every true reformer."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Explains State regulations of railroads, public utilities, the referendum, the recall, primaries, etc., as identified with the famous "Wisconsin" development.

Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.62.

SOCIALISM AS IT IS

By W. ENGLISH WALLING

A Survey of the World Wide Revolutionary Movement

"Not mere theories, but the actual material of present-day politics."—*New York Globe.*

Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.13.

IMPORTANT SOCIOLOGICAL WORKS

MOLL

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CHILD

By Dr. ALBERT MOLL. Translated by Dr. EDEN PAUL.

Introduction by Prof. Edward L. Thorndike, Columbia University, N. Y. C.

Facts for earnest men and women, parents and teachers, concerning the growth and the moral and spiritual welfare of children, through the gradual development of the sexual life with its attendant dangers.

Cloth, $1.75 net; postpaid, $1.89.

ADDAMS

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL

By JANE ADDAMS *FOURTH EDITION*

"Miss Addams's volume is painful reading, but we heartily wish that it might be read and pondered by every man and woman who to-day, in smug complacency, treat with indifference and contempt the great struggle for social purity."—*The Nation.* *Cloth, $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.10.*

Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 *Vesey Street.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 1

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Remodelling Conventions 4
Legislation by "Rider" 4
Corporations and Publicity 5
Excavating a Statesman 6
Rousseau in England 7

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Recent French Novels 7
News for Bibliophiles 9

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Presidential Term 9
The Radicals and Rooseveltism 10
George Borrow 10
The Death of Baron Takasaki 10
Religious Propriety 11

LITERATURE:

An American Glossary 11
Wide Courses 12
The Department Store 12
The Lone Adventure 13
The Yoke of Silence 13
Lee the American—Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier 13
The Pacification of Burma 14
Railway Transportation 14
Italy's War for a Desert 15
Jean de la Fontaine 15

NOTES 16

SCIENCE 18

DRAMA:

The Stage and "Moralities" 19

MUSIC 20

ART:

A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon 20

FINANCE:

July Investors and the Bond Market.. 21

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 22

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in **Paris** at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in **London** of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

The Western Theological Seminary

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Founded by the General Assembly, 1825.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B D Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A M and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary. Exceptional library facilities—34,000 volumes. A new dormitory, equipped with latest modern improvements, including dining room, gymnasium and social hall, is now ready for occupancy. Next term opens Sept. 17, 1912 For information apply to Pres. James A. Kelso, Ph D., D D.

*THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME-*School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York, also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students, who wish to cancel College or High School conditions, will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application. THE URSULINE ACADEMY, Middletown, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School

Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics, outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3, 1912.

NEW JERSEY, Morristown.

MORRISTOWN SCHOOL

COLLEGE PREPARATORY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Small classes. Individual attention. Partial self government. Large new gymnasium. ALL outdoor sports under expert supervision. Especially healthful location 30 miles from New York. Lower School for Boys of 10 to 14.

A YEAR OF STUDY IN FRANCE.

School for Americans of both sexes. Near Paris. Individual training. In a French family. Only French spoken. Credit given by Universities of Chicago and Illinois. Exceptional advantages. Address PROF. WILLIAMSON, University of Chicago.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

Fine and Industrial Arts in Elementary Schools

By WALTER SARGENT
Professor of Education in Fine and Industrial Arts, The University of Chicago, The School of Education

Just Published. **75 cents.**

This book gives a survey of the place which the various phases of fine and industrial arts should occupy in elementary schools.

It discusses the educational significance of drawing, design, and constructive activities; the practical values of subjects and their relation to industrial education; and the general nature of the work suitable for successive periods of the school course. Suggestions for specific problems and a discussion of the standards of attainment which may reasonably be expected at each stage of the work are included.

The various subjects are adequately illustrated with drawings, and with photographic reproductions of the work of children.

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

HOW WE THINK

By JOHN DEWEY
Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University

A practical application of modern psychology to the problems of education.

Cloth. 230 *pages.* $1.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

Educational

SCHOOL OF NURSING

The Trustees of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, offer a three years' course of instruction in the science and art of nursing. The hospital will be opened in the Fall of 1912. The school will admit a class for preliminary instruction in September.

For admission to this course and for information apply immediately to Miss Carrie M. Hall, Superintendent of Nurses, 697 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dr Esenwein

Short - Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by **J. Berg Esenwein**, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston	1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York	610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago	343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver	345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

GERMAN PROFESSOR, FOR MANY YEARS in the same position, contributor to journals and editor of text-books, desires a change. Subjects besides German: French (including Old French), Italian, Latin, Greek, Old English. Address M. N. O., care of *The Nation*.

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, 214 Boylston Street, Boston.

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self-instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

DICTIONARY OF
AVIATION
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
287 pages. *Cloth* **$1.40, postpaid $1.45**
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, L. I.

NIETZSCHE
By PAUL ELMER MORE
With Portrait
$1.00 net. Postpaid $1.05

"Seldom if ever before has Nietzsche been so fairly treated."
—*Chicago News*

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1912.

The Week

Woodrow Wilson's nomination at Baltimore on Tuesday was a vivid illustration of one of the doctrines which he has long preached. This is the doctrine that the American people are capable of taking charge of their own affairs. Neither in politics nor in great business do they need little cliques of self-satisfied men wise in their own conceit to tell them what they must do. All the people know more than any one man or set of men. Their mature verdict is sounder. So it certainly was in the Democratic Convention. All the supposedly astute managers, all the veteran brokers in politics, were against Wilson. He had no one but the amateurs to take charge of his fortunes. But they had zeal, devotion, and quenchless hope. And behind them was that slowly forming but finally resistless sentiment of the average delegate, aided and enlightened by the telegraphed appeals of average citizens at home, which at last made the popular will felt and snatched victory from what appeared to be destined defeat. In nominating Wilson the great body of the party rose up to assert itself against the professional compellers of conventions, who had kindly undertaken to dispatch the business.

The result is to make him his own man as few candidates have ever been. He has not had to strike hands behind the arras with a single boss. No pledges have been exacted from him. He has not been compelled to hamper and fetter himself in advance. It was not a series of trades and dickers which brought him to the head of the poll at Baltimore, but simply the deepening of the general conviction, until it became invincible, that he was the candidate best fitted to lead the party at this juncture. His nomination, thus achieved, not only leaves him erect and unclogged, but discovers an array of defeated and discredited bosses almost without a parallel. They lay in heaps all along the Wilson trail. This fact, known of all men, is what makes Mr. Roosevelt's impudence so delicious in saying that Wilson cannot meet the crisis because he will be necessarily in the hands of the bosses. All that is necessary to meet this ridiculous and gangrened charge is to pronounce the name of one man—Jim Smith. If Roosevelt ventures to repeat his absurd charge about Wilson and the bosses—obviously all that he can think of in the first moments of his keen disappointment over Wilson's nomination—people will only laugh at the man who chooses to forget his own submission to Platt and Quay, and Wilson's flinging of Smith over the party breastworks. Of all assertions to make against Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt has chosen the most preposterous.

How absurd to ask Mr. Roosevelt whether Gov. Wilson's nomination makes any difference in the Colonel's plans! How can anything at any time affect any of his plans? "I never go into a fight on a contingent basis," said the Colonel on Tuesday. "I shall, of course, continue to stand for the Progressive nomination." Mr. Roosevelt dealt a body blow to contingency when he announced last winter that he would be a candidate at Chicago if the people wanted him. He hit contingency on the solar plexus when he declared at Chicago that there would be a third party, if the people wanted it, and that he would lead the third party, if no one else was chosen. All his life the Colonel has been slugging contingency through the ropes with his "ifs" and his "provideds," his "on the one hands," and his raging distinctions between the man who this and the man who that. There is nothing contingent about the words of a man throughout whose proclamations an initial loud defiance trails behind it a flock of very meek qualifications. No, the Colonel never goes into a fight on a contingency; his preference is for a sure thing.

Tammany has before now been exposed to contumely in Democratic National Conventions. In 1884 it was the Wigwam leaders, with their wonderful instinct for getting into opposition to the man who promised to save their party, that Gen. Bragg referred to in his famous phrase about Grover Cleveland: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Again in 1892, when the Tammany delegation went to Chicago tied up—like to like—to the fortunes of David B. Hill, its members were almost mobbed in the streets and were, throughout the Convention, made the object of abuse and execration. But it was reserved for this year at Baltimore to bring the New York Democracy to the pitch of hostility and contempt. The Tammany display of incompetence has been masterly, and has so gone on from initial blunder to succeeding futility as to arouse the suspicion that the intention from the start was to make New York an absolute nullity in the Convention. Certainly, no set of men have ever been called upon to sit day after day in a National Convention exposed to such objurgation and insult as have beaten upon the defenceless heads of Murphy and his dazed and angry followers.

Still another Progressive Republican leader from a Progressive Republican State has announced that he has no use for a third party. This time it is Senator Works, from Gov. Johnson's and Frank J. Heney's California. What Senator Works put into words on Monday has been in the minds of many Progressive Republicans ever since the Chicago bolt that is not yet a bolt, but soon will be, perhaps. Even from the Progressive standpoint is it worth risking the entire future of the Republican party for the sake of anticipating victory by four years? With no third party in the field two things are certain: the defeat of Mr. Taft and the complete capture of the Republican party by the Progressives in time for the next campaign. With a third party in the field the outlook is not merely defeat, but such complete disruption as will leave the Democratic party in undisputed ascendency for years to come. And thus the thought forces itself upon the mind of the leaders: Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to wait till 1916, but the Progressive element in the Republican party can afford to do so. Why should the permanent advantage of the Progressive movement be sacrificed to the immediate necessities of Oyster Bay?

One point in La Follette's sharp and highly effective arraignment of Theodore Roosevelt has peculiar force. La

Follette concedes the Colonel a vast popularity, but argues that his very popularity shows that he is not a real Progressive. In the nature of things, the Progressive movement in Illinois and Pennsylvania should not have won. What Roosevelt did in those States was to rally behind him those who felt that, not Progressivism, but Roosevelt, was a winner. The course of the Colonel's campaign justifies La Follette. It began with at least the pretence of principles. There was the new Magna Charta proclaimed at Columbus. Then it narrowed itself down to the question of Presidential primaries. Then it narrowed itself further to the question of getting Roosevelt delegates in any fashion. Then it tapered down further still to the question of preventing any other Progressive than Roosevelt from getting the nomination for the Presidency. Gov. Hadley's statement that the Taft people were willing to accept any Progressive candidate proves that the great fight for the people had resolved itself into a campaign of utter selfishness. To this extent, to be sure, the Colonel was justified: no other Progressive could show financial backing to the amount of $3,000,000 for a mere primary campaign.

It should not be overlooked that the Republican tariff plank quietly dropped the great discovery of 1908 that customs duties should be levied in accordance with the difference in "the cost of production," at home and abroad. Whether the phrase was devised as merely one more protectionist juggle, or was honestly intended—as no doubt it was by President Taft—time has shown that it was worthless in practice. So it has now been discarded. Attacked from the first by economists, who maintained that it set up a standard impossible of precise ascertainment, it was little by little perceived by practical men to be elusive and fallacious. Even the Tariff Board, composed of men who wrestled honestly and intelligently with the problem, was forced to inform Congress that it had found a "wide difference in efficiency and cost" among American mills. No fixed "cost of production," high or low, could be taken safely as the basis for tariff legislation. As Representative Redfield pointed out in his admirable tariff speech in the House:

> Costs cannot be predicated on a few mills or a short period. Already in some of the mills on which report is made the facts given are altered. The Tariff Board has come, lived its feverish and troubled life, and will turn over its work to a more efficient and continuous successor, which will, we trust, learn from its career that industrial problems cannot be grasped with a "hop, skip, and jump," and that, in manufacturing, the unseen rather than the obvious facts are controlling.
>
> But the experiment has not been in vain, if we have learned that it is as wrong to tax ourselves to support inefficient mills as to sustain incompetent doctors and lawyers. Attention having been called to the cost of production, we have found that to be a complex and difficult subject, variable in nature and multiform in character. Even by those who have long studied the science of costs, the exact relations of its various elements are not always known.

To the Socialists the possibility of a third party with Mr. Roosevelt at the head is naturally a source of apprehension. They have always suffered whenever a Radical candidate has been in the field. Hearst cut into their New York city vote in 1905, and Bryan's candidacy four years ago made a sad disappointment of the confident Socialist hope for a million votes in the country. With progressive ideals triumphant in the country and the Colonel standing ready to offer as sharp a brand of radicalism as may be necessary, the Socialists are menaced in their monopoly as the party of protest. Their leaders recognize, however, that the issue between revolutionary Socialism and progressivism must be fought out some time, and the sooner the trial is made the better for the future of the party. If the acid test of Rooseveltism leaves them as strong as they are to-day, they will not be unduly downcast.

The Sulzer bill "for the improvement of the foreign service" is being pressed for passage by commercial organizations, as well as by all those who wish to see efficiency and not favor the rule of appointment and promotion in all branches of the Government. The specific provisions of the bill are few and simple. The first one is that appointments of secretaries in the diplomatic service and of consular officers may be to grades instead of to places. Under the absurd arrangement that we have followed from the foundation of the Government, if a consulate at one place ceases to be necessary, the President may close it, but he may not use the consul at another place, where he may be greatly needed, until Congress gets around to creating a consulate there. A secretary of embassy cannot even be transferred temporarily from an underworked post to one that is being overworked—unless he chooses to take the risk of losing his pay. For the salary attaches, not to the man, but to the office. How long would any but a governmental organization have continued so foolish a practice? Then the bill directs the Secretary of State to report to the President from time to time, along with his recommendations for promotion or transfer, the names of officers or employees who have demonstrated special efficiency, and also the names of persons who have shown fitness for appointment in examinations. The idea in this section is evidently that repeated hints in the right direction may avail something with an indifferent Executive, while furnishing the requisite machinery for one of the proper sort. And, finally, provision is made for these examinations.

The action of the Federation of Women's Clubs, now assembled in convention at San Francisco, in voting to inaugurate a movement to substitute artistic and humorous supplements in place of the present vulgar "comics" of our Sunday newspapers, will at first glance seem to many newspaper publishers a good joke. They will insist that they are merely giving the people what they want, and will then prove it to you by showing you the enormous circulation gains a newspaper makes when it turns to the coarse and vulgar pages that pass for wit. It clearly comes down to a matter of dollars and cents. If the women's clubs can so arouse public opinion as to make the newspapers feel it, there will be a prompt improvement. That this education of the popular taste will take a long, long while, is apparent when one recalls the masses of readers in all our large cities who find their chief mental relaxation in the silly adventures of some caricaturist's creation.

Telegraph companies seem to have got their eyes open to the advantage of having rates that will induce the public to make greater use of their lines. The announcement that in certain zones the charge will hereafter be 30 cents instead of 40 is the best possible evidence of the success of the low-rate "day and night letter" arrangement, which the officials undertook with misgivings some months ago. The new rate, in its turn, while not nearly so great a boon as the opportunity of these "letters," will doubtless promptly justify itself in the figures of gross and net earnings. Taken in connection with the reduction made a year or more ago in the charge for upper berths in sleeping-cars, these decreases afford what solace there may be in the lowering of the cost of some luxuries as a set-off against the rise in the price of a good many necessities.

At least one member of the United States Supreme Court is not sold body and soul to the powers of reaction. Justice Holmes's eyes are not always turned steadfastly towards the past. "As I look about me in this country to-day," Justice Holmes told the students at Williams College, "I find that the young men are better than we were at their age." The ancient grievances of youth against its elders do not hold to-day. The tradition of timid old age laying a palsied hand on the ardent spirit of youth is completely outworn. Mid-Victorian parents may have believed that their sons were going to the devil, and may have tried to keep them back. The modern parent does something more than abstain from holding his children back. He gives them free rein. He pays them the express compliment of confessing that they are better than he was at their age. He pays them the implicit compliment of imitating them. It is a churlish young generation that would sneer at those whom only the accident of birth has made their elders.

The Cuban uprising seems to be rapidly nearing its end. The matter is one for self-congratulation in this country. In Cuba, as in Mexico, it has been shown that if the sinister play of foreign influences be cut off, and if the constituted authorities feel secure against unwarranted intervention by our Government, our neighbors may be depended upon to fight out their own troubles. The chronic disorder that obtains in parts of Latin America is one thing. The crises that every nation must pass through before it attains self-discipline, are something quite different. This does not positively assert that Cuba and Mexico are in a class apart from the rest of the Caribbean republics. But there is sufficient reason for believing them different, to justify their being given a fair chance. In the case of Mexico there are the very best reasons for believing that a new era will follow the severe test the country is now passing through. And in Cuba, too, the suppression of the present uprising without the intervention of the United States will act as a double discouragement to revolutionary ambitions in the future.

Whether the collapse of the Orozco insurrection has actually come or is to be delayed for a few days, there is little reason for doubting that the authority of the Madero Government will soon be firmly established in Mexico, and that the country will set tranquilly about working out the serious problems that confront it. The magnitude of the task can hardly be overestimated. It behooves President Madero to restore, in the first place, the habit of public order which the long ascendency of Porfirio Diaz had imposed on the people. But whereas, under Diaz, order was obtained by the sacrifice of popular freedom and the serious oppression of the laboring classes, it is for Madero to set the Mexican people on the way towards solving the problem of combining internal peace with a fair measure of self-government and far-reaching social reforms. It is not only the evils of the Diaz régime that have to be undone. The unwarranted hopes aroused by the uprising against Diaz must be held in check. Neither free political institutions nor such an agrarian reconstruction as Mexico stands in need of can be worked out in a month or a year. The future of the Mexican people is still beset with uncertainties. But it is now fairly well assured that for some time to come the present Government will be allowed to proceed with its task, unhampered by serious revolutionary disturbances.

The Franchise bill which has just been introduced in the House of Commons carries with it far-reaching changes. Aside from the possibility that it may become the vehicle for a woman-suffrage amendment, such as Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to accept, the direct questions dealt with in the bill are of the highest importance. The abolition of plural voting is, perhaps, the most outstanding feature, but the removal of the property qualification and the reform of the registration rules will have a far broader effect. It is estimated that the bill would wipe out half a million plural votes. That makes about 800 votes to a constituency, and, inasmuch as the plural vote is supposed to be divided in the ratio of one Liberal vote to three Conservative, the loss would be considerable to the latter party. By reducing the registration period from a year to six months, the Government experts believe that no less than two million voters will be added to the electorate, and that is only one-half of the adult males who are at present disfranchised. There are more than 12,000,000 male persons above twenty-one years of age in England, and less than 8,000,000 names are on the register. So even the enactment of this proposed measure would leave the franchise something short of manhood suffrage. The advance, nevertheless, would be marked, and that is why the Franchise bill takes rank with Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment in the forefront of the Government's coalition programme.

The apartment-house has at last reached Calcutta, and old inhabitants are shaking their heads over the passing of the day of spacious compounds and large-hearted hospitality. There was a time, says the *Englishman*, when everybody lived in a bungalow, kept troops of servants, rode horses, and spent leisure hours in sports and pastimes suited to the luxurious life of the planter in the tropics. In those days the idea of more than one family in a house would have been put aside as preposterous. But the entering wedge was the boarding-house, which sprang up as rents increased and smaller salaries were paid. This mode of living became very popular, so that Calcuttans of a former generation were driven to complain that Members of Council and heads of firms resided in single rooms cheek by jowl with their extreme juniors. Here was the beginning of the end of the extravagant hospitality and gayety that made Calcutta famous. "Where people once gave balls and large dinner-parties, they now collect a few friends for tea and tennis, after arguing with their co-tenants as to the use of the single-court tennis lawn, which has replaced the acres of garden that surrounded each house."

REMODELLING CONVENTIONS.

Every National Convention, like every opening new year, brings forth its crop of good resolutions. Unhappily, the analogy holds for a stage further, when we note the pitiful lack of practical results from all the discussions and decisions on what ought to be done. Twenty years have now passed since Patrick Collins of Massachusetts and a group of sympathetic colleagues tried to induce the Democratic party to adopt a rule limiting the attendance at its future National Conventions to the delegates and alternates, their outside officers, the National Committee, the working members of the press, and a few distinguished guests. The thought these gentlemen had was that the deliberations of a great party were a serious duty, to be undertaken in a spirit befitting their importance and conducted with proper dignity, instead of being turned into a raree-show for the benefit of a horde of curiosity-seekers, "fans," and "rooters," hotels and dramshops and ticket-scalpers. The movement was widely and heartily approved, but nothing was effected at the time, and before 1896 came around the lessons of 1892 had been forgotten.

This year's Conventions have merely emphasized the need of reform. As we have already pointed out, the one at Baltimore has shown that a Convention can be made both a workable and a deliberative body; can be unbossed, and as Bryan has made clear, that a delegate who knows how can get a hearing on the floor, whether the managers desire him to or not. Again, the Convention at Baltimore could have been made far more endurable for all concerned if business hours had been insisted upon. Why a Convention should meet at noon when it could just as well gather at 9 A. M., is not explained. Neither is an adjournment at 4 P. M. rational, on the ground that the delegates have sat for four hours; since, on reassembling at 8 P. M., they are compelled to remain in their seats for twelve hours listening to speeches no one wishes to hear, and to "demonstrations" as senseless as they are useless. The managers at first acted as if they must prolong the Convention; it was said that their contract with Baltimore required them to hold sittings for at least three days. But even when the deadlock was on, there was an effort to adjourn, as if for purposes of dickering, when a vast majority of the delegates, as the vote showed, were ready to remain in their seats.

That the "demonstrations" could be pretty well controlled was also made evident. At least, a vigorous chairman could have prevented the carrying of banners, and notified the balconies that they would be cleared if any interference were attempted, while an agreement among the leaders of delegations would have prevented delegates from attempting to stampede the Convention. Again, the nominating speeches could well have been cut from thirty minutes to half that time. No such set speeches ever made a vote for a candidate, or ever will. By the time they are made every delegate knows how he is to vote. Moreover, these advocates of a candidate are much in the attitude of paid lawyers; hence their eulogies are discounted in advance. Everything that can be said in a man's favor is said long in advance of the nomination. To repeat it is to waste time. Certainly, fifteen minutes is long enough to brief any man's case. As for the demonstrations, ten or fifteen minutes of racket was thought wonderful in the days of Horatio Seymour, and it was regarded as a great achievement to swell this to twenty minutes for Grant and then to twenty-five or more minutes for the Plumed Knight of 1884. Now it is a question of rivalry. If one candidate gets an hour and five minutes of cheering, the friends of the next must give at least an hour and fifteen.

Turning from the matter of discipline and the procedure of the Convention, it is clear that the effect of binding instructions on State delegations is likely to be serious in the future if there continue to be several candidates in the field. It was frequently asked in Baltimore what would happen if, with Presidential primaries in virtually all the States, there should appear in the next Convention not two candidates as well-matched as Clark and Wilson, but four. Or, to put it differently, how would the existing deadlock have been broken if Harmon and Underwood had entered the Convention with about 200 votes each, pledged to stand by them until a majority of each delegation voted that their particular man had no chance of winning? Such instructions long prevented an agreement at Baltimore. What if there had been more of them? This is a vital question for the future of the convention system, and for those who see in the Presidential preference primary the best way of obtaining the real expression of a party's desire as to its national leader. Some way out of this dilemma will have to be found. Meanwhile, if the National Convention is to remain, it should be reformed along the lines of Patrick Collins's suggestions of twenty years ago.

LEGISLATION BY "RIDER."

The recent revival of the project to limit tenure in the classified civil service in Washington to five years, shows how hard a vicious movement dies. Before the merit system had thoroughly intrenched itself in the good opinion of the public, the assaults upon it in Congress used to take the form either of bold repeal bills, which never escaped from the committee-room where they were solemnly placed on file, or of motions to strike out the appropriations for the Civil Service Commission, and thus starve to death an institution which could not be got rid of by more direct methods. The motion to strike out was always supported by Representatives of the Grosvenor stripe, and Senators with the proclivities of Gorman, as long as support could be confined to making speeches full of flings at an "office-holding aristocracy," and stories of absurdities in examinations which never had any foundation in fact; but a roll-call, putting every man on record, promptly drove the spoilsmen to cover and killed their scheme.

A dozen years of security have caused a great many of the clerks in the Washington departments to feel that they can afford to abandon their voting citizenship in their respective States and settle down as permanent residents of the District of Columbia. Here, then, is a large army of disfranchised citizens, powerless to retaliate upon the members of Congress who vote to put their positions back on the spoils list. Note the cleverness of the authors of the "rider" on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, in confining the effects of their proposed blow to this particular group, but leaving untouched the civil servants employed in the Federal offices in their several districts and still able to revenge themselves at the polls!

Though rejected by the Senate, the five-year tenure clause will remain a menace down to the last stages of the bill's career; and if it passes the conference committee in the course of the trading to-and-fro between the two Houses, the responsibility for defeating it will be put up to the President. The only means open to him will be to veto the entire act. Such a dilemma faced President Cleveland just before the expiration of his second term. One of the last bills presented for his signature was the annual Indian budget, upon which a Western Senator had succeeded in grafting a very vicious mining job. In view of the short time given him for consideration, the President's simplest course would have been to let the bill become a law and leave his successor to wrestle with the sequel. But Mr. Cleveland had mighty little "soft" stuff in his composition. He killed the act, and, at the special session which immediately followed President McKinley's inauguration, a bill had to be rushed through Congress simply continuing the appropriations of the year before till a more satisfactory measure could be framed. But the next regular Indian appropriation bill was free from the taint which had stirred Mr. Cleveland's righteous wrath.

Of course, the most obvious way of correcting this continually recurrent evil, with its incentive to log-rolling and its embarrassments for a right-feeling President, is to keep the annual supply bills clean of elements which do not belong in them. The moment any such bill is permitted to carry "riders," good or bad, the doors are opened for abuses of all sorts. Unhappily, the difficulty of inducing Congress to pay reasonable attention to independent measures of constructive legislation has led even the most scrupulous members to wink at the practice of attaching a progressive amendment here and there to some item in a budget. Such a device is always subject to a point of order in the first stage of a bill's consideration; but often the floor leaders are persuaded, by appeals to their good nature or threats of filibustering tactics later, to ignore an opportunity to make the point, unless the amendment contains a feature manifestly abominable. And so the bill comes up for final passage with a lot of alien matter clinging to it. By that time nearly everybody is tired out, and objections which might otherwise find voice are waived for the sake of getting through with the matter.

In this era of overhauling and revision, it seems strange that nobody has urged one Constitutional amendment which would be enormously valuable to the whole people, and which has been tested with good results on a smaller scale. In New York and a dozen other States the Governor's veto power extends to items in an appropriation bill. The same power should be conferred upon the President, whose sphere of activity is many times as broad as that of any Governor, and who is confronted with problems correspondingly momentous. A reform of that sort would surely appeal to the rank and file of the taxpayers, to whom it would probably mean a saving of millions every year. It would mean also an increased concentration of responsibility; so that we should no longer force upon our Chief Magistrate a share in our lawmaking, and hold him to that extent accountable for the joint product of Congress and himself, while denying him one tool, at least, with which to perform his part of the work acceptably.

CORPORATIONS AND PUBLICITY.

The remedy which the *Review of Reviews* brings forward as a cure for public hostility towards the corporations lacks freshness to-day. We are now moving forward at a speed which makes it seem decades since it was first suggested that the general mistrust of corporate ideals and methods could be removed if the corporations and the public could be brought together for a heart-to-heart talk. This solution was based on the thoroughly sound theory that misunderstanding is at the bottom of every strained situation existing among men and groups of men. The muckraker had intensified popular suspicion of the corporations. The only thing for the corporations to do was to take the public into their confidence. The public is not unreasonable. Let corporate capital take the citizen by the buttonhole and say: "Here is what we do and are trying to do, if you will give us a chance, and here is what we cannot do at present without being driven into bankruptcy; be fair with us and be patient." The great public-service institutions would better themselves by substituting for the old policy of the people be damned, the new policy of the people be informed.

The theory was sound and there were enlightened corporations which hastened to adopt the practice of justification by words. But unfortunately the corporations, as a rule, have adopted a very superficial interpretation of publicity. They have used the advertising columns for pleasant little chats with their customers. They have assured the public that the corporations are really the public's corporations, and they have tried to show in how many ways the companies have been trying to minister to the general welfare and comfort. We have had amiable, insinuating little confidences which are really no confidences at all. The public's memory is not always short. In New York, for instance, people remember very well how every improvement on the city railways has been fought by the managers on the ground that the financial condition of the companies would not permit it. But no attempt was made to throw open the corporation books in order to prove the point. The motormen on the surface cars in winter had to risk their health and lives because vestibuled cars meant ruin for the company. The vestibuled cars came at last, but the published history of the Metropolitan Company showed that it was not the cost of the new cars that threw the city railway into bankruptcy. Side-doors in the subway had to be fought for; fans had to be fought for; even decent lighting in the subway had to be fought for. We have these improvements now, and the Interborough is not threatened with insolvency. What could publicity have done for the Interborough when the public was demanding these improvements? Real publicity would have shown that the company could afford to make the changes and that it refused to do so only in a spirit of greed.

One other point must not be overlooked. When we speak of public hostility to the corporations, it should be remembered that it is against the great nation-wide aggregates of capital that this hostility is chiefly directed. When we speak of the evil influence of the corporations on our civic and economic life we think of the Standard Oil, the Tobacco Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the railways. It is absurd to speak of real publicity in this connection. It is delightful to imagine the Sugar Trust taking the public into its confidence and whispering into its ear all the interesting secrets that the public has recently found out by the roundabout way of the

Federal Courts. It is pleasing to think of publicity and the Standard Oil, that garrulous concern, whose officials on the witness stand, during the last forty years, have had a positive mania for blurting out their innermost thoughts. One can imagine how delighted the Tobacco Trust would be to lay before the public the innocent little methods by which it has made its way in the world. And when we come to the railways, with their interesting little tangles of directors who are also express company directors and rail-mill directors and road-supply directors—why, it is quite plain that any railway would be perfectly happy to expose its inside workings to the public.

When the *Review of Reviews* speaks of corporation publicity, it does not mean publicity at all, but corporation courtesy. And, as a matter of fact, courtesy, in a broad sense, is what the public demands of its local service corporations. There will be crises, of course, when the public will insist on real publicity, as when the battle for the three-cent fare was raging in Cleveland. At that time it was a specific question of earnings, expenditure, and profit, and the statistics were fought out in the newspapers. But what the public wants year in and year out is not publicity, but decent service. When a corporation shows itself willing to meet a reasonable public demand halfway; when it stops making foolish protestations of its inability to do things which a half-year later it does very easily and profits by; when, in other words, it tries to serve as well as to make dividends, there will be no need for confidential little talks with the public.

EXCAVATING A STATESMAN.

There is a form of archæology which is pursued with great vigor in the heat of political campaigns and parliamentary battles. It consists in the digging up of a public man's past. This exercise differs from the science of archæology proper in several respects. In the first place, the work is always carried on by a man's enemies, whereas Troy and Tiryns and Cnossus have all been dug up by lovers of antiquity. In the second place, the object is different. The scientific archæologist always sets out with the purpose of ascertaining the bond of unity between the past and the present. The political archæologist always searches into the past in order to prove the present a liar. Like Schliemann and Flinders Petrie, he loves to lay bare one level below the other in a great career. From this stratum he unearths a letter written in a moment of indiscreet confidence. Deeper down he discloses a damaging roll-call. Deeper still he finds a youthful literary work giving voice to sentiments quite opposite to those displayed on the topmost stratum of the public man's career. And the more violent the contrasts between the various culture levels, the greater is the satisfaction of the man with the spade. The mute evidences of catastrophic change which make the historian ponder over the vicissitudes of civilization are hailed with joy by the partisan investigator of political records of the past.

It is a business that can be sadly overdone. In theory there is no better way of confuting a man than by the words of his own mouth. In practice, it depends on how deep down into a man's past one has gone to work his confusion. It also depends on the nature of the clash between a public man's present and his past. Between the turncoat and the statesman who has moved with the times there are many gradations. Before accusing a man of having changed his mind, there should be at least *prima facie* evidence that the earlier state of mind was the right one. It has become an effective mode of debate for a man to acknowledge that he has changed, and that he is glad of it. Bismarck made classic use of the argument nearly thirty years ago:

> It does not in the least affect the intrinsic merit of the proposition from the point of view of Imperial interests, if the gentleman should show that my present position is inconsistent with views formerly expressed. . . . As a matter of fact, there is no such inconsistency, as I shall show. But even if there were, what does it prove? I can only reply that there are a great many people who during an entire lifetime have given birth to just one idea, with which they have never fallen into contradiction. I do not belong to that class. I learn from life, I learn as long as I live, I am learning to-day.

An effective rejoinder, and one that has been made a thousand times, though it may be pointed out that to use it with full effect one must be Bismarck.

Just where is one to find the safe middle ground between the Bourbonism that refuses to change and learn, and the demagogism that shifts and veers to every breath of fortune? Success usually intervenes to confuse the issue. One who would have been a demagogue in failure is an evolutionary statesman in success. But in general it is a fair enough rule to say that a public man shall be given broad scope in matters of opinion, but should be held sharply to account on matters of fact. It is recorded of a celebrated American that when he became a candidate for a high Federal office, he was much perturbed over the fact that he had years before written a book in which he spoke harshly of a certain religious sect. A shrewd man of politics before whom the case was laid, advised against sophistication in the matter. "Just say you were very young when you wrote that." Usually that would be enough. But when it is a question of reconciling, not contradictory expressions of opinion, but the divergence between promise and accomplishment, there is every reason why public men should be held to strict accountability. A statesman may evolve from conservatism to radicalism without having his motives impugned. But when a statesman declares that under no circumstances will he do a thing, and does it, the plea of a changed outlook will not hold as an excuse. The violation of a pledge can never be explained away. The most a statesman can do is to ask his opponents what they intend to do about it. In that there is a certain picturesque strength, but to put the debate on moral grounds is absurd.

Contemporary politics supplies interesting examples of men who in the course of time have drifted far from their original moorings. Joseph Chamberlain began as a radical and a republican and has changed to an imperialist Tory. In France, MM. Briand and Millerand have developed from anarchism and socialism, respectively, into very safe Ministerial timber. When Briand, as President of the Cabinet, set out to suppress the great railway strike with the aid of the army, M. Jaurès republished a pamphlet written by Briand in favor of the general strike as the surest means of ushering in the social revolution. But even in such a case a man may shrug his shoulders and say, "I think differently now." Yet no amount of thinking differently will absolve a man from changing "I won't" into "I will" and "I will" into "I won't."

ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.

One of the results of the celebration of the Rousseau centenary in France—or, possibly, of the Franco-British *entente*—has been the translation into French of the volume of the late Churton Collins, "Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." It is the third part of the work to which the French critics are naturally paying the most attention just now. It was a picturesque episode in Rousseau's life—more picturesque than important, one would say. He had no particular sympathy with English ideas. He could not speak a word of English. He passed his year (1766-67) in England, not because he was drawn there by the curiosity of an investigator or student, but simply because, to him, as to so many other Continental agitators or disturbers of the political peace, the island home of liberty offered a refuge.

Rousseau, at the end of 1765, was in an awkward and even perilous position. The Parliament at Paris had decreed the arrest of the author of "Emile." He thought to retire to Geneva, but she refused to harbor him. Berne was of the same mind. He repaired to Motiers, which was then under the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, but even there sentiment was strongly against him, and he retreated to the Lake of Bienne. But there, too, he was not left to his peaceful meditations. A formal order of the Government required him to depart. He thought for a time of fleeing to Corsica, but at the critical moment Madame de Boufflers transmitted to him an invitation from David Hume to accompany him to London, and Rousseau accepted it.

The passage of the Channel in January by the two philosophers was more than traditionally trying. They were twelve terrible hours in crossing from Calais. It is amusing to note that the cool and impassive Hume was deathly seasick, and lay groaning in his berth all the way over, while the excitable and neurasthenic Rousseau stayed on deck, wet to the skin and half-frozen, but doubtless surrendering himself to the most thrilling emotions. What some of them were may be imagined from the fact that the moment the ship touched land, Rousseau burst into tears, threw his arms about Hume, and hailed him as the saviour who had led him to the soil of freedom. One fancies that this did not help Hume to get over his seasickness. Indeed, as is well known, Rousseau was a pretty formidable guest for the Scotch philosopher. The Frenchman's eccentricities, almost running at times into manias, his suspicions and his vacillations, made him as "gey ill to live with" as Carlyle, or even more. The two fell near to bitter quarrelling more than once, though Rousseau quitted England with the warmest feelings of gratitude to Hume.

Luckily, the burden of Rousseau's entertainment in England was widely distributed. The interesting foreigner was made a lion of in London. His affectations, his Oriental dress, the stories of his adventurous and irregular life, all conspired to make him an object of universal curiosity. Attentions were showered upon him. Gen. Conway, the Secretary of State, called upon him. Garrick invited him to a supper, and later gave a special theatrical performance in his honor. To this Rousseau was on the point of declining to go, at the last moment, on the plea that he could not leave his dog alone at home. It required some argument by Hume, who explained that the King and Queen had taken a box, to convince the French radical that it would never do to put a slight upon royalty, to say nothing of his actor-host, for the sake of a dog. According to a contemporary letter by Lady Bunbury, which Mr. Collins printed, Rousseau thanked Garrick effusively, and assured him that he had alternately laughed and wept all through the play, though he could not understand a single word. But the pleasures of the city soon palled upon the man of whom Sainte-Beuve said that the note of love of nature first sounded clear in his writings. Rousseau essayed various retreats in the country. Finally a house was offered him at Wooton, the owner, in order to meet Rousseau's ideas of independence, charging him a nominal rent. There he had his dog, his Thérèse, with her inexplicable ascendency over him, and his thoughts in solitude. But he was not happy. Exposed to impertinent intrusions, he felt himself more persecuted than ever. At last he wrote an angry note to his landlord, and determined to return to France. He wrote to the Lord Chancellor to ask for a bodyguard adequate to protect him, while travelling to Dover, from his implacable enemies. That official drily replied that his postilion would suffice. Rousseau hastily sailed from England, May 22, 1767.

His brief stay in England is, of course, insignificant compared with the permanent impression which his political philosophy made on English thought. As in his own land, and elsewhere, it roused violent antagonisms at the same time that it won ardent sympathy. That its influence silently persists in England to this day, there can be no question. The interrelations of French and English literature are a mine much worked in recent years by scholars of either country. More than "spirits twain" crossed the Channel with Rousseau.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

PARIS, June 22.

"Les Dieux ont soif" (Calmann-Lévy—360 pages, 3.50 francs), by Anatole France, is sure to make the knowing reader ask—Is Saul also among the prophets? The simple perfection of language is the same as ever—not precious, but common words of ray serene set in the limpid flow of easy and accurate and adequate phrasing. The thought is refined and cynical as ever, more like scintillations of Mephistopheles noting day by day what fools we mortals are than like Shakespeare's kindly sprite or Renan's dispassionate observer from Sirius. And in this new book Anatole France still speaks for the Olympians—

> The gods laugh in their sleeve
> To watch man doubt and fear.

But "the gods that are athirst," of whom he has written the book, are anything but Olympian or given to laughter; and their thirst is for the blood of their fellows. He might almost be suspected of writing his book on a return journey from among those *intellectuels* to whose angry diapason he tuned his voice of late when their particular Justice was not accepted by the universality of France; or from that still later time, when his tones were tremulous with the People trying to make something of Earth. For his conclusion is that of a far different and cruder prophet—

> Once there was the People—Terror gave
> it birth—
> Once there was the People, and it made a
> hell of Earth!

There he stops.

The hero of the book is "Evariste Gamelin, painter, pupil of David, member of the Pont-Neuf section"; and his life for us begins—

> early one morning in the former church of the Barnabites, which for three years, from the 21st of May, 1790, had been the general meeting place of the section. . . .

> On the front the religious emblems had been hammered out and in black letters over the door was inscribed the Republican device: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death." . . . The Saints had been taken from their niches and replaced by busts of Brutus, of Jean Jacques, and Le Peltier. The table of the Rights of Man was set up on the stripped altar. . . . The prisons were crowded; the public accuser was working eighteen hours a day. To the defeat of armies, to the revolt of provinces, to conspiracies and plots and treason, the Convention was opposing the Terror. The gods were athirst.

Gamelin follows his dream—for Anatole France also, with all his keen eye for human depravity, allows the excuse of the "mystic" dream in which the depraved acts are perpetrated. It lasts a few months, amid the light of common day, with lurid flashes, at the beginning from the preposterous assassination of Gamelin's own hero, Marat, by Charlotte Corday, then through his own term as a member of the Revolutionary tribunal, to his last mystic meditation in the cart which bears him to the guillotine after Robespierre.

> Women who recognized Gamelin cried out to him: "Get on, blood-drinker! Assassin for eighteen francs a day! He's not laughing now—see how pale he is, the coward!" They were the same women who but lately insulted the conspirators and aristocrats sent by Gamelin and his colleagues to the guillotine. Gamelin thought and believed he understood. "I die justly. It is just we should receive the outrages cast up at the Republic, for we should have defended her from them. We have been too weak; we have made ourselves guilty of indulgence. We have betrayed the Republic. Robespierre himself, the pure, the holy, has sinned by gentleness and meekness; his faults are wiped out by his martyrdom. Like him, I have betrayed the Republic; it is just that I die with her. I have spread blood—let my blood flow! May I perish! I have deserved it!"

At that moment, a window blind opens, and some one tosses into his cart a red flower. On the hand, quickly withdrawn, he catches the glint of the ring which he had engraved with the head of Marat for his Elodie. "His eyes swelled with tears, and it was all penetrated with the charm of such an adieu that he saw the bloody knife above the Place of the Revolution."

It would not be Anatole France's book if there were not another chapter. Elodie—with Gamelin's successor—listens to the cab driver telling how the tripe-seller had daubed the head of Marat with blood, saying: "That's what he loved!"

> Before the chimney she looked with melancholy at the ring-finger of her left hand, at the little silver ring where the face of Marat, all worn and crushed, could no longer be distinguished. She looked at it till tears veiled her sight, took it off gently, and threw it into the flames. Then, shining with tears and smiles, beautiful with tenderness and love, she threw herself into the arms of Philip.

Such a book may prove Anatole France's greatest work; and he comes to it better fitted than for his "Joan of Arc." Of course, those of the old order who struggle to remain what they have always been are too imbecile in his pages, though generally amiable; and those of the new order are regularly too unconscious that bloodshed is crime and too self-conscious of the right of their kind to remake the world by cutting off heads. But in the romance, as in the reality, the deeds which stand out to us in terrible relief are but a part of the daily details of life, eating and drinking, making merry and marrying. Much of it can hardly please those who have been praising Anatole France most; but Lord Acton, who knew, doubts our right of "assuming that it would be possible for an honest historian to have a friend."

With Georges Ohnet's two books—"Pour tuer Bonaparte" and "La Serre de l'Aigle" (Ollendorff, illustrated, 3.50 francs each)—we have a rude descent from Olympus to the atmosphere of those middle classes to which most of us, like the late Mr. Gladstone, say we are proud to belong. We are still in the stream of Revolutionary passion, now directed against Bonaparte, who was making the work of the Revolution practical in France, while doing away with the unpractical leaders that had managed to live through it. The romances are built up around the conspirators of the counter-Revolution—Saint-Régeant and Georges Cadoudal.

Here there is no undertone of suspected philosophy to make us uneasy, no dull dust of daily life to draw our attention from the main show. The story is told in the emphatic style of the traditional historical romance, with all the melodrama and real tragedy ground into our quaking hearts. It has been disputed whether Georges Ohnet belongs to literature; but it is beyond dispute that he has story-telling ability beyond those of his generation. The historical basis of his stories also should not be depreciated, even though the advanced heads of some of the characters with every step they tread knock out a star in heaven. It is to be regretted, at least for readers who are sons of Puritans, that the love-making of the Countess spy should be punished within our hearing in crude and cruel kind. The instruments of Napoleon philosophize, in a middle-class way, of all they have seen: "Put into the balance the deeds done by this side and by that—and see if it sinks in favor of one party. They balance seemingly, equal ferocity and crime."

"'Mon cher,' said Braconneau, 'that is the philosophy of civil wars. Let's go to bed!'"

As he mounts the scaffold, Georges Cadoudal gives the responses to the priest's prayers, but stops short before "at the hour of our death."

> "What's the use?" he said, tranquilly, "since it is now the hour of death." He embraced the priest, made a gesture of adieu to his companions, lifted up his great round head and looked at the public crowding round him; and he cried with a loud voice: "*Vive le Roi!*" The moment after, he was dead.

"La Jeune Fille bien élevée" and "Madeleine jeune femme" (Calmann-Lévy—3.50 francs each), by René Boylesve, bring us powerfully to our own time. Georges Ohnet candidly applies to his series the term "Legend and History"; here we have the every-day life of French men and women. Of the first of the two novels, which have the same characters, the author, who is rising near to the head of the line of living French novel writers, says:

> In it I composed, without afterthought, the story of the life of a young girl brought up as they were commonly in our provinces in the last century (that is, twenty-five years ago). . . . My heroine was born at a time when the spirit of inquiry, the taste for criticism, and the thirst for emancipation were in fashion: it was not I, her painter, that groaned beneath the weight of provincial customs; it was she, my model, whom I saw thus pained. And if, on the other side, I showed consideration for "prejudices" or persons of the old time, it was not I who counselled my contemporaries to go backward to old things; it was my model, discerning in spite of herself all that was deeply true in her, who asserted in spite of herself a stronger attachment, more resisting than the enticements of the day, for the support and shelter which came to her from centuries ago. . . . An invitation to reflect on life, at length and as deeply as may be, even with bitterness and difficulty—this is the proper moral action of the novel-writer—the extreme limit to which he can go without straining his kind of writing. . . . While differing from direct moral and social action, it is none the less important, for we have to remember that through ignorance of real man and flattery for seductive ideas the gravest public errors are committed, and that for lack of psychology most private disorders are produced daily.

All this explaining is kept out of the thread of the story and limited to a short address to the reader when the author takes up the story of his "well-bred young girl," now that she has become a "young wife." Two notable books, indeed, with moralities important to all who reflect on society, that is, the living men and women around them. They are written in the language of refined French conversation, not dragging, except as life always grows long. The heroine is a daughter of a middle-class family of Touraine, which for centuries has lived on a plane of high, if narrow, tradition, plainly, with high thinking and cultivation, religiously, marrying and giving in marriage by principles which are rules. English readers who feel that there must be a substantial life in France beyond that of the commoner yellow-covered novels will find interest and edification in the story of Madeleine's girlhood and select convent schooling, in her marriage into a class without her traditions or cultivation, and so beneath her, in her cheerful adaptation to it and salvation from scath of the new world around her by the old habits of principle, which are, in spite of herself, her second nature, in the resignation with which she takes up the burden of life. Perhaps, the lack of principle to guide in brand-new society is accentuated; perhaps there is a generation yet younger which is swinging round to the old traditions. Marcel Boulenger, who is a younger rising novelist, says that in his province marriages for money are sought by parents, and pleasure in life without responsibility by the children they marry to each other, far more avidly than in René Boylesve's books. There, at least, the grandmother has something heroic and the young wife has strength of soul. Perhaps a still later knowledge of men now coming to maturity in twentieth-century France would lead one to say that M. Boylesve has drawn his male kind more harshly than France, ever renewing herself and her children, fairly deserves.

"Petite Madame" (Plon—3.50 francs), by André Lichtenberger, continues the unreflecting, delightful story of Jacques and Jotte, just married, greatly pleased with themselves, a little uncertain how to behave to their various parents, who, on their side, hardly know whether to laugh or cry. In reality, they are all good as good, and we have their charming chronicle—like that of our author's *petit* Trott, whom the Academy long ago crowned king of child's stories. And it ends in Life's triumph, as usual as the sunrise:

> Behind the white curtains there was a mewing noise. Jacques drew them back. There was a wriggling creature, and Jotte's eyes brightened. She half arose: "Give him to me!"
>
> A little clumsy, a little squeamish, respectful, very proud, Jacques lifted up the little squirming red being which was his son and laid it carefully beside its mamma. . . . Among these three beings silence reigned. . . . The time is past when Jacques and Jotte had only to play according to the sprightly lack of care of their young fancy. . . . The master of their life is this child.

Who knows if this story, too, may not be continued in our next? It is certainly delightful and edifying reading for all, even for those who have been persuaded that Frenchmen have no word for Home. André Lichtenberger, writing for French readers, does not consider such a question, or he might very well answer—"Our word is Family, Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé."

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1895, Falconer Madan of the Bodleian Library published "The Early Oxford Press," being a bibliography of printing and publishing in Oxford down to 1640. He has now just issued, through the Clarendon Press, a second volume on the literature of Oxford, being a study, bibliographical and descriptive, of all known books relating to Oxford printed there and elsewhere during the two hundred years, 1450 to 1650. It is a grand piece of work, upwards of seven hundred pages, octavo, of which more than one-fifth is an elaborate index. It will interest few people in the United States, but those whom it interests it will interest deeply.

The first 147 pages of the volume describe the books about Oxford, but printed elsewhere up to 1640. the end of the period covered by the first volume, being thus a supplement to that volume. There are also incorporated in their chronological places additions and corrections to Vol. I. The so-called first Oxford book "Exposicio sancti Ieronimi," the colophon of which bears the printed date 1468, has long been a bone of contention among bibliographers, the claim being made, and generally accepted, that the actual date was 1478, a lower-case "x" having dropped out in preparing the types for the press, a not uncommon occurrence in early-printed books. As an Oxford man Mr. Madan has been slow fully to accept this explanation. Here he sets down six reasons or arguments for the acceptance of 1478 as the true date, and adds: "The cogency of each of these arguments may be weakened, but they have considerable cumulative force, and at present, although the *onus improbandi* lies entirely with the assailants of the earlier date, the balance of probability is markedly against 1468." This is a more positive statement than he was willing to make sixteen years ago.

The bulk of the volume, pp. 148-499, describes Oxford books from 1641 to 1650, and in it Mr. Madan goes over entirely new ground. During the four years, 1642 to 1646, when Oxford was the Royalist headquarters, the presses were peculiarly prolific. The great collection of Civil War pamphlets collected by George Thomason (who was particular to put the date of reception by him on the title-page of each pamphlet), now in the British Museum, has alone made possible any adequate description of the output of the presses of Oxford and London during this period. Duplicate editions, reprints, and forgeries add to the interest and complexity of the study of the books of the period, making a comparison of types, devices, ornaments, and even water-marks necessary. Books with counterfeit imprints were exceedingly common. "Out of 191 Oxford imprints in 1642 no less than 58 are London counterfeits," says Mr. Madan, and the proportion is only slightly less in 1643 and 1644. A list of nineteen very plausible Oxford imprints are given, which, in 1642-1647, are always counterfeit. The symbol "√" prefixed to these counterfeit titles indicating that the book was not printed where it professes to be printed was inadvertently omitted from the table of explanation of abbreviations. Another symbol ")" indicating that the piece so designated is an extract from a larger work, was also omitted. Mr. Madan himself pointed out these omissions in a letter to Mr. Pollard of the Bibliographical Society.

Another book, one chapter of which treats of the Oxford Press, is E. Gordon Duff's "English Provincial Printers, Stationers and Bookbinders to 1557," just published by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam). These papers comprise the Sandars Lectures on bibliography delivered in Cambridge in 1911. The date of 1557 has been chosen by Mr. Duff as a limit for his conspectus because in that year a charter was granted to the re-formed Company of Stationers, which prohibited printing by any person not a member of the London Society, and this virtually put an end to all provincial printing. The following is a list of those towns outside of London and Westminster in which printing presses had been established prior to 1557, with the (approximate) date of the first book printed in each town:

Oxford. 1478 (colophon of first book actually dated 1468 but probably a misprint).
St. Albans. 1480.
Hereford. 1505.
Exeter. 1505.
York. 1509.
Cambridge. 1521.
Tavistock. 1525.
Abingdon. 1528.
Ipswich. 1547.
Worcester. 1549.
Canterbury. 1549.

In an Appendix is given a list of all identified books printed by or for the several provincial printers for the period covered.

The little book (it is published at four shillings net) contains interesting, authoritative, and up-to-date information hard to find elsewhere.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letters may be found in the Congressional Library, and are, so far as I know, unpublished. They may be of interest at a time when the proposal to limit the Presidential tenure to one term of six years is to the fore.

A letter of Jefferson's, written from Paris, on September 20, 1788, gives his correspondent particulars of certain letters just received from America. He writes that the Virginia Convention proposed an amendment of the Constitution

> for rendering the President incapable of serving more than eight years in any term of sixteen. New York has followed the example of Virginia, expressing the substance of her bill of rights (*i. e.*, Virginia's), and proposing amendments. These last differ much from those of Virginia, but they concur as to the President, only proposing that he shall be incapable of being elected more than twice, but I own I should like better than either of these, what Luther Martin tells us was repeatedly voted and adhered to by the Federal convention, and only altered about twelve days before their rising when

some members had gone off, to wit, that he should be elected for seven years and incapable for ever after.

So Jefferson. William Short, sometime Jefferson's secretary, and for several years the American chargé d'affaires at Paris, wrote to the great Democrat from Philadelphia, April 23, 1816: "All of us I think see now the object of the reëligibility of the President." Short continues:

> You saw it I think, from your first inspection of the Constitution. Would it not be worthy of you to endeavour to have this remedied. I do not think you would find it difficult, and it certainly would be a benefit conferred on your country that would be worthy of your best exertions; let the term be for seven years or more and no reëlection, and let the incumbent after his term be incapable of any other office, but endowed for his life with the allowance that may be made to the Vice-President.

B. B. W.

Washington, D. C., June 27.

THE RADICALS AND ROOSEVELTISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of your New York contemporaries is fond of asking why a boss must be an ass. Permit me to ask why so many "radicals" are so gullible, shallow, and naïve? The notion that Roosevelt is a radical candidate, that he has particular claim to the support of radicals and social reformers, is utterly baseless and absurd. Roosevelt is and always has been a very practical politician; he never found any difficulty in getting along with the Platts and Quays; he never hesitated to go to the Harrimans for campaign money; he never allowed his civil-service professions to interfere with his needs and interests.

Aside from these things, let us see what true radicalism generally means or implies. Radicals are, as a rule, peace men, while Roosevelt is a Jingo, a militarist, and a big-navy shouter. Radicals favor arbitration without ifs and buts, while Roosevelt denounced the splendid Taft arbitration treaties with the venom and frenzy of a maniac. Radicals are free traders and revenue-tariff men where free trade is at present impossible, while Roosevelt is a protectionist (and an ignorant one at that by his own admission). Radicals would approach the Trust problem via the tariff, while Roosevelt called the late Professor Sumner and other economists dishonest cowards for maintaining that it is futile and foolish to "regulate" tariff-fed monopolies. Radicals are opposed to favoritism, autocracy, tyranny, megalomania, demented ambition, while Rooseveltism is essentially another name for arrogance, malice personified, insane ambition, lust for power, personal government.

Radicalism does not need Rooseveltism It is doing very well in the United States. "We are all radicals now." Who is opposing regulation of woman's labor, universal accident compensation, conservation, strict control of public utilities, further railroad regulation, etc., etc.? The direct primary, the referendum, the recall—though not the silly recall of decisions—are likewise steadily gaining ground. Even the courts are brushing aside ancient fallacies and technicalities. The whole country is "progressive," and there's no stopping the march of "social and industrial reform." The evolutionary revolution, so to speak, is world-wide. We are witnessing great changes everywhere, and no erratic, blatant would-be despots are bringing them about.

The notion, then, that our salvation, in the United States, depends on Rooseveltism and a third party composed of soreheads, unbalanced egotists, noisy and shallow humbugs, and dreamers who know nothing of politics, is grotesque. Third parties cannot live by spite, fury, and hatred alone. They are begotten of necessity. There is no necessity for a third party of the Roosevelt kind. We may, indeed, find it necessary to organize a party pledged to free trade, to economy, to peace, and arbitration, to sound currency reform, to just and scientific taxation, but Roosevelt and his chief backers would find no welcome in *such* a party. The failure of the Democracy to live up to its principles and opportunities may render a third party necessary. Just now nothing calls for it The time is not ripe; there are no converts or recruits ready to take up the cause of industrial freedom and justice, of equal opportunity, in the philosophical sense of these terms. The real radicals will wait, and in the meantime they will help to destroy Rooseveltism, which is fatal to sanity, health, and decency in politics and government.

S. R.

Chicago, June 26.

GEORGE BORROW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one who hoped for a time to keep George Borrow permanently among his heroes, and who still keeps him exceedingly high on his list of extraordinary *poseurs*, I have read with great interest your account of him in the *Nation* for June 27. Never having gone through any extended biography of Borrow, save that which is furnished in a way by his best known books, I hoped to find in your sketch, not something that would add to my wonder at the man, which is still great enough, but something that would restore my admiration for him. For admiration and credence both left me, in large measure, when I encountered the almost unreadable screed of rage and spite with which the "Romany Rye" draws to its end. Without being especially orthodox in a religious way, I had been rather shocked, in reading "The Bible in Spain," at the almost complete absence of evidence that Borrow cared for the Bible as such, or had any higher motive for his tremendous zeal in distributing it than his desire to spite the Pope and the priests, and to undermine their power. Accordingly, I searched "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye," (books written later, though they tell of earlier events in his life) for something that could be called, in the best sense, Christian feeling. I was disappointed, finding, indeed, a marvellous and refreshing story of adventure, whether fact or fiction, but a growing rabidness of comment, directed against any institution or any person that had offended his overpowering vanity, a passion which, combined with love of the mysterious and the singular, ruled his life.

As to the fact that Borrow did not express himself in the ordinary way concerning inanimate nature and the emotions aroused by its contemplation, I think it may well be doubted whether he knew what other writers were in the habit of saying on this or any other ordinary topic of literature. Outside those fields of learning which he especially exploited, he was, one may suspect, strikingly ignorant of current writing. In the thirty-second chapter of "Lavengro," speaking of himself as a young man who has gone to London seeking his fortune, after a number of years in a lawyer's office, he says: "Yes, . . . up to the moment of which I am speaking, I had never read a newspaper of any description."

Whether we have lost much by his habitual reticence concerning the emotions and reflections inspired in him by the contemplation of external nature, we may perhaps judge from a study of the following passage, which I take, putting certain parts in italics, from the seventieth chapter of "Lavengro":

> Night came on, and a beautiful night it was; up rose the moon, and innumerable stars decked the firmament of heaven. I sat on the shaft [of his tinker's cart], my eyes turned upwards. I had found it. there it was twinkling millions of miles above me, mightiest star of the system to which we belong; of all stars, the one which has the most interest for me—the star Jupiter. Why have I always taken an interest in thee, O Jupiter? I know nothing about thee, save what every child knows, that thou art a big star, *whose only light is derived from moons.* And is not that knowledge enough to make me feel an interest in thee? Ay, truly, I never look on thee without wondering what is going on in thee; what is life in Jupiter? That there is life in Jupiter, who can doubt? There is life in our own little star, therefore there must be life in Jupiter, which is not a little star. But how different must life be in Jupiter from what it is in our own little star! *Life here is life beneath the dear sun—life in Jupiter is life beneath moons—four moons—no single moon is able to illumine that vast bulk.* All know what life is in our own little star; it is anything but a routine of happiness here, where the dear sun rises to us every day; then how sad and moping must life be in mighty Jupiter, *on which no sun ever shines, and which is never lighted save by pale moonbeams!* The thought that there is more sadness and melancholy in Jupiter than in this world of ours, where, alas! there is but too much, has always made me take a melancholy interest in that huge distant star.

Edwin H. Hall.

Cambridge, Mass., June 28.

THE DEATH OF BARON TAKASAKI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent death of Baron Takasaki, the Japanese poet laureate, or, to speak more exactly, the chief of the poetry office, makes me pause awhile and think over what he always expressed in regard to poetry, that is, the Japanese *uta* poetry. He used to begin his talk by quoting Kageki Kagawa's well-known phrase: *"Uta wa sugata, sugata wa shirabe,"* which is quite difficult to translate literally, but with permissible change of words will mean this: "It is the true poetry when its graceful appearance becomes at once the life-movement or rhythm." The Baron said: "We have a word *rashii* (look like); that is the secret of our Japanese *utas*. The flower-poem should look like a flower-poem, the moon-poem like a moon-poem, the summer-poem like a summer-poem, the winter-poem like a winter-poem, and so on." Such language is too delightfully simple, and, of course, he meant something more. When he said: "Be natural," I believe that he put a great value on the moment when one's rhythm of soul responds and vibrates most truly to the life and motion of nature; the chief merit of a writer as a poet lies in how well and constantly he has been preparing to receive such a moment; it is indeed at such a moment that he will seize the universal in the particular through the virtue of his own personality. Our Japanese *uta* poetry, at least in Baron Takasaki's idea and conception, is neither art nor writing, but one's own personality itself; before you talk on poetry you should begin by making your personality refined, ennobled, and strengthened. And the time when your personality rises to be high and strange is when it is righteously led by humanity and arm-in-arm will dance with that humanity on life's highway; therefore, the question of the Japanese *uta* poetry is the question of humanity. "There is no real poetry in mere words or phrases," he always exclaimed. He always talked of *Uta no michi*, or the path of poetry, as if to say the path of humanity or benevolence; and he often made the former mean the latter, and always commingled them. Righteousness was, in his mind, the very first lesson of poetry, without the support of which the delicacy and beauty of life and nature could not be properly felt, because the *uta* poetry was nothing but the way of mankind, that is of humanity.

Although not from any so-called Imperialism, but from his immovable faith, so simple and pure that all Japanese should love their own native land, he was first of all the poet of patriotism: when he said he was sure that he was a real Japanese, I think he meant in his heart of hearts that, while not so sure of being a poet, he was also a real poet from the fact of his being a real Japanese. His talk with the Emperor, on "Nothing Difficult to Write *Utas*," is a famous story; it happened some thirty-three or four years ago in the steamer sailing back from Kobe to Tokyo, which carried his Majesty the Emperor on board, who, to pass his lazy summer-time away, had been indulging in the thought of *utas* and the writing of them, and when the Baron interrupted him with the famous words, "Nothing difficult to write *utas*," he was irritated and again maddened by this most audacious declaration. But it was the great lesson the Baron offered to the Emperor which made him gladly turn spiritualist in poetry from being a mere poetical rhetorician from that memorable day. It was the very first triumph of the Baron's long life that he made the Emperor his believer; and the Emperor's faith was never shaken in the long years when the Baron occupied the honorable dais of the chief of the poetry office. Indeed, he made a student's obeisance to him.

I am not a fit person to criticise the Baron's poetical work; I am at the present moment only wondering what effect his conception will have on the future, as I and others know well enough that he battled hard against the descending tendency of the present age, and was often pessimistic, and even recognized his failure.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Kamakura, Japan, June 1.

RELIGIOUS PROPRIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to press reports, the prayer of Cardinal Gibbons at the opening of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore was greeted with applause from the audience. No one will deny that divine blessing on the labors about to be begun by the Democratic delegates was eminently appropriate and desirable, but that men should have applauded the clergyman who uttered the prayer is incomprehensible to a person brought up in any of the commonly accepted religious creeds. Clapping of the hands, with us, at least, is universally recognized as an expression of approval of some act of a public performer. But it is difficult to see the appropriateness of applauding a supplication for God's blessing; unless, indeed, the audience is to be thought of as approving the clergyman's manner of executing a detached action in which they take no religious part. Theoretically, at least, when a person prays in public, he is the mouthpiece for the assembled worshippers, who are humble suppliants with him and craving divine assistance.

At the conclusion of Cardinal Gibbons's supplication to the Almighty, "amen" would have clearly signified concurrence and assent, but what on earth can have been the attitude, mental, moral, or spiritual, of a gathering of human beings who would clap their hands on such an occasion?

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, June 26.

Literature

AMERICANISMS.

An American Glossary: Being an attempt to illustrate certain Americanisms upon historical principles. By Richard H. Thornton of the Philadelphia Bar. London: Francis & Co. 2 vols., pp. vii, 990, vi.

In 1774 a writer in a Boston magazine proposed "a plan for perfecting the English language in America, through every future period of its existence," and suggested the formation of a society "consisting of members in each university and seminary, who shall be stiled 'Fellows of the American Society of Language,'" and that "the Society annually publish some observations upon the language, and from year to year correct, enrich, and refine it, until perfection stops their progress and ends their labours." Six years later John Adams submitted to the consideration of Congress "the expediency and policy of erecting by their authority a society under the name of 'The American Academy for Refining, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Language.'" In 1781 a first attempt to discuss Americanisms was made by President Witherspoon of the College of New Jersey, to whom, indeed, we are indebted for that word. Later the field was entered by Pickering, Webster, Bartlett, De Vere, Farmer, Norton, and others. But more than a generation has gone by since the publication of Bartlett's and De Vere's books; both of those are unsatisfactory in many ways, and a new work was greatly to be desired. This has now made its appearance in London. A decade or so ago Sir James Murray complained in these columns that it was not to the credit of American lexicographers that they left to their English brethren so much work that ought to have been done by themselves. This well-deserved rebuke is emphasized by the present work, which comes from the hand of an Englishman by birth, though Americans can take at least some satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Thornton is an American citizen.

"It would be difficult, and indeed impossible," writes Mr. Thornton, "to construct a definition of an Americanism which should be comprehensive and concise"; and he has wisely refrained from making the attempt. But in this compilation he has included (1) forms of speech now obsolete or provincial in England, which survive in the United States, (2) words and phrases of distinctly American origin, (3) nouns which indicate quadrupeds, birds, trees, articles of food, etc., that are distinctively American, (4) names of persons and classes of persons, and of places, (5) words which have assumed a new meaning, and (6) words and phrases of which he has found earlier examples in American than in English writers. Mr. Thornton adds:

> This is an attempt to illustrate "certain Americanisms" only: those, that is, of recognized standing or of special interest. Accordingly, it will be found that over 80 per cent. of the illustrative quotations are half a century old. No attempt has been made to register the voluminous outpourings of modern slang; and the reader who wishes to investigate such phrases as "Adam and Eve on a raft" or "to get a wriggle on" will have to pursue his researches elsewhere. But some slang words and phrases are too characteristic to be left out, although modern; while others belong to the period of the hunter and the backwoodsman.

The plan of the work is thus made clear. At the end is a useful "Index of authorities cited," filling six pages. Mr. Thornton's illustrative extracts are drawn chiefly from five sources—periodical publications, books describing pioneer life, a few historical works, books of the "Jack Downing" type, and the debates in Congress. Those drawn from the last source are particularly valuable, as probably no one but the compiler has had the courage to attack the debates. But it is to be regretted that letters, diaries, and journals—which would yield so much of value—have scarcely been used at all. It is to be noted also that extracts before 1765 are extremely few and those few largely taken from the Oxford Dictionary. We think it would have been better had these been omitted altogether, for they do not adequately illustrate American literary usages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the space could better have been devoted to more modern terms. In the index of authorities cited are a few mistakes. No such publication as the *Boston Weekly Messenger* was issued in 1743. "F. Bailey" should be F. Baily. J. Hall's "Letters from the West" were published in 1828, not 1820. The author of "Short Patent Sermons, by Dow, Jr.," was not E. T. Gerry, but Elbridge G. Paige. Why so many American authors in the second quarter of the last century wrote anonymously or pseudonymously does not appear, and in regard to some of these Mr. Thornton is apparently in error or has neglected to give the proper names. "Streaks of Squatter Life" was written by John S. Robb; "Some Adventures of Capt. Simon Suggs" and "The Widow Rugby's Husband" by Johnson J. Hooper; "Chronicles of Pineville" and "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel" by William T. Thompson; "Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs" and "A Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania" by Philip H. Nicklin. "R. Carlton" was Baynard R. Hall; "Elnathan Elmwood" was Dr. Asa Greene; "Arthur Singleton" was Henry C Knight. And Seba Smith's "Jack Downing Letters" have not been sufficiently differentiated from those written by Charles A. Davis.

Turning to the work itself, one finds its execution to be admirable, though Mr. Thornton's principle of selection is not always obvious. Thus, he records *pro-slavery*, but not *anti-slavery; Jersey*, but not *York; Old Tenor*, but not *New Tenor*. And there are some notable omissions—such, for instance, as *Pilgrim Fathers* and *spoils system*. A few criticisms occur to us. *Agolia* is a ghost-word, it being (as well as *agalia*) Brackenridge's error for *argali*. *Anti-federalist*, as originally used, can hardly be described as "a name applied to the followers of Thomas Jefferson," as he was in France when the Federal Constitution was drawn up. *Author*, meaning editor or publisher, should not have been admitted, as the word was so used in England early in the eighteenth century. *To bone up* means not "to bristle up," but "to get up" a subject. In his comment on *Britisher*, Mr. Thornton has been misled by Freeman, who was mistaken in supposing that Wesley "could not have applied the name 'American' to the English folk of any of the Thirteen Colonies," and that there was anything new in the use of the word British during the Revolution as applied to the royal army. Several years ago Sir James Murray informed the reviewer that the word Britisher was first applied to a British vessel. But it may be added that the English were called "Britishites" in this country in 1788. *Brother Jonathan* and *Jonathan* are really inseparable, and should have been treated under one head, but Mr. Thornton has missed an opportunity of showing that the former term had nothing to do with Gov. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut. We do not know why *to condition* is labelled "originally a Yale word," since the earliest example is from a Harvard source. Under *ell* or *L*, the elevated railway is not recognized. May not *ganty* be a misprint for *genty*, and *goss* for *cos?* (Printers were no more infallible then than now: in the *Boston Gazette* of July 25, 1768, Edward Winter advertised "Lecturizing Rods," which became "Electurizing Rods" on August 8, and "Electrical Rods" on August 15). No example of *Jayhawker* is given as a nickname for a native of Kansas. The statement that *johnny-cake* was "originally *journey-cake*" is, we think, a mistake, as *johnny-cake* occurs earlier; but that itself is doubtless a corruption of *jonakin*, a form found in 1676. The Boston Liberty Tree was not "the great elm on Boston Common," but stood at the corner of Washington and Essex Streets. Under Mecklenburg Declaration a warning should have been uttered in regard to its genuineness. The first extract under *O. K.* should have been dated 1850, not 1828. It is not true that *phebe* is "a bird which lives outside the dictionaries," for it is in several dictionaries under the spelling *phœbe*. *Poppycock* means "nonsense," "rubbish," rather than "bombast." *Scalage* is labelled "Not in the Century Dict.," but it will be found in the two volumes issued in 1909. It should have been explained that *Scophilites* were so called from one Scovil (Schovel or Schofield), who had been commissioned by Gov. Tryon of North Carolina to suppress the Regulators. In the first extract under *to slick*, the word means not "to make smooth" or "to set in order," but to beat or lynch, a sense of the word apparently not recognized in the dictionaries, though occasionally met with between 1825 and 1850. The significance of some of the extracts under *terrapin* is missed from Mr. Thornton's failure to point out that the word was applied in derision to Jefferson's gunboats.

Attention is called to these matters, mostly trifling, in order that corrections may be made in a second edition. What is greatly needed is a dictionary that shall illustrate American literary usages for three centuries, but such a work can be compiled only on the coöperative plan, a plan but for which the English Dialect Dictionary and the Oxford Dictionary would have been impossible; and it is to be hoped that the present volumes will act as a spur to the members of the American Dialect Society. Meanwhile, Mr. Thornton has placed us under the deepest obligations for his "American Glossary," in which single-handed he has recorded about 3,000 terms and 15,000 extracts. Almost exactly a century ago a Philadelphian said: "I wish to see the list of our Americanisms abridged as much as possible." If there are at the present time any who hold this narrow view, they would do well, for their own peace of mind, to avoid the present work, for it is filled with expressions many of which are vigorous, effective, picturesque, and racy of the soil.

CURRENT FICTION.

Wide Courses. By James Brendan Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

At his best, Mr. Connolly tells his stories with vigor and directness. Even when he falls below par, as in "Lightship 67" and "Captain Blaise" of the present collection, he is still readable. "The Wrecker," which stands first, is not entirely successful, though it contains one haunting phrase which comes honestly by its Celtic blood. "Who's to deny a woman whose son lies drowned?" "Laying the Hose-Pipe Ghost" is an amusing tale of Navy red-tape, told in a kind of subdued slang that adds much to the effect. "Jan Tingloff" is more serious, and the things that happen to him have an air of grim reality. The description of the old side-wheeler foundering in a gale is extraordinarily vivid. But the best of this volume is to be found in the two stories dealing with Kieran, pump-man on an oil-tanker — Don Quixote Kieran, *alias* Cogan Capeador. Here Mr. Connolly does more than tell a tale; Kieran has a personality, human, attractive, and picturesque. Wander-fever, or romance, or the spirit of adventure (the name does not matter) drives him from one end to the other of the seven seas. Athlete, Navy man, wind-jammer, bull-fighter—there are few things he has not been. He also composes chanties and sings them along the decks in spite of the opposition of the bruising bosun. The latter swore Kieran would never dare finish his Flying Walrus song; so one day the deck-hands made a ring (while the Captain looked the other way) and stood around to watch Kieran being killed. But it was the bosun who soused his damaged head in a bucket after the fight, and Kieran forebore to finish the Flying Walrus because he thought that would be rubbing it in.

The Department Store. By Margarete Böhme. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This "novel of to-day" is a lengthy, continuous exposition of conditions good and bad in a department store in Berlin. With German thoroughness the writer begins long before the beginning. We must follow the love affairs of the parents of a girl who later becomes saleswoman in the store, their deaths and her adoption. We must be made acquainted with her adopted parents and their previous histories; with the neighborhood and its little home industries and shops, before we are fitted to assist at the founding of the great store built up modern-wise on the declining opportunities of small dealers and artisans. The "obviously ungifted" boy Joshua Manassa develops as he grows up the commercial genius on which the house is founded, and stands throughout the most striking figure in the book. A Jew, who for expediency changes his surname, a man who never lets feelings interfere with business, a lavish giver where his interests will not suffer, a stern moralist, and a man of absolute self-control, his god is "the holy spirit of labor, of progress." "Like the spirit of God upon the face of the water, did his direct influence hover over the whole concern." One of his sons begins life with idealizing notions of what may be done in a great commercial establishment, but time and a visit to America make havoc of his half-Socialistic ideas and their influence survives only in an art department, where three-colored photographs and antiques are sold. The salesgirl in this department represents fidelity and enthusiasm, and, of course, wins a substantial matrimonial reward. For the rest, the characters are merely all engaged in intrigues, great and small, commercial and sentimental, for which, indeed, Joshua "does not stand," but which pervade his shop and his circle. The rise of the vast emporium, its triumph over rivals, and its embracing in one or another capacity all the little workmen and workwomen whom it had put out of business, is told in minutest detail. It is one long, sumptuous catalogue of furnishings, bargain sales, elaborate windows, intricate advertisings. These and the sorry heart-affairs of chiefs and underlings are the story. It is itself a huge show-window, which shows, assuredly, but does not teach. The translation in the main flows smoothly; a few palpable snags need not be particularized. We take it that it is not the translator who imports from the West Indies "a live, beauteous, almond-eyed Hindu."

The Lone Adventure. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. New York: George H. Doran Co.

We may hope that this adventure will remain lone, for it is very wearisome. A large part of the book can be summed up in one of its phrases, "And still nothing happened." The author has attempted to write in the style of Maurice Hewlett a romance of the Jacobite rising of 1745. But there is something more in Mr. Hewlett's style than odd words, inversion, and tortured metaphors; there is imagination. Take that away, and the remains would resemble the style of Mr. Sutcliffe. He seems to work on the theory that "terror and pity may be caused by diction." He is determined to write in figures, and the result is sometimes like this: "Since his soul was launched into the open sea of life, Rupert had known many a Gethsemane." The extraordinary vacancy of plot and the deliberate eccentricity of style could be forgiven if there were any interest in character. Five or six times the hero, who has suffered unjustly under the reproach of being a scholar, passes through a psychological experience which proves to him that he is a man; yet the reader is left unconvinced.

The Yoke of Silence. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A tidy little love story in a Scottish setting. There are glimpses of an old castle with an *oubliette* and seaward-looking terraces; there are a husband and wife parted by a woman unscrupulous in love and worse as to money; there are doubts and fears and meetings and partings and peace-makings. There are a few Scottish folk of marked personality, a nice baby, and a perfectly appointed yacht. Need more be said?

TWO BOOKS ON GEN. LEE.

Lee the American. By Gamaliel Bradford, jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. With illustrations. $2.50 net.

Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With portrait and maps. $2.50 net.

Each of these books is very good of its kind, but perhaps the greatest value of each lies in the testimony it bears to the charm of Lee's character and to the growth of his reputation as one of the very noblest figures in American history. Naturally, from this point of view, special value attaches to Mr. Bradford's book on account of the writer's Northern birth and affiliations. It was to be expected that Gen. Lee would be a spotless hero to Mr. Page; it is more impressive to learn that he is quite as spotless a hero to Mr. Bradford. It is the latter who writes, "I have loved him, and I may say that his influence upon my own life, though I came to him late, has been as deep and as inspiring as any I have ever known. If I convey but a little of that influence to others who will feel it as I have, I shall be more than satisfied."

Mr. Bradford will doubtless have his modest wish granted, and perhaps he will obtain another desire that stands out from his book. He is a devotee of the art of "psychography," the portrayal of souls, and Sainte-Beuve is his master. He actually adds to his book an interesting, though possibly a superfluous, appendix entitled "Lee and Psychography." This means that his volume is not a straightforward, formal biography, but a group of chapters under such titles as Lee Before the War, Lee and his Army, Lee in Battle, and the like. Each chapter is, in the main, made up of quotations bearing on the central topic and of comments upon these, both citations and comments being excellent for their purpose. Indeed, Mr. Bradford seems thoroughly entitled to the praise of being a master in literary mosaic-work. Whether a grouping of mosaic chapters into a mosaic volume furnishes a book that one puts down with entire satisfaction, whether the method is not fitter for the essay than for the treatise, ambitious or unambitious, whether psychography, as its exponents practice it, will ever yield us real portraits, are questions one will probably answer according to one's temperament. Mr. Bradford's chapters, it is sufficient to say here, show careful and wide study of the sources, great sympathy with Lee and the people he represented, and exceptional literary and psychological acumen.

Mr. Page's book is the long-tried, straightforward type of biography, giving a full, chronological, eulogistic, and apparently accurate account of his hero's career. It was begun as an enlarged edition of the writer's "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," but it soon grew into a new book, especially through largely increased emphasis upon military details. The result is a volume which ought to satisfy for a long time the demand for a fairly extensive biography of Gen. Lee, sympathetic, popular in the best sense, and based on the most trustworthy military authorities on both sides. Mr. Page's practice as a trained narrator has stood him in good stead; he knows and loves the South, and he has made what seems to us to be a very competent and conscientious study of the available sources of information.

There is little emphasis upon Lee's career prior to the Civil War, but the treatment of the four years of struggle is sufficiently full to satisfy most requirements, amounting as it does to five hundred pages. Excellent summarizing chapters precede and follow this stretch of military narrative; then we have equally good chapters on Lee's character and on the calm close of his life. Throughout, the writer's spirit is attuned to that of his subject, and there is scarcely a partisan sentence that can arouse opposition in a fair-minded reader. In other words, while disagreement with Mr. Page is permissible, heated controversy with him ought to be impossible. We have made a long stride forward towards true national unity when such a statement is suggested by a book as loyally pro-Southern as this.

It is probably in its tone and in its level excellence of execution that the chief merit of Mr. Page's biography lies, but it should be added that, in our judgment, he succeeds in what is perhaps his main special contribution, not so much to our knowledge as to our manner of envisaging his subject, viz., in bringing out the fact that the greatness of Lee's character and achievement was in large measure the result of the admirable qualities of the aristocratic society of which he was the consummate exponent.

The Pacification of Burma. By Sir Charles Crosthwaite. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.50 net.

This volume is devoted to the history of Upper Burma, a district of about 120,000 square miles, which, in consequence of native misrule, was annexed by Great Britain and made a province of the Indian Empire on February 26, 1886. The story of the creation of orderly administration, as told by the first Chief Commissioner of Burma (February, 1887-December, 1890), Sir Charles Crosthwaite, on whom fell the brunt of this Herculean task, is of special interest, not only because "Burma will be, in all likelihood, the last important province to be added to the Indian Empire," but also because it is indeed

> worth while to put on record a connected account of the methods by which a country of wide extent, destitute of roads and covered with dense jungle and forest, in which the only rule had become the misrule of brigands and the only order systematic disorder, was transformed in a few years into a quiet and prosperous state (p. 3).

The original military force for the pacification of Burma was about 14,000, which was increased by March, 1887, to about 16,000. Primarily, it had been intended to have half this army consist of Burmans, but their lack of responsibility rendered them impossible, and the non-English contingent was ultimately confined to Indians. At first, under the new conditions that had to be met, there were frequent minor reverses, as well as some degree of friction between the civil and the military police; on the other hand, affairs were simplified by the fact that the Buddhist monks, numbering between 20,000 and 30,000, remained strictly neutral. The first great problem before the English was the suppression of dacoity (organized gang robbery), a task rendered the more difficult since the Burmans themselves, in their terror of dacoit vengeance, usually refused the English any information or other assistance. Yet gradually dacoity was crushed, the regular policy being that

> the rank and file of those who joined insurgent or brigand bands were treated leniently. They were freely pardoned, if they had not committed murder, on condition that they surrendered with their arms and engaged to live quietly in their villages. Where it was necessary and possible, work was provided for them. When I left Burma there were thousands who had so surrendered and were living honest lives. Very few, I believe, went back to the wild life (p. 123).

By the spring of 1888 pacification had advanced so far that it was possible to consider the reduction of the troops and their replacement by military police. Early in 1886 these police numbered about 3,300, in 1888 between 5,000 and 6,000, in 1889 about 18,000, and in 1912 about 15,000. The rapid change of conditions in 1887 is shown by the fact that at the beginning of the year the troops held 142 and the police 50 posts, whereas at the end of the year the figures were 84 and 175, respectively. On October 28 of the same year the Village Regulation Act was passed, which

> established on a legal basis the ancient and still existing Constitution of Upper Burma. While emphasizing the responsibility of the village headman, it gave him sufficient powers and the support of the law. It also enacted the joint responsibility of the village in the case of certain crimes. . . . It gave the district officer power to remove from a village, and cause to reside elsewhere, persons who were aiding and abetting dacoits and criminals. This enactment . . . was framed in accordance with the old customary law and with the feelings of the people. It strengthened our hands more and gave us a tighter grip on the country than anything else could have done (p. 81).

In 1888 the process of disarming the natives was begun, and in the same year Burma definitely became a frontier province of the Indian Empire.

There were, however, a number of outlying districts which demanded attention, notably the Shan States, long torn by internecine strife. As the successor of the Burmese State, England felt herself in duty bound to control all the territory that had been lawfully claimed by Burma. Accordingly, late in 1886 the reduction of the Shan States was begun, the general policy being as follows:

> Letters explaining the principles which would guide the British Government in its relations to them were written to the various chiefs. They were assured that there was no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the States. British supremacy must be acknowledged, peace must be preserved, the people must not be oppressed. Subject to these conditions and to the payment of a moderate tribute, the British Government undertook to recognize the Sawbwas [native chiefs] who were in effective possession, to uphold their rights, and to give freedom and open the way for commerce. . . . There was no intention of fighting the Shans. On the contrary, it was desired to win their friendship and to induce them to trust us. Already the duties, imposts and monopolies which strangled trade in the King's time had been swept away. It remained to establish peace and to open the trade routes which the prevailing anarchy had closed. . . . The leaders of the expedition . . . were to take every precaution against giving avoidable offence or trouble to the people, to gain the goodwill of chiefs, priests, and villagers, to interfere as little as might be with their prejudices, their religious houses, and their private life (pp. 147-149).

Meanwhile there was constant guerrilla fighting, and the difficulties of the English were enormously increased by the configuration of the country. District after district was reduced to peace and order. In some cases, as in that of Kentung, Siamese intrigue had to be counteracted; elsewhere China had to be considered, particularly in view of the large number of Chinese in Upper Burma. All this time the still more difficult tasks of civil organization proceeded apace—the building of roads and railways, the construction of official buildings, forest surveys, provision of medical aid, and the like. The success of the new administration may be gauged by the fact that, without the levying of a single additional tax, the revenue of Upper Burma rose from £222,000 in 1886-87 to £1,120,000 in 1888-90.

A chronological conspectus might with advantage have been appended to the book, and there are one or two disturbing errors and omissions. Some of these are easy to correct. The context shows, for example, that Sir Charles left Rangoon on February 27 instead of March 27 (p. 24), and it is obvious that the capital of India has not lately been moved from Delhi to Calcutta (p. 76). On the other hand, there are passages involving a manifest error which cannot so be corrected. Thus, according to p. 265, Lieut. Hawker was mortally wounded at Muklon on February 21, but on p. 267 the place and date are given as Mukton and March 15, respectively. The disturbing feature of such oversight is that it arouses some mistrust as to the accuracy of other specific places and dates.

Railway Transportation: A History of Its Economics and of Its Relation to the State. By Charles Lee Raper. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

In 1885 appeared from the pen of President Hadley the first systematic American treatise on railway transportation. In its concise marshalling of facts, its clear enunciation of principles, its brilliant and incisive style, this book has not been surpassed. But because so much railway history has been made during the last quarter-century, a new edition was desirable. Hence the announcement on the title-page of Professor Raper's book, that it is based with the author's permission upon President Hadley's "Railroad Transportation," aroused the expectations of those familiar with the earlier work. But the reader soon learns to his disappointment that this book is Hadley with Hadley left out.

In the first place, the emphasis has been changed. Whereas President Hadley gives only five out of thirteen chapters to foreign countries and lays stress upon our own history, intermingling with his historical treatment his brilliant elucidation of fundamental principles, Professor Raper gives but five out of seventeen chapters to the United States, and these are the least valuable chapters in the book.

In the matter of style the contrast is so marked as to be almost distressing. Unhappy choice and actual misuse of words repeatedly mar the text, and the constant repetition of such adverbs as "wonderfully," "tremendously," "vitally," detracts from the effectiveness of the discussion. Such inventions as "transportational" and "damageability" are hard to forgive. We are confronted with such terms as "densely populated people," "important significance," "increasingly slight," and "inefficiently cheap." We are told that the "length of their haul is very short," that the railways have caused places of raw materials, of manufacture, and of consumption "to be brought into unity"; that no important area of the United States is without the choice of a number of market centres "around which the minor markets all rotate," and that Berlin was not the centre "from which the Prussian lines originated or focalized." Poor sentence structure often obscures the author's meaning, and a habit of throwing the verb to the end of the sentence disturbs the reader's equanimity.

The chapters on the United States, so far as they relate to the period previous to 1885, are distinctly inferior to those of Hadley, and the treatment of the later period lacks distinction. The author seems erroneously to identify the distance principle of rate-making with the cost of service principle. He states that the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act forbade a greater charge for a shorter than for a longer distance on traffic moved in the same direction *at the same time*. It is, of course, untrue that the shipments must be contemporary. It is difficult to understand how our transcontinental traffic has been "profoundly influenced by the steamers that operate through the Suez Canal."

The value of the book consists in its summary of recent European transportation history. One may differ with the author's conclusions as to the results of policies in the various States, and may properly take exception to unsubstantiated opinions introduced by the phrase "we think," but the historical treatment seems in general to be carefully done. Many statistical comparisons of European and American conditions fail to give due recognition to the lack of comparability of data, and hence leave the reader with inaccurate impressions. It is impossible, for example, with the different accounting systems, to compare accurately relative costs of operation, rates of dividends, or capitalization per mile. Confusion is also caused by the use of the term average *rate* when the author clearly means average *receipts*.

On the question of State ownership, Professor Raper is a conservative. His conclusions are that government ownership, with a few notable exceptions, has been a burden on the taxpayers, that it has not been "particularly efficient" or "especially cheap," that the people of the United States do not desire at present to "possess" the highly centralized administration necessary for nationalization, that Government operation is not needed in the United States to supply facilities or to correct the abuses of private operation, and that its "only possible defence would be Socialism." He suggests in the place of State operation the extension of the parcels post in the United States, but his brief discussion of this subject is superficial and fails to take account of many factors in the problem.

Italy's War for a Desert. By Francis McCullagh. London: Herbert & Daniel.

The note struck by Mr. McCullagh in his very title is maintained to the last page. It is a bitter indictment of Italy's motives and methods in her invasion of Tripoli. The Italian people, the press, the navy, the army, are handled with no pretence at courtesy. In his introduction Mr. McCullagh tells of being visited in his English home by a party of Italian gentlemen, headed by the "futurist" leader, Signor Marinetti, who challenged the author to a duel. We can very well believe that the hot Italian blood must have boiled repeatedly under the pitiless scourging administered by Mr. McCullagh, whose reputation as a veteran war correspondent was sure to give weight to his charges. He ridicules the Nationalist movement in Italy, which, in the mind of its most fervent advocates, has taken on the aspect of a crusade for the restoration of the Roman Empire. He takes delight in drawing comparisons between Scipio Africanus and the half-disciplined Sicilian troops who have again and again turned in cowardly flight before an enemy vastly inferior to them in numbers and equipment. The spirit of the following sentences permeates the book:

> The real explanation of the Italian inactivity for over half a year, despite the fact that there are no less than twenty-four Italian generals in Tripolitania, is this—the Italian soldier is a poltroon. When not a poltroon he is an Anarchist or a mutineer.

According as one looks at it, the present story is very badly or very cleverly planned. Mr. McCullagh begins by conveying the impression of extreme prejudice. He carries it to the point where many a reader will be tempted to put down the volume with distrust. But if the reader persists until he comes to the heart of the book, the massacre of the suburban Arabs perpetrated by the panic-stricken Italians during the three days following the battle of Sharashett on October 23, of last year, his attitude towards the author will change. Here the accusation of prejudice will not hold. Mr. McCullagh's own statements are reinforced by a mass of irrefutable testimony. As one reads the heart-rending story of those dreadful three days when the Italian army ceased to be an army and became a horde of maddened soldiery, virtually running amuck; of men and women and children who were shot down in squads without semblance of a trial, one can easily understand why Mr. McCullagh and several of his colleagues should have handed in their papers to the Italian commander as a protest. Four thousand Arabs perished during these three days, according to our writer. Three thousand is the testimony of French correspondents friendly to the Italian cause. One feels that Mr. McCullagh has made out a case. But he could have made it stronger by not stopping to pick fault with anything and everything Italian.

Jean de la Fontaine. By Frank Hamel. New York: Brentano's. $3.75 net.

The first lines of Mr. Hamel's book are more sympathetic than all the rest; in them he tells the story of the little girl who tried to say the Lord's Prayer in French, and being haunted by the fable of the fox, the crow, and the piece of cheese, began "Notre Père sur un arbre perché." Turning then to the slim events of La Fontaine's tranquil life, Mr. Hamel sets them forth in a straightforward and unpretending fashion which makes easy reading, but which does not quite satisfy. With no sharp vision of La Fontaine's personality, and with little distinction of style, he yet manages to indicate with some clearness the man's exterior and material surroundings. But he scarcely goes further. There is hardly any critical study or illuminating comment. It is simply a relation of facts, with a certain number of anecdotes for embellishment. Mr. Hamel apparently takes these last directly from d'Olivet, "*le pauvre abbé*," whom M. Lafenestre calls one of the least clairvoyant of La Fontaine's biographers. It was d'Olivet who said the poet was an idiot because he never in his life did anything for himself appropriately.

As for the letters from Limousin, Mr. Hamel finds them disappointing "as a disclosure of the poet's real self," because they are not love letters "in the

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

strict sense of the term." There is no "outpouring of emotion on paper addressed to one woman and containing a revelation of a real and lasting passion. . . . They contain nothing more soulful than friendly feeling and intellectual comradeship." How could it have been otherwise? La Fontaine never felt a breath of true passion in his life. On the contrary, his "real self" was made precisely of the stuff of these letters: good-humored observation of people about him and a lively interest in the last handsome woman who had crossed his path. It was all light and delicate and essentially poetic. Mr. Hamel is as far from a sympathetic understanding when he calls La Fontaine in his youth a "country bumpkin" as he is in using the term "old reprobate" later on. Both these expressions, in an attenuated sense, may have some applicability; but they both miss La Fontaine, the young dreamer in the woods of Château-Thierry with his ears full of bird-songs, or the merry old man at a Parisian dinner table who still loses his head over the pretty girl sitting next to him. Mr. Hamel's words are like the meshes of a sieve through which the poet, after a momentary check, slips with ease. When it comes to discussing his works, this lack of sympathy becomes plainer. The "Contes" are condemned without reprieve. It is not necessary, we are told, for us to read them. They are mentioned only because "in his biography it is necessary to write of them." But if Mr. Hamel wished to preserve our morals from the influence of the "Contes," he should not have quoted the passage from "Les Oies du Frère Philippe," for its natural effect is to make one wish to know more of a matter so deliciously human. The two chapters on the "Fables" are little more than a catalogue, interspersed with quotations, paraphrases, and translations. These last, mostly by Elizur Wright, are halting and commonplace, though an exception may be made for one by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, from the fable of the young mouse who sees his first cat, and cries in his innocence:

He must have strong affinities of soul
With our great race—his ears are shaped
the same.

Mr. Hamel disregards almost entirely the interpretation of human nature by the fables, as well as the more immediate references to the court of Louis XIV and the society of the century. His few remarks on the subject are perfectly conventional. Taine, in his complete and brilliant development of this theme, illustrates from the fables the king, the princes, the court, the nobility, the curé, the bourgeois, the doctor, the magistrate, the professor, the student, the peasant. Mr. Hamel sees something else: "A wonderful procession of animals stalks through the fables, almost every kind of zoölogical specimen being represented. There are rats enough to require the services of many Pied Pipers of Hamelin, lions enough to stock the equatorial forests, wolves enough to make the Steppes of Russia seem crowded, bats and birds, gnats and frogs galore." To be fair, let us add that he goes on to say that the poet "modernized" the old animal stories "to the extent of reflecting in them the manners and foibles of his day. All the social orders were represented and classified." But for the central fact of La Fontaine's poetry, is not this statement rather bare and summary?

The book is printed on extremely thick paper, which swells its 380 pages to a great size. There is an excellent photogravure frontispiece, and there are a number of prints.

Notes

The National Education Association will meet in Chicago July 6 to 12.

The late John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" will be completed in the autumn by the publication by Doubleday, Page & Co. of Volumes IV and V. Volume IV covers the years 1867 to 1871, and Volume V, 1872 to 1879.

The same house has in hand: "Browning and His Century," by Helen A. Clarke; "Reminiscences of the South Seas," by John La Farge, being the diary which the artist kept while in Samoa and Fiji; "Æsop's Fables," illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

The Century Company will publish in August "C. Q., or In the Wireless House," by Arthur Train, and later in the year "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," by Alice Hegan Rice.

Sir Archibald Geikie, president of the Royal Society of London, has written a monograph on "The Love of Nature Among the Romans" in the last decade of the Republic and the first century of the Empire. The work will be issued by Murray.

Allen H. Eaton is bringing out, through McClurg, "The Oregon System: The Story of Direct Legislation in Oregon."

A forthcoming book in the list of Stanley Paul & Co. is "The White Slave Market," by Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy and Mr. Willis, who was formerly a member of the Australian Parliament.

"The Cahusac Mystery" is announced by Sturgis & Walton; the author is H. Hesketh Prichard.

Jane Addams's "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," first published in the autumn of 1909, has just been added to the Macmillan Standard Library.

The Newdigate prize at Oxford has been awarded this year to William Chase Greene of Balliol College, Rhodes scholar from Massachusetts, for a poem on "King Richard the First Before Jerusalem." Mr. Greene was class odist and salutatorian at Harvard in 1911. He is a son of Prof. Herbert E. Greene of Johns Hopkins University, and a grandson of William L. Greene of Dorchester, for many years publisher of the *Congregationalist*. The Newdigate prize of twenty-one guineas for English verse was founded by Sir Roger Newdigate in 1806, and is open for competition each year by the undergraduates of Oxford University. Among those who have won the prize are Matthew Arnold, Robert Stephen Hawker, Oscar Wilde, and John Addington Symonds.

"The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels" (Columbia University, Lemcke & Buechner), by W. R. Price, is a detailed investigation, with special reference to "Zadig," of Voltaire's satire of contemporary social conditions, and an attempt, by ingenious detective work, to make the veiled allusions clear and specific. The author seeks to identify names, characters, political hints, and to fit the allegory to the times; in short, to show what Voltaire was talking about. Dr. Price uses symbolism as "anything which stands for another thing or for other things." A wide field is thus thrown open to a mind ingenious at solving rebuses or charades, and this sort of mind Dr. Price possesses. The book shows industry and learning based on a thorough study of Voltaire. The conclusions, however, cannot rely for acceptance on absolute proof, but only on probability, and the reader is sometimes left wondering whether the writer is not carried away by the explorer's enthusiasm. One of the most interesting passages relates to the origin of the name "Voltaire." The volume is clearly a dissertation, not pretending to literary form, and, unfortunately, the author's erudition has not been seconded by competent proof-reading at the press.

Under the title "World Organization as Affected by the Nature of the Modern State," Dr. David Jayne Hill has published eight lectures given at Columbia University, in March, 1911, on the Carpentier Foundation (Columbia University Press). The purpose of the lectures, which are both historical and critical, is to show "the growth of juristic consciousness among all civilized nations," and "the peculiar adaptability of the modern state for entering into a world organization in a juristic sense." What form such organization shall take, Dr. Hill does not pretend to indicate in detail; but he reaches the conclusion that the usual and accepted principles of jurisprudence are sufficient for the adjudication of all international disputes; that substantial progress has been made, through the various Hague agreements, in the direction of universal justice among nations, and that the development of a "society of states" presents no insuperable difficulties. Disarmament appears to him to be a natural result of such organized international relations, rather than an ideal to be striven for as such. The book is not easy reading, but it is, nevertheless, one of the most thoughtful of recent contributions to the difficult subject of international conciliation.

"Replanning Small Cities," by John Nolen, fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects (Huebsch), is made up of a general survey of the subject, studies of six American cities from this point of view—namely, Roanoke, Va.; San Diego, Cal.; Montclair and Glen Ridge, N. J.; Reading, Pa., and Madison, Wis.—a section on how existing cities may be replanned, an appendix containing extracts from American and foreign legislation relating to the matter, and a bibliography modestly described as a "Short List." The illustrations are especially interesting. They include the bay front of San Diego as it is, and as proposed, general plans for Reading and Madison, and L'Enfant's plan of Washington. Mr. Nolen points out that the notion that comprehensive plans are only for large cities is a misconception, the reverse being nearer the truth: "There is scarcely anything in the smaller places that may not be changed." To the movement to make such changes his book should give definite impetus.

Prof. Alexander Viets Griswold Allen, who has been made the subject of a memoir (Longmans), by the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery, rector of Grace Church, New York, was born in 1841 in Otis, Mass., where his father was rector of the Episcopal church. The home was filled with the best traditions of New England evangelicalism—its seriousness, its consecration, its culture; filled, also, with what so often accompanied these, a hard struggle for an existence. After strenuous financial efforts, Alexander Allen was graduated at Kenyon College, Gambier, O., and entered the Divinity School, in the same place. In his time the insurgent wave of modernism was just beginning. He kept, however, his fundamental beliefs, his passion for truth, his sweetness of temper, and his closeness to his parents. After two years spent in Andover Theological Seminary, he founded a little Episcopal mission church among the mill-hands of the neighboring Lawrence. The enterprise was successful, but his characteristic work was yet to come. In 1867 the Episcopal Theological School was established in Cambridge, Mass., and the Lawrence rector was called, at the age of twenty-eight, to be its first professor of ecclesiastical history. Those who were in his class-room almost always awoke with surprise to a realization of the vitality of the past. Dogma was to him concentrated life, needing but expansion to become living and absorbingly interesting. And so his greatest book was appropriately "The Continuity of Christian Thought." Other books followed—a "Life of Jonathan Edwards," "Religious Progress," "Christian Institutions," "Freedom in the Church." After the death in 1893 of Phillips Brooks, his brother, Dr. Arthur Brooks, undertook a Life of the Bishop; and when Arthur Brooks died two years later, Professor Allen was asked to complete the work. The last of the three volumes appeared in 1900. It was an appreciation of Phillips Brooks rather than a critical estimate. This, with twenty-eight articles contributed to books, papers, and magazines, completed Professor Allen's literary output. He delivered the Bohlen lectures in Philadelphia, Lowell lectures in Boston, Dudleian and Noble lectures at Harvard, besides lecturing in the regular courses at Harvard and in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He received the degree of D.D. from Kenyon College, and from Harvard and Yale Universities. He died in Cambridge in 1908. Dr. Slattery had the difficult task of telling a story where, in popular estimation, there was none to tell. For a life with so little incident presents to the biographer few peaks to which to attract passing attention. Yet for those who are concerned with the movements of thought, a career which, like that of this seminary professor, was in close touch with every vital current of his time, has no need of events in order to procure profound interest. And Dr. Slattery has wisely made Professor Allen's letters largely tell the story.

"Outlines of School Administration" (Macmillan), by Arthur C. Perry, is an attempt to put in form for textbook use the present methods of school administration in the various nations which have made really significant progress in public education. The matter is placed under five headings, school organization, school direction, school supervision, school management, and class management, the methods in vogue in the various countries being grouped about these several topics. As a textbook on comparative methods, one might wish that the books were less tinctured with the personal bias of the author on various problems involved.

"The Criminal and the Community" (Lane), by James Devon, has a rare personal flavor which makes it a refreshing contrast to the literature of impersonal criminal science. Dr. Devon is the enemy of all institutionalism and of all study of men by the method of statistics and averages. For him the criminal is first of all a person, and "one such case thoroughly known is a better basis for a study of the subject than any amount of tables." He himself speaks from the authority of many years of personal experience as medical officer in Scotch prisons and poorhouses, which he utilizes for a highly instructive, and evidently clear-sighted, account of the motives and conditions of crime, more particularly of the conditions leading to petty crime and first offences. The striking feature of the book is his proposal to liberate prisoners when responsible citizens offer to become their guardians. Arguing from a purely utilitarian standpoint, Dr. Devon contends that imprisonment is a flat failure. It is not very effective as a deterrent, and no useful purpose is served by the prisoner's degradation. The prison may sometimes benefit his health, but it enfeebles his mind and at the end of his sentence sends him out into the world without an occupation, often without friends, and wholly unfitted for communal life. Its only use is to hold him until provision has been made for his supervision and livelihood; and if no such provision is made, it is absurd to release him at all. However reformed and improved, the prison suffers from the vice of institutionalism; and the same is true of the system of liberation on probation in charge of an officer. The normal life of a man is in the society of those who are personally interested in him, preferably in a family. What Dr. Devon contends for, then, is the policy of boarding out which has been found to be successful in the case of pauper children and the insane. He thinks that there are few criminals without responsible friends who would be willing to assume their charge. At any rate, he holds, the problem of crime is insoluble until those in the outside community are ready to assume a personal responsibility.

To show what is the difference between the Scottish and the English peoples may fairly be said to be the object of Dr. Donald Macmillan's "Short History of the Scottish People" (Doran). It is an attempt at a pendant to Green's "Short History," and, like its prototype, is to the greater glory of its subject. Not many years ago it would have been to the glory of the Kirk and the Covenant; as it is, the ecclesiastical thread is closely followed. And there was right in it. It is said with perfect truth (p. 301), "If there is one institution which the people of Scotland ought to love more than any other, it is the Church of Scotland." But the Kirk and the Covenant have fallen on historically evil days, and so it is now the people of whom we have a picture, "quietly working out their own salvation while kings and lords were destroying each other" (p. 194). And the judgment of the people is used to rescue the most shady characters. That Moray was called "the Good Regent," absolves him of the charges of meanness and treachery. In the same perfervid popularism, Burns is reckoned the greatest Scottish genius. Yet the book is an interesting and solid piece of writing, enlivened by a queer jumble of style. On one page the cat jumps, and on another we expiscate the truth. References, too, are sorely needed, even marked quotations being simply "by a recent writer." The five maps mentioned on p. xx are not in the review copy.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard's "France of Joan of Arc" (Lane) belongs to the well-known class of "popular" histories. Two-thirds of the volume are occupied by a commonplace recital of the events of fifty years preceding the arrival of Jeanne on the scene; but there is nothing in the way of information which could not be had from a school textbook of moderate worth. Originality of treatment and a good style, had they been present, might have served as an excuse; but so far as appears, the author proceeds as if he were treading fresh ground, and as if the reader were supposed to be ignorant of the fact that the subject had ever been touched by Anatole France, Andrew Lang, or Gabriel Hanotaux. The style is sometimes melodramatic, sometimes facetious. We are told in one place that "Charles VII had been only able to regale" La Hire "with the very scraggiest kind of a dinner." The only thing approaching an idea to be found in 350 extraordinarily thick pages is the statement that, in the author's opinion, Jeanne had no divine mission: France would really have been better off under English rule; therefore, since the Maid, in spite of this, delivered her country from the English, the supposition is that the Divinity could have had nothing to do with the matter.

Miss Betham-Edwards knows her France well, as her various writings testify. She has now gathered into a volume entitled "In the Heart of the Vosges" (McClurg), a number of sketches—some of which have appeared in periodicals—ranging from the towns of Alsace to unfrequented corners of the Pyrenean valleys, back and forth to Picardy, French Flanders, and the Alpes Maritimes. The sketches are discursive and uneven, and the chronology of her wanderings is sometimes uncertain, but the whole is very readable and lifelike. We get glimpses of Lourdes, Narbonne, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, and other interesting places, and are here and there reminded of that great prototype of travellers in search of combined agricultural and social information—Arthur Young. But Miss Edwards does not penetrate beyond the surface of things, and where she attempts art criticism, as in her chapter In Gustave Doré's Country, she is disappointing. Otherwise generally accurate, she speaks of Carcassone's Saint Bartholomew (in 1560) as still showing its traces, "after five hundred years."

We have received copies of the new edition of Grant Allen's Historical Guides to "Venice" and to "Umbrian Towns," and also of "Smaller Tuscan Towns," which has recently been added to this series (Holt). The authors of this latest volume are J. M. and A. M. Cruickshank, who compiled that on Umbria. It follows the well-defined plan of its predecessors, being more compact and practical than Hare, but purposely not so businesslike as Baedeker. We may record here another volume in the Mediæval Towns series (Dutton). It is on Avignon, its compiler being Thomas Okey, the industrious book-maker.

"The Life of Cesare Borgia" (Brentano's), by Rafael Sabatini, seems at the outset to be a masked eulogy. On reading farther, however, one discovers that the author frequently insists that the Borgias may have been very wicked gentry, but that the iniquities attributed to them have not been proved. He busies himself to show that hearsay, and not documentary evidence, is the basis on which the charges against them rest. We regret that, in a work whose essence is polemical, Mr. Sabatini furnishes almost no footnotes and references. He writes perfervidly, taking a savage relish in demolishing his opponents. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading for anyone who desires to have this perpetually recurring question of the Borgias presented from an unconventional angle. The figure of Cesare Borgia is drawn with vigor.

"The Welsh Border" (London: David Nutt), by M. A. Hoyer and M. L. Heppel, is the tediously complete record of a half-walking and half-railway trip which these two English women took as an inexpensive and (for them) adventurous summer outing. Their plan was to follow Offa's Dyke—a wall of dirt raised in the eighth century by that warrior king to hold the Welsh in check—to follow this mound for its full two hundred miles, from Mold down to the Severn; and this they accomplished to their complete satisfaction, though the original material they collected would hardly eke out a magazine article. This diary, every page of which cries out for the editor's blue pencil, is illustrated with two mediocre photographs, thirteen unsatisfactory sketches, and a hopelessly indistinct map.

Few sides of Arabic letters are so touched with the tears for mortal things as the little hoards of manuscripts which are found from time to time hidden in the walls of old houses in Spain. More even than the spectacular hill of the last sigh of the Moor, they tell of the final ebbing of the Moslem tide from Europe, and of what it meant for the Moslem masses. For they speak the silent sorrow of a people going into exile, though with a pathetic hope, never fulfilled, of some future return to their own. They were evidently hidden in 1610, the year of the expulsion of the Moriscos, and are, in a sense, a belated justification of that expulsion. For they show very clearly how very Moslem their owners still were, even after external acceptance of Christianity, and more than a century's isolation from the Moslem world and exposure to a Christian environment. Instead of Arabic they had to speak some Spanish dialect, but they wrote it in Arabic characters, the so-called Aljamia, and continued to read their own Arabic books. These ranged from popular tales, most valuable for folk-lore, and usually written in Aljamia, to standard theological and legal treatises. Of one such hoard, found in 1884 at Almonacid, near Zaragoza, and now the property of the Junta para ampliación de estudios at Madrid, a detailed description by pupils of Professors Ribera and Asín has just been published ("Manuscritos Árabes y Aljamiados de la Biblioteca de la Junta," Madrid, pp. xxxii. 320). It covers sixty-seven manuscripts and a very large number of fragments in loose leaves, and gives eighteen photographic facsimiles, ranging in date from A. D. 1043 to 1601. The work has been admirably done, and gives by far the best view yet accessible of the religious and literary situation among the Moriscos of northern Spain, immediately before the expulsion. Of especial interest, after the folk-lore tales, is the preëminent position which the books of al-Ghazzali evidently held.

Dr. Edward Brooks, who for several years was Superintendent of Public Schools in Philadelphia, died at his home near that city on Saturday, in his eighty-second year. As an author Dr. Brooks had devoted himself largely to retelling many of the classics in simple form.

Dr. Ernest S. Roberts, master of Caius College, Cambridge, whose death we record, was the author of a work in two volumes, "Introduction to Greek Epigraphy"; in the second volume he had the collaboration of Prof. E. A. Gardner.

Science

The Columbia University Press has undertaken the publication of a new series, entitled "Studies in Cancer and Allied Subjects." Three volumes in the series will be issued in the autumn.

Among the books announced by McBride, Nast & Co. are: "Gardening Indoors and Under Glass," by F. F. Rockwell; four additional volumes in the House and Garden series, and "Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs," by Frank Townsend Barton.

Sir John Rogers's book, "Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland" (Dutton) is a somewhat diffuse account of hunting and fishing in the two countries mentioned. While something may be learned from it by the intending tourist-sportsman, it cannot be recommended as an authority. When an author speaks of a prominent sportsman as "Caspar Whitman," and tells of taking "Twenty-five trout and five charr . . . the trout were all ouananiche," in Newfoundland, his readers are not inspired with great confidence in the accuracy of his other statements. Sir John was much put out by the number of anglers enjoying themselves on the banks of the Newfoundland salmon streams, and recommends that the local Government let the waters to private parties, in order that the waters may be better preserved—for the rich sportsmen. As a matter of fact, Newfoundland has the proud distinction (and long may it remain), of keeping all its waterways open to every fisherman who is willing to pay the small tax of $10. The photographs reproduced in the book are fair, the sketches execrable. There is no index.

"Milk and the Public Health" (Macmillan), by Dr. William G. Savage, an English health officer and bacteriologist, is a convenient book. A part of it is rather too special for the general reader, but the larger portion discusses the dangers of milk and the methods by which the supply may be improved and safeguarded, and in such fashion that the intelligent layman may read with profit. Of course, English conditions are considered, but that does not impair the value of the discussion, and the author is familiar with the work done on this side of the Atlantic. Dr. Savage holds that there is no convincing evidence that boiling milk impairs its nutritive value. Pasteurization he believes to be an efficient and useful procedure, and valuable pending improvement in the milk business; it is, however, more harmful than beneficial unless rigidly supervised and the conditions of its employment carefully regulated. Preservatives in proper amounts are not necessarily harmful to healthy adults, but are likely to harm invalids and young children when given for any considerable length of time. They are generally unnecessary, and their use encourages dirty methods of collecting and handling milk. In the controversial matter of tuberculosis, Dr. Savage is convinced that bovine tuberculosis is a source of human tuberculosis.

It is seldom that a scientific subject is treated in popular form with such thoroughness as has gone into the making of A. E. Garrett's book on "The Advance of Photography; Its History and Modern Applications" (Dutton). The author has adopted, with only a few alterations, the historical account given in Vogel's "Chemistry of Light and Photography"; the rest of the book is new. Every one knows, of course, that photography is used in many ways, but it is only when a detailed account is before one that an appreciation of its indispensable assistance to all branches of art, business, science, and life in general is quite possible. The very difficult task has been attempted of explaining briefly, not only all the processes and appliances of photography, but also its chemical and physical laws and related phenomena. Although the action of light on matter is complicated and obscure, the author succeeds remarkably well in leading up to it from the simpler actions. The book can be highly recommended, both for accuracy and interest.

The Carnegie Institution has issued another monograph (No. 160) on "The Absorption Spectra of Solutions," by H. C. Jones and W. W. Strong. The experimental part of the work is elaborate, many photographic plates being given of the absorption spectra of rare salts, and the effects of temperature on them. The first chapter is devoted to the theory of the emission and absorption of energy by the atom and the electron. Although the writers state that our present theory is very simple, most physicists are inclined to the opinion that the mechanism of radiant energy is about the most baffling problem in modern science. It is disappointing that monographs which furnish such an immense amount of data, should contribute to this problem of radiant energy so little definite help.

The growing independence of psychology and the self-sufficiency of its body of facts appear in Prof. Knight Dunlap's "System of Psychology" (Scribner). This interesting volume is not an elementary textbook. It is the first draft of a general psychological hypothesis. Both the draft and the hypothesis are unusual. It ought to be a seven-day wonder that a psychologist of Professor Dunlap's repute pronounces a thorough literary training the most important prerequisite of psychological study. This science, he says, "least of all can be communicated or comprehended in a special jargon," but requires all the assistance that can be given by command of the resources of the language of the masters in letters. At the very outset, Professor Dunlap confesses that "the data of psychology cannot at present be definitely described except in terms of theories which are more or less 'philosophical.'" He also says that the very first propositions about elementary facts cannot be rid of ambiguity save by acute philosophizing. The volume faithfully reflects this belief. It is the only work of its kind which reveals an appreciative acquaintance with the results of contemporary philosophical analysis. It builds upon not a few important distinctions which psychologists have not been drawing, and which will, doubtless, harass the student for a while. For instance, the venerable theory of mental images is rejected, and the seemingly paradoxical anti-idealistic doctrine is maintained that sensations are not in the brain, but just where they are experienced as being. The status of relations is, for the author, not below that of entities; and so he is opposed equally to idealism and materialism, which respectively exaggerate and minimize the metaphysical importance of relations. Professor Dunlap deals only with the facts and problems of normal adult psychology. His philosophical point of view makes the result hard reading, but profitable.

"A Text-Book of Botany for Colleges and Universities," Vol. II, "Ecology" (American Book Company), by Professors Coulter, Barnes, and Cowles of the University of Chicago, has been prepared by experts. Though Professor Barnes died in 1910, it is clear that he had a large part in the preparation of this volume, for the physiological aspects are as fully presented as the structural, and therefore the whole work is symmetrical. As the term "Ecology" would indicate, all the relations are here considered of an organism to its surroundings. The book breaks new ground in two essential ways: first, it attempts more or less successfully to simplify the terminology; and, secondly, it substitutes throughout mechanical causation for teleology and adaptation. The last chapter is devoted to a philosophical discussion of adaptation. It has been carefully written, and embodies views which are likely to meet with wide acceptance.

Drama

THE STAGE AND "MORALITIES."

The revival of "Everyman" ten or a dozen years ago was not without considerable influence, it appears, upon the dramatists of the day. All were astonished at the impressive effect made by this manipulation of abstract qualities. That Life and Death personified could reach to the poignancy of great tragic moments had been almost forgotten. Along with out-and-out allegory the morality had been consigned to the whims of the long ago. But when the Elizabethan Stage Society in 1901 gave a presentation of "Everyman" it was seen at once what a broad range of dramatic possibilities the play possessed, and several writers were moved to try their hand at work of much the same sort. These matters are interestingly discussed by J. W. Barley, who in "The Morality Motive in Contemporary English Drama" has taken a startlingly up-to-date subject for his doctor's dissertation.

Mr. Barley mentions a formidable list of plays in whose composition the influence of "Everyman" was pretty certainly present. It was acknowledged by Yeats, the author of "The Hour Glass," wherein a Wise Man, a Fool, an Angel, and other types figure as characters, and which inveighs against the preaching of materialistic philosophy. Then there is Arthur Symons's "The Fool of the World," having Death and a Pilgrim to prompt a probing of the eternal mysteries. But perhaps Nugent Monck, in "Life's Measure," came nearer than others to catching the morality tone and manner. Young Man eager for fame devotes himself to Labor, who has explained to him the need of incessant toil. Motherhood implores him not to forget his soul in his work. The Fool and the Poet—laughter and beauty of life—urge him "to mingle the service of self with that of his fellowman." He is obdurate. Age comes on, and with it a sense of the emptiness of life. Love, in the garb of a pilgrim, touches his heart when it is too late, for woman spurns him. Death overtakes him, and is inexorable; yet he has seen the light, and thus something is saved from the ruin. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Servant in the House," which Mr. Barley likewise places in this general movement, are too well known to need reference here. They, with the others, illustrate the desire of recent authors to restore to the stage something of its old preaching function, and, specifically, by abstractions or unmistakable types.

Still further practice of this *genre* would most probably benefit writers not a little. To adjust the morality to modern conditions means ability to see life whole, and what it signifies in the old simple terms of love and hate, greed and self-sacrifice, vanity and humility; it means reducing existence to its elements. Who shall say that history might not repeat itself; that, as the Shakespearean drama grew out of the all-embracing moralities, so similar experimenting might not furnish the secret of how to present situations naturally and at the same time vitally for all ages? Modern generations have unquestionably suffered in almost losing the instinct for the abstract and the allegorical. Probably to a great many persons to-day "Everyman," like "Pilgrim's Progress," is a "Sunday-school story," even to those whom the play for the moment moved. It must be confessed that at least the imitations of this drama did not give to abstractions the objectivity through which alone these can become powerful. Their authors could not assume that perfect understanding on the part of the audience which used to exist in the days when the "Nice Wanton" strutted so bravely and naturally to doom. Simple allegory, just now, is apt to appear child's play. Broadly speaking, it has been hurt by the hold of literalness on the one side, and on the other by that very complex allegory, beloved of Maeterlinck, which all too easily merges into an almost unintelligible symbolism. Virtue and Vice, set in a confusing rainbow of poetic images, are not, any more than when in the employ of the too conscious teacher, truly effective.

Properly managed, practice in dramatic allegory should facilitate the sketching of types of human existence and distinguishing of genuine types from mechanical divisions. This is a matter to which the American playwright especially has given little thought. Types he has fancied that he was dealing in. He has drawn the Yankee, the Southern colonel, the cowboy; latterly the captain of industry, the political boss, the travelling salesman, the slum child and the pampered darling. But these are, after all, markings on the surface only. Let most of these characters be placed within the true old framework of the morality, and what becomes of them? Many of them would vanish in mid-air, having none of the underlying qualities of which real types are composed. The capitalist and politician should not always be painted black, and the slum child is not always the special victim of injustice. It was, of course, natural that the rapid development of American life should centre attention largely upon externals. But just now life in this country is growing to be surprisingly homogeneous. Even the traditional geographical distinctions seem to be passing. The Down-Easter, the Southerner, and the Westerner meet together and seem to understand one another. What this means for the stage is that writers have got to re-classify their material by getting deeper into it and by placing the emphasis upon the qualities which have long been held essential. They could not do better than to keep the plan of the moralities well in mind. For, after all, the chief concern for the writer is to be able to recognize and label the good and the bad, whether in youth or in age, in a sombrero or in a silk hat. Adopting broad outlines, as was done in "Everyman," is likely to lead to drama of wider and truer appeal than is the sort of artificial specialization which has been tried so much of late.

Music

In commenting on the recent death of Giulio Ricordi, the Italian music despot, whose control of the works of Verdi and Puccini gave him tremendous power over all the Italian opera houses and many houses in other countries, a German journalist calls attention to the fact that Ricordi also controlled the rights to the performances in Italy of Wagner's operas. While admitting that he provided for some very good performances of these operas in several Italian cities, the same writer remarks that Ricordi took care not to have Wagner given too often to the detriment of other operas owned by him, including those of Boïto and Franchetti. The successor of the deceased publisher is his son Tito, who was in America two years ago to help stage "The Girl of the Golden West."

On the second day of last month a number of prominent French musicians and men of letters made an excursion from Paris to Bougival. The object of the excursion was to put a tablet on the house in which Bizet died on June 2, 1875. Addresses were made by Pierre Lafitte, Xavier Leroux, and others, in which the speakers dwelt on the fact that Bizet was a genius whose greatness was not known until after his death. "Carmen" and "l'Arlesienne" were referred to as immortal types of genuine French melody, of music racy of the soil. The town of Bougival was a favorite resort of Sardou, Halévy, Dumas, Turgenieff, and other noted men. When Bizet went there the last time his health was impaired and his heart broken by the conviction that "Carmen" was a complete failure, a conviction forced on him by the adverse criticisms, the indifference of the public, and the steadily diminishing box-office receipts.

The Berlin buffo tenor, Julius Lieban, has retired from the stage after singing in that city twenty-nine years. He first attracted attention as a member of Angelo Neumann's travelling Wagner Company, and his best rôle was Mime in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," in which, in his best day, he almost equalled Albert Reiss.

Humperdinck's melodious and emotional "Königskinder" (the most inspired opera written since "Carmen," with the possible exception of Paderewski's "Manru"), has won lasting favor in all the German cities where it was properly sung. The critics were ready with their usual carpings and doubts, but the public took the opera to heart at once.

At a recent London conference of men interested in the commercial side of music, one of the points discussed related to the differences between publishers and music sellers in regard to prices, a topic upon which there appeared much to be said on both sides. One of the recommendations was that the present discount system should be abolished, and the one-price system adopted, and that the price should be clearly marked on every sheet of music sold. It was argued that as the booksellers adopted a similar system a few years ago with reference to novels, the music trade could safely follow the experiment.

The most fertile of all composers, Max Reger, has completed his opus 123, which is entitled a "Concerto in the old style for a small orchestra." The publishers are Bote & Book, Berlin, and the first performance will be at Hamburg on October 28.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was famed in his day as a composer. His opera, "Le Devin du Village," was first sung in 1752. A few weeks ago it was revived in Paris, by way of celebrating Rousseau's bicentenary. Rousseau was also the author of the first musical dictionary in the French language. In it no distinction is made between "suite" and "sonata." In the musical war between the Italians and the French, he sided at first with the Italians, declaring that the French language was not suited for musical settings. Oddly enough, it was a German, Gluck, who, by the elegance of his style and expressive use of words, convinced Rousseau of his error and made him take back what he had said.

The late Jan Blockx was not so well known, the Belgians think, outside of his native country as he deserved to be. He began his career at the age of twenty-five by bringing out a collection of Flemish folksongs, entitled "Ons Vaderland." The best of his operas, "The Tavern Princess," was produced in New York by Hammerstein, and carried his fame all over Europe; but his other works have been mostly ignored abroad. In 1900 he began a "Till Eulenspiegel," but never got beyond the first act.

Art

A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon. By Vincent A. Smith. Oxford: The Clarendon Press (Frowde). Large quarto, 386 illustrations. $19.25 net.

As a condensed discussion of the chief monuments with complete bibliographies, this book immediately approves itself as useful. And in general the distribution of space is judicious. Sculpture is most fully treated, occupying about half of the five hundred pages. The introductory chapter is devoted to a general sketch of the architecture. The later semi-European buildings of the Mogul Emperors and the fascinating development that Persian miniature painting received in their courts are noted at length. Here excellent plates in gold and colors illustrate the sumptuous refinement of this heterodox art. As a conspectus of the field the book may be compared with such a work as Dalton's "Byzantine Art and Archæology," gaining, however, a more personal quality through the author's long contact with the material and through his frankly communicated prejudices.

There is in the book an odd mixture of detachment and special pleading. For our author the extra pair of arms of a Siva is always an offence. Why this is worse than a centaur, a satyr, a sphinx, or a beast-headed Egyptian god does not appear. In fact, in the best bronzes of dancing Siva the superfluous arms seem valuable factors in animation. For such specific dissent our author atones by a valiant attempt to justify the term "fine art" as applied to India. It is significant that the endeavor puts him constantly on the defensive, and it seems to us that the case is far from proved.

India seems the classic instance of a civilization deeply versed in the industrial arts, but failing to make the next higher step. Against Mr. Havell and recent native critics who celebrate the glories of the ancient Asoka style, it might be reasonably argued that India first enters the field of the fine arts with the great Mogul emperors of the seventeenth century. The apologists for the archaic work virtually rest their case upon religious considerations. The advocate of Indian art must meet the following difficulties: (1) The lack of any principle of proportion in the old temples, (2) the tasteless profusion of sculpture upon these temples, which is destructive both of its effect as sculpture and of any repose the building might inherently have had, (3) the fact that the finest monuments of Buddhism are not found in India, where the cult originated, but in China, Turkestan, and Japan, (4) the correlated fact that Indian art always improves by exportation, as may be seen in Ceylon, Cambodia, Tibet, (5) the ready penetrability of India by foreign strains, successively Hellenistic, Sassenian, old Persian, Chinese, Italian, and neo-Persian. Such facts seem to show quite obviously that India never attained the degree of unity and national self-consciousness that makes possible a progressive and consistent racial expression through the fine arts. In a narrower sense than was the case even in Egypt, art remained the abject handmaid of religion.

Excepting the Mogul art, which was that of ultra-refined invaders, and perhaps neither more nor less significant than the courtly art of France in the eighteenth century, there are not a dozen plates in this volume, containing nearly four hundred, which give your reviewer the sense of a thing nobly conceived and finely executed. And it should be recalled that these plates represent flattering excerpts from confused ensembles. The merit which appears in the cut would be obscure in the monument itself. Immensely richer would be similar excerpts from any famous mediæval building in Europe. Notre Dame at Paris, for example, would offer perhaps a hundred times more evidence for greatness in sculpture than our author has been able to present for all India.

Yet precisely because India remained in the incipient stages of art, this history is most instructive. No great plastic or graphic art could grow out of any nation that consistently believed life to be evil and the world of appearances to be illusion. Tempered with such robuster practices as ancestor worship or with the delicate epicureanism of the Zen sect, the skeptical monism of India became fecund of art in China and Japan. Some degree of conscious love of life underlies all the finer expressions of art, and some degree of racial and national consciousness must be attained before a race or a nation can attain a central and representative art. Art as mere symbolism, art as a transitory adornment to be repudiated as moral perfection and sagehood were reached—these were the leading ideas of the best minds of India, and these are obviously anti-æsthetic ideas. No wonder then that, save as her conquerors have brought in the pride of life, India has remained in the sub-æsthetic stage.

The essential abstractness of the old Brahmanism, with which Buddhism ever temporized, forbade it appropriate visible symbols. Thus the painting and sculpture of old India seem a kind of base and ineffectual vulgarization of ideas incommunicable under the conditions of objectivity required by the fine arts. The real sages of whatever persuasion must have disapproved such futile symbolism. There is abundant literature of many sorts in India, but no ancient pundit ever thought it worth his while to write on the fine arts. Contrast with this condition the early æsthetic literature of Greece, China, and Japan. In fact, to a Hindu adept of old-time the modern native vindications of the art of India would seem supremely inconsequent, and the art itself would probably look no more important than the Alaskan totem poles do to æsthetic frequenters of ethnological museums.

In our quarrel with his title we have perhaps done less than justice to Mr. Smith's solid, learned, and informing book. It is an indispensable repertory of facts for all who would follow the subject into the realm of ideas.

The death is reported of Oscar L. Lenz, the sculptor, in his thirty-ninth year. He had studied in Paris under Saulierre, and in this country was a student of Saint-Gaudens. He executed part of the designs of the Court of Honor at Chicago, the Colonial group at Charleston, S. C., and some of the figures in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York.

Finance

JULY INVESTORS AND THE BOND MARKET.

With the turn of the half-year, there has naturally been a revival of interest in the bond market and in the prospects for quick employment of the funds paid out as July 1 interest and dividend disbursements. The question is not only occupying attention here, but in the European markets as well, for they have all been more or less disturbed for weeks past by both the efforts to finance the half-yearly payments and by the embarrassment of various bond syndicates which have found themselves loaded with bonds for which they could not find a market.

At London there has been real disturbance attending the steady fall in the price of British consols; and the belated efforts of the Government to appropriate a portion of the sinking fund in order to stop the decline in the national security have excited wide comment throughout the financial world. In Paris also an effort has been made to strengthen the market for French rentes and to fortify the position of the banks, which for months past have been tied up with various securities that they could not sell advantageously. In Germany the situation has been further complicated by the stringency of the money market, which is emphasized by the unusual inducements offered by the Berlin banks to procure heavy advances from London, New York, and Paris. At Amsterdam also a glut in the bond market has made it impossible for the bankers to bring out the new issues which are ordinarily offered at this time of the year.

In comparison, therefore, with conditions prevailing abroad, the American market has been much more comfortably situated, despite the fact that new security issues here for the year 1912 to date have surpassed the records of all other years. Figures for the half-year are not yet available, but for the five months ending May 31 it has been shown that railway and industrial issues aggregated $1,265,000,000, as against $991,000,000 in the same five months last year and $917,000,000 in 1910, the increase above 1911 being 28 per cent., and above the year preceding 35 per cent. That the rate of new security issues here promises to establish for 1912 a certain high record was emphasized on Wednesday of last week, when the Governing Committee of the Stock Exchange, holding its last regular meeting before the summer vacation, admitted to listing the largest aggregate in par value of new securities that has been introduced to trading on the Exchange since the billion dollars, par value, of United States Steel stocks were put on the list in 1901. The aggregate was more than $430,000,000, and while part of it represented substitution of new securities for old, still a very large proportion reflected the issuance of entirely new corporation stocks and bonds.

Thus, while it can be shown that the demand on capital is continuing on a large scale, and that securities are being turned out in tremendous volume, it is plain that on the surface, at least, there has been neither the congestion seen at London nor the money market disturbance which has so long been the feature of the market in Berlin. One development which has had considerable influence here is the increased inquiry from the savings banks, which last year and the year before did very little bond buying around July 1. These institutions for several weeks past have been quietly picking up high-grade bonds, and, because of the larger excess of deposits above withdrawals, are now in a position, barring unforeseen complications, to continue such investment purchases for some time to come.

Because of the country's Presidential election next November and of the extreme violence shown at the nominating Conventions, unusual interest is manifested in the probable attitude of the investing public after the disbursements during June of nearly $260,000,000 in interest and dividends. The city of Philadelphia last week found it possible to obtain par for a small block of 4 per cent. bonds. Other municipalities have marketed small issues of high-grade bonds on that basis. But in cases where large offerings have been attempted it has been difficult to obtain the support of individual investors on any such terms. An international banker of unusual shrewdness in judging investment conditions gave it as his opinion that none of the great railway corporations would find it possible to sell even the best bonds this year at terms which offered the investor much less than 4½ per cent.

With all the important banks and trust companies, the chief inquiry still is for short-term notes or for bonds with only one or two years to run. The demand for short-term notes is still so broad as to suggest that there will be further important issues made by corporations having in the near future to borrow large amounts. For the year to date the volume of notes put out by railway companies has been $60,000,000 less than last year, although an increase in industrial note sales, induced by the abundance of money at low rates of interest, has in considerable measure offset the decrease. The bulk of the gain in the total of corporation emissions this year has been in stocks bearing a liberal rate of interest; the high yields shown by these has compelled the railways to withhold from the market new bonds carrying a moderate rate of return.

It now remains to be seen how far the heavy financing of the year to date will operate against a broad expansion in the bond market later in the year. It was the flattening out of the bond market boom of 1908 which contributed to shortening the industrial recovery which succeeded the panic of 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bacon, E. M., and Wyman, M. Direct Elections and Law-making by Popular Vote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Dowd, E. C. Playtime Games for Boys and Girls. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.

Drews, Arthur. The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus. Trans. by J. McCabe. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2.25 net.

Hosmer, Harriet: Letters and Memories. Edited by Cornelia Carr. Moffat, Yard $3.

Lowrie, Donald. My Life in Prison. Mitchell Kennerley. $1. 25 net.

Martin, C. M. Italy (When Mother Lets Us Travel series). Moffat, Yard $1 net.

Moyer, A. C. A Romance of the Road. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.

Muller, J. P. My System for Ladies. Stechert.

Myers, Gustavus. History of the Supreme Court of the U. S. Chicago: Kerr & Co.

"N." The Prophet. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Peters, E. W. The Preservation of Mine Timbers. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.

Sachs, Julius. The American Secondary School and Some of Its Problems. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Scharlieb, Mary. Womanhood and Race-Regeneration. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.

Scott, Morgan. Oakdale Boys in Camp. Hurst & Co. 60 cents.

Sombart's Die Zukunft der Juden. Leipzig: Duncker & Sumbolt.

Weill, Félix. French Newspaper Reader. With notes and exercises. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Weir, James. The Energy System of Matter. Longmans.

Wilcox, D. F. Government by All the People. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Woerishoffer, Carola. Her Life and Work. Bryn Mawr College, class of 1907.

Wood, R. K. The Tourist's Russia. Dodd, Mead.

Zenner, Philip. Mind Cure and Other Essays. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.25 net.

JUST OUT

Hall's Elements of Physics

By EDWIN H. HALL, Professor in Harvard University, viii+576 pp. 12mo. $1.25.

In this natural successor of Hall and Bergen's *Textbook of Physics*, several chapters have been expanded, new exercises added, the Directions for the Exercises have been taken from the body of the text and placed in the back of the book, and certain traditional laboratory exercises have been replaced by lecture-room experiments.

Snow's Fundamentals of French Grammar

By W. B. SNOW, Head of the Department of Romance Languages, English High School, Boston. xi+267 pp. 12mo. $1.15.

The author has carefully restricted himself (particularly in the case of the exercise material) to the important aspects of the topic in hand. Irregular forms are attacked early, before analogy crosses the efforts of the learner. The verbs are treated by tenses instead of by conjugations. Phonetic transcriptions are placed at the bottom of the page, where they need not interfere with those who do not care for them. Prepositions and word-order have been treated with unusual fulness.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLIX, No. 1. **British Radicalism, 1791-1797.** By Walter Phelps Hall, Sometime Fellow in History, Columbia University.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $2.00.

Vol. XLIX, No. 2. **A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations,** with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders. By A. K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.B.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50.

Vol. L, No. 1. **The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy.** A Study in Mutual Aid. By Yu-Yue Tsu, Ph.D.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.00.

Vol. LII, No. 1. **Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada.** By Solomon Vineberg, Ph.D., Sometime Garth Fellow in Economics, Columbia University.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50.

Longmans, Green, & Co., New York

Modern Dramatists

By ASHLEY DUKES

12mo. Cloth. Gilt top. $1.50

CHARLES H. SERGEL & COMPANY
CHICAGO

Just Published

THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE

By Mrs. FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE

VOLUME I.—THE YOUNG NIETZSCHE
Volume II.—*Preparing.*

This life is written by Nietzsche's sister, whose life-long devotion to her brother, as intellectual companion and as nurse, is well known. Now for the first time published, simultaneously in English and German, it will supersede all other biographies of the philosopher, by its completeness and its fresh material. It draws upon all available sources, including hitherto unknown documents possessed by the biographer, and upon her own wonderful memory. In it the author vividly presents her brother's personality and environments in a narrative of engrossing interest.

Cr. 8vo. Ill. Each $4.00 net ($4.20 postpaid)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

DICTIONARIES TO FAMOUS AUTHORS

$3.00 net per volume

A DICKENS DICTIONARY
By ALEXANDER J. PHILIP

A THACKERAY DICTIONARY
By ISADORE G. MUDGE

A DICTIONARY of the WAVERLEY NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
By M. F. A. HUSBAND

A THOMAS HARDY DICTIONARY
with 2 Maps of Wessex
By F. SAXELBY

A KIPLING DICTIONARY
By W. ARTHUR YOUNG

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 West 23d Street NEW YORK

"It seems likely that Hauptmann's

THE FOOL IN CHRIST

will ultimately take its place among the masterpieces of contemporary literature," says *Current Literature.* (*Price* $1.50 *net.*)
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH PRINCE HOHENLOHE

By Baroness von Hedemann

8vo. With many hitherto unpublished letters and original illustrations.
$2.00 *net. By mail,* $2.20.

The Baroness, who, after a gloomy and neglected childhood, made a loveless marriage, found herself some years later the victim of a divorce scandal and a social outcast. At this critical time the man of her destiny, the great Prince of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, entered her life. Their attachment was as lasting as it was spontaneous. The book contains many intimate sketches of, and allusions to, people of prominence.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

A Charming Picture of French Home-Life

A GARDEN OF PARIS

By ELIZABETH WALLACE

With dainty line drawings. Price, $1.25 net.
At all Bookstores.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, **Chicago**

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK
For 1911 Now Ready

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Free Library 26 Dec 12

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2454 THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK ... 23

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
- Progressive Morality ... 26
- Wilson and the Third Party ... 26
- Amateurs of Revolution ... 27
- Cheapening Government Architecture. 28
- A Vanishing Home-Industry ... 29

SPECIAL ARTICLES:
- Eucken's Philosophy of Life ... 29
- News for Bibliophiles ... 32

CORRESPONDENCE:
- Newspapers and History ... 33
- National Versus Individual Morality . 33
- Dickens's "Typical American" ... 33
- Visual Lessons in Morals ... 33
- Keats and Cartwright ... 34

LITERATURE:
- A Great Russian Realist: Feodor Dostoieffsky—The Brothers Karamazov ... 34
- Our Little Town—The Widow Woman—Paul Carah, Cornishman ... 35
- From the South of France ... 35
- Tales of a Greek Island ... 35
- Ensign Russell ... 36
- The Early English Dissenters in the Light of Recent Research (1550-1641) 36
- Napoleon and King Murat ... 37
- The Principles of Bond Investment .. 37

NOTES ... 38

SCIENCE:
- Logic, or the Morphology of Knowledge—The Science of Logic—Formal Logic ... 40

DRAMA ... 41

MUSIC ... 41

ART:
- Causeries on English Pewter ... 42

FINANCE:
- Politics in Wall Street ... 43

BOOKS OF THE WEEK ... 44

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational | Educational

ÉCOLE LIBRE DES SCIENCES POLITIQUES

27, Rue Saint-Guillaume, à PARIS (quarante-deuxième année, 1912-1913).

FONDATEUR: **Emile BOUTMY.**

DIRECTEUR: **M. Anatole LEROY-BEAULIEU,** membre de l'Institut.

CORPS ENSEIGNANT:

MM. **LYON-CAEN, RENAULT, A. LEROY-BEAULIEU, ESMEIN, CH. BENOIST, P. BEAUREGARD, DE FOVILLE, COLSON, RENE STOURM, VIDAL DE LA BLACHE, J. FLACH, A. LIESSE,** de l'Institut de France; **E. BOURGEOIS, LEVY-BRUHL,** professeurs à la Faculté des Lettres· **ROMIEU,** conseiller d'Etat; **TARDIEU, TESSIER,** maitres des requêtes hon au Conseil d'Etat; **ARNAUNE,** conseiller à la Cour des Comptes; **R.-G. LEVY; G. PAULET,** directeur au Ministère du Travail; **PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU,** député; **CHR. SCHEFER, D. ZOLLA, CH. DUPUIS, M. CAUDEL, RENE HENRY, P. DE ROUSIERS; D. BELLET,** secrétaire perpétuel de la Société d'Economie politique; **YOT,** chef de la comptabilité générale à la Banque de France; **E. HALEVY, G. BLONDEL, A. SIEGFRIED,** docteurs ès Lettres, etc.

TABLEAU SOMMAIRE DES COURS:

Economie politique.—Economie sociale.
Finances publiques.—Affaires de banque.—Finances étrangères.
Monnaie, crédit et change.—Circulation internationale.
Géographie commerciale et statistique.
Commerce extérieur et législation douanière.—Législation commerciale comparée.—Colonisation comparée.
Politique économique des principales puissances.
Les grandes industries moderues.—Législation ouvrière.
Technique industrielle.—Méthodes et procédés en statistique.
Questions agricoles au point de vue économique.—Valeurs mobilières.
Etude critique des comptes et bilans.—Les assurances.
Vie politique et organisation administrative en France et à l'Etranger.
Historie diplomatique.—Géographie générale.
Droit International conventiounel.—Droit des gens.
L'Europe contemporaiue et les intérêts européens hors d'Europe.
Histoire de la politique intérieure des principaux Etats.
Historie parlementaire et législative de la France.
Histoire constitutionnelle européenne et américaine.
Histoire des idées politiques et de l'esprit public au XIXe siècle.
Ethnographie de l'Europe centrale et orientale.
Organisation militaire comparée.—Marine militaire.
L'Amérique contemporaine et les nouvelles sociétés anglo-saxonnes.—Questions politiques et économiques dans l'Asie Orientale.
Questions algériennes.—Questions tunisiennes.

RENSEIGNEMENTS GÉNÉRAUX

L'enseignement de l'Ecole des Sciences politiques est le couronnement naturel de toute éducation libérale. Chacune de ses grandes divisions constitue en outre une préparation complète aux carrières d'Etat (diplomatie, administration, finances), à la vie publique et aux grandes entreprises financières tant en France qu'à l'Etranger.

Les élèves sont admis sans examens, avec l'agrément du directeur et du Conseil de l'Ecole; ils n'ont à justifier d'aucun grade universitaire.

Uns conférences spéciale est résérvée aux élèves étrangers dans le but de faciliter leurs études.

La durée ordinaire des études, est de trois ans, toutefois, on peut la réduire à deux années. Un diplôme est délivré, en fin d'études, aux élèves qui ont subi avec succès les examens.

ANNEE SCOLAIRE 1912-1913.—L'année scolaire commencera le 11 novembre 1912 et finira le 7 juin 1913. On s'inscrira au Secrétariat à partir du 4 novembre 1912. **Inscription d'ensemble** donnant entrée à tous les cours et confèreuces réguliers et complémentaires et à la bibliothèque (environ 25,000 volumes et 160 revues et journaux francais et étraugers)....PAR ANNE 350 fr.

Une **Brochure spéciale** *donne des renseignements détaillés sur l'organization de l'Ecole et sur les carrières auxquelles elle prépare.*

S'addresser au Secrétaire Général de l'Ecole, **27 Rue Saint-Guillaume, PARIS.**

SCHOOL OF NURSING

The Trustees of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, offer a three years' course of instruction in the science and art of nursing. The hospital will be opened in the Fall of 1912. The school will admit a class for preliminary instruction in September.

For admission to this course and for information apply immediately to Miss Carrie M. Hall, Superintendent of Nurses, 697 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

NEW JERSEY, Morristown.

MORRISTOWN SCHOOL

COLLEGE PREPARATORY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Small classes. Individual attention. Partial self government. Large new gymnasium. ALL outdoor sports under expert supervision. Especially healthful location 30 miles from New York. Lower School for Boys of 10 to 14.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg. Drawer 5.

Lewisburg Seminary Preparatory and College courses for girls. Also Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Strong faculty of experienced specialists. Handsome, modern buildings, steam heat, etc. Gymnasium, basket ball, tennis. Invigorating mountain climate. Catalogue on request. R. C. Sommerville, Pres.

A YEAR OF STUDY IN FRANCE.

School for Americans of both sexes. Near Paris. Individual training. In a French family. Only French spoken. Credit given by Universities of Chicago and Illinois. Exceptional advantages. Address PROF. WILLIAMSON, University of Chicago.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, 214 Boylston Street, Boston.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston
1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.

THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

"AtMcCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

DICTIONARIES TO FAMOUS AUTHORS
$3.00 net per volume

A DICKENS DICTIONARY
By ALEXANDER J. PHILIP
A THACKERAY DICTIONARY
By ISADORE G. MUDGE
A DICTIONARY of the WAVERLEY NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
By M. F. A. HUSBAND
A THOMAS HARDY DICTIONARY
with 2 Maps of Wessex
By F. SAXELBY
A KIPLING DICTIONARY
By W. ARTHUR YOUNG

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 West 23d Street NEW YORK

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self-instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

On the Art of the Theatre
By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG
8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

Just Published

Examples of Industrial Education

By **Frank Mitchell Leavitt**, Associate Professor of Education, University of Chicago.

By describing various examples of public industrial schools or classes which have been organized in the United States and by thoroughly analyzing the various problems incident to the movement for establishing such industrial training, the author has succeeded in giving a vital discussion of present-day conditions. A constructive plan is outlined on which this type of education may be organized by public schools. General principles are clearly established.

The book is a valuable one for students of education, for reading circles, for educators in general.

Price $1.25

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, , BOSTON

Just Published

English Composition, Book Two

By **Stratton D. Brooks,** President of the University of Oklahoma, formerly Superintendent of Schools, Boston, Mass.

$1.00

Teaches the student to express his ideas with simplicity, accuracy, and fullness, to read critically, and to reason soundly. The principles treated are illustrated by selections from the best literature.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Selections from Chaucer
Including his earlier and his later verse and an example of his prose.

By CLARENCE G. CHILD, Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. With introduction, notes, and glossary. *Cloth.* 259 *pages.* 75 *cents.*

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC
Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

HISTORICAL RECORD

An American university professor in the field of American Government and History desires the co-operation of persons desirous of ascertaining the actual workings of our Federal Government and of securing an accurate record for political history during the next decade. Address Box 1912 care of *The Nation.*

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

JohnBrown: ABiography Fifty Years After

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SOME TRIBUTES TO THIS REMARKABLE HISTORICAL WORK.

Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER. "A tremendous book, more thrilling than any book of fiction, powerful in its appeal, and which, while it is written soberly, as befits history, by the very nature of the narrative often rises to the highest dramatic level."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."

JOHN T. MORSE, Editor American Statesman Series, in ATLANTIC MONTHLY. "Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume, Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with a great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."

HORACE WHITE. "In my judgment a contribution to American literature to take rank with the very best historical writing of our time or any time. The only impartial history of the Kansas war."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY in the Brooklyn EAGLE. "A biography replete with facts and marked by courage and candor, learning and justice."

PORTLAND OREGONIAN. "The most valuable and comprehensive biography issued this season, and the best and most candid estimate of John Brown."

W. E. CONNELLEY in the Topeka CAPITAL. "The unprejudiced student and seeker for truth will herald the book as a great contribution to American history."

Des Moines CAPITAL. "More powerful in its appeal, more dramatic than any book of fiction, is this wonderful biography of John Brown."

The NORTH CAROLINA REVIEW. "In this biography Mr. Villard has touched high-water mark. The book is a delight to the reader for many reasons. Full of life and movement, . . . written in an attractive and scholarly style, full of sympathy, and yet without any loss in accurate presentation, it sets a new standard for biographical efforts."

Baltimore AMERICAN. "While the book has popular features in that it is entrancingly interesting, its scholarship is of the highest order and its style reminds one a little of Anthony Froude. . . . Mr. Villard has illustrated in this book the finest ideals of literary conception and execution."

London TIMES. "It is scarcely likely that any later writer will be able even to add anything of importance to Mr. Villard's collection of material or to better his interpretation of the whole story. . . . It at once becomes the standard, and probably the final authority on its theme."

Washington (D. C.) STAR. "Mr. Villard draws a compact, vivid, historic picture of the terrible focussing of this period upon our Civil War. Straight and clear in its literary way, this biography is a marvel of research and fair-mindedness."

HENRY WATTERSON in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL. "No fault may justly be found with Mr. Villard's telling of the story. It is minute and lucid, altogether fair and unvarnished."

Burlington (Iowa) HAWKEYE. "It is a book which will take a place in the library of every well established home in this part of the country."

Third Edition.

Fully illustrated with portraits and other illustrations. With copious notes and bibliography.
$5.00 *net. Postage* 26 *cents.*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912.

The Week

That the Judiciary Committee of the House, by unanimous vote, should have recommended the impeachment of Judge Archbald, is testimony at once to the seriousness of the charges against him—as well as to the weight of the evidence supporting them—and to the determination of the Committee and the House to do everything in their power to uphold the purity of the bench. This last is, at the present time, the chief consideration. We have had a great deal of railing at the judiciary, and, along with it, a large amount of positive assertion that impeachment is so futile that we must rush to the recall. If now, in the Archbald case, we can have a demonstration of the efficiency of the Constitutional method of getting rid of an unworthy judge, the result cannot be other than wholesome. Judgment must, of course, be withheld on the merits until the whole matter is heard, but there is no reason whatever for hesitation in praising the promptness and vigor with which the House Committee has proceeded. If the allegations against Judge Archbald are sustained, he will appear of all men most unfit to hold judicial office, since he would be that most repulsive figure—a judge with an itching palm.

The appointment of Charles D. Hilles, private secretary to the President, to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, has, without regard to Mr. Hilles's qualifications for the place, the high merit of keeping Mr. Barnes of New York out of the job. Mr. Taft's easy acquiescence in poor counsel is at times so conspicuous that even so bad a blunder as tying up his fortunes with the leader of the Old Guard seemed at one time possible. Mr. Taft may stand for constitutionalism and orderly progress without identifying himself with the constitutional and social-economic views of Mr. Barnes, whose methods, in any case, are more suited to older politics than to the modern conditions under which this year's campaign must be fought out. Campaign management seems destined to become a young man's calling, ever since Mr. Hitchcock showed what he could do four years ago. Mr. McCombs, who did such valiant work for Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Hilles now join the ranks of the young men who win their games by foot-work and speed at the net rather than by accurate placing.

The call for Mr. Roosevelt's new party is cast in the traditional form of the revolutionary manifesto. It has its list of grievances and its appeal to eternal principles. The manner of the declaration of independence is there; but the substance is missing. New governments and new parties arise when men are spurred on by a sense of intolerable wrongs. Their indictment against tyrants and institutions blazes with specific crimes and misdemeanors. But what are the clear-cut causes that have impelled Mr. Roosevelt and his followers to raise the standard of a new party? They do not exist. As against the twenty-eight specific accusations which the author of an earlier Declaration of Independence submitted to a candid world, we find ourselves floundering today in a bog of characteristic Rooseveltian generalities. Once more we meet the crooked political bosses, and the privileged classes, and the few arrayed against the many. Once more we are asked to sympathize with honest business and to condemn dishonest business. Above the loud clarion note of defiance we catch the familiar overtones of "on the one hand" and "on the other." Only one thing is clear: for what and for whom the new party is to stand. It is the party of the first part, of Number One, of Theodore Roosevelt.

Some of the Colonel's over-zealous flatterers are representing him as the first "people's candidate" for President in American history. This is a mistake. As lately as 1899 Admiral Dewey, still the popular hero of the hour, was seriously considered for such an eminence by a political group who believed that he could command the support of those citizens who disliked the McKinley Administration, yet hesitated to seek refuge in Bryanism. Further back than that, however, occurred a movement which the standard histories ignore because of its untimely end—a plan set afoot in 1867 to make Gen. Grant a "people's candidate." President Johnson was then at the zenith of his unpopularity, the Democrats were all at sea, and the shrewd thing seemed to be to find a man who could command the votes of the old soldiers, regardless of former party affiliations. The chief engineer of the project was Alexander T. Stewart, the New York merchant. Unfortunately for its success, the Republican managers discovered what was going on and took up Grant themselves, albeit he was then a Democrat. Grant's recognition of Stewart's interest in him found expression in his nomination of Stewart for Secretary of the Treasury. Whether Garfield or Pinchot, Perkins or Munsey or Stubbs, is first in the line of recognition as the Colonel's discoverer might be doubtful but for the fact that the Colonel himself appears to have got ahead of all of them.

We shall have to begin to talk about "Wilson luck." To have been nominated in the face of Tammany opposition was as good a send-off as a reasonable man could ask, but it has been quickly followed by the resignation of "Tom" Taggart as National Committeeman from Indiana. Why Mr. Taggart should have taken this step is not clear. It has not been his way in the past to resign. All that the Washington correspondents can say in explanation is that he intended some time ago to leave the Committee, but wanted to remain until he could go "with prestige." Having swung the Indiana delegation to the support of a candidate who represents all that Taggart does not, he feels that he has won sufficient prestige to retire on. But whatever his motives may be, for the act itself his party and the country are indebted to him. Eight years ago he "managed" the Parker campaign, thus adding a handicap. It is not that Mr. Taggart has been, on the whole, unsuccessful in politics, but that his successes have been of that peculiar kind which menaces his party.

Gov. Marshall has not set the prairies afire, but as the first Democratic Governor of Indiana since 1892, naturally was struck by the Vice-Presidential lightning. He made a hard and successful fight against Taggart early in his Administration, but, unlike Gov. Wilson, failed to keep it up, although his sympathies were plainly with the better element of his party. The result was that last January he was constrained to say openly that he felt as Lincoln did upon one occasion, when he remarked: "It seems, gentlemen, that I haven't very much influence with this Administration." A recent address of the Governor reveals him as a high-minded, if somewhat old-fashioned, Executive. He is impressed with the spectacle of "the partition walls between the departments of government being rapidly torn down." He also believes that "the most dangerous idea that an official can possess is the idea that the people have elected him to put in force and effect every vagary and theory and notion which may come into his head." He has a sensible word upon primaries:

> You may abolish the caucus, if you will, and adopt in its stead the primary; you may go farther and have a second primary to determine who shall run in the primary for the nomination to be voted for at the election; you may keep on adding machinery and machinery to the system of nominating and electing officials, and your effort will come to naught until a public sentiment, which puts upon the conscience of every man his great responsibility for good government in this country, is aroused.

Another instance of Taft's bad luck, many will be inclined to call the row in the Treasury Department. On top of Ballinger and the Hitchcock report advocating the Government ownership of telegraphs—a report given to the press without the President's knowledge—the troubles now centring upon Secretary MacVeagh will give color to the belief that discipline under this Administration is not what it should be, and that a lack of firm Executive control leads to jealousies and insubordination and a woful failure to get good team play in the Departments. There cannot be two opinions about the letter which Assistant Secretary Andrew gave to the press after his resignation had been demanded. Without discussing for the present the merits or demerits of the existing management of the Treasury, the fact seems clear to us that it is a gross impropriety for a minor official like Mr. Andrew to rush to press with his grievances; and that it is of obvious importance to keep up the reputation of high officials at Washington for administrative efficiency.

An interesting side-light on the sources of some of the "information" submitted to Congress by the Tariff Board is to be found in a letter to the London *Economist* by its Washington correspondent. He states that figures were given respecting the cost of production in certain English mills, which the Tariff Board reported as coming from "sworn chartered accountants." The natural inference was that these men had been employed for the purpose of getting at the facts by our Government. But the *Economist's* correspondence asserts that there is "unquestionable evidence" that these statements of mill costs were "surreptitiously purchased from some unknown persons who had obtained them from the statements prepared by certain chartered accountants who had been employed to go through the books of these mills in adjusting a labor dispute." This may not have been dishonorable, but it certainly was a queer way to get statistics as a guide to legislation. If the Republican party had not shamefacedly given up its attempt to ascertain scientifically the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, the incident would be worth following up. As it is, it may be safely left alongside those official figures of German costs which Aldrich refused to make public.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has brought up the State Legislature with a round turn. At its last session the Legislature desired to amend the Indiana Constitution. Now, that instrument provides two methods for making changes in itself. A Legislature may propose an amendment, which must be approved by a succeeding Legislature, and then by the people, before it can become a part of the organic law. This was too slow a process for the Hoosier law-makers, and so they resorted to the device of passing a series of amendments and calling the whole a new Constitution, which they proposed to submit to the voters this autumn. This arrangement, however, fell foul of the second method provided in the Constitution for its own alteration, which is that no new Constitution shall be submitted to the voters until, in accordance with a legislative act, a majority of them have declared in favor of a Constitutional Convention. Clearly, the proposal of the Legislature of 1911 was in agreement with neither of these methods. But advocates of the "new Constitution" had two arguments for it. One was that the people may create a government, or change one already in existence. The other was that the Governor could not be enjoined as a member of the Board of Election Commissioners from putting the question of the adoption of the proposed instrument on the ballot. The Supreme Court, by a divided vote, holds that the Governor can be so enjoined, and declares: "We have not heard the voice of the people raised in a demand for a new Constitution."

If one may judge from the new lifeboat rules which the Government has issued for lake, bay, and sound steamers, the lesson of the Titanic has been but lightly heeded. The regulations begin bravely enough: "Lake, bay, and sound steamers carrying passengers must be equipped with sufficient lifeboat and lifecraft capacity to accommodate at one time all persons on board, including passengers and crew." Then comes this surprising proviso:

> Provided, that such steamers navigating during the year from May 15 to September 15, will be required to be equipped with only such lifeboats and lifecraft capacity as will be sufficient to accommodate at one time at least 30 per cent. of all persons on board, including passengers and crew; provided, however, that such steamers lying at all points within a distance of five miles from land over waters whose depths are not sufficient to entirely submerge the vessel, will, from May 15 to September 15, be required to be equipped with such lifeboat and lifecraft capacity as will be sufficient to accommodate at one time 10 per cent. of all persons on board, including passengers and crew.

It is true that the months from May to September are not those of severe storms or high seas on inland waters, but it is equally true that they are the months of crowding and overcrowding on the craft that ply these waters. To require means of escape only equal, at most, to those which proved so tragically inadequate on the Titanic, and in certain cases only one-third of this maximum, is to neglect the solemn warning of such disasters as that to the White Star liner and the Slocum.

There may be little in our civilization to remind the world of ancient Greece, but part of that little is being displayed at Stockholm, where the Olympic games have opened with victories for American athletes. That an American should win an event bearing so Attic a name as the pentathlon will be regarded by the patriotic as indicating what we can do in any direction when we try, a conviction that will be strengthened rather than upset by the further fact that the winner comes from the Carlisle Indian School. Our victories ought, too, to be popular with the citizens of all nations, for when an American wins an event, Germans or Swedes or Englishmen or Irishmen will frequently make the pleasing discovery that the winner, although calling himself an American, is but one or two generations from Germany or Sweden or England or Ireland, and may thus not improperly be acclaimed as one of their heroes. If this seems to give us an advantage over our competitors, it is the legitimate advantage of the natural attractions and the liberal institutions, including the deliberate policy of welcoming the alien, that has drawn so many millions of other breeds to our shores. To us these victories may suggest that, for certain lines of achievement at least, the melting pot has not yet unfitted us.

The end of organized rebel resistance in Mexico is in sight. Orozco's men have been defeated at Bachimba, and Chihuahua City has been evacuated. There is still some brave talk on the rebel side of refusing to disband and taking to guerrilla tactics. But there is no visible distinction between guerrilla work and the operation of "independent flying columns," into which it is said that Orozco may divide his men. All along the rebels have been waiting for cheerful news from those mysterious flanking columns operating in the rear of the Federal army; but these columns are probably nearer to the vicinity of Mrs. Harris than of the city of Torreon. The abandonment of Chihuahua means the end of forced bank loans and other forms of "taxation" by which Orozco's men have lived. The shortage of ammunition which has been offered as the chief explanation of the revolutionist reverses is now emphasized by a shortage of cash. Orozco's secret backers have by this time grown chary of sending good money after bad.

To multitudes who have never seen a specimen of his work or even known just what his work was, the death of Robert Barrett Browning will be an affecting event. He was the living link that still bound us, in the twentieth century, to the two poets of the nineteenth whose romantic attachment will live, not merely as long as their verses, but as an integral part of them. This interesting connection with a vanished age is emphasized by the place of his death, for if the Brownings were English and Victorian, among their marks of distinction was a rather un-English appreciation of alien lands and particularly of Italy. Rydal Mount and Farringford, accordingly, are no more truly among England's literary shrines than is Asolo, where the creator of Pippa planned to build Pippa's Tower for his final dwelling-place. Owing to legal circumlocution, he was not able to realize this dream, but the spot has long been the home of his son. Lovers of coincidences will set it down in their memories that the end has come in the year of the centenary of Robert Browning's birth—but still in the morning of his fame.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, while walking in his garden, stumbled over a flower tub and fell to the ground, fracturing his right arm. Thus the matter-of-fact, anonymous author of the Associated Press dispatch records an event which was not an accident, as the ordinary person will think, but an incident which was hardly worth publishing broadcast to the world. The newspapers last week did *not* state, "Yesterday Mr. Chesterton walked an hour in his garden and did not stumble and fall." The newspapers of last month did not state, "Yesterday Mr. Chesterton was climbing to the top of a 'bus in Oxford Street and did not trip over a step and hurt himself." And yet the fact that Mr. Chesterton has for years been walking upright in defiance of the law of gravitation is a much more wonderful thing than the fact that for once he should have yielded to the universal pull that holds the cosmos in balance. What really happened was not that Mr. Chesterton fell to the ground, but that the earth rose to meet Mr. Chesterton. All this will be fully explained by Mr. Chesterton as soon as his right arm is well again, which we hope will not be long.

The verdict in the Camorrist trial at Viterbo is another victory for the Italian Government in its campaign against the criminal secret-society organizations. The latest phase of the struggle began half a dozen years ago, when Camorrist domination in Naples reached a point where the central Government stepped in, suspended the municipal administration, and placed the city under a royal commissioner. How deep-rooted the secret-society evil is in southern Italy was shown both before and during the trial. In order to obtain a fair hearing for its own side of the case, the Government was compelled to transfer the trial to Viterbo, several hundred miles from Naples, and to conduct the proceedings under extraordinary precautions that have attracted the attention of the world. Even then it was difficult to obtain a jury willing to take the risk. That the jury should have brought in a verdict of guilty is a sign that the old fear of the Camorra's vengeance has weakened in the course of the long trial. It is also evident that the Viterbo jurors must have had intelligence as well as courage to steer their way through millions of words of testimony over a period of more than a year. In this country it is unfortunately the case that a long trial and multitudinous witnesses usually do not mean the conviction of the guilty.

The success with which the republican Government in Portugal has hitherto met Royalist attempts at invasion from Spain shows plainly that the majority of the Portuguese people is enlisted in support of the new régime. The danger from the Royalist forces is by no means over, but up till now the expected uprising of the peasants against the republic in conjunction with the monarchist invaders has not taken place. In Lisbon, too, the outlook for the Government seems to be improving. The existence of the new republic has been repeatedly threatened by labor disturbances in the capital. The overthrow of the monarchy had the usual result of letting loose all kinds of wild hopes among the laboring population. By this time the lesson has apparently been learned that the millennium will not come by way of a constitutional revolution. Finally, we have the statement that the Portuguese Government may settle its differences with the Vatican, an arrangement which would increase the security of the republic.

PROGRESSIVE MORALITY.

Mr. Roosevelt's telegram to William Allen White is the frankest expression he has yet given of his plan to beg, borrow, or steal votes, under any disguise or any name that may be convenient. Attention has already been called to the extraordinary effrontery of running Presidential electors on the pretence that they are for Taft, but with the purpose of inducing them to vote for Roosevelt, if they are elected. This from a party that shrieks about cheating is tolerably cool. Thou shalt not steal is a binding Commandment, but thou shalt not sneak-thieve is like unto it, and covers a meaner form of crime. Yet Mr. Roosevelt has now gone further in his desire to annex what is not his own. He telegraphs Mr. White that he will be "entirely content" if the new organization shall call itself "Progressive Democratic" in any State where that plan seems the best means of deceiving the people into voting for Roosevelt electors. Such impudence and indecency have not been seen in American politics since the time when Birdofredum Sawin gave his great mind to devising a programme for "all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it blind," with the aim of bringing about the result which Mr. Roosevelt now evidently seeks to compass, namely:

> I vote my way; you, yourn; an'
> both air sooted to a T.

All this shuffling and subterfuge would be disgusting in any political leader or party, and in the present instance it is positively abhorrent. For it comes from men who have not merely set themselves up as the apostles of righteousness, but have made the asserted trickery of the men whom they are opposing their chief stock in trade. They have filled the air with cries that the others are cheating politicians. The third party, they profess, is undertaken as a moral protest. Yet from the first it sets sail under false colors. It proposes to be all things to all men if by any means it may bamboozle some. In one State it will seek to filch the regular Republican organization; in another it will have an openly bolting ticket; and now it appears that Mr. Roosevelt is willing to wear even the Democratic label if it will anywhere win him a few votes. A jockey may ride in any colors, changing them as he sees fit, and no one will think the worse of him, but for the straight, square, downright Colonel to be willing to masquerade as here one thing and there another is proof of how far he and his followers have "progressed" in political morality. Their plan of campaign is now exactly the one that Jay Gould adopted—that is, in Republican counties to be a Republican, but in Democratic counties to be a Democrat.

We suppose that the third-party moralists have felt themselves driven to such immoral shifts by the enormous difficulties of organizing a nation-wide independent movement. Those difficulties stand confessed. They are, in our opinion, greater in some States than they should be. In New York, for example, the obstacles placed by the new ballot law in the way of independent nominations are formidable—much more so than they ought to be in fairness. The right to bolt and to resent and oppose unfit nominations by party machines is one that we profoundly believe in, and the laws should not make its exercise unduly onerous. Still, the facts are what they are; and if Mr. Roosevelt and his friends have looked the whole field over and counted the cost and resolved to create a new party, it is for them to do so in honest and straightforward fashion on the basis of the situation as it actually exists. In the long run, we believe, they will gain by being explicit and direct. Already they have suffered by the evidence that they are willing to get ahead by dodging round laws and morals. American humor is not yet extinct, and it will inevitably beat in increasing volume upon a party that shouts about its own courage and pure motives, but instantly sets out to assume various opportune disguises. The country is still unwilling to call old notions fudge, and trickery will not smell any sweeter by naming it progressive.

Mr. Roosevelt has been indulging in one of his old flings at the press. See, he says, how fully the newspapers print all the news they can get about the new party—give its announcements and manifestos in full—yet how chary of comment they are. The implication was that editors were agreeing to attack Mr. Roosevelt by a conspiracy of silence. Would that this were possible! There has, in fact, been no lack of editorial remark upon Mr. Roosevelt's political venture, and we can assure him that there will be plenty more of it if he continues to allow in himself the political immoralities which he condemns in others, even bettering the instruction he has had from unscrupulous politicians. In particular will he get a full amount of that attention of which he is such a glutton, if it appears more and more clearly that his present course is one of mad ambition or undying rancor, or both. For it can be said of Americans, as it has been of Englishmen by Lord Rosebery, that "they delight in a fair fight and a fair victory, but nothing is so revolting to them as anything which bears the semblance of ungenerous treatment of an enemy." The third party will be doomed if it be made merely an instrument of personal vengeance.

WILSON AND THE THIRD PARTY.

Everybody is wise after the event. Since Wilson's nomination at Baltimore there has been almost universal agreement that he was the strongest candidate whom his party could have named. No other, it is now generally admitted, could better unite or so well lead inspiringly his own party, while no one else had anything like his chance of taking full advantage of the divided and distraught condition of the Republicans. This was all along urged by those who took the clearest view of the situation; and the truth of their contention is now amply vindicated by what is being said and done in all parts of the country respecting a third-party movement. That the selection of Wilson was the soundest Democratic strategy has already been demonstrated. We did not need the innocent revelation of the ingenuous Kermit that "Pop was praying for Clark." The fact stands out as plain as daylight that the choice of Wilson was a severe blow to Roosevelt and the third-party incubators. It makes the Colonel seem much weaker, and bids fair to leave him looking ridiculous.

He himself, to be sure, informs the reporters that only about one-twentieth of the letters and telegrams he has received since Tuesday of last week urge him to abandon his project of flocking by himself. They must have been hardy friends who sent him that advice. For one who ventured to give it, there must have been ten who secretly wished that he would take it. And as for the nineteen-twentieths who exhorted him to fight harder than ever, they were but carrying their goods to a market already glutted. We know from the *Anti-Ja-*

cobin that it is very easy to "bid the rest keep fighting," without being a very valiant warrior yourself. Among the formerly outspoken Roosevelt leaders there have been many—and those carrying most weight—to declare that they will have neither part nor lot in a third-party movement. And if so large a number of prominent men have taken this position, one can readily imagine the extent of the disappointment and reaction among the insignificant enthusiasts who were for the Colonel because he was the only man who could win. If he is now obviously driving straight to defeat and mortification, they will make haste to dismount from his chariot.

There is a lengthening and really formidable list of men who were previously enlisted in Roosevelt's army but who have now openly deserted. No one did more for him at Chicago than Senator Borah, but Borah submits himself to the will of his party, goes to the White House, and comes away declaring that he intends to support Taft. Another Progressive Republican Senator, Works of California, declines to say at present whether he will fall in behind the President, but lets it distinctly be known that he means to stay with the Republicans and that he is not at all for a third party. Senator Works's exact language was, as printed in the *Congressional Record:* "In my judgment, the man who attempts to form a new party, as conditions now are, will not be serving the interests of the people. . . . Better far to see the great Republican party go down to temporary defeat, and redeem it four years hence, than attempt the uncertain and dangerous remedy of forming a new party." Of like mind is Gov. Hadley of Missouri and Gov. Deneen of Illinois. Still more significantly, Gov. Osborn of Michigan was moved last week to assert that the nomination of Wilson had given the Progressives a satisfactory candidate, and that all excuse for putting up Roosevelt independently had now been destroyed.

Roosevelt may be or may pretend to be blind to the inevitable effect of Gov. Wilson's nomination upon the Progressive movement, but the Progressives themselves are not. They know what has happened. Before it was revealed that the Colonel's prayers had been for Clark, everybody knew that the Rooseveltian hopes were pinned to the Speaker's success, or to that of some one who could be dubbed a reactionary or a tool of the interests. The actual outcome at Baltimore made dough of all this cake. There is, indeed, a fine whistling to keep the courage up at Oyster Bay, but the news from other parts of the country is all of discouragement and surrender.

The truth is that a great many Rooseveltians were badly caught by the Wilson nomination. It was entirely unexpected to them. What they had counted upon was the selection of another candidate, and then they were all ready to exclaim at the folly and recreancy of the Democratic party in rejecting so fine a man and so genuine a progressive. It was solely for this purpose that they had praised Woodrow Wilson so highly. He was admiringly pictured as the man whom the Democrats ought to take, but certainly would not take. And these incautious followers of the Colonel—especially his newspaper supporters—had made every preparation to emit cries of woe over the selling out of the Democrats to the bosses and the interests, to write "Ichabod" upon the Baltimore Convention for having turned away from the one shining hope, Woodrow Wilson, and then to shout in thunder tones that the salvation of the country depended upon Roosevelt and a third party. But those plans went lamentably wrong. As the Colonel would say, the third party has been hit "middling hard." The arguments adduced in Wilson's behalf are already verified in the groggy condition of the Roosevelt third party.

AMATEURS OF REVOLUTION.

The series of articles contributed by Mr. H. G. Wells to the London *Daily Mail* on the present labor unrest has an interest other than that which attaches directly to the subject he discusses. These articles are valuable as revealing the temperament and mental attitude of Mr. H. G. Wells. The phase is a highly important one. Mr. Wells is one of a class of men who for some time have stood forth as critics of modern life, in their double capacity of litterateurs and sociologists. These men—Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy—have been ruthless in analyzing the cruelties and follies of present-day society. If we look for one distinguishing mark that characterizes them all, it will be found in a violent outspokenness. Thorough is their motto. Their particular aversion is that timid, Mid-Victorian spirit which refused to face life resolutely. To G. B. Shaw the term Liberal is the severest possible form of reproach. It stands for cowardly half-measures, for a policy of fighting conflagrations with rose-water, for sweeping dirt into corners, for muddle, as Mr. Wells calls it, for patchwork, for cheap palliatives like milk depots, tenement-house reform, and factory legislation. In contrast to such a policy of shrinking advance, the new men are at pains to emphasize the revolutionary temper. For them it is not a question of patching up this world of ours, but of rebuilding it from the bottom up.

Where in the works of these ruthless world-builders do we find the revolutionary gospel developed? That is just the rub. We find in none of these men the revolutionary dogma thoroughly worked out. Instead we meet a mass of irreconcilable contradictions. They would sweep away modern society, and yet they would keep it. They would have men different, and they would have them the same. Mr. Wells, in his new novel, "Marriage," has some very bitter things to say of the modern philanthropic "movements." He denies the right of well-to-do people to force their way into the homes of the poor under the pretext of charity. It is bad enough to have to live in the slums, without having a lot of fussy busybodies prying around the kitchen and poking under the beds. He detests the district-visitor; it is quite the spirit in which Charles Dickens's poor resented the intrusions of the beadle. This is Mr. Wells the imaginative artist, interested primarily in the souls of men, conscious of that human passion for freedom from interference which is compensation for so much human unhappiness. But when we come to Mr. Wells the pamphleteer and student of sociology, it is quite a different matter. How, he asks in these *Daily Mail* articles to which we have referred, how may the present labor unrest be allayed, how may the threatened revolution be averted? In this manner:

> There will have to be a vigorous development of the attempts that are already being made in garden cities, garden suburbs, and the like, to re-house the mass of our population in a more civilized and agreeable manner. Half the money that goes out of England to Switzerland and the Riviera ought to go to the extremely amusing business of clearing up ugly corners and building jolly and convenient workmen's cottages—even if we do it at a loss. . . . It is quite impossible for

> workmen and poor people generally to plan estates and arrange their own homes; they are entirely at the mercy of the wealthy in this matter.

Now what is this but the old Mid-Victorian Liberalism, with its humdrum, non-revolutionary methods, and with its theory of the duty owed by the rich to the poor? It is true that Mr. Wells says this work must be done "not in a mood of patronage, but in a mood of attentive solicitude." But the distinction is not obvious. How Wells the social reconstructor is going to build sanitary workingmen's houses without first fussing about in unsanitary workingmen's kitchens to the great dissatisfaction of Wells the novelist, is not quite apparent.

We may take the case of John Galsworthy. Unlike Wells and Shaw, with whom he has taken rank as a popularizer of the cause of social justice, Mr. Galsworthy is not endowed with a genius for publicity. He is less demonstrative, less emphatic, and probably more sincere than either of the other two. But in him, too, we find irreconcilable differences of attitude towards life. He has written with profound and touching sympathy of the life of the poor, and the moral of those mordant little sketches of London poverty is that this wretchedly organized society must be taken in hand and human waste must be made impossible. But compare this with Galsworthy of another mood, the Galsworthy who wrote "The Pigeon." In that little play we are invited to consider three social types—the drunkard, the general ne'er-do-well, and the woman of the gutter. And the point driven home is that it is useless to attempt salvage work with the outcasts of society because, in the first place, it cannot be done, in the second place they are happier as they are, and in the third place they are entitled to live their lives after their own fashion. This is very good Romantic doctrine, but how can such a philosophy be reconciled with any system of ameliorative social effort? Is it fair to that much-abused object, society, to assert that the wastrel cannot help being what he is and is best off in being what he is, and then to blame society because there are broken men and fallen women?

Thorough in manner and thorough in temperament, these men who have won so prominent a place in the world of social thought are really not at all thorough in their philosophy. They have not worked it out to the rock-bottom of fact. They have not tried to make it consistent. Much of modern social philosophy takes pride, in fact, in being inconsistent. But while this attitude might do for a detached observer of Ibsen's anarchistic temperament, it is a fatal defect in one who would strive towards effective, practical leadership. By contrast with our amateur revolutionists, the old-fashioned Liberal was really a very strong figure. His aims may have been petty, but he believed in what he was doing. He never had any doubt that his milk-depots and summer-camps for the children of the poor were productive of results. He dealt with palliatives, but he believed in them. These new men believe in revolution, and believe that it won't do much good.

CHEAPENING GOVERNMENT ARCHITECTURE.

It was supposed to be in a spasm of economy that the House voted recently to repeal the Tarsney Act. This is the law under which the Supervising Architect at Washington is empowered to invite the submission of plans for public buildings by outside architects. Figures were submitted to Congress intended to show that this method was more costly than the old one, in accordance with which a Supervising Architect like the unlamented Mullett was able to inflict his standardized horrors in the way of public buildings upon the country. This was really the only argument made for the change: if a few hundred thousand dollars could be saved by no longer employing the leaders in the profession to add beauty and variety to our official architecture, and by leaving all the work to employees at Washington, why not do it? A readiness to squander millions upon pensions is consistent with absolute penuriousness when it comes to Government building.

In reality, however, it is by no means certain that the new system is more costly than the old. The whole question turns, of course, on architects' fees and the expenses of office work. In a statement sent by the Supervising Architect to the Committee on Appropriations, an analysis of costs, under the two methods, was undertaken. In this it was freely admitted that the difficulties in the way of entire accuracy of estimate were very great. So many items enter into the comparison, and some of them are so elusive, that a precise contrasting of one system with the other is almost impossible. Yet in the compilation referred to, it was reckoned that if all the construction work done in 1909 had been carried out by the Supervising Architect's office a saving to the Government of some $276,900 would have resulted. These official figures, however, have been closely scrutinized by a committee of architects, who contend that there was a neglect of certain allowances and percentages which would make a very great difference in the conclusion. This committee, taking a range of years—1905 to 1910—found that the total building contracts awarded amounted to $32,796,000, and that it cost the Government for work done in the Supervising Architect's office, during that period, $2,002,780. But this is above 6 per cent., slightly more than a private architect receives for his entire service, including local supervision.

Into this mathematical and financial dispute, we do not think that it is necessary to enter. It is a nice question, one way or the other, and the balance of cost on either side would probably not be very considerable. It is, of course, desirable that our official architecture should not countenance needless extravagance. If it were to be demonstrated that public buildings erected by private architects were excessive in cost, for purely professional charges, there would be a natural suspicion that something was wrong, and that reforms in practice should be made. We are bound to say that we believe the presumption to be all the other way. If Government architecture is cheaper than private, all other things being equal, it would be the one marked exception to the general rule that Government work is more expensive than that done by individuals or corporations. But even granting that the plan of calling in eminent architects may be somewhat more costly in operation than it would be to turn everything over to the Supervising Architect's Office, it does not in the least follow that the latter course would be wise.

Some things are more important than trifling economies. We believe that if the question were submitted to any competent and impartial jury, they would agree that a possible saving of $200,000 a year by the repeal of the Tarsney Act would not begin to make up for the loss the country would suffer. People of taste could not think without a shudder of going back to the period when our post-office buildings and our Federal court-houses were turned out at a central Government office like so many dry-goods boxes issuing from a factory. If we are to have public buildings at all, the finest skill and artistic judgment ought to be enlisted. Great public monuments ought not to be run on the cheap. They cannot be without lowering at once the value of the work and the sense of national dignity. We are entitled to the best public architecture, and if it costs slightly more than the mediocre, we may be sure that the people will cheerfully foot the bills. As we have said, the high probability is that it does not cost more; but in any event, it would be deplorable to take such a step to check the architectural revival in this country as would be involved in excluding our finest talent from competing for the monumental building which the Government has to undertake. It is strongly to be hoped that the Senate will see the point more clearly than did the House, and leave the Tarsney Act in full vigor.

A VANISHING HOME-INDUSTRY.

The art of telling bedtime stories is visibly on the decline. It is being destroyed by the same factory methods that have driven the spinning wheel out of existence and threaten the integrity of the home-baked loaf of bread. There seems to be no end to the "Readings for Children" which the publishers are turning out. Nowadays, one may read anything to infants. The Bible, Shakespeare, the mythology of the Greeks and the Norsemen, the librettos of Wagner, the leading principles of Marxian Socialism, may be had in words of one syllable. Specialization has invaded the nursery. The tired business man, having been relieved of the necessity of mental effort in the theatre and in so much of contemporary literature, is now being freed from the mental strain of talking the children to sleep. From the children's point of view, it is probably all for the best. The machine-made story, prepared under expert supervision and in accordance with the latest pedagogical principles, is easily superior to the old home-made article. In the long run the process may even work towards the encouragement and preservation of filial respect. Our young may no longer be driven to conceal their contempt for the amateurish efforts of their parents.

But if the children, as a class, profit by the substitution of modern, scientific, sanitary methods for the old happy-go-lucky methods of small production, their elders are not so well off. The natives of India and Zanzibar may rejoice in the products of Manchester and Birmingham, but the wide dissemination of cotton goods has been attained at the heavy cost of transforming the British workingman from an artisan into a machine. Those attractive little "Readings for Children" may make life easier for parents, but can the time and energy saved atone for the loss of a valuable mental and spiritual exercise? Here was a field in which every father and mother was privileged to experience the highest pleasures known to man, the joy of creative effort in the realm of art. To play Homer to an audience of unspoiled souls; to play Aristophanes, Dante, Shakespeare, Dumas, and Jules Verne—what greater opportunity could the ordinary man and woman ask for escaping from the world of ordinary duties and interests into the world of pure imagination? The loss will be felt, as we have said, not by the great infant public, but by the adult artist. And it is a loss of actual enjoyment as well as of spiritual profit. There is less unselfishness in the business of amusing children than we imagine. When Gladstone crawled about the floor, a fiery charger, with his grandchildren on his back, the steed was probably quite as happy as his riders.

Let it be confessed: in its highest form the art of story-telling is a difficult one to master. It calls for imagination, but the imagination has to work under severe restrictions. To the great artist this only adds to the joy of the work, of course; but to those of humbler range, convention is a serious handicap. And our infant audiences are mercilessly conventional. They insist that a story shall be told for the fiftieth time as it was told for the first time. For every child who will be bored by the slaying of the familiar dragon in exactly the same number of sword-strokes, a dozen children will protest vehemently if the dragon is chopped up into forty pieces, instead of the thirty-five pieces he was chopped up into last night. It is exactly as it was with the audiences for whom Sophocles and Euripides wrote. They knew the story by heart. There was no concrete surprise in store for them. They were interested in obtaining new emotional combinations out of the old material. How to be exact and yet be interesting, how to make familiar things fresh, how not to disappoint the giggle of delight that is waiting for the old man with a crooked leg to fall downstairs before it breaks out, how to work up with proper effect towards the little thrill of horror that shakes the little body when the giant's' club just misses the head of the giant-slayer—it is an art which calls for effort and devotion, but which carries with it its own rewards.

So we repeat. Your parents of the future, provided with "Readings for the Very Young," may have an easier time of it when it comes to the children's hour of entertainment. But it will be at the cost of their own soul's entertainment. It will be the substitution of the phonograph for the living voice of Caruso or the living touch of Paderewski's fingers.

EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

I.

The sudden and widespread popularity of Eucken's philosophy in England and America;* the personal impressiveness of the man; the fact that he is hailed everywhere, by the broader sort of theologians, by the more "tender-minded" of idealistic philosophers, and by all who are suffering from spiritual unrest, as a new saviour of religion and the soul; and finally his appointment as exchange-professor to Harvard for next year, when also Bergson comes to Columbia, both being leaders in the present war upon intellectualism—all these combine to make Eucken and his philosophy an object of special interest even to those who, like the present writer, have little sympathy for his mode of philosophizing. Eucken is now in his sixty-seventh year. Although his first work of importance appeared in 1878, his larger popularity is a matter of five or ten years past. His introduction to English readers dates mainly from 1909, when his best work, "Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker," was translated under the (somewhat misleading) title of "The Problem of Human Life." In 1908 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, "for the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature." In the past four or five years translations, new editions, and new works, all upon the theme of the spiritual life, have appeared with bewildering rapidity, yet apparently not too rapidly for the demand. His translators, who, with possibly one exception, are his former pupils, all bear witness to his power of inspiring a warmly personal and at the same time reverential devotion. For them he is the prophet of a new religion, whose message will be incomprehensible except as it reveals the man. And they are doubtless specially justified in warning us that the impression to be derived from a translation will be necessarily inadequate.

---

* *Life's Basis and Life's Ideal:* The Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life. By Rudolf Eucken. Translated, with an Introductory Note, by Alban G. Widgery. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50 net.

The Truth of Religion. The same. Translated by W. Tudor Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The Problem of Human Life as viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time. The same. Translated from the German by Williston S. Hough and W. R. Boyce Gibson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Religion and Life. The same. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75c. net.

For clearly one of the secrets of Eucken's influence, at least in his later works, is a certain impressive eloquence, a peculiarly German impressiveness, which is hardly reproduced in English. And it is particularly unfortunate that the translation which is least successful in this respect, though generally faithful, is that of "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal" (another misleading change of title—the original title would be "The Fundamentals of a New View of Life"), which we must regard as now the most authoritative statement of his point of view. Reading the translation alone, one would dismiss the work as doubtless full of edification, but colorless, unsubstantial, and intolerably monotonous. Yet the German is, if anything, rather vivid and rich, full of striking figures and of sentences that are rhythmical and well-formed. Indeed, it is the kind of style, when coupled with the constant suggestion of a revelation just beyond, to keep the reader turning page after page. Nor is it all a matter of style. Unquestionably Eucken has sounded the depths of our personal, let us say, our religious experience, and has meditated deeply upon the larger aspects of life; and if he were writing verse we should marvel at the depth and truth of his philosophical reflections.

But since he is writing prose, we marvel rather at the absence of reasoned and constructive argument. I will not say that there is no basis of idea. Rather, there is one idea, indeed a pregnant idea, which, however, remains ever pregnant, ever in process of gestation—the independence of the spiritual life, *die Selbstständigkeit des Geisteslebens.* Nothwithstanding the systematic development announced in his tables of contents, a limited range of variations upon this theme constitutes (if we omit the historical works) the nearly unchanging content of every chapter, every volume, and almost of every page. In the series of works entitled "The Unity of the Spiritual Life," "The Struggle for a Spiritual Content of Life," "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," and "The Meaning and Value of Life" (the last two have virtually identical tables of contents), it would be difficult to find many later passages which give the impression of saying anything new. All that we can make out is a gradual transition from a "personalistic" to an absolutistic point of view. We may say nearly the same if we add to the series "The Life of the Spirit" and the two books on the philosophy of religion. Everywhere we are greeted with the same message: modern culture is alien to spiritual ideals; the regeneration of life demands a complete repudiation of all existing philosophies and a deepening of the inner and spiritual. In all this he rarely or never descends to the level of concrete illustration or the consideration of an existing social or ethical problem. Yet he remains everywhere eloquent and impressive. Altogether, the impression left by a few hundred pages of the spiritual life is distinctly Wagnerian. One is tempted to think of a *Liebestod* very long extended. Yet I doubt if the *Liebestod* is without logical progression; and when Tristan dies he is dead. The spiritual life may always begin another volume.

II.

Eucken's philosophy is a *Lebensanschauung*, or *Lebenssystem*, that is to say, not a system of metaphysics or a cosmology, but a view of life; and for him all other philosophies are so many life-systems. His own idea of life may be approached through his analysis of existing systems, in which, it may be noted, he is at his best. Among the older systems he has the highest regard for Christianity, which alone, he thinks, contains the elements of absolute religion. But Christianity now needs to be reconstructed in the light of modern thought. It must separate the substance of religion from its historical accidents, adopt a more virile tone, and emphasize the joyousness of the Christian life. There is no hope in modern idealism; this is an empty intellectualism which issues only in a vague and meaningless panpsychism. The typical product of intellectualism, however, is naturalism, the view of life offered by modern science. Naturalism plumes itself upon its appeal to positive fact; yet all the while it is unable to explain the fact of conscious life in the world or the relation of that life to nature. Socialism takes too mean a view of life. In reducing the life-problem to an economic problem, it makes the human all too human. Socialism, like naturalism, is the product of modern democracy and mediocrity. It is an average-man-every-day view of life (*die Durchschnittscultur des Alltages*), which makes reason the equivalent of social agreement. Socialism forgets that every deepening of life has grown out of individual independence—that, for example, it owes its own life to a few men "of vital power and character," such as Marx. As against the submission of spirit to nature which is implied in the systems of naturalism and socialism, æsthetic individualism attempts to reassert the independence of the spirit by seeking a realization of life in the enjoyment of art. This, however, is a mere pretence of independence; in reality it is a passive submission to moods and conditions. Such, then, are the existing life-systems as they appear to Eucken. With the exception of Christianity, all are in some way tainted with intellectualism and naturalism. Intellectualism begets naturalism, and naturalism presents us with a world which is foreign and hostile to the spirit.

If, now, a representative of naturalism should undertake to defend himself in the usual fashion, by an appeal to logic or to fact, Eucken would properly decline to reply. For, in his view, both logic and fact are departures from an original spiritual unity, and the only result to be expected from their guidance is more and more confusion. Yet in the meantime they point to a spiritual origin. The unity of nature postulated by natural science, the unity of society and of the personal self—in other words, the fact that men are able to deal with nature, to form and carry out plans, and to come to terms with one another—all this presupposes a spiritual basis underlying the life of nature and of man. Nor, in the end, is even naturalism a mere digression. It lies in the very nature of spirit that, in its progress towards a larger life, it should first divide and set up a world hostile and alien to itself. This is the negative stage, represented in our modern culture by a sharp opposition between the world and the spirit. But this only sets us the task of appropriating our world. We may not dismiss it as a final and insurmountable fact, taking refuge in our subjective consciousness, in the comfort of life or the enjoyment of art. Nor (though Eucken fails to show why) is any reconciliation to be expected from a further development of naturalistic logic. What is now demanded is a complete repudiation of this alien view of the world and a return to the spirit; yet not a return to the unity of the past, but rather a renewal of spiritual power in a higher synthesis and a new creative activity, such as mark the initiation of the great epochs of history. In brief, then, the present culture offers nothing but paradox, confusion, alienation, and division. No merely human and individualistic philosophy can save us—no considerations of self-preservation, social and economic welfare. The motive must be sought in a unity transcending nature, a universal, cosmic Life, in which "all walls of partition and all differences fall away" and our individual lives are both unified and finally realized in the personal life of God.

Thus far one might say that Eucken is simply a romantic edition of Fichte and Hegel. But in justice we must heed his denial. He points out that Hegel was an intellectualist, for whom the successive conflicts and reconciliations are simply so many terms in a syllogistic process the course of which was determined from the beginning. For Eucken each new epoch in the life of the world or of the soul is a new creation—never merely a deduction from antecedent terms, but a putting forth of new power which, in defiance of all the past, recreates the world. "It is by hard work alone in relation to men and to things that our life acquires a spiritual character." For this reason Eucken has adopted as the latest name for his philosophy the term "Activism"; and this power of dealing freely with the past, or with any alien terms, is what he chiefly means by "the independence of the spiritual life."

Hence, to give him his position among the philosophers, we might say that, as against Hegel, he holds activity rather than thought to be the essence of reality. But this means that, with Schopenhauer, Bergson, Nietzsche, the Pragmatists, and William James, he defends the rights of the will against the intellect. Yet he rejects the term voluntarism as too narrow and one-sided. He finds pragmatism "more inclined to shape the world and life in accordance with merely human conditions and needs than to invest spiritual activity with an independence in relation to them." Nietzsche is too much of an individualist and subjectivist and too rude and ill-tempered; and yet I think that Nietzsche is the one among all with whom he is in real sympathy. With Nietzsche he stands for the right of joyousness in life and for the supreme rights of genius; with him he condemns the Christian praise of pity and despises modern democracy; and the independence of the spiritual life is simply another edition of the transvaluation of all values. Like Nietzsche, again, he is a mystic, only an energetic rather than a quietistic mystic. No special insight is needed to grasp the significance of these comparisons. It is easy to see that Euckenism, in spite of its individual character, is also a true representative of what is just now uppermost in philosophical thought.

III.

"The independence of the spiritual life"—can we give this expression any clear and concrete meaning, that is to say, any meaning not dependent upon special spiritual insight? Boyce Gibson[*] finds the key to Eucken's meaning in his "spiritual conception of history," and, though I cannot see that the pupil is much clearer than the master, I shall endeavor to follow his suggestion. In the first place, "the spiritual life," though possibly the only phrase available, is a weak rendering of Eucken's *Geistesleben*. The term "spiritual" is too colorless and romantic, even when freed from pietistic associations. According to Eucken, the spiritual life is the intensively self-conscious life, the life which is intensively conscious of its own movement.

Now, with this in mind, we may grasp the spiritual conception of history if, following an undeveloped suggestion of Eucken's, we raise the question, What is the difference between history as a mere movement in time and history as a movement conscious of its own movement? The question contains its own answer. The movement in time is a strictly determined chain of causation; at every instant the future is already determined by an irrevocable past. The father begets the son, the son the grandson. In a mere movement in time the son can do nothing but transfer the inheritance of the father. But now let the son clearly realize that he is a bearer of heredity; in that self-consciousness, according to Eucken, the whole situation is revolutionized. First, a discrete series of aims is replaced by a unity of aim. The dull and stupid man (*i. e.*, the man lacking in self-consciousness) acts from present impulse, caring not what the past was or what the future is to be; but any self-consciousness of the movement of life involves, so far, a comprehensive, an all-at-once, view of present, past, and future. But now, as Eucken holds, this increased comprehensiveness is, just in itself, a new creation of activity, a new power "inwardly" centred, which asserts itself in independence of the mere time-series of conditions. For me, conscious of where I stand in the time-series, the question is not wholly what my father was, but what I wish myself and my son to be. Nor is the past any longer an irrevocable and finally "hard" fact. Let it be what it may, I shall undertake to make of it what I will. Like a good chess-player, I engage to reply to any move of the outer facts, be they past or present, with a counter-move which shall give me my game. So of any present situation in the life of a nation. A nation conscious of its own history is thereby freed from the power of blind tradition. At the same time it may be more than ever bound to the past. But the bond is no longer the compelling power of an irrevocable fact, but now the "inner" bond of sympathy and free choice. And thus, through the self-consciousness of its own movement, the life of the nation acquires an "inner" coherence and independence of the time-order of outer conditions, which is at the same time ever freshly creative. This inner independence is involved, then, in the difference between any movement in time and the same movement conscious of itself.

This, I trust, will serve to show what Eucken has before him, and also that he has something real before him, when he tells us, for instance, that a spiritual movement is a movement transcending time; or that every higher synthesis, or organization, of human activities is a new creation of a power transcending nature; or, again, that all the forces determining human life, as life, are spiritual forces. It is not difficult to see that the idea contains tempting possibilities for the philosophy of history and religion; and, in the case of Eucken, it imparts an intelligibility to much that would otherwise be mysterious, but which I am nevertheless unable to reproduce. More interesting from a temporal standpoint is the force that it gives to his criticisms of the historical and social sciences.

For what, for the most part, is our boasted historical method but the reduction of spiritual movements to time-series of events? Again, what economist pauses to consider the effect upon "economic laws" of the study of economics? And what criminologist, in his search for the cause and conditions of crime, thinks it worth his while to study crime as a self-conscious process? Perhaps it will be said that what is needed here is a little more psychology. I doubt, however, whether any of the sciences is more indifferent to the significance of consciousness than psychology itself, which, by the way, is a favorite object of Eucken's contempt. In spite of all criticisms, our psychology is still deeply rooted in the associational tradition that the mind is a time-series of states. When the psychologist is confronted with the fact that we are now directly conscious of the past, he simply invents a "memory-image" to represent the past in the present and keep the series discrete. The result is that, while our psychology is an excellent account of the relation of cards in a pack or, as Bergson has put it, of the relation of pictures in the cinematograph, it is utterly foreign to the life-experience of any human being.

Hence, I should say that, in his affirmation of the spiritual realities as against the social sciences, Eucken is preaching a doctrine of vital importance. For fifty years past, under the influence of the biological theory of evolution, most of our theories of human life have been based upon the conception of the animal species. We hardly pause to reflect that, of all the species, man alone is capable of forming a history. And it can hardly be doubted that our forgetfulness of this most momentous of all distinctions has reacted unfavorably upon the tone of moral and social life. So far Eucken's criticism touches the point. If, however, we ask what he has done to make his criticism effective in the regions where it is most needed, the answer must be, nearly nothing. He has hardly taken the trouble to formulate it in a manner to compel recognition. Nor may we suppose that the formulation is quite clear to himself. Apparently his repugnance to modern science is the aristocratic repugnance of a gentleman to a tough, with whom a rough-and-tumble argument, conducted according to Aristotle's rules, would be unseemly and vulgar. Hence, he never grapples with his antagonist; and the result is that he lacks the stimulus and the contrast necessary to develop his conception of the spiritual beyond the iteration of a few very general aspects. Had he undertaken to state some of the concrete consequences of being intensively self-conscious, he could hardly have failed to include a clear perception of the world before us, the world of nature and of our fellow-men, and of our individual distinctness in and from that world. But then he must have admitted that neither intellectualism nor individualism is lacking in spiritual motive. Nor could he have failed to see that the despised democratic movement is itself the outcome of an awakened self-consciousness, and thus a true development of inner and spiritual power.

---

[*] *Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life.* 2d ed. London. 1907.

The same may be said of his criticism of natural science. Here, too, I think he shows a penetrating sense of the realities. Our imagination is so completely filled with the victories of science, as exhibited in antitoxines and aeroplanes, that we fail to note the paradox that these results are reached through a point of view which makes nature wholly indifferent to human aspirations. James says somewhere that no man can steadily contemplate the certainty of his own death. Just as little can a man fix his attention upon the universe as presented by cold-blooded science, especially as that universe is revealed by the modern telescope, without a desolating sense of the nothingness of human life. After all, are we not mere intruders? And, in the face of the "starry firmament without," what is left of "the moral law within"? Hence, as Eucken points out, beneath the comfort and splendor of our modern life there runs an undercurrent of pessimism as to the value of life itself.

But, here again, Eucken's anti-intellectualism blocks the only way out of the difficulty. For the paradox is not merely ethical; it is a logical paradox as well. Modern science congratulates itself (perhaps too hastily) upon having drawn from its web the last shred of anthropomorphism, or animism. The question arises, then, whether it has not broken the last thread which would bind the world to our human imagination and make it humanly intelligible and knowable. And perhaps it is not irrelevant to note that the turmoil of ideals which, for Eucken, is characteristic of our modern culture is now paralleled by a similar turmoil in the field of scientific conceptions. If, however, we are to spiritualize—to humanize—our world, if we are with any confidence to reject the interpretations of naturalism and find in nature the justification of a more spiritual view of human life, one of the first things necessary is a painstaking analysis and reconstruction of the motives and conceptions of science—in other words, a new logic of science. And if, as Eucken teaches, the independence of the spirit is reached "by hard work alone in relation to men and to things," here, surely, is a task of a distinctively spiritual kind, calling for the finest talent and courage. A mere beginning here would go far to insure him against the charge, which he evidently apprehends, of romanticism and sentimentalism. It is evident, however, that the task is too technical for his tastes.

Such, then, is the independence of the spiritual life. I cannot admit, with Eucken's pupils, that, as the prophet of a new religion, he is not to be tied down to exact modes of thought and expression; for as a critic of philosophical movements, he challenges philosophical criticism. His conception of the spiritual is inarticulate and his criticism of science, ineffective. Nevertheless, his philosophy rests upon the firm grasp of an idea of immeasurable significance both for the philosophy of religion and for any comprehensive view of human life—the idea, namely, of the originality, the inner unity and independence, of any process so far as it is conscious of its own movement. Probably no other idea is more in need of consideration in the present state of thought.

WARNER FITE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Society of the Dofobs, an association of book-collectors of Chicago, whose first publication, the "Love-Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne," is one of the most valuable of book-club publications, has just issued a Byron book. This, like the Hawthorne letters, is a publication of manuscripts in the great W. K. Bixby collection.

The volume is a quarto, on Italian hand-made paper, printed at the De Vinne press, fifty-two copies only. The preface and comment are by W. N. C. Carlton, librarian of the Newberry Library. The manuscripts of the poems, seven in number, are reproduced in exact facsimile even to the water-stains on the paper. Fortunately, these facsimiles are printed on one side of the sheet only, otherwise they might be expected to be offered upon the market some time in the future as original Byron autographs. These manuscripts were formerly in the possession of Mrs. Augusta Leigh, Byron's half-sister, by whom, in 1848, they were sold to John Dillon. Later they formed part of the collection of Sir Theodore Martin, and in 1902 were acquired by Mr. Bixby. Among them are four of the so-called Thyrza poems:

"On the Death of—Thyrza."
"Away, away, ye notes of woe."
"Stanzas to Thyrza."
"And thou art dead, so young and fair."

Mr. Carlton tells of the efforts of various editors to identify "Thyrza," but he himself expresses no opinion, being, he says, "content to leave the question where Mrs. Leigh left it." She wrote, in 1848: "My brother told me no one knew who she was and evinced so mournful and deep a feeling at that question, I never ventured to repeat it."

Of equal interest are the reproductions of two poems addressed to his half-sister Augusta, beginning "Though the days of my glory are over" and "My sister, my sweet sister." The facsimiles show numerous and interesting differences between the text as originally written and that of the printed editions.

The volume also contains fourteen letters of Lord Byron, all, except a short extract from one letter, apparently here printed for the first time. There is, too, a list of the books which Byron seems to have taken with him on his last expedition to Greece—a list printed from the original manuscript dated at Zante, July 9, 1824. Reproductions of five portraits of Byron, two being from drawings by George Henry Harlow, add to the interest of the book.

From the Riccardi Press (whose books are published by the Macmillan Company) has just appeared "The Revival of Printing: A Bibliographical Catalogue of Works issued by the chief modern English Presses. With an Introductory Essay by Robert Steele." It is printed in one of Mr. Horne's types, the fourteen-point font, called the "Riccardi type." Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed on paper and twelve on vellum. There are nine collotype facsimiles of pages or portions of pages of representative books from the Kelmscott, Vale, and Essex House presses and letterpress facsimiles of pages from the Daniel, Ashendene, Cuala, Merrymount, and other presses. The "bibliographical catalogue" is little more than a list. Minor items, such as catalogues, leaflets, etc., printed at several of the presses are undescribed. These nugæ, though of no importance in the development of printing, are sought after by collectors of books from private presses.

Mr. Steele, in his Introduction, bewails the fact that the "revival" of printing has had so little effect upon every-day printing. He says: "As far as regards newspapers and periodicals it has had no influence whatever. One weekly review alone is printed in an acceptable type—one newspaper has adopted a less disagreeable one than the others. In book-printing, by the side of a certain amount of unintelligent copying and mere plagiarism, there is a genuine attempt to get a better result from existing materials and the first trace of public appreciation of this effort."

Correspondence

NEWSPAPERS AND HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Every one is familiar with the extensive use of newspapers made by the most recent school of historians, especially in dealing with American history. Mr. Rhodes's admirable practice in this matter is of no less force than his specific argument upon it. Used with tact and discretion like his, the newspaper of a past age may be made to yield not only important facts, but even more precious insight into the public tone of mind in viewing and dealing with those facts. Nevertheless, when one remembers how largely the accounts of the first half of the nineteenth century are based on the record of the daily journals, it is interesting to turn to a passage in which Jefferson (Works, Ford, IX, 73)—doubtless generalizing too freely, as he was somewhat inclined to do—brands the yellow journalism of his day in terms which would hardly be thought too severe for the most advanced description of the article at present:

> Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day. I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow-citizens, who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief, that they have known something of what has been passing in the world in their time; whereas the accounts they have read in newspapers are just as true a history of any other period of the world as of the present, except that the real names of the day are affixed to their fables. General facts may indeed be collected from them, such as that Europe is now at war, that Bonaparte has been a successful warrior, that he has subjected a great portion of Europe to his will, etc., etc; but no details can be relied on. I will add, that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them; inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer to truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehoods and errors.

This was written in 1807. Have we improved or derogated in a hundred years?

Gamaliel Bradford, jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., July 5.

NATIONAL VERSUS INDIVIDUAL MORALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* always finds space in its columns to denounce and scourge crime and wrongdoing in the individual—be the wrongdoer a unit or a mob made up of many units. Experience shows that the mob is generally inspired or incited by a single master mind or leader, without whose leadership it would lack cohesion to achieve the maximum of mischief. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly possesses the qualifications of mob leadership in a superlative degree. Whether, by the time this comes to your eye, Mr. Roosevelt has been defeated or is a Presidential nominee, does not affect the truth of his having an enormous following among the American people.

Mr. Roosevelt, by a single act of his career—the theft of the Panama Canal zone—branded himself, although the courts of law have not, as a common felon; and no amount of casuistry or specious pleas as to "eminent domain" or "greatest good to the greatest number" can alter the moral iniquity of that crime. If it were merely an error of judgment, subsequently regretted and repented of, it might be condoned; on the contrary, unless he is grievously misquoted, Mr. Roosevelt has gloried and taken pride in the act which can be described most dispassionately as both cowardly and thievish.

Now the fact remains that he, and by inference, his code of morals, are endorsed by about half of the American people. If he happens to be defeated before the Convention, or at the polls next November, the newspaper verdict will be that "the people can be depended upon in the final analysis to do the right thing." That may mean that 55 per cent. of them have a clean-cut conception of a correct standard of morals. It might also exhibit the melancholy fact that 45 per cent. had no such ideals. They would reject Mr. Roosevelt with scorn if it were proved that he cut a purse or belabored a helpless cripple with a club. But condoning virtually identical acts, more reprehensible if anything because of the protection afforded by his exalted official status, would clearly show that the attitude taken by the *Nation* as to a uniform and inflexible standard of morals, admitting of no juggling with differences between the acts of the layman and the official, is not the attitude of a large percentage of the American people, nor of more than 50 per cent. of them if Mr. Roosevelt happens to be our next President.

Wm. S. Lyon.

Manila, May 20.

DICKENS'S "TYPICAL AMERICAN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In these centenary days of Dickens. I have found even his "American Notes" to repay a re-reading. Less and less does it live up to Hood's original praise as "good sense, good feeling, good fun, and good writing"; more and more just appears Macaulay's estimate of it as containing "several good dialogues and excellent descriptions though, on the whole, a sad failure as giving a true impression of things goes." But there is a deal between its covers that is genuinely amusing, and, after all, accurate enough of those days in the early forties of the last century.

Take, for instance, the thumb-nail sketch of what "Boz" evidently held to be a typical American. He met him on a Pittsburgh canal boat, when the passengers of two of those leisurely craft were, at a certain stage of the trip, put into one vessel, which became badly overcrowded. There was then, as there would be now, not a little grumbling among those whose engaged quarters were thus cramped by the incoming of the travellers from the disabled boat, but no one made anything like a formal protest till a quiet little man, whom nobody had noticed before, suddenly cleft a passage among the people, and, without addressing any one in particular, began a soliloquy, as follows: "This may suit you, this may, but it don't suit me. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure nohow; and no two ways 'bout that; and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where I live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth-skins where I live. We're rough men out there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, I am. They won't like me, they won't This is piling of it up a little too mountainous, this is."

At the end of each of these terse outbursts the little fellow would turn on his heel and start off the other way, checking himself quite as abruptly as he reached the close of the next short sentence, and again turning back. The narrator goes on to write:

> It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of the brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was actually put back to the wharf and as many of the unfortunate "Pioneer" people as could be coaxed or bullied into going ashore were got rid of. Before we had again put off, a number of his companions tried to thank the little man, but he waved aside their "Much obligeds" with. "No, you ain't. You're none of my raising. You may act for yourselves, you may. I've p'inted the way.' Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I ain't a Johnny Cake, I ain't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am."

Everybody made way for him, giving him the chair at the head table which was nearest the antiquated old stove, and Dickens adds: "I could never find out that he did anything but sit there, nor did I hear him speak again until, in getting ashore at Pittsburgh, I stumbled over him as he sat on the cabin steps, and caught him muttering to himself with a short laugh of defiance: 'I ain't a Johnny Cake, I ain't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am.' "

Warwick James Price.

Avalon, N. J., June 26.

VISUAL LESSONS IN MORALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I have space in your columns to call attention to a new and interesting experiment in education?

In our schools we demand for our children the best science, history, English that we can procure—science, history, English of the world at large. But in morals the majority of our children have only the kind that prevails in side streets. How does a gentleman behave in sports? What is the right kind of thrift? Who will answer those questions for the boy or girl? The home whence he or she comes, the companions he or she happens to have. We should not regard these as good authorities in any other subject.

To supply this lack is the aim of the visual lessons in morals, as devised by Mr. Milton Fairchild of Baltimore, with which experiments have recently been made in several cities. The purpose is not to create scenes and actions for the occasion, but to draw upon material taken from life which shall be pertinent and real. The result is moral teaching based not upon mere theory, but rather upon sound ideas in actual application. The boys and girls see in the illustrations upon the screen the principle exemplified, acted out, as it were, in real life. It becomes amazingly a part of the child's personal experience.

These lessons are not merely entertainment, nor are they made primarily entertaining. But treated seriously as "lessons," they hold the children closely and make them think. They are given in school time by trained persons, they are a part of the curriculum, and the teachers of the school follow up the lessons in various ways.

Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Certainly, the experiment with this system in Syracuse, which was instituted by our local Harvard Club with the coöperation of the School Board, has met with signal success. Full results can be known only after years of experience; but we feel more than satisfied with our one trial, and are firmly bent upon repeating it. The idea of visual instruction in morals is large and sound, and it should be widely tried.

HORACE A. EATON.

Syracuse, N. Y., June 21.

KEATS AND CARTWRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two poets more dissimilar in spirit and manner than William Cartwright (1611-1643) and John Keats can hardly be imagined, yet there is a singular correspondence (hitherto unnoticed, I believe) between certain lines of the former and one of the most admired passages in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (lines 8-14):

> What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?
> What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
> What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?
>
> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter: therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
> Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd
> Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
> Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
> Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.

Two points in this passage will strike the attentive reader after a moment's reflection. One is the half exclamatory, half interrogative repetition of *what*; the other is the idea of a silent music, here represented as sweeter than that which the ear perceives. Keats is so pleased with these elements of his poem that he repeats both before the close. Thus, in stanza IV:

> Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
> To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
> What little town by river or sea shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, for the other, we have in stanza III:

> And, happy melodist, unwearied,
> For ever piping songs for ever new.

Now Cartwright, not once only, exemplifies each of these devices, though his silent music, it is true, is not identical in character with that of Keats. The edition from which I quote, the only one yet published, is that issued by Humphrey Moseley in 1651. Here we have (p. 289) the noticeable parallel in manner:

> What mean those glorious pairs?
> That youth? that Virgin? those all drest?
> The whole, and every face a feast?

Cartwright likes to think of the members or lineaments of the women whom he celebrates as ordered and harmonized like music. Thus (p. 209):

> Whose parts are with such Graces Crown'd,
> That th'are that Musick without sound.

And again (p. 303):

> Her very looks were tune, we might descry
> Consort, and Judge of Musick by the Eye:
> So that in Others that which we call Fair,
> In her was Composition and good Air.

In one passage the device of the repeated *what* and the idea of the silent music of the face or the bodily frame are united (p. 300):

> What Morns did from her smiling rise?
> What day was gather'd in her Eyes?
> What Air? what Truth? what Art?
> What Musick in each Part?
> What Grace? what motion? and what skil?
> How all by manage doubled still?

We have no independent evidence that Keats had read Cartwright, though, not to mention Chapman, Shakespeare, and Milton, it is known or believed that he was acquainted with Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Marston, Donne, Drayton, and William Browne.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, June 28.

Literature

DOSTOIEVSKY.

A Great Russian Realist: Feodor Dostoieffsky. By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

The Brothers Karamazov. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Lloyd's biographical study has been followed within a few weeks by the first volume of what is planned to be a complete and unabridged translation of the novels of Dostoievsky. Evidently we are on the eve of a revival of interest in the man who by general consent holds a place by the side of Tolstoy and Turgenieff among Russian prose writers. Dostoievsky died in 1881. Five years later the Vicomte de Vogüé published his famous book on the Russian novelists, and within the next ten years Dostoievsky, like his two great contemporaries, attained a full measure of success in Western Europe. His principal novels were translated into English, though for the most part in garbled form. But whereas the fame of Turgenieff has remained constant, and Tolstoy has overshadowed the world, Dostoievsky's popularity during the last twenty years has undergone a sharp decline outside of Russia. Of all his books "Crime and Punishment" has remained fairly familiar. Perhaps also the autobiographical "Memoirs of a House of Death" should be mentioned.

One reason for this loss of popularity may be found in the formidable competition of Tolstoy. If Turgenieff escaped eclipse it was because his supreme artistry did not come into competition with Tolstoy, whose triumphs were primarily those of the mystic and moralist. But Dostoievsky lacked the preserving gift of high artistic form. He was just enough like Tolstoy in his moral outlook and his message to be his rival; and on the artistic side he was Tolstoy's inferior. If, after twenty years, there has been a reawakening of interest in Dostoievsky, it must be partly in sheer reaction against the predominance of Tolstoy. But to a very considerable degree it must also be that the late revolutionary outbreak in Russia, by letting loose the elemental passions in a full play of massacre, assassination, and civil war, has brought to the front the man who above all others found his preoccupation in the dæmonic capacities of the Russian spirit. The younger generation of Russian novelists, Gorky, Andreef, Artsibasheff, stand in much closer relation to Dostoievsky than to Tolstoy or Turgenieff. Andreef's "The Seven Who Were Hanged" is of the stuff that Dostoievsky's own studies in horror and psychological analysis were made of.

The earlier chapters of Mr. Lloyd's book arouse misgiving. They are badly planned. Before the writer has laid his foundation of fact he is busy framing estimates and conclusions. There is a long-drawn-out parallel with Gustave Flaubert that leads nowhere. The frequent tirades against Mrs. Grundy might easily be spared. Mr. Lloyd has an irritating habit of running away from a specific topic to indulge in broad discussions of Dostoievsky's genius. This demands citation from his author at large, and results in the confusion of individual works and dates. To one familiar with the subject the method presents no great difficulties, but the general reader will have to feel his way through a tangled chronology. It would also have been better if Mr. Lloyd, in dealing with the separate novels, had furnished us with a brief scenario before taking up his analysis. As it is, the reader is left to piece out the story for himself, now and then with insufficient data. All this is said less in criticism of Mr. Lloyd than in justice to him. For it would be a pity to let first impressions deter one from making complete acquaintance with a book which improves rapidly as it goes on, and ends by being a highly successful piece of biographical and critical literature.

It does not follow that we are bound to subscribe to the writer's opinions and judgments in individual cases. We do not, for example, believe that Dostoievsky attained "his final utterance" in his last novel, "The Brothers Karamazoff." In boldness of conception this might very well rank as the author's masterpiece. Its mere length is impressive; nearly half a million words, one should say, and that but a fragment. But unfortunately the execution fell far short of the plan. Dostoievsky's worst faults show here in exaggerated form. The book is ill-jointed and fearfully verbose. Its analysis of character degenerates too frequently into psychological acrobatics. Mr. Lloyd believes that in "The Brothers Karamazoff" the author outdid himself "in depth, in the sensing of what lies beyond the barriers of logic, in the divination of unuttered and unutterable secrets." One might as well be frank and admit that Dostoievsky in this book frequently loses himself in the meshes of his own word spinning. The personality of his men and women is in danger of being diluted in the verbal flow. The search of the interplay of motive can be carried to the point of sublety where character disappears and only the shifting impulses of the moment remain. There are in "The Brothers Karamazoff" pages of extraordinary depth and poignancy. There is one scene which, for pathos, it would be very hard to match in modern fiction. But of the book as a whole, it must be said that it exemplifies Dostoievsky's common fault in choosing to be the chronicler of the soul instead of its historian.

But if one disagrees with Mr. Lloyd in this one instance and elsewhere, it is still true that he nearly always makes out a good case for himself. His chapter on "Crime and Punishment" is very good. His chapter on "The Idiot," is still better; it is the best in the book. In every chapter one must give the writer credit for a thorough familiarity with his subject and his happy gift of selection, an important feature in a book that should serve to reintroduce a great writer to a foreign public.

CURRENT FICTION.

Our Little Town. By Charles Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Widow Woman. The same.

Paul Carah, Cornishman. The same.

The house of Dutton has been fortunate in its introductions of new English writers to the American audience. It is always a little astonishing that such discoveries should be possible. The means of communication between England and America are now tolerably good. Literary news, like other news, is, one would think, common property on both sides of the water. Even minor gossip about books and authors is now cabled or sent by wireless to our more enterprising journals. And yet, once a year or so, some accomplished writer, with a string of books to his credit, is suddenly produced, like a rabbit from a hat, and held up for our wonder and praise. It is good for us, no doubt, this occasional reminder that old England has still a thing or two up her sleeve. It was not so long ago that Arnold Bennett flashed upon our astonished vision. More recently has come the Irish illumination of G. A. Birmingham; and now the Cornish shore receives a new interpreter in a Charles Lee, of whom the American reader has never heard before, but of whom he will wish to hear again.

Cornwall has not lacked celebrants, from Hawker to "Q," but none of them has approached the Cornish coast village in quite Mr. Lee's vein—a vein of quiet, dry humor—humor of a quality now growing a little old-fashioned. "Our Little Town" is presented in a series of sketches which recalls Mr. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idyls" and "A Window in Thrums." The village worthies and unworthies are painted singly and in groups, with a light, affectionate touch, and for the most part from their own point of view. In "The Widow Woman," which is hardly more than a short story, though it is published as a novel, the writer uses a somewhat coarser pen, and produces a more broadly humorous sketch—in substance more like W. W. Jacobs than Mr. Barrie. "Paul Carah, Cornishman" is a story on a larger scale. The hero is a young Cornishman, who, after an absence in America of some years, returns to his native village, intending to cut a dash. He is a Gascon in temperament, a natural braggart, and egotist. He is not received with the enthusiasm he has looked for, and has a struggle to make any place at all for himself in the self-satisfied and skeptical little community in which he has expected to find himself so important. In the end his conceit and foolhardiness involve him in a smuggling scheme which makes him the tool of a designing shopkeeper. Paul goes to jail; but emerges in due season as cool if not as jaunty as ever, and leaves the pair who have really opened their hearts to him—an old man's heart and a girl's—with hardly a qualm—his face turned eagerly towards fresh and, let us hope, even more disciplinary adventures. Again, the comparison with Barrie suggests itself: Paul Carah is closely akin to Sentimental Tommy, and his creator, in a cheerful ruthlessness of portraiture, brings the reader once again to a state of pleasing confusion as to whether to love the hero or despise him.

From the South of France. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Bros.

"A Book of Widows" would be a not inappropriate title for these five Provençal tales, since each of them deals with a widow and her more or less successful further adventures towards matrimony. In tone the stories range from the delicate half-humorous sentiment of "The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse" to the clever farce of "A Consolate Giantess." They are all written from a point of view of sympathetic detachment, and the light of the Comic Spirit is over them. The charming Madame Bellarmine is able to renew the romance of her youth; poor Madame Beaumelle, with just as good a will, fails in her attempt, owing to the unfortunate circumstance of her having nearly doubled in size. Madame Jolicoeur is helped in deciding between her two lovers by her admirable Persian cat. The Consolate Giantess, who owns a travelling zoölogical exhibit, is a sort of highly proper and sentimental Wife of Bath, with this advantage over her prototype, that she owns a lion who periodically eats her husbands, and thus increases his value as a show attraction.

As the title suggests, all the stories are decked out—perhaps a trifle too gayly—with local color; they have "Provincial roses on their razed shoes." They give the impression of careful arrangement and finish: sometimes the finish is a little too obvious. The style, though at times it is rather aggressively reminiscent of French idiom, has both distinction and charm, and the dialogue is invariably delightful.

Tales of a Greek Island. By Julia D. Dragoumis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Within the covers of this book lies an hour of refreshing absence from that number of things that tend to make us all as unhappy as kings. In the island of Poros are not only its classic associations and its enchanting scenery, climate, and coloring, but a beneficent dearth of motors, carriages, and even of roads. To walk and climb and sail under perfect skies with mountains and the sea for patron saints is the happy occupation of the visitor to this favored corner of Greece. For the natives there are fishing and olive-growing, orange-packing, raisin-gathering, and lemon-raising; hewing of wood and drawing of water. For them life is laborious and often darkly shadowed, but the kindliness, courtesy, and love of beauty in every Poriote's nature make these islanders attractive figures. Mrs. Dragoumis writes of them with the knowledge born of sympathetic listening. "District visiting as practiced in England is quite unknown." But she listens to the men who work on her husband's property and to the women at their tasks in the fields and gardens, and hears "much of their lives and their thoughts and sayings." She keenly sees the pathos in their lives and the poetry in their natures, and the likeness to the ancient Greek in language and expression and often in type. Her figures appear and reappear in her stories and become old friends for the reader.

Young and old, foolish and wise, oppressive and neighborly, they are vividly real. Especially delightful is the prominent figure of old Kyra Sophonia, wisest, shrewdest, kindest of women, with a helping hand for every one in need, a word of counsel for the perplexed, and a sting for the cruel.

Ensign Russell. By David Gray. New York: The Century Co.

The world never grows tired of this sort of story—the sort which relates to naval and military adventure, preferably in the tropics, where the adventure, however thrilling, is of less interest to the reader for itself than for its effect on the development of some good-looking young officer. Six such stories are here told with great spirit, in rapid-fire style, as direct as a bullet. In the capital opening story, Ensign Russell's courage comes to him. In the second he is shown as amply captain of his soul. Made by his commanding officer the instrument of a grim retaliatory joke on a fat, foolish, insolent politician, the Ensign, bettering instruction, brings confusion to the member of Congress and amazement to his chief, after the fashion that we who sit at home at ease do dearly love. Next, he falls into and out of his first undying passion. Later, in rather less effective adventure, he coaches a racing crew and confounds the Britisher. Finally, he and events convince a missionary who would abolish war that civilian and soldier alike have much to learn. The last story, dealing with an ingeniously tangled affair of murder and fellow-feeling, dispenses with Ensign Russell's presence but provides Capt. John Dare, who, though older, is just as good.

RELIGIOUS DISSENT IN ENGLAND.

The Early English Dissenters in the Light of Recent Research (1550-1641). By Champlain Burrage. Two volumes. Illustrated with facsimiles. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50 net.

The stimulus given to the study of the history of the radical protestant sects in England by the researches of Mr. Waddington and Mr. Dexter has happily roused the energies of a growing number of students anxious to take up the mantle of the older champions. Professor Walker, Edward Arber, Dr. Dale, Dr. Lofton, and others have certainly carried on the work in an admirable spirit and with considerable success. One of the most recent additions to their ranks is Mr. Burrage, an American, who has capably edited several interesting documents and written some brief papers during the last few years. He now attempts an extended treatment of the whole subject of English Dissent, of which the present two volumes are the first installment.

After demonstrating that separatism did not rise from English Anabaptists in Henry's and Edward's reigns, he traces with a wealth of personal and bibliographical detail the history of the leaders and their congregations from 1567 to 1641. He concludes that Browne can fairly be called the Father of Congregationalism; that the first Baptists appeared about 1590, though the first to baptize by immersion did not appear till 1641; and that the Independency of the Civil War must be traced to the congregations which Jacob, Peters, Hooker, and Davenport founded on the Continent after 1605; from the Continent they carried the seed to America and thence brought it to England. (I, 33, 360.)

Mr. Burrage has dealt, however, with only those parts of separatist history before 1641 which he felt had not been adequately treated already. He also limits his bibliography to works written by Baptists and Congregationalists, and seems to have confined his researches pretty closely to a study of the source material provided by the separatists themselves. The excellent critical apparatus is one of the most imposing we have seen; but it is almost too much in evidence; the indication of the number of fonts of type used on the title pages of tracts, the use of "vv" for "w," are such extreme examples of accuracy of citation that we should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Burrage wrote his book with quills and blotted it with sand. At least half of the text of the first volume and the whole of the second is occupied with quotations, the reproduction in full of the titles of tracts, or bibliographical notes. It is on the whole admirably done, but the trees, we fear, have obscured the forest. Indeed, Mr. Burrage seems to have suspected as much, for he has listed at the beginning of his first volume the contributions he thinks his book makes, apparently in order that his critics may find them. Of sixty-four contributions, thirty-five are genealogical and twenty-one bibliographical. On the whole, the amount of new material of the first class is not considerable.

Close scrutiny convinces us that the first impression produced by this scrupulous reproduction of minute detail is not an altogether safe criterion of the completeness and accuracy of Mr. Burrage's research. We miss the use or mention of such important manuscript collections as the Morrice MSS. and the Gurney MSS.; of the considerable amount of new material about Jacob and other leaders, whose lives Mr. Burrage is studying, cited or printed in Usher's "Reconstruction of the English Church." Indeed, the whole literature of the subject as written by Churchmen he excludes from consideration (I, 1), and leaves indications which lead us to doubt his knowledge of its contents. It is difficult otherwise to explain the inadequacy of his "foreword"; his apparent surprise at learning that the Privy Council interfered in ecclesiastical affairs (I, 38, 39), and his general failure to understand the relation of separatist history to the history of the church and to general political and constitutional history. Surely, too, his bibliographical comments (I, 1-21) and his notes of libraries are not sufficiently new or critical to be printed in volumes so obviously intended for specialists.

In an author who is so anxious to give his reader the quotation exactly as he finds it that he reproduces even the typographical peculiarities, it is astonishing to find him freely interlarding his quotations with bracketed suggestions as to the meaning of such significant words as "church" and "Puritan," with the evident intention of influencing the reader's interpretation of the document. (I, 180, 186, 192, 197, etc.) In one instance (I, 361-362), the author of the tract uses the words "Brownist" twice, and Mr. Burrage informs the reader that he really meant "Barrowist" the *second* time! He also attempts (I, 80), to correct a contemporary statement that certain men were "all" members of the High Commission, and quotes Dr. Dixon as authority. But a glance at the list of commissioners in as familiar a book as Prothero's "Select Statutes," 233, would have saved *him* an error. We have dealt with these minor matters because such extravagant care in detail raises a presumption of his absolute accuracy which is more than likely to impose on the casual reader, and lead him to believe Mr. Burrage impeccable. None of the faults we have indicated are vital, but we venture to think they are all at least as important as most of those on which Mr. Burrage himself spends so much time.

Nevertheless, Mr. Burrage has rendered important service by printing so large a collection of sifted and verified facts for the use of future students and by making accessible to all many letters and papers hitherto at the disposal of a very few. We cannot agree with him that he has written a history of dissent to the year 1641. The narrative is too scanty and too incomplete; the perspective wholly lacking; the text too crowded with material which belonged in his foot-notes or appendix to convey to the general reader any connected notion of the story. Nor does Mr. Burrage seem to realize the significance of his own evidence, which proves many substantive facts of great importance not listed among his contributions or stated in the text. To our thinking, for instance, he has thrown a flood of light on the origin of the Quakers, for his evidence proves that the ground was well prepared for Fox by the advancement of many of his ideas by the most radical separatists, at least a generation before he announced them. Nor do we find Mr. Burrage's suggestion as to the origin of Independency during the Civil War convincing; it wholly fails to account for its strength and his explanation of the rise of its ideals is not much better. While praising his diligence, and fully recognizing his eminence as an antiquarian and genealogist, we doubt his capacity as a historian.

Napoleon and King Murat. By Albert Espitalier. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

In the summer of 1808 Joachim Murat and Caroline Bonaparte became King and Queen of Naples by the grace of Napoleon. Heralded by a most brilliant military reputation, King Murat made his entry into Naples amid *vivas* of unbounded enthusiasm. His plumes, his horses, his outward magnificence took the fancy of the beauty-loving Neapolitan loungers. He in turn was stirred in his vanity and ambition by their flattery and admiration. On the shore of the Bay of Naples, in that centre of *far figura*, of artificial pose, his vanity throve as in a hot-house. His ambition began to soar. He dreamed of adding Sicily to his kingdom, and even of uniting all Italy under his sceptre, not because he patriotically burned with a noble zeal for a free and united Italy, but because Italian Unity seemed to afford him personally a means of gratifying his ambitions and exalting his vanity. It was inevitable that such ambitions should lead him into conflict with Napoleon and along the fatal path which leads from ingratitude to treachery. Queen Caroline, saner, cooler, and more diplomatic than her husband, many times intervened to restrain him and to pacify her imperial brother. But when Napoleon's fortune began to waver after the disasters of the Russian Campaign, the seeds of ambition and treachery developed in her breast also; even before his defeat at Leipzig she made use of her authority as Regent at Naples to take steps to join the allies against him. King Murat himself, with bombastic protestations of everlasting devotion to his benefactor, had accompanied the Russian expedition and led the cavalry magnificently. But after the decisive failure of the French at Leipzig, Murat secretly sent word to Metternich that he would desert to the side of the allies if they would recognize him as King of Naples and of Sicily or the equivalent of Sicily. During the eighteen months which followed, Murat carried on despicable double-dealings with Metternich and with Napoleon, pretending to be the friend of each, but trying to use the difficulties of each as a lever to raise himself to the headship of a united Italy. For a brief moment in the early part of 1814 his policy of deceit seemed about to be crowned with success; in reality it exposed his untrustworthiness and his impotence; in 1815 he was a fugitive from Italy, toppled from his throne by Metternich and spurned by Napoleon.

M. Espitalier, on the basis of careful research, mainly in the archives of Paris and Naples, has laid bare with scholarly accuracy the shallow deceptions and tortuous policies which were dictated by the colossal vanity and foolish ambitions of this quondam King of Naples. Some of this ground has already been traversed in the French works of Edouard Driault and Commandant Weil. But M. Espitalier goes into greater detail on many points; by correcting the chronology of certain secret negotiations he has shown for the first time in their proper sequence several obscure events, and made thereby a distinct contribution to the literature of the Napoleonic period. The English translation is unusually good and not without literary merits of its own; it gives something of the flavor of Murat's curious epistolary performances.

The Principles of Bond Investment. By Lawrence Chamberlain. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5 net.

It ill becomes us, says Lawrence Chamberlain, to leave the principles of bond investment, as we have left so many other financial principles, to the dissertations of French economists. Yet scholarly treatises on this subject in English are rare. Prior to the appearance of the work before us, it would have been difficult to point to one such treatise that was complete in technical details, ample in historical allusion, and satisfactory in its literary features. An extended work possessing all these qualities is entitled to a very cordial reception.

An exceptional interest should attach to the negotiable bond in the minds of Americans, for, as Mr. Chamberlain reminds us, it was reserved for the New World to develop to the full the sealed instrument's latent capabilities. A security still virtually unknown to English common law, the modern negotiable bond "was conceived in the peculiar necessities of early American finance, and bravely and wisely nurtured by the Federal courts." To what stature it has already attained will be seen from the early chapters of this book. Here an effort has successfully been made to seize the fundamental principles of investment and to show how aptly bonds conform to them. The importance of bonds as a channel of investment is illustrated by the extension of jurisprudence within the past half-century to embrace the exigencies arising from this new mode of financing.

The second of the four divisions into which this work of 550 pages falls is concerned with civil loans. It is followed by a discussion of corporation loans, and, last of all, there are chapters on the mathematics and movement of bond prices. A unique feature of the book is the fact that, while its subjects are treated with the preciseness that one would look for in a manual or textbook of a dry science, the reader is always conscious that he is in the presence of the greatest forces of national development. Indeed, this may almost be characterized as a tract for the times. In the material life of the world, and particularly of this country, there is to-day no larger question than that of public and corporation indebtedness. A structure of indebtedness has been created whose foundations need to be safeguarded with the incessant care that is devoted to the dikes of Holland. This book is, in all its implications, a reminder of that fact.

We see this clearly in the chapter on State debts. Mr. Chamberlain, after speaking of the honorable history of our national debt, and particularly of the payment of the debt in 1835, says that it is not surprising that the conditions which made possible the extinction of the national debt should effect an opposite result upon State debt. The national moral consciousness, he contends, "has always been more sensitive and more sober than that of the constituencies." There seems to be a closer connection between magnitude and integrity in American political units. The national moral consciousness seized upon the seven fat years beginning before 1830, to discharge the national obligations, and even to distribute surplus revenues to the States. But the States, for their part, saw in their own swelling revenues only an opportunity to embark in speculative enterprises of internal improvement upon such a vast scale, and by means of such enormous bond issues, that in some cases a tax of hundreds of dollars per capita would have been necessary to liquidate them.

Equally pertinent is this succinct characterization of railways and their securities:

> The fact that this immense railroad carrier business has gradually lifted itself from a plane of business adventure and financial piracy to that of a national institution—not only for transportation, but for investment—and that this semi-public business is intimately associated with almost every phase of the nation's well-being, is a sufficient guaranty that, in the main, governmental regulation of this business, especially by the Federal authorities, will work toward a better conduct of transportation and more certain elements of stability and value in railway securities.

It is needless to say that Mr. Chamberlain's association with bond investment entitles him to speak with authority on the technique of that business. Bonds of every character are here discussed, as well as the functions of bond houses. In the form of an appendix we find a chapter on The Gamble in Governments by National Banks, by Prof. W. H. Lyon of Dartmouth, reprinted from *Moody's Magazine*.

Notes

John Galsworthy will bring out, through Heinemann, a new volume of essays, "The Inn of Tranquillity."

Putnam is about to issue "The Power of the Federal Judiciary over Legislation," by J. Hampden Dougherty.

"A Man's World," a novel of New York life by Albert Edwards, will be brought out this month by Macmillan.

"The Lady of the Decoration" is to be continued. The sequel—telling what happened to "The Lady" after her marriage—will be published by the Century Co. in the autumn.

Routledge & Co. have in hand "A Zola Dictionary" of characters and scenes found in the Rougon-Macquart novels.

Oxford books in preparation, announced by Frowde, include: "A Concordance to Dante's Latin Works," by E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins; "Problems of the Roman Criminal Law," by J. L. Strachan-Davidson; "The Science of Etymology," by W. W. Skeat; "Demosthenes's Public Speeches," translated by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge; "Tacitus's Histories," translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe, and "Philostratus's Apollonius of Tyana," translated by J. S. Phillimore.

Among the forthcoming books of Longmans, Green, & Co. are: "Miriam Lucas," by Canon P. A. Sheehan; "Catherine Sidney," a novel by Francis Deming Hoyt; "The Three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen: Sketches of Convent Life," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.; "The Authority of Religious Experience," by the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery; "Creation and Man," by the Rev. Francis J. Hall; "Toys and Toy-Making," by George Johnson; and "The Inner History of the National Convention," by Sir Edgar Walton.

The Hampton Negro Conference will be held at Hampton Institute July 17 and 18.

"Descriptive Writing" (Macmillan), by Prof. E. M. Albright, is a book of 275 pages, 175 of which are devoted to illustrative selections. In the hands of the instructor the book will serve a purpose, but in the hands of the student it will be unwieldy and misleading. The importance of description in composition courses, though it is recognized generally, can surely be exaggerated. As a companion volume to that by Professor Albright, the Macmillan Company has published "Expository Writing,' by Prof. M. G. Fulton. Following an introduction of thirty-four pages are selections that cover 550 pages, classified according to the principles illustrated, and various enough to suit the demands of well-nigh any instructor.

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company of Chicago has printed at the Alderbrink Press in an edition of 400 copies on paper and ten copies on Japan vellum Maurice Hewlett's "The Birth of Roland" ($3.00) The tale is a simple narrative of a pseudo-heroic character related in Mr. Hewlett's familiar pseudo-antique style, with an occasional touch of the pseudo-robust; and this, we are informed, is the first edition The little book is well printed, prettily bound, and embellished with ornamental initials and some interesting illustrations.

To the ninth volume of the "Oxford English Dictionary" Sir James Murray has now added the thick double section, TH-THYZLE (Frowde), containing 4,069 words and 20,133 illustrative quotations. This collection is composed almost exclusively of words of Old English, Scandinavian, and Greek origin. Within its limits Sir Thomas More found an English shibboleth, challenging any foreigner to follow him without tripping through the consonantal ambushes of "Thwarts [? *error* for Thwaites] thwackt him with a thwitle." Possibly More himself might have stared and gasped if he had been obliged to try his tongue on a modern English passage of this texture: "Thlipsencephalous and theophilanthropic thanatophidiologists theorize on thyrotherapy." Among the learned and inkhorn terms science and theology are prominently represented: thirteen columns are devoted to formations with *thermo-*, and 140 derivatives are listed under *theo-*. Perhaps the most interesting change of meaning in the latter group is seen in the whitewashing of *theist*. Less than a generation ago men in the colleges were getting their feet set in the paths of orthodoxy by taking a course in Flint's "Theism." In the good old times, when men looked askance upon curiosity in matters theological and Dean Swift could characterize the deist Toland as an "atheist and the son of a"——woman of no reputation, *theist* was a word of exceeding ill odor. So late as 1734 we learn that Oates "did but use the Privilege of a Theist or Freethinker," and in 1662 "Rebels, Theists, Atheists, Philologers, Wits, Masters of Reason, Puritanes" are all rolled into one common lump of reprobation.

It is pleasant to meet among the new comers the friendly, humorous face of *thank-you-ma'am* also *"thank'ee-marm,"* labelled "U. S.," recalling the old-fashioned courtesies taught by the New England schoolmistress, defined as "a hollow or ridge in a road, which causes persons passing over it in a vehicle to nod the head involuntarily, as if in acknowledgment of a favor," and supported by the unassailable authority of Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, and W. D. Howells. Even more piquant is the history of that world-renowned personage who stands in the file as *Thomas Atkins*, but is more generally known and sung as "Tommy." Mr. Atkins seems to have been created by the English War Office, which in 1815 pitched upon him as it might have pitched upon John Doe or John Smith, and inserted his name in the model form of a cavalry soldier's book: "Thomas Atkins Private No. 6 Troop, 8th Regt. of Dragoons." In 1837 he appears again in "Form No. 2, No. 55, Thomas Atkins, Sergeant, Born in the Parish of St. Mary in or near the Town of Portsmouth, in the County of Hants, by Trade a Labourer." Finally, after a long, merely nominal existence, he emerges as vigorous and immortal as Jack-the-Giant-Killer or John Bull, is criticised by the "Times newspaper," and is defended by Mr. Kipling when he steps "into a public-'ouse to get a pint of beer.' Readers of the Dictionary in this country will note with astonishment this definition of *theme:* "'An exercise written on a given subject, *esp.* a school essay; an exercise in translation. Now *rare*"!!! No hint of the theme-readers, the theme-racks, the "theme-itis," and the millions of themes written annually in "these States," from Maine to California.

Assuming that the heights reached by the author cannot be attained without strong traits of character, nor maintained without a varied and interesting experience, one reads "Some Pages of My Life" (Scribner), by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Canon of Westminster and late Bishop of Ripon, with a feeling of disappointment. We do not get what it was surely in the power of the writer to give. Chapter after chapter is devoted to childhood memories of no inherent importance and hardly likely to interest any except the bishop's immediate circle of kinship and acquaintance. That his "Jinnies" (dolls) and other playthings should get only a trifle less space than his relations with Queen Victoria, with whom he came into very close personal contact, surely betrays a lack of due sense of proportion. The best advice to the reader who has not plenty of time is to omit the first third of the volume altogether. In the later chapters one has interesting glimpses of some of the prominent figures of the age, such as Browning, Tennyson, Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, the Queen, and the Empress Frederick, over whose body he read the burial service in accordance with her own request, made to him in person during a visit at Friedrichshof, three months before her death. Extracts from a few letters from Queen Victoria show that she felt a deep respect and affection for him and came to him freely for spiritual aid and solace. Although disagreeing with Gladstone's later political course, he had a profound respect for his deep religious convictions, and gives him credit for entire sincerity and freedom from any but the most unselfish motives. While calling upon Gladstone at the Treasury on a matter of ecclesiastical business, he incidentally mentioned Sibbald's translation of the "Inferno," a copy of which he had in his hand. Gladstone sprang from his chair, seized the book, and, turning rapidly through its pages, delivered a long discourse on the moral discipline to be gained from the study of the "Divina Commedia." "This power of discharging the mind of its burdens and concentrating the whole attention upon some fresh topic is either a great gift or a very useful habit," is the writer's comment, "but it is one which lesser people can only enjoy at a distance." In the retrospect of his seventy years, Bishop Carpenter is neither discouraged nor unduly optimistic. He is glad to feel assured that materialistic philosophy is in decline, but recognizes the snare of materialism in practical life, growing out of our love of the comforts and enjoyments made possible by the mastery which we are acquiring over the material world.

We can see that opportunities of comfort may breed self-indulgence, indifference to responsibility, blind carelessness about the future of the nation. We see the evidence of such dangers in the decline in the birth-rate [the bishop himself had eleven children], and in the petty tyrannies practiced by aggressive minorities. When the bulk of the people, preoccupied in pleasure-seeking, forget their obligations, power passes into the hands of the active minority. When rights are demanded and duties forgotten, the tail will soon wag the dog. These things need thinking about.

The two handsome volumes, issued under the title of "The King's Book of Quebec" (Ottawa: The Mortimer Co., $25), fittingly commemorate the tercentenary celebration of July, 1908. The book is designed to carry on two movements: one to create a public opinion in favor of preserving the battlefields of Quebec "in a manner worthy of their traditions," as Lord Grey puts it; the other, of supreme importance, to "unite more closely Canadians of French and of British descent." In 1905, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister of Canada, said: "La pensée dominante de ma vie a été d'harmoniser les différents éléments dont se compose notre pays. Je ne saurais dire encore que j'ai réussi autant que je l'aurais voulu, autant que je l'avais espéré, mais la pensée est vraie et elle finira par triompher." The same thought, the same patriotic ambition, dominates the mind of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's successor as Prime Minister, Robert Laird Borden; and it formed a marked feature of the policy of Sir John Macdonald, the most able and far-sighted statesman Canada has yet produced. For those interested in the history of the city of Quebec, the mere fact that the preparation of these volumes was entrusted to Dr. Arthur Doughty and Col. William Wood will be sufficient introduction. Both are recognized authorities on the subject; both have written extensively in regard to it; and both possess the not too common combination of historical judgment and accuracy, and the ability to write entertainingly. Broadly speaking, Dr. Doughty has supplied the historical background, and Col. Wood describes the pageant and its significance. In a brief preface, Lord Grey, who as Governor-General had much to do with the organization and success of the celebration, emphasizes its importance from a national, imperial, and international point of view. He reminds us, incidentally, that in coming to Canada in 1908 for the express purpose of taking part in the 300th anniversary of the birthday of Quebec, King George V was paying his sixth visit to the Dominion. Lord Grey also makes the interesting suggestion that when the time comes for a Louisbourg commemoration, the princes of India might fittingly be asked to coöperate, because, as he points out, the exchange with France of Louisbourg for Madras, in 1748, while it weakened the British position in America, "helped to establish the Pax Britannica which insures to the princes of India the security of their rule."

The solution of the world-wide Jewish question which Werner Sombart propounds in his booklet, "Die Zukunft der Juden" (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot), is a double one. For the Jews of Eastern Europe there is no relief but in some form of Zionism. The present deplorable economic condition of the Russian Jew will enter upon an acute crisis when the United States closes the gates on immigration, as Prof. Sombart believes we are now preparing to do. There is no hope of relief within the Russian Empire. So the choice is between emigration to a separately constituted Jewish territory and extirpation. The problem of the Jew in Western Europe is not an economic but a social one. The anti-Semitic spirit shows no diminution. Intermarriage is no remedy, since the offspring of mixed marriages are never allowed to forget their tainted origin. Every attempt on the part of the Jew to lose himself into his environment is bound to fail. The right solution lies in quite the opposite direction. The Jew should endeavor to develop his racial identity to the utmost, take pride in his racial culture, give recognition to the great fact that he can best serve his own cause and that of civilization by emphasizing the differences which mark him off from his neighbor. The ideal civilization is based on ethnological diversity. The more races, tongues, national cultures, the better for progress. Let the Jew accept the limitations imposed upon him by circumstance and make the best of it. It is not essential to the happiness of the German Jew that he shall be allowed to hold an army officer's commission. It is in general a foolhardy policy to thrust yourself in where you are not wanted. Thus Professor Sombart, in the same breath, urges the Jew to be proud and to be submissive, to develop his native powers to the utmost and not to intrude. We very much fear that the line which separates legitimate pride from unwarranted ambition is a metaphysical one.

One of the earliest mediæval works on geography is the "Book of the Knowledge of All the Kingdoms, Lands, and Lordships that Are in the World," published by the Hakluyt Society. The author, an anonymous Franciscan friar, who may have written in 1350, has been criticised as a mere compiler of traditions, but this view is not accepted by the Hakluyt editor, Sir Clements Markham, who thinks that the friar was a great traveller, and that he "diligently collected all the geographical information he could obtain. . . . The Franciscan was the first to mention and give the names of most of the Canary Isles, the Madeiras, and Azores, . . . and the first to give an account of Africa south of the Atlas in any detail. He gives a clear and precise definition of the famous Rio del Oro, the Niger of Ptolemy and Pliny, the Nil Cana of the Arab geographers, and the modern Senegal." There exist three, perhaps four, codices of the work, one being illustrated by the arms, flags, or devices of all the countries, in colors. This is the earliest representation of the flags of all nations It is not maintained, however, that the friar visited every part of the known world Its illustrations are effectively reproduced and form a valuable addition to the book. The work was first published in 1877 by Don Marcos Jiménez de la Espada, who made unsuccessful efforts to ascertain the name of the anonymous traveller.

D. Francisco Rodríguez Marín, author of many important studies on Spanish literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and on folk-lore, has been appointed librarian of the National Library at Madrid, to succeed the late Menéndez y Pelayo.

The second annual volume of Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon, consisting of a thousand pages and several hundred illustrations, has just been published. As a record of the principal events of the twelve months previous to November last, the progress of science, the literary productions, it is of great value. In the article on the Tripolitan war, the last event noted was on November 7. The account of the parks and playgrounds of Europe and America is illustrated by colored plans of the park systems of Boston, Baltimore, and Chicago.

The thirty-second Annual Report of the Colonial Institute of Hamburg shows with what thoroughness Germany prepares men for its growing colonies. Hamburg, like Frankfort, maintains many important educational establishments, and in both of these cities plans are on foot for consolidating their scientific schools and institutions of learning into local universities, dealing more with the practical interests of great commercial centres than with the abstract studies of the existing German universities. The Imperial educational authorities unite with the local teaching force to give weight and value to the work of the Hamburg Colonial Institute, and its teachers and students exchange visits and instruction with those of Berlin and other centres of university life and work, so that the old and new subjects and methods of study may be compared. Imperial and local authorities coöperate with merchants and their associations in forwarding this new local enterprise. The Hamburg Colonial Institute sent representatives to German colonies and to those of other countries, to study conditions, for example, in Egypt, where, in Cairo, the chief school for Mohammedan instruction counts thousands of students; and their reports are published, thus supplying valuable information. Sixty-one instructors, drawn from all parts of Germany, many of them specialists of note, using the scientific institutions of Hamburg, which is rich in special collections made by its merchants and sea captains in all parts of the world, gave courses of lectures on colonial history and law and sanitation and geography and geology, on Mohammedanism, on African languages, on Asiatic and English and modern Greek languages, on agriculture and botany and zoölogy in the German colonies.

"The Truth About Egypt" (Cassell) contains an account of the progress of events in the politics of that land during the five years of the administration of the late Sir Eldon Gorst as British Agent. The author, J. Alexander, quotes from the newspapers and from official documents, to illustrate and enforce his narrative. As a history the book is highly illuminating, and as an indictment it is conclusive. "Egypt for the Egyptians" is a factional cry of extremists in the towns. It would not be for the true good of the country as a whole, nor for stability and honesty of administration. It is the motto of the discontented among a conquering people, who feel themselves prevented from attaining the fruit of the conquest made by their forefathers over a sect of the hated Christians.

A volume of somewhat similar character is Lovat Fraser's "India under Curzon and After" (Holt). The author was editor of an Indian newspaper and possessed many sources of information not ordinarily available. The book is not a defence of the Viceroy, nor an attack upon him; it is an account of recent events as they appeared to the writer. He sets forth with lucidity the difficulties of administration which confronted Lord Curzon, and the means adopted for their solution. The field is a wide one, and the details are almost bewildering, but the story is one of great interest to all concerned. The book was prepared for an English and American public to whom the problems of foreign occupation contain questions of very great moment.

It is a pity that John Foster Fraser's tale of wanderings in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco should have so catch-penny a title as "The Land of Veiled Women" (Cassell). For though there is a good deal about women in it—mostly of the unveiled kind—the strength of the book is in its vivid descriptions of the multitudinous and many-colored life of those lands. Mr. Fraser has been about the world and has learned how to look for and at things, and so, without any professed Oriental knowledge, he has come out with a wonderfully good book. Even his folk-lore and superstitions are right, and if his canon law is a bit shaky, he errs with a host of much more solemn and dull writers. There are forty excellent photographs and four good colored prints.

A report of a missionary conference which is broadly interesting and not oppressively pious is a new thing, and "Islam and Missions" (Revell), the report of the conference in January, 1911, at Lucknow, has abundance of matter in it to attract any one who is at all under the spell of the East. There are articles on Panislamism, on the recent political changes in Turkey and Persia, and on the present situation in Malaysia, India, Afghanistan, and China, the reading of which will amply repay any one. It is plain that missionaries have come at last, consciously and openly, to face their environment as it is, and to see their work as an expression of the broad Christian civilization. It has long been that, as a matter of fact, but this explicit recognition is to be welcomed. It goes with the other great fact, the even more sudden recognition by politicians, sociologists, and scholars, of what missions have done and are doing.

Dora Greenwell McChesney, a writer, and the daughter of the late Prof. Joseph McChesney of the University of Chicago, died in Paris on Friday. She was born in 1871. She became especially interested in the period of the English civil war, from which she chose material for several books. Her writings include: "Kathleen Clare, Her Book, 1637-1641"; "Miriam Cromwell, Royalist"; "Rupert, by the Grace of God," etc.

Henry Arden, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and a member of Lincoln's Inn Bar, who had come to this country to practice law, is dead in Los Angeles, Cal. He was the author of a work in four volumes, entitled "Banning and Arden's Patent Reports." He was also much interested in scientific subjects.

The death is reported of the Rev. Robert Borland, minister of Yarrow, Selkirkshire, Scotland. He is remembered in this country for his "Yarrow, its Poets and Poetry."

Miss Sophia MacLehose, whose death is reported from Glasgow, was the author of "Tales from Spenser's Faerie Queene," "The Last Days of the French Monarchy," and "From the Monarchy to the Republic in France."

Science

Logic, or the Morphology of Knowledge. By Bernard Bosanquet. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; Henry Frowde.

The Science of Logic. By P. Coffey. Vol. I. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50 net.

Formal Logic. By F. C. S. Schiller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The simultaneous appearance of three substantial works on formal logic gives somewhat piquant evidence of the fact that specialists in the science of correct reasoning do not all reason alike. For the three books together offer the advanced student the opportunity of comparing, or of choosing among a neo-Hegelian, a neo-Thomistic, and a pragmatistic form of that ancient discipline; while none of them can be said to represent, or to be much influenced by, the very latest fashions in logical theory.

The first, Mr. Bosanquet's book, which appears in a second edition, was reviewed in the *Nation* at the time of its original publication. In the new edition the text is little altered, but footnotes are copiously appended, and a few passages of some length, of which the most important have already been printed in periodicals, are added. The other two treatises offer an especially curious contrast. Coffey's "The Science of Logic" is dedicated to Cardinal Mercier, one of the principal patrons of the neo-scholastic movement; and it "attempts to present the Principles of the traditional Logic expounded by Aristotle and his Scholastic interpreters, and to show how the philosophical teachings of Aristotle and the Schoolmen contain the true basis for modern methods of scientific investigation." The present volume of some four hundred and fifty pages carries the subject only through the doctrine of the syllogism; a second, dealing with induction, is promised. Father Coffey has not wholly neglected more recent writers, but he falls rather far short of a strict adherence to his professed "guiding principle": *vetera novis augere et perficere.* It is disappointing in any new logic-book to find the subject of "opposition" treated in the traditional and faulty way, and not given the perfectly systematized, demonstrative, and "elegant" form of which it is susceptible, when it is based directly upon an enumeration of the possible denotative relations of any two terms. The matter which gives the author most concern is to show that the syllogism is not a *petitio principii*, that the deductive proof of Socrates's mortality does not first require that the major premise, "all men are mortal," be established by a complete induction which already includes the case of Socrates. Father Coffey presents the issue clearly, but deals with it in a manner which will seem convincing only to other Scholastic logicians. Much of the traditional logic, however, is presented with a high degree of clarity and precision: especially good is the chapter on the Predicables.

For the traditional, even in formal logic, F. C. S. Schiller has scant respect. His book is dedicated "to the memory of the last great liberator of the human spirit, William James"; and it is paradoxically designed to provide both a textbook in the science and a proof that no such science exists or should be taught. For the latter purpose Mr. Schiller has, naturally, more zeal than for the former; and he has, in fact, achieved something different from either. He has written a somewhat garbled and misleading version of the usually accepted form of logical doctrine, and accompanied it with a running exemplification of most of the kinds of bad reasoning which figure in the traditional list of fallacies. He has thereby, undeniably, shown his scorn of the customary logic better than he could have done by a more scrupulous observance of the canons which he derides; and he has also, perhaps, the better justified his contention that the teaching of formal logic is a futility. For the author himself is abundantly instructed in that subject. His principal thesis is that it is not "possible to study the formal truth of thought irrespective of its truth in point of fact." This proposition itself is not free from ambiguity; but in the only senses in which it implies a repudiation of anything that serious logicians have maintained, it should mean either that there are no such things as relations of compatability and implication between judgments which can be distinguished from that relation of a judgment to its object which constitutes its factual truth; or else that there are no general rules whatever respecting inference that can be laid down in advance of a particular inference and used as criteria of the correctness of the latter. Neither Mr. Schiller nor any other rational animal ever habitually held either of these opinions and acted in accordance with them.

Nor do most of the arguments which he advances have any tendency to prove either thesis. The arguments consist largely in treating certain well-known and avowed limitations of formal, especially of deductive, logic as if they were proofs of its falsity within its proper limits; in treating the disagreements of logicians as if they were contradictions in logic; in treating the errors of some logicians as if they were evidences of the absurdity of logic; and in imputing to logic some strange doctrines and procedures of which even the most "traditional" of logicians have seldom, if ever, been guilty. When all these irrelevancies are discounted, there remain as a residuum some just, though hardly novel, observations upon the limited range within which cogent proof is possible, and upon the constancy with which human reasoning is beset by the danger of falling into some of the fallacies of ambiguity or of presumption. And on the question whether the syllogism is a *petitio principii*, Mr. Schiller has some remarks which Father Coffey might with advantage consider.

During the brief time that Dr. William Lutley Sclater, the well-known English ornithologist, was director of the Colorado College Museum, he found time to prepare the volume, "A History of the Birds of Colorado," which is now issued by a London house and imported by Stechert. It compares favorably with any handbook thus far produced in this country. As the study of birds becomes more and more intensive, the range of the handbook is more restricted. For many years in England there have been produced volumes relating solely to the ornithology of a single county or shire, and in America bird books of individual States are beginning to appear. Dr. Sclater has wisely cast aside all ultra-Anglican views and has adopted American nomenclature and names for use in the work. We note as one idiosyncrasy the omission of all authorities for scientific names. The idea of a State history is well carried out by means of a map, detailed analyses of physical features and fauna, a bibliography of nearly three hundred titles, and especially by a gazetteer of all the localities mentioned, with their exact location and altitude. The three hundred and ninety-two species of birds known to exist within the State are treated in the usual handbook manner under the captions of Description, Distribution, and Habits. In the literary style of the descriptions we discern a marked improvement over much of the similar work of American writers. Sixteen photographs enhance the interest of the volume. Although the letterpress covers almost six hundred pages, the lightness of the paper renders the volume easy to handle; there is a thorough index.

"Biological Aspects of Human Problems" (Macmillan) is the title of a very attractive book prepared from manuscript notes and material found among the papers of the late Dr. Christian A. Herter, and put into shape for publication by his widow with the aid of some of his friends to whom his views were familiar. According to Dr. Herter's prefatory statement the original notes were begun some years ago in the hope that a discussion of certain human problems from a biological point of view would be helpful to his children. There is no indication of the age of the children for whom this discussion was intended, but the result is far from being a guide for babes or the very young; it is rather a serious examination of many questions whose bearings only adults, and adults of intelligence, may be expected to appreciate. The point of view is frankly rationalistic, and the self-preservative and sexual instincts are treated as fundamental. Herter holds that a doctrine of vitalism is yet far from being necessary, and that even scientific fatalism may enlighten and encourage serious natures, the mechanistic view not necessarily leading to hopeless resignation. These questions carry the author far afield and bring up many matters relating to health and disease, to instinct and heredity, to the influence of excesses, and especially to the protective agencies, a subject with which Herter was particularly familiar. Interesting is the suggestion that it might well repay a great Government to make a systematic examination into the prolongation of life, using some sort of a longevity squad for this purpose. The later chapters take up the relation of the fundamental instincts to the arts and religion and education. The treatment here must be considered as suggestive rather than final, as this part of the manuscript was admittedly incomplete. It is of course quite probable that earlier parts of the book, although apparently finished, would have undergone much alteration had its lamented author lived to print it himself. Even in its present form, the book is well worth reading as an expression of the attitude of a trained biologist to the big human problems. The revision of the text is in some places defective. Thus we note "Schleider" for Schleiden, and the statements that Kühne discovered the retinal red in 1840 (!), and Harvey the circulation of the blood in 1645 (!), and suppose *Bacillus vulgaricus* (p. 131) to be a misprint for *B. bulgaricus*.

Drama

Putnam will bring out this month "The Dramatic Festival," by Anne A. T. Craig, with a "foreword" by Percival Chubb and an introduction by Peter W. Dykema. The book deals with forms of plays and festivals appropriate for presentation in schools.

The Shakespeare Summer Festival at Stratford will begin this year on August 3 and will last four weeks. F. R. Benson and his company will appear nightly, and the following plays will be performed each week: "Antony and Cleopatra," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Othello," "As You Like It," "Henry the Fifth," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Sheridan's "The Rivals," and McCarthy's "If I Were King." In addition there will be classes in folk-song and folk-dance, a folk-drama conference, and lectures on various other subjects connected with the drama.

In 1895-6 Strindberg was in Paris, engaged in those queer alchemical studies which ended in his temporary madness. In 1899 he wrote "There Are Crimes and Crimes," a tragi-comedy in four acts which deals with a rather special portion of Parisian life. Over its author there still hung, one is tempted to believe, the poison of his bitter experience. For even to readers not acquainted with his career, the atmosphere of the play must seem tainted with unreasonableness. Characters are obsessed by superstition, and not one has the strength of positive conviction. That life is full of perilous moments when sin is easily begotten, is its tenuous theme; and the moral is enforced that the crimes of our imaginings are as real and almost as terrible as those committed by outward act. The work has just been issued by Scribner in an authorized English translation by Edwin Björkman. As is not uncommon with Strindberg's dramas, the plot of this play is a mere nothing. Maurice, a poor young writer, has grown cold towards the mother of his child, and the chance that a play of his, now to be presented, will be a success turns his head still further from this humble, devoted mistress. He becomes enamored of his friend Adolphe's flashy mistress, and she of him. Flushed by the first-night performance of his play, and by these newer feminine charms, he wishes that his child, a serious obstacle to his desires, were dead. The next day the child dies mysteriously, and Maurice is held as a poisoner. The charge is also trumped up that his play is a plagiarism. From momentary fame he plunges into degradation. Of course, it turns out that the child suffered a natural death, and that Maurice was no literary robber; his affliction was needed to disclose to him life's spiritual values. Jeanne, the first mistress, forgives, Henriette, the second, returns, tamed, to a respectable home, and Adolphe has all along remained charitable because of a sin in his own past. Strindberg has here stuck to his habitual manner of regarding the deep forces of existence as being considerably detached from man's will-power. Like a puppet, Maurice is put through a necessary development, in the process of which his reason and conscience, which should be his guides, become paralyzed or futile; nor is he projected against a sturdy background of human sanity. Every personage in the play understands and partly condones his wickedness, and the general impression is created that life holds terrible situations which one can survive only because sin is so general as to be mitigating. Under the circumstances the need of humble repentance, which is urged by the author, is not altogether convincing.

Music

Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" had 228 performances in the opera houses of Germany during the past season, while "Elektra" had only forty-four. Next year, judging by the fate of all Strauss's operas, the "Rosenkavalier" will be given forty-four times, and its successor, now in preparation at Stuttgart, more than two hundred.

One of the busiest of musicians is Teresa Carreño, the eminent Venezuelan pianist. During the past season she gave eighty-seven concerts, the last at the Lower Rhine Music Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Her summer home is in the Bavarian Highlands. Mme. Carreño's name will be mentioned in the annals of music as that of one of the foremost pianists of her time; as the composer of the Venezuelan national hymn; and as the first teacher of America's greatest composer, Edward MacDowell, as well as the missionary who has done more than any one else to make his music famous in European countries.

The two weeks from July 12 to 23 will be devoted at Neuenburg to a grand music festival, at which there will be a competition of Swiss singing societies, aggregating 10,000 members. The choral novelty of the festival will be a "Lyric Ode" by Joseph Lauberer.

In arranging for a big celebration of the Wagner centenary next year, the Dresdeners point with pride to the fact that it was in their city that three of Wagner's operas, "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser," had their first performances on any stage, and under Wagner's own direction. They tactfully ignore the fact that, had it not been for the preposterous stupidity of their ancestors, "Lohengrin" also would have had its first production in Dresden Wagner wrote it specially for the royal opera in that city, of which he was, moreover, the conductor. He had an ideal cast for it, too; but "Lohengrin" was not wanted. It remained in his desk for three years, till Liszt took pity on Wagner and brought it out at Weimar. The Philistines and Mediocrities had their way in Dresden at that time, as they often have had elsewhere. Mozart had to struggle against the same evil influences. So did Bizet and Weber. Being less robust than Wagner, they succumbed, at a pitifully early age.

The story of Gustav Mahler's three years in New York will doubtless form an interesting chapter in the elaborate biography of that great man which the Berlin publishers, Schuster and Loeffler, have just asked the eminent musical critic and author, Richard Specht, to prepare. Herr Specht, whose address is Vegagasse 11, XIX Vienna, Austria, has written a card to the German newspapers calling upon all those who have letters from Mahler or other documents, important or otherwise, to let him see them, promising to return them promptly. He will doubtless be pleased to get the fullest possible information from any who had acquaintance with Mahler in New York.

One of the parts which Ferrari-Fontana will sing at Milan next season is that of Lohengrin. The Scala has now issued a complete list of ten operas to be produced during the season. It includes "The Girl of the Golden West," "Carmen," "Salome," "Robert the Devil," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "The Inquisitive Women," "Rigoletto," "The Love of Three Kings" (a novelty by Montemezzi), and Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" and "Cinderella." The almost complete ignoring of Verdi during the centenary year is incomprehensible, for the Scala is Italy's leading opera house. To be sure, there will be plenty of Verdi cycles and festivals elsewhere, some of them under Government auspices.

Saint-Saëns was not impressed by the idea of performing "Aïda" at the Pyramids, as was done on the day of his departure from Egypt. "What a sacrilege!" he said on his return to Paris. "In the face of these eternal stones they stupidly materialized a work of the theatre! And that at the gravest time in the conflict of Italy with Turkey. If this fashion is approved 'The Flying Dutchman' will be played out at sea and 'Orpheus'—in hell!"

Two hundred different operas by 121 composers were sung last season in 665 houses in 435 German cities and towns, according to the "Deutsche Bühnen-Spielplan," which gives full details regarding these performances, as well as those of stage plays without music. Of these latter there were more than 2,000 performances by half that number of playwrights. Of operetta composers ninety-three were represented, and, as always, some of their works were given more frequently than any operas or plays without music. While Lehar's "Merry Widow" showed some decline, his "Count of Luxembourg" was sung no fewer than 1,794 times, though this was its second season. Last year it had 1,365 performances. Leo Fall held his own, and so did, of course, Johann Strauss, whose ever-fresh "Fledermaus" was given 550 times.

It is not unusual at present for the box office of the Paris Opéra-Comique to take in 10,000 or 11,000 francs on one evening. These sums, not very large from the American point of view, seem fabulous when compared with what used to be the receipts half a century ago. Gounod's "Faust," for example, was sung at the same house 223 times in the weeks from March 19, 1859, to December 31 of the same year. Of these performances 6 brought in less than 500 francs apiece, 33 more fell short of 1,000 francs, 104 had 1,000 to 3,000-franc houses, 43 ranged from 3,000 to 4,000, 27 from 4,000 to 5,000, while only 10 exceeded 5,000 francs each. It must be borne in mind that while the receipts have increased, the expenses have also been multiplied.

Berlin was afflicted with 1,214 concerts last season. Vienna managed to get along with 431, Munich with 347, Dresden with 275, Hamburg with 271, Leipzig with 269, Breslau with 185, Stuttgart with 129, Karlsruhe with 87, and Prague with 83. Frankfurters had the opportunity to hear 207 concerts, no fewer than 46 of which were devoted to chamber music, which thus stood at the head of the list, whereas, in the other cities named, vocal and piano recitals predominated.

Art

Causeries on English Pewter. By Antonio de Navarro. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The author, better known as the husband of Mary Anderson, to whom these essays are dedicated, avows that his main object "is to dissipate the popular belief that the pewterers were entirely bourgeois," and "the old belief that pewter was synonymous with vulgar art." As the silversmith and the pewterer were so closely allied, it is true, of certain foreign makers especially, that the former were adept in working up pewter before they essayed the same thing in silver: François Briot, for instance, as related in the pages of Jacquemart.

The book is exceedingly chatty, and devoid of any pretence of giving technical data. There are interesting chapters on old pewter; pewter church plate, the evolution of the tankard regarding which "it may be accepted that the flatter the lid, the earlier the piece"; the wooden trencher and its use, from the primitive trenchers to the ones of pewter ribbed and moulded, and the development of the latter to those with gadrooned and waved borders, which held sway in the eighteenth century. Round trenchers of wood were sometimes called roundels, but Mr. de Navarro writes of an inventory of the goods of the Countess-Dowager Rivers, dated 1644, which was found among some manuscripts of the Earl of Verulam, and which reads as follows: "In the pantrie . . . round trenchers iii dozen, square trenchers 2 dozen, a case with thin trenchers to cover glass." This simply knocks on the head the article on "Old English Fruit Trenchers," by Prof. A. H. Church, in his essay in "Some Minor Arts as Practiced in England." There is a chapter devoted to pewter forks, very few of which have survived, and only those of a late date, the soft metal being cast away or used for solder. Then come spoons, of which vast numbers are constantly found, and which are possibly the earliest specimens of silver domestic plate. Regarding salts we are told that the "Great Salt" was left on the table during the entire meal, and that honored guests were seated above, and those of minor degree, below the salt, though Mr. de Navarro does not believe in this distinction. We read of church flagons, and of chalices next, then reach the chapter of retrospect, which is a summary of the history of the Pewterers' Company, by Charles Welch (1902), whom the author quotes as stating that "all the well-to-do members of the trade kept a stock of 'feast vessels,' which they lent on hire to noblemen and other wealthy persons, and to public bodies for use at great banquets." The final chapters are on the entourage and custody of pewter.

Some of these essays have appeared in *Country Life*. The book contains seventy-two plates and a fair index.

"Charcoals of New and Old New York" is the title of F. Hopkinson Smith's forthcoming book (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

Among the early autumn publications of McBride, Nast & Co. are: "Reclaiming the Old House," by Charles E. Hooper; "Furniture Designs—Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton," with an introduction by Arthur Hayden; "Dyes and Dyeing," by Charles E. Pellew, and "A Book of Distinctive Interiors."

"Appreciation of Art," by Blanche G. Loveridge, Granville, O., is in the vein of popular lectures, being a crude and undigested mass of information, frequently misunderstood, and conveyed in the loosest of English. Occasional misprints, while adding variety, seem thoroughly in keeping with the whole effect.

Half a century ago several gentlewomen, the Misses Burne-Jones, Burden, Morris, and others, used to meet at William Morris's studio in Red Lion Square, to embroider hangings in silk and cloth from the master craftsman's designs. Morris himself had convictions about embroidery, which he held was "not worth doing unless it is very copious or rich or very delicate or both." He regretted the degradation of the once noble art into mere fancy work with its monstrous spectacles of Landseer's dogs and Scott's heroines tastelessly copied in the Berlin wool work that exacts the very minimum of skill and thought. While not all embroideries with which Morris and his assistants tried to stir public interest were strikingly beautiful, they at least respected right design and sound materials. Protests, furthermore, against debasements of the art led to a gradual improvement, which is still going on, in ecclesiastical and secular embroidery. The many embroiderers whose inspiration has come from the handicraft revival will find M. Jourdain's "The History of English Secular Embroidery" (Dutton) extremely useful. English embroidery in the Tudor and Stuart periods realized Morris's prescription of sumptuous design and color. The early eighteenth century showed delightfully delicate things. The illustrations of embroideries of these centuries are from public and private collections: even without Mr. Jourdain's scholarly text they would be admirable models for the needle worker. The narrative contains much curious information about famous embroideries, particularly fascinating among which, on artistic and historical grounds, are the rich velvet panels and other embroideries worked by or under the direction of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. History knows this lady as wife of the custodian of Mary Queen of Scots, and as the object of an epigram made by a cynic when her temper was bewailed by her spouse: "There is onlie one shrewe in the world and every man has her." An expression of the countess's forceful character survives in vast embroideries, among the finest artistic monuments of Elizabeth's time, at Hardwick Hall, now belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. A supplementary chapter devoted to samplers contains data that help to orient the American colonial sampler.

Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, only son of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, died on Monday at Asolo, Italy, where he had established an industrial school as a memorial to his mother. Barrett Browning, as he was known, was born in 1849. He lived the greater part of his life in Italy. When Elizabeth Browning died, the Florentines asked that the boy be educated in Italy. This the father declined to promise. Barrett adopted art as a profession, and studied at Antwerp. In 1878 his Worker in Brass, exhibited at the Royal Academy, attracted considerable attention. After his student days, he returned to Italy and lived with his father in the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, where, on December 12, 1889, Robert Browning died on the very day that he had succeeded in persuading the local authorities to consent to his purchase of a piece of ground at Asolo. It was on this ground that Robert Browning had hoped to build his "Pippa's Tower." Here the son Barrett erected his home. Browning's most notable literary venture was the publication in 1899 of "The Love Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning."

Finance

POLITICS IN WALL STREET.

Until half-past two o'clock on Tuesday of last week the stock market was moderately strong, though very dull. Then the page tickers announced that Wilson's nomination, by acclamation, was conceded. Steel common, which had been one of the most active stocks, declined from 72 to 71¼. Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Amalgamated Copper, Union Pacific, Interborough-Metropolitan preferred, Reading, and two or three other stocks in which traders had been dealing, ran off ½ to 1½ per cent. each. Sales were in small volume. The weakness continued for a quarter of an hour, and then prices all recovered. Steel common closed at 71½, against a closing the day before of 71⅜. It was a very perfunctory response to an interesting political event.

On the floor of the Stock Exchange a trader who rushed in on the news of Wilson's nomination to undo certain bargains, remarked afterward: "I'm for Wilson, though his nomination did cost me $87.50. That's what I think of him." The following morning, Wednesday, the news from Baltimore being complete, the stock market opened at an advance of ½ to 1 per cent., declined straightway 1 to 2½ points, recovered half-way, and closed dull. It has since been irregular with periods of heavy selling.

These facts are set down in some detail, as they mark, perhaps, the extreme of a stock market's indifference to politics. There had been a spring rise in stocks, which culminated at the end of April, because, as many thought, it would be inexpedient to carry a bull movement any further, with the political situation looming up in so formidable a manner. May and June were months of political excitement, and, yet, the average price of, say, twenty railway stocks and twelve industrials, which are commonly used for statistical purposes, never varied so much as 4 points—through the tumultuous Taft-Roosevelt campaign, through the Chicago Convention, through the threat of a third party, and through the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, despite the fact that at Baltimore Wall Street and its people were denounced as perhaps never before in similar circumstances.

It is true that speculative opinion, or, more correctly, the comment passing for such, during May and June, ran back and forth between extremes of alarm and complacency, but of actual speculation in securities there was so little that brokers complained of the difficulty of making ends meet. The volume of speculative contracts outstanding in Wall Street during this period was smaller than perhaps at any time in the previous three years. Brokers were carrying very few stocks. That being the case, the absence of violent fluctuations in stocks, as the advantage wavered between contending political forces, is easily understood. There was no margin account for professional speculators to prey upon.

The more significant fact is that the real holders of stocks were no more inclined to part with them, on any interpretation of the political situation, than impulsively to increase their holdings. The process of merchandising stocks and investment securities to the ultimate investor proceeded in a leisurely manner. New flotations appeared one after another, were underwitten by syndicates and distributed to investors, all as if nothing unusual were taking place. The indifference of the stock market to political happenings, therefore, has been the indifference of the real owners of securities and capital. Speculators without the slightest bias of their own would have been only too willing to go either one way or the other—that is, to follow any real buying or selling.

And the explanation of the indifference of the holders of securities and the owners of capital is not far to seek. Though it has been widely advertised that Wall Street was for this candidate or that, Wall Street has, in reality, had no fixed political faith. In 1896, and again in 1900, Wall Street was solid on the sound-money issue. A Silver Democrat could not be tolerated there. But to-day in the same Wall Street there is every shade of political belief. Before the Chicago Convention many Roosevelt men could be found in banks and on the Stock Exchange; they are fewer since Mr. Taft's nomination. If Wall Street had been able to name the ticket at Baltimore it might have put Harmon first, but the vote would not have been unanimous; there would have been many Underwood, Clark, and Wilson votes, and a deadlock might have resulted. There would have been even some Bryan votes, though Wall Street's opposition to Bryan is a habit.

Further, it is not uncommon nowadays to find the heart of a Socialist behind the mind of a banker—the principles of a radical Progressive underlying a preference for the present for conservative politics. Several weeks ago the head of a large banking institution took a poll of its employees. A majority were "Progressives." It was very different when in 1896 Wall Street believed that gold had to triumph if property were to be preserved. The day after Wilson was nominated, men who had been for another candidate at Baltimore said of the nominee: "Well, what's the difference?"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bazin, René. Davidée Birot. Trans. by M. D. Frost. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Beard, C. A. The Supreme Court and the Constitution. Macmillan. $1 net.

Boigne, Comtesse de. Recollections of a Great Lady. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Bourne, H. E., and Benton, E. J. Introductory American History. Heath & Co.

Burritt, M. C. Apple Growing. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

Clock, R. O. Our Baby: A Guide for Mothers. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Coffey, P. The Science of Logic. Vol. II. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Cory, H. E. The Critics of Edmund Spenser; Spenser, the School of the Fletchers, and Milton. Berkeley: Univ. of California.

Drummond, Florence. An American Wooing. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Dujardin, Édouard. The Source of the Christian Tradition. Revised edition, trans. by J. McCabe. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

Garber, J. P. Current Educational Activities. (1911 volume of Annals of Educational Progress.) Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Hawley, R. C., and Hawes, A. F. Forestry in New England. Wiley & Sons. $3.50 net.

Heald, Lucy. Love in Umbria: A Drama. Smith College, Class of 1895.

Hocking, W. E. The Meaning of God in Human Experience. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3 net.

Innes, L. M. Our Little Danish Cousin. Boston: Page & Co. 60 cents.

Johnson, V. W. A Bermuda Lily. A. S. Barnes Co.

King, A. S. The Influence of a Magnetic Field upon the Spark Spectra of Iron and Titanium. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.

Lones, T. E. Aristotle's Researches in Natural Science. London: West, Newman & Co.

Manzoni, Allesandro. Opere—Vol. IV, Parte prima, a cura di Giovanni Sforza e Giuseppe Gallavresi. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Maupassant, Guy de. Recollections, by his Valet, François. Lane. $3 net.

Moll, Albert. The Sexual Life of the Child. Trans. by E. Paul. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Morton, E. T. Navigation for the Amateur. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

Old Testament Stories. Edited by James R. Rutland. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 45 cents.

O'Sullivan, Vincent. The Good Girl. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Reade, A. L. Johnsonian Gleanings. Part II, Francis Barber, the Doctor's Negro Servant. London: Privately printed for the author, at the Arden Press.

Reed, E. B. English Lyrical Poetry. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

Saylor, H. H. Architectural Styles for Country Houses. McBride, Nast. $2 net.

Snaith, J. C. The Principal Girl. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Stebbins, N. L. The New Navy of the United States. Outing Pub. Co. $1.50 net.

Stratton-Porter, Gene. Moths of the Limberlost. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

Thomson, J. A., and Geddes, P. Problems of Sex. Moffat, Yard.

Turner, E. R. The New Market Campaign—1864. Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson. $1.50 net.

Waterman, Lucius. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury: A Lecture. General Theological Seminary, Protestant Episcopal Church.

Waxman, F. S. A Shopping Guide to Paris and London. McBride, Nast. 75 cents net.

Winslow, H. M. The Pleasuring of Susan Smith. Boston: Page & Co. $1 net.

For Travellers

THE POETIC OLD WORLD
THE POETIC NEW WORLD

Two beautiful pocket volumes of the best poems on these subjects, compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey. Full gilt. Either volume, cloth, $1.50 net; leather, $2.50 net.

THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD pronounces the former "Admirable. The selections are fine and representative . . . a distinct acquisition to the travelling satchel," and THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT finds the latter "Attractive to the eye and mind, both within and without."

*** Postage on net books 8% additional.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLIX, No. 1. **British Radicalism, 1791-1797.** By Walter Phelps Hall, Sometime Fellow in History, Columbia University. 8vo. *Paper covers.* $2.00.

Vol. XLIX, No. 2. **A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations,** with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders. By A. K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.B. 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50.

Vol. XLIX, No. 3. **The Negro at Work in New York City.** A Study in Economic Progress. By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D., Sometime Fellow of the Bureau of Social Research, New York School of Philanthropy; Professor of Social Science in Fisk University. 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.25. *Cloth,* $1.75.

Vol. L, No. 1. **The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy.** A Study in Mutual Aid. By Yu-Yue Tsu, Ph.D. 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.00.

Vol. LII, No. 1. **Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada.** By Solomon Vineberg, Ph.D., Sometime Garth Fellow in Economics, Columbia University. 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50. *Cloth,* $2.00.

Longmans, Green, & Co., New York

Just Published

THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE

By Mrs. FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE
VOLUME I.—THE YOUNG NIETZSCHE
Volume II.—*Preparing.*

This life is written by Nietzsche's sister, whose life-long devotion to her brother, as intellectual companion and as nurse, is well known. Now for the first time published, simultaneously in English and German, it will supersede all other biographies of the philosopher, by its completeness and its fresh material. It draws upon all available sources, including hitherto unknown documents possessed by the biographer, and upon her own wonderful memory. In it the author vividly presents her brother's personality and environments in a narrative of engrossing interest.

Cr. 8vo. Ill. Each $4.00 *net* ($4.20 *postpaid*)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

In order to relieve poverty you must first understand it. The problem is wisely stated in

THE BURDEN OF POVERTY: WHAT TO DO

by CHARLES F. DOLE

A solution is presented by this sociologist, who is gifted with vision. *Postpaid,* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK
For 1911 Now Ready

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

What Better Gift for Country, Seashore or Ocean Voyage?

A BEGINNER'S STAR-BOOK

An Easy Guide to the Stars and to the Astronomical Uses of the Opera-Glass, the Field-Glass and the Telescope

By KELVIN McKREADY

With Charts of the Moon, Tables of the Planets, and Star-Maps on a New Plan. Including 70 Illustrations. Square 8vo. Net $2.50. *By mail,* $2.75.

"I know of no book on the subject which combines so many good qualities. It is written in simple language with the minimum use of such terms as might puzzle the novice, yet the wide range of subjects covered, and the accuracy of their presentation, ought to make it very valuable to many students who have long passed the elementary stage. I shall recommend it to those who inquire of me for the best book for the amateur."—**Dr. Henry Norris Russell, F.R.A.S., Director of the Observatory, Princeton University.**

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK **LONDON**

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

Books by WOODROW WILSON

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

COSMOPOLITAN COPYRIGHT BUREAU 569 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
SECURES COPYRIGHTS FOR AUTHORS, COMPOSERS, ARTISTS.
Write for Circular 4B

The Nation

Free Library 26 '12
WELLESLEY FREE LIBRARY

VOL. XCV—NO. 2455 THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

JOHN BROWN: A BIOGRAPHY FIFTY YEARS AFTER

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Some Tributes to this Remarkable Historical Work

Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER. "A tremendous book; more thrilling than any book of fiction, powerful in its appeal, and which, while it is written soberly, as befits history, by the very nature of the narrative, often rises to the highest dramatic level."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."

JOHN T. MORSE, Editor American Statesmen Series, in ATLANTIC MONTHLY. "Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume, Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."

HORACE WHITE. "In my judgment a contribution to American literature to take rank with the very best historical writing of our time or any time. The only impartial history of the Kansas war."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY in the Brooklyn EAGLE. "A biography replete with facts and marked by courage and candor, learning and justice."

Portland OREGONIAN. "The most valuable and comprehensive biography issued this season, and the best and most candid estimate of John Brown."

W. E. CONNELLEY in the TOPEKA CAPITAL. "The unprejudiced student and seeker for truth will herald the book as a great contribution to American history."

Des Moines CAPITAL. "More powerful in its appeal, more dramatic than any book of fiction, is this wonderful biography of John Brown."

The NORTH CAROLINA REVIEW. "In this biography Mr. Villard has touched high-water mark. The book is a delight to the reader for many reasons. Full of life and movement, . . . written in an attractive and scholarly style, full of sympathy and yet without any loss in accurate presentation, it sets a new standard for biographical efforts."

Baltimore AMERICAN. "While the book has popular features in that it is entrancingly interesting, its scholarship is of the highest order and its style reminds one a little of Anthony Froude. . . . Mr. Villard has illustrated in this book the finest ideals of literary conception and execution."

London TIMES. "It is scarcely likely that any later writer will be able either to add anything of importance to Mr. Villard's collection of material or to better his interpretation of the whole story. . . . It at once becomes the standard, and probably the final authority on its theme."

Washington (D. C.) STAR. "Mr. Villard draws a compact, vivid, historic picture of the terrible focussing of this period upon our Civil War. Straight and clear in its literary way, this biography is a marvel of research and fair-mindedness."

HENRY WATTERSON in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL. "No fault may justly be found with Mr. Villard's telling of the story. It is minute and lucid, altogether fair and unvarnished."

Burlington (Iowa) HAWKEYE. "It is a book which will take a place in the library of every well established home in this part of the country."

THIRD EDITION

Fully illustrated with portraits and other illustrations. With copious notes and bibliography. $5.00 *net. Postage* 26 *cents.*

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York

DICTIONARIES TO FAMOUS AUTHORS

$3.00 net per volume

A DICKENS DICTIONARY
By ALEXANDER J. PHILIP
A THACKERAY DICTIONARY
By ISADORE G. MUDGE
A DICTIONARY of the WAVERLEY NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
By M. F. A. HUSBAND
A THOMAS HARDY DICTIONARY
with 2 Maps of Wessex
By F. SAXELBY
A KIPLING DICTIONARY
By W. ARTHUR YOUNG

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 West 23d Street NEW YORK

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self-instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32
Send for descriptive matter free.
Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

In order to relieve poverty you must first understand it. The problem is wisely stated in

THE BURDEN OF POVERTY: WHAT TO DO

By CHARLES F. DOLE

A solution is presented by this sociologist, who is gifted with vision. *Postpaid,* 55 *cents.*
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

Books by WOODROW WILSON

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.
Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.
For sale everywhere.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

BUR ING AMA
PUBLIC
LIB.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The Week 45

Editorial Articles:

- Keeping Our Heads 48
- The British Protest 48
- Old-Style Campaign Contributions 49
- Prolonging Life 50
- The Scientific Atmosphere 51
- Personality in Professors 52

Special Articles:

- The Bi-Centenary of Rousseau 53
- American Library Association, at Ottawa, June 26-July 2 54
- News for Bibliophiles 55

Correspondence:

- Terms Needing Definition 55
- Moreau de Saint Méry's Diary 55
- The Pantheon in Rome 58

Literature:

- Body and Mind 58
- The Dewpond 59
- The White Waterfall 60
- The Blue Wall 60
- Modern Wars and War Taxes 60
- Japan of the Japanese 61
- Reform of Legal Procedure 62

Notes 62

Science:

- A Cyclopedia of American Medical Biography 64

Drama and Music 65

Art:

- Beauty and Ugliness 66

Finance:

- Liquidation in the Stock Market 67

Books of the Week 67

---

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

The Western Theological Seminary

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Founded by the General Assembly, 1825.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B.D. Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A. M. and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary. Exceptional library facilities—34,000 volumes. A new dormitory, equipped with latest modern improvements, including dining-room, gymnasium and social hall, is now ready for occupancy. Next term opens Sept. 17, 1912. For information apply to Pres. James A. Kelso, Ph.D., D.D.

*THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME-*School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York, also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students, who wish to cancel College or High School conditions, will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application. THE URSULINE ACADEMY, Middletown, New York.

Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School

Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics, outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3, 1912.

New Jersey, Morristown.

MORRISTOWN SCHOOL

COLLEGE PREPARATORY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Small classes. Individual attention. Partial self government. Large new gymnasium. ALL outdoor sports under expert supervision. Especially healthful location 30 miles from New York. Lower School for Boys of 10 to 14.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

Just Published

STANDARD ENGLISH CLASSICS SERIES

Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics

By **William Peterfield Trent**, Professor of English, and **John Erskine**, Associate Professor of English, Columbia University. **50 cents**

A particularly satisfactory edition for the young student and general reader. It supplies all the literary facts, and indicates all the literary points of view necessary to the enjoyment of the great anthology. The original prefaces and notes are reproduced, and where necessary a brief elucidation is added. Biographical accounts of each writer and of Palgrave have been furnished, and an extended introduction discusses the lyric in general, with particular attention to the lyric as found in this collection.

The publication of Palgrave's Golden Treasury in the Standard English Classics Series indicates an excellent edition at the lowest cost.

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

First Year Algebra

By WEBSTER WELLS, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and WALTER W. HART, of the University of Wisconsin. *Cloth.* 340 *pages.* 90 *cents.*

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Educational

A YEAR OF STUDY IN FRANCE.

School for Americans of both sexes. Near Paris. Individual training. In a French family. Only French spoken. Credit given by Universities of Chicago and Illinois. Exceptional advantages. Address PROF. WILLIAMSON, University of Chicago.

The Briarcliff School for Little Girls

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A.M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by **J. Berg Esenwein**, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors.

2a Park St., Boston
1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.

THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

ESTABLISHED SAN FRANCISCO BROKER

wishes agency for Eastern Mercantile or Manufacturing concern or Capitalist. First class connections in business and in other ways on the Pacific Coast, in Hawaii, and the Orient. Will travel if inducement offers. Box 716, care of *The Nation.*

DICTIONARY OF
Hard Words
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

645 pages. *Cloth* $1.20; postpaid $1.32

George Hempl, *Professor of Filology in Stanford University*, writes:—"I have no hesitation in saying that your *Dictionary of Hard Words* is the best book of its kind."

DODD, MEAD & CO., 443 Fourth Ave., New York

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK
For 1911 Now Ready

SAMPLE COPIES
OF
THE NATION
will be sent to any address for several weeks
WITHOUT CHARGE

The Nation
20 Vesey St., New York City

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1912.

The Week

Senators whose fervent patriotism refuses to let a little thing like a treaty obligation stand in the way of our doing what we like with our Panama Canal, may be brought to soberer thoughts by the consideration that preferential tolls might not pay. It is Senator Root's contention that if this Government should confer toll exemption on American ships, it might, after years, be cited by foreign shipowners before the Hague Tribunal and assessed in enormous damages. It is quite possible to argue, of course, that after putting one treaty into the waste-basket, it would be perfectly easy to refuse to do business with The Hague on any subsequent matter; but no Senator has yet had the hardihood to put the case in these words. What is quite discernible at Washington is a growing disposition to give the question of tolls the serious consideration it demands. With men like Root and Burton against the violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, there will be less disposition on the part of the Western Senators to rush things through with a "Hurrah, boys, what do we care for anybody!" To enact such legislation for the Canal Zone as the immediate situation demands, while leaving the question of tolls for ripe consideration, would seem to be a sensible course of action in the present session of Congress.

Old-line politicians may be confounded but they are no longer surprised at Gov. Wilson's innovations in the conduct of political affairs. They must gasp, however, over the news from Sea Girt that the Democratic candidate will run his campaign for election to the Presidency without the aid of the National Committee. This is, indeed, an experiment in national politics, and decidedly a novelty. Most of Mr. Wilson's essays in opening new paths to a desired goal have been based upon sound knowledge and observation and have attained the end sought. His present plan contemplates what is, roughly speaking, a commission form of government for the national campaign. Mr. William F. McCombs, who directed so ably the Governor's fortunes prior to the nomination at Baltimore, nominally will be the Chairman of the National Committee, but his responsibilities will be shared by an advisory commission made up of such men as Senators O'Gorman and Gore, Representatives Burleson, A. Mitchell Palmer, and Henry, and Democratic Committeemen and others of the type of William G. McAdoo, Davies of Wisconsin, Hudspeth of New Jersey, and Daniels of North Carolina. Other men who represent the same element in the Democratic party may be added. A majority vote of the board will decide all questions arising during the campaign—except when Gov. Wilson has other ideas. The candidate will be, as it is put, "in close touch" with the management.

The question of a successor to Lorimer is interesting in both its legal and its political aspects. The Constitution provides that "if vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies." "Resignation or otherwise" certainly covers expulsion, but the Senate has simply voted that Lorimer was never elected a Senator. No vacancy, therefore, has happened during the recess of the Illinois Legislature. The seat which Lorimer has been tentatively occupying became vacant upon the expiration of Senator Hopkins's term, March 4, 1909, at which time the Illinois Legislature was vainly balloting for a successor. Quay was refused a seat in the Senate after the Governor of Pennsylvania had appointed him, following the adjournment of the Legislature without an election. Those "old Senators" who are of the opinion that Gov. Deneen cannot appoint a colleague to Senator Cullom apparently have the weight of precedent to sustain them. Quay, it is true, held on to his supporters at Harrisburg, and in the end returned to Washington with an unquestionable title. Lorimer may be able to obtain reelection to the House from a subservient district, but it would be political suicide for Illinois legislators to send him back to the Senate, as it has been already for many of those who voted for him three years ago.

The vote by which the House on Thursday of last week sanctioned impeachment proceedings against Judge Archbald, stood 222 to 1. The solitary Congressman voted as he did because Judge Archbald is his constituent. Here is another manifestation of that peculiarly local interpretation of the moral law which goes among us under the foolish name of loyalty. When a convicted practitioner of high finance leaves jail and revisits his native town, the populace turns out with a brass band and engrossed resolutions of confidence, and the school children are brought forth in their holiday clothes to do honor to the man who gives the lie to all their copy-books and catechisms. There is loyalty and loyalty. A man's neighbors should be the last to turn against him; but it is sheer idiocy, or worse, to close one's eyes to evidence and the moral law just because the man lives around the corner or has given a library building to his native town. The Pennsylvania Congressman who voted for Archbald probably thinks he did the most natural thing in the world in standing by his constituent, whereas he should have been among the first to demand that his constituency and his State be cleansed from the disgrace of an unjust judge upon the bench. Only the prophet has a hard time in his own valley. The discredited financier and the crooked politician are always sure to be "vindicated" by their neighbors.

The Colonel's disapproval has fallen on Boss Flinn's scheme for an identical set of electors on the Taft and Roosevelt tickets in Pennsylvania, the total electoral vote of the State to be cast for the ticket receiving the larger number of votes at the polls. Several reasons occur why Oyster Bay should dislike the plan. An identical set of electors would give the election the character of a second primary between Roosevelt and Taft as members of the same party. In view of the Colonel's passionate desire for Democratic votes, that would be a dangerous experiment to make. It is well enough to be a Republican in a State where, by so doing, Mr. Taft can be forced out of the party and compelled to run on a ticket nominated by petition. That means punishing the devil and not compromising with him. In the second place, there is no telling what may happen on election day. Closer to the heart of Pennsylvania Republicans than either Roosevelt or Taft, is Protection. Woodrow Wilson running on a radical tariff-reduction platform is a peril which will drive the protectionists to consider which man, Taft or Roosevelt, has the better chance against the Democrats. The progress of the third-party movement throughout the country does not augur a Roosevelt triumph. Pennsylvania Republicans may, at the last moment, decide that the chances are, after all, better with Taft.

La Follette's latest attack upon Roosevelt is the most smashing he has yet made. Coming from any source it would be damaging, so formidable are the facts it arrays, and coming from the pioneer Progressive, who held the true faith when Roosevelt scorned it, it is peculiarly deadly. The Wisconsin Senator retorts upon the Colonel his charge of "fraud" at Chicago with terrible effect, showing that no one was more ready and anxious than he was to "steal" delegates. But perhaps the most destructive part of La Follette's arraignment is that in which he shows that Mr. Roosevelt deliberately sacrificed the Progressive cause to his personal ambition. Comparing his selfish attitude at Chicago with Bryan's course at Baltimore, to the infinite moral disadvantage of the Colonel, is the last stroke of the Senator from Wisconsin, and one that Oyster Bay must regard as wickedly insulting. The question is how long will the Colonel endure these repeated assaults of La Follette without replying? Has he suddenly abandoned his proud boast that nobody can hit him without getting a ruder buffet in return? The fact that Mr. Roosevelt has deeply wronged La Follette surely will not restrain him from following up betrayal with abuse.

When the Governor of a State incites to lynch murder and mob rule, as Blease of South Carolina has done repeatedly, it must be out of the conviction that the supremacy of the white race and the maintenance of our civilization demand the suppression of the lawless and vicious black man. If at times Blease's temper has given suggestion of insanity, and his language has run strong with the vocabulary of the gutter, much must be forgiven the man who stood for the moral integrity of our institutions. To bring charges of graft and official misconduct against the Galahad of South Carolina, to accuse him of trading in pardons and exacting tribute from illegal rum shops, as several witnesses have done before an investigating committee of the South Carolina Legislature, is to put a terrible strain on a man's self-control. Certainly, the self-appointed champion of South Carolina's manhood is not the one to remain quiet. So he proceeds to vindicate the superiority of a civilization of which he is the fair flower in such terms:

> His statements at Augusta are false, and the cowardly little puppy knows it. . . . I defied the Supreme Court, and Judge Jones got mad and ran down off the bench and called to his wife to bring him his biggest razor, and he shaved the feathers off his legs and jumped into the ring.

It must be a very mistaken friend of the negro, indeed, who would want to see the colored people of the South raise themselves to the moral and intellectual level of a Blease.

It would be just like the enemies of the people now ensconced in the United States Senate to pass the bill for publicity of expenditures in connection with nominating campaigns for the office of President and Vice-President. The bill was passed by the lower house ten weeks ago, and has since been held up in the Senate Judiciary Committee. If the bill should become law, say, on August 4, it would not affect the Chicago or the Baltimore Convention already held, but it would apply to the convention that is to assemble at Chicago on August 5. Thus one of Mr. La Follette's fondest hopes would be realized, and the exact measure of George W. Perkins's love for the common people would be ascertained. La Follette has here developed a pretty little moral issue of his own. He supplements the Colonel's "Thou shalt not steal" with the commandment, "Thou shalt not take money" from the Harvester Trust, or from the Steel Trust, or from William Flinn, or from Timothy Woodruff.

Two words that regularly come forward in the newspaper columns with every renewal of the Olympic Games are "olympiad," used in a wrong sense, and "decadence." Time may teach the world the correct use of the term "olympiad," but we cannot foresee an Olympic celebration that will not call forth solemn editorial discussion of the decadence of every nation that has not carried off so many firsts in the Stadium. England, of course, is the chief sufferer from that special form of self-analysis. In England, they take decadence with their breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Has Britain's manhood lost its taste and capacity for virile sports? What has really happened is that Britain's monopoly in certain sports has been broken. The other nations have taken up her games and learned how to win at them. We did it first in this country, and with our more extensive resources, soon learned to beat the English in their own field. The Europeans are now taking up the games, with the result that our victory at Stockholm has been by no means so emphatic as our victories in the earlier Olympics. But that is not because Britain has been decaying, or because we are in danger of decay.

After every golf tournament, such as took place at Apawamis last week, in which both amateurs and professionals compete, philosophers of the game find themselves asking what are the real reasons for the superiority of the professionals. Rough and ready answers are unconvincing. It will not do to say that professionals are better players simply because they are paid to be. Nor can it be maintained that they outplay amateurs because they are more seasoned, or keep more steadily in practice, or engage oftener in competition. There are amateurs and amateurs. Some of them are as veteran at golf, and are as often on the links as any professional, and surely take part in more tournaments. There are amateurs who drive as long a ball as professionals; others who play their iron shots as far and straight; others who are the equal of any professional on the putting greens. Why, then, do the best of them never quite rank up to the most skilful professionals? It is a question which has been earnestly debated in England; and the answer arrived at there would doubtless hold for this country. It is that, on the whole, the playing of the professional golfer is more even than his amateur brother. All clubs look alike to him. In the hardest stroke and the most delicate touch he is equally at home. Bad lies do not discomfit him. Out of the long grass or from the sand, he will play with the utmost confidence and sureness. Moreover, the top-notch professional is deadly straight in his shots. It is said that a map of the course of the ball of Ray, who won the open championship, would show that it went over the Muirfield links almost exactly as the crow flies. Long hitting, straight shooting, accurate approaching, deadly putting, nerves that no misfortune can unsettle—these are the high qualifications of the golfer, and the professional excels by uniting them better than the amateur.

Monday was the date for the English workingman's insurance act to go into effect. No law has been so bitterly attacked and even execrated, before going into operation, though even its fiercest antagonists have been forced to approve the "principle" of the legislation. The House of Lords accepted it without serious demur. But details of the bill have been assailed as grossly unfair and onerous, and there has been a vast deal of wild talk about meeting it with passive resistance. This was foolishly encouraged by the Unionist leaders, who thought in that way to embarrass the Government and possibly to bring about a postponement of the operative date of the bill. "You will never be able to carry out this act," has been a frequent taunt, in the House of Commons as well as in the Tory press. But as the day drew near for the law to be enforced, the Conservatives became alarmed at the spirit of lawlessness which they themselves had done so much to provoke, and began to call upon their followers not to attempt to withstand an act of Parliament. The case was well put by the veteran Unionist, Prof. A. V. Dicey of Oxford, who wrote to the London *Times:*

> Allow me to join as briefly and emphatically as I can in Mr. Lyttelton's protest against any attempt to resist by any illegal means the operation of the National Insurance act. I hold with him that the act is in many of its provisions almost intolerable, and may prove unworkable. I am also convinced that occasions may arise—though they are very rare—where resistance to the law of the land may become a duty. No such occasion has as yet arisen. Employers and servants will injure a good cause if, instead of insisting on the amendment of the act, they use rash language which implies an intention to break the law. We have had far too much lately of both passive and active resistance to the just authority of the state, and this resistance has in some instances met with the tolerance, if not with the encouragement, of men in power.

London has been having one manifestation of Imperialism which is both new and striking. It is a Congress of all the Universities of the British Empire. The desirability of summoning such a gathering was suggested two years ago by the Principal of the University of London, and it was fittingly at that institution that Lord Rosebery, as Chancellor, bade the delegates welcome. More than fifty universities were represented. The great expansion of higher education which this means was dwelt upon by Lord Rosebery. He said that if such a congress had been held in 1830, and had been purely English, "it would have been an interesting, private, and confidential meeting of two representatives." If it had been British, Scotland would have added four more. If it had been Imperial, it would have taken in merely Dublin and McGill. But to-day fifty-three men come from all parts of the Empire. Even in England proper, no less than five universities have been founded within the past twelve years; and with them Sydney and Calcutta, Saskatchewan and the Cape, are joining hands. Lord Rosebery put the weighty significance of the marvellous development in the following question: "May we not believe that had Daniel Webster lived to deliver his famous eulogy on the British Empire—in a small space the most eloquent that has ever been delivered, and that by an American statesman—would he not have been able to add to his famous figure of the universal drumbeat of the Empire, that it was now belted round with Universities?"

The Italian Government is not altogether pleased with the optimism of the Italian press concerning the progress of the war. One of the best known of the war correspondents, Signor Cipolla, has been outlining in his paper, the *Stampa*, a plan for forcing the Dardanelles and attacking Constantinople by means of airships now being built in Milan and elsewhere. A telegram by a correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, commenting on this fantastic plan, has been confiscated by the Roman censor on the ground that "it reproduces the opinions of Arnaldo Cipolla as to the manner in which Italy can most rapidly finish the war with Turkey." In its own way, however, the Government continues to furnish the papers with comments on the war. Thus there appears in the *Popolo Romano* an inspired article on Turkish and Italian finances, which presents the latter in a very rosy light. While Turkey is said to be on the verge of bankruptcy, the economic conditions of Italy are described as being wonderfully sound. The Italian budget at the close of June is said to show a surplus of 60,000,000 lire, and the balance of trade an increase, however slight, in exports as against an insignificant decrease in imports. In any case, the article states, an appeal to Italian capital would show that the country is sound not only as to its military organization, but that "the national spirit and the general administrative capacity are rising to the occasion." This is at least good Governmental whistling to keep up courage.

The failure of the Chinese loan negotiations after so much fuss and worry is not to be ascribed entirely to the action of the Chinese Government. It is true that the authorities at Peking were compelled to take cognizance of the objection raised by the patriotic element in the provinces against the incurring of any further foreign liens on China's right to manage her own affairs. It is a continuance of the old anti-foreign spirit which took form, half a dozen years ago, against foreign railway enterprise in the Empire. But while the leaders of provincial opinion have succeeded in blocking the building of railways by European capital, they have not been eminently successful in building up railways for China through native enterprise. Nevertheless, the central Government might have known how to conciliate local sentiment if, on the side of the creditor Powers, it had not been made pretty plain that Japan and Russia were not in hearty coöperation with their partners. Under the circumstances, the Government has apparently decided that a waiting game offered the smaller risk.

KEEPING OUR HEADS.

In a time of political confusion like the present, warning and despondent voices always make themselves heard. They do to-day. A Senator of conceded ability gives a dinner to colleagues in Washington and solemnly addresses them on the coming of a French Revolution in this country. More than one foreign observer thinks he sees the United States approaching the crack of doom. Many Americans, who do not go so far as that, and who certainly cannot be called hysterical alarmists, yet confess to a feeling that their country is, as it were, getting away from them. They do not understand it as they once thought they did. Forces have been let loose which they admit that they cannot measure. As men exceedingly puzzled, if not frightened, they point to the manifest and manifold signs of political and social unrest, and to the exacerbations of passion among great multitudes, and ask whereunto all this tends. Old American optimism is abated, just as the old boastfulness is less clamorous. The least observant and thoughtful perceive that we are in a period of break-up, and are not a little anxious as to what the end may be.

This attitude is not to be condemned out of hand. There is no use in maintaining that it is fine weather when everybody can see that it is raining cats and dogs. It is a movement as wide as the world, in which the United States is sharing, and we have our duties in connection with it. But the duty of keeping our heads is one of the first of these. We are bound to make sure of our facts before allowing the facts to fill us with gloom. Apprehension may be justified, but there is no class of citizens more futile than the "too-quick despairers." On this point, our cheerful and sagacious philosopher, Mr. Dooley, takes up the parable with the ordinary man's common sense, and says:

> It ain't a bad Government, mind ye. I ain't got money enough to despair iv th' Republic ivry time Bill Bryan makes a speech. I've niver despaired iv th' Republic. Th' Republic may despair iv me, but not me iv it. Whin I think iv th' things I have done to th' Republic with me vote, an' th' things th' Republic has done f'r me, I can't honestly say I've got anny right to go ar-round despairing iv it. Annyhow, it won't do anny good.

To turn from one counsellor in a troubled time to another, we may refer to the address which John Morley recently made to the students of Manchester University. It was a cool and philosophic survey of the manifestations of democracy in our own day. It dealt chiefly with the course of things political in England. If we have our troubles, most Englishmen would say that ours are but flea-bites compared with theirs. The impending "last days of the Roman Republic" and the speedy coming of a French Revolution, September massacres and all, are much more a staple of British political prediction than with us. But Lord Morley, bringing old experience and the widest outlook upon the modern world to his task, while minimizing no evil force and pooh-poohing no real danger, made a notable plea for calmness and patience. He is for a careful verifying of our premises. "Before losing heart, let us be sure that our political arithmetic and algebra are right." It is easy to ignore or mistake a crisis, but it is still easier to paint it blacker than it really is. Lord Morley's chief advice was to be cautious. We are to apply the scientific method even to whirling political excitements: not to lift hands in amaze or horror at the ardent spirits of a stirring age, but to endeavor to find out exactly what they signify; not to be too severe on illusions which, however generous, are illusions still, but to study and profit by them; and, in general, to see the situation steadily, and see it whole, as men who are not without sympathies and even strong preferences, yet who, as students of what is going on, insist upon making a cool induction.

It is reassuring to note that Americans are, as a whole, taking a much saner view of their affairs than they seemed to be doing a month ago. Then there was a pretty common feeling that we might be on the edge of a smash. Politics seemed to be wholly out of hand and running wild. But little by little the people have come to see that the disasters befalling a political party do not necessarily affect the peace and safety of the nation. They have begun to take more calmly the excited outcries of an angry and baffled politician, to the effect that the country is facing a more perilous crisis than any which it has confronted since the Civil War. The crisis exists, to be sure, but we can see that it is largely one in this man's political fortunes. There is an undoubted danger, but it is mainly that he will be thwarted and discredited. The nation has had time to look around, and it is visibly growing more composed in its mind. If one party is divided and distracted, it sees that the other is united and marching forward under an inspiring leadership. Government by party will not break down simply because one party has temporarily broken down. And our ancient humor is also coming to the rescue. The country simply cannot take the Colonel so seriously as he takes himself. Ability to laugh at a man who makes himself ridiculous is one sign of recovered coolness, and it is now to be seen on every hand. This will go on. The country is not so mad as some of those who seem to have been striving to infect it with their own mania, and is daily giving new evidence that it proposes to keep its head and go about its business.

THE BRITISH PROTEST.

News that the British Embassy had sent a note to our State Department, asking that the Panama bill be not passed until a formal representation, now on its way, from the British Government could be given attention, greatly stirred the pure minds of Senators in Washington. Here was an offensive meddling by foreigners in a matter of strictly domestic legislation. If Congress desires to make the Panama Canal free to American ships, what concern is that of England's? Cannot we do what we will with our own? If we choose to enact a law that no ship owned by a railway shall navigate the Canal, that is our own affair. If the Canadian Pacific Railroad is hurt by such a provision, that is its misfortune, not our fault. And if the English think that Congress will wait to hear from them before passing such measures as it pleases, they will speedily find that they are mightily mistaken. The bill might not have gone through on its merits, but, by Jingo, if any foreign nation requests us not to hurry it up, we'll pass it in a jiffy just to show that we cannot be bluffed. Thus speaks Buncombe County at Washington.

We may be sure, however, that the Secretary of State and the President and serious-minded Congressmen will not be inclined thus lightly to toss the matter off. A weighty affair of state is involved. Our national good faith in living up to the obligations of a treaty is called in question. It will never do to say that the Panama Canal is our own property and that we can do what we like with it. It is ours, indeed, but it is impressed with a lien, in the shape of a solemn national pledge, which we gave at the time of acquiring the right to an exclusive control of its operation. In the way of that, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stood as an obstacle. Specifically to "remove any objection which may arise" out of that treaty to "the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States," the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was negotiated in 1901, ratified and proclaimed in 1902. It is now printed by our Government in the volume of "treaties in force." Another recognition of its binding nature was made in our treaty with the bogus Republic of Panama, of which Article XVIII provided that the Canal should be opened and operated "in conformity with all the stipulations" of the treaty with Great Britain. Now, those "stipulations" were made for a purpose. England got something for waiving her rights under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. What did she get? She got a promise of neutralization. She got also this specific pledge:

> The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these Rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

That pledge, in both its spirit and its letter, the pending Panama bill proposes coolly to break. It would do it by allowing American vessels to pass through the Canal free of tolls, while charging them upon all other ships. This is the Congressional idea of "entire equality" and "no discrimination"! The glaring bad faith of this has been repeatedly pointed out, both in and out of Congress. But it has been replied, triumphantly: "There cannot be any force in your argument, otherwise England would have objected. Our treaty is with her, and if, as you say, the Panama bill is in violation of it, why haven't we had a British protest? Are you more careful of English rights than the English Government is?" Of course, the law and morals of the case did not depend upon any action or non-action by England. There stood the plain words of the treaty. On the other hand, there stood the bill, absolutely irreconcilable with them. That was enough for any man jealous for the honor of his nation. But if any were so insensitive on that subject as to need a pricking from the outside, the announced British protest comes to furnish it. Those who thought it so clever to sneak a disguised ship-subsidy into the Panama bill, are now awake to the fact that they are surely bringing on an international complication. They are forcing a reference of the dispute to an impartial tribunal which would be certain to decide as emphatically against this country as the Paris Arbitration Court did against our exclusive claims in Bering Sea.

The terms of the protest which England is to make are as yet made known only in outline. No Government could tamely sit by and see the rights of its subjects impaired by the action of another country, especially when those rights are guaranteed by special treaty, without making a vigorous objection. It is said that England ought to wait till the bill is actually passed; that her protest is of no force against a measure not yet made law. But it is clear that, if she were carefully preparing a case to submit to The Hague, she would make her position stronger by showing that she had taken the earliest occasion to remind the Washington Government of her intention to assert her rights under the treaty. We can only regard the step now taken as timely and wholesome. The evasion proposed by the bill has been passed over too nonchalantly. Now we know that the nation's honor and the nation's duty are touched. We see the danger of trying to drive a subsidy coach-and-four through a precisely worded treaty. If such a thing could be done, American faith would get as bad a name as Punic. No boasting and no protestations of good motives would avail, for we should have placed this country in a situation like that described by John Quincy Adams in his "Diary": "Any effort on our part to reason the world out of a belief that we are ambitious will have no other effect than to convince them that we add to our ambition hypocrisy."

OLD-STYLE CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

The committee of the Senate inquiring into the campaign contributions of 1904 has so far dug up little but ignorance and forgetfulness. Chairman Taggart, for the Democrats, could remember very few details, and last week Mr. Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee, explained that he knew about the money matters of the campaign only in the most casual way. He was chiefly concerned with other things. When Mr. Taggart calmly stated that the books of the Democratic Committee of 1904 had been burned, there was a joyous flutter among Republican newspapers. Aha, so there was something to cover up! But Mr. Cortelyou informed the Senate Committee that Treasurer Bliss had destroyed all the Republican books and vouchers also. So dishonors are easy. Now, the burning of books may be a sign of repentance, as well as a symptom of fright and a tacit confession that certain transactions will not bear the light of day. It is recorded that, as a consequence of the preaching of the Apostle, "many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them." But they did this "before all men," not secretly. Whether our practitioners of "curious arts" in politics were stricken with remorse when they burned their books, we cannot say, but it is a satisfaction to know that publicity-laws have made it impossible for them to go back to the old methods, even if they desire to. It is, in a sense, an antiquarian investigation that the Senate is making.

Chairman Cortelyou made a frank enough appearance and told a story that sounds straight. But it was confessedly incomplete. He knew, or thought he knew, the "demnition total" of contributions, but was quite unaware of where many of the largest items came from. For example, he stated that he did not know until later that the big life-insurance companies had been assessed for $50,000 each. This was suspected at the time, but the fact was not established until Mr. Hughes brought it out in the insurance investigation. Other corporations, as Mr. Cortelyou frankly stated, were asked to contribute to the Roosevelt corruption fund. He did not, of course, give it that name, but the "practical" men like Harriman who were then putting up the cash, had no illusions about what was done with the money. They spoke bluntly of the effect of spending $50 in each election district, which Harriman said would be sufficient to "turn" 50,000 votes in New York city alone. And when Mr. Cortelyou testifies that "from $650,000 to $700,-

000" was sent to doubtful States, it is not easy to believe that all of this great sum went to "speakers" and "literature."

In round figures, the National Committee had the handling of $1,900,000 to elect Roosevelt. This, at least, is all that Mr. Cortelyou knows to have been raised. It does not follow that more was not spent. There are many ways of collecting and expending campaign money behind the back of the official treasurer. Separate contributions to State Committees did not appear in the accounts of the National Committee. Individual large givers may not have let their left hand (the Committee) know what their right hand (an expert buyer of votes) did. This is what makes us always a bit suspicious of the published totals. The Republican campaign of 1896, for example, was no doubt the most lavishly financed of any in our political history. It has been stated by one who ought to know that no less than $7,000,000 was raised to defeat Mr. Bryan. Yet Mr. Croly, the biographer of Mark Hanna, who had access to all of that statesman's papers, puts the total at about one-third of that sum. This may be all that the books would show—just as $1,900,000 may be all that was of record in the Roosevelt campaign—yet a great deal more may have been collected and quietly placed where it would do the most good.

In calling the Senate inquiry one into far-off, forgotten, and unhappy things of long ago, we do not mean to imply that it does not serve a useful purpose. It is well to run down rumors of corruption; to discover what is the underlying or attainable evidence for persistent scandal; and to set forth the vices of the old way as a fresh argument for the new. It is not only corrupt-practices acts and laws forbidding corporations to make any political contributions whatever—along with the compulsory publication of subscriptions—that have brought about the change. The great change had first been wrought in public sentiment about all this business. There had come to be a mounting disgust with the ancient system of secret alliances between politicians and rich men and powerful corporations. The thing was felt to be neither fair nor safe. It was seen that it led straight to debauched elections and purchased legislation. Frying the fat out of manufacturers in return for guaranteeing them the right to levy tariff taxes for their own benefit, was all one with the practice of bleeding corporations with the promise of looking after their interests in the Legislature and in Congress. The demand that this plan be ended had become so imperative that both our law-makers and our campaign managers had to give heed to it. We shall see no more of these huge funds gathered in secret and laid out with corrupting effect, if not with a corrupt purpose. Presidential campaigns under the new order will be both cheaper and cleaner. The Senate committee is giving us horrible examples of the thing that was but is no longer to be. Here is a form of real progress that has not been made loathsome by anybody's selfishly annexing it and labelling it as his exclusive brand of "Progressivism."

PROLONGING LIFE.

Professor Metchnikoff has begged the reporters not to speak of him as a Mephistopheles, or of his latest discovery as the elixir of eternal life. Alas, it becomes evident only too soon that the now celebrated glycobacter is not the magic remedy after which the heart of man has lusted. The great scientist has sought for years a weapon against Time, and the hardening of the arteries. He has studied the way of the lactic bacillus. He has gone to the dog and considered his intestines, and the only wisdom he has gained is that the injection of the "sugar bacillus" into the human system will stave off the advance of old age, provided—and there's the rub; there always is a very important, very onerous "provided" to be dealt with.

> If I should suddenly die to-morrow, says Professor Metchnikoff, it would not disprove my theories, because I began late in life. But the man who has barely reached middle life might very properly begin with every hope of arriving at the best results.

At the beginning of middle life to begin preparations for old age! At forty to begin shaping one's conduct so that one may live to be a hundred! No, this is not Cagliostro's elixir, of which a drop sends new fire through shrunken veins and rears upright the collapsing frame. It is simply a restatement in specific terms of the old belief that eternal vigilance is the price of anything really worth preserving, life like everything else.

Under these conditions the secret of long life has never been withheld from the knowledge of man. The author of Proverbs long ago had hit upon numerous ways of postponing the ravages of arterio-sclerosis. The pursuit of wisdom will do it. Fear of the Lord will do it. Submission to reproof will do it. The practice of mercy will do it. This is not putting the case in biological terms; but the highest biology to-day recognizes the existence of the spiritual factor. "The certain element on which the Russian savant has counted," says one writer of Professor Metchnikoff, "must not be overlooked—the suggestion or moral impression which stimulates the organism. Sufferers from old age will receive with the glycobacters some excellent advice on regimen and digestive education, and the aged will find themselves doing excellently." Here is the basis for a real understanding between the wisdom of Pasteur and the wisdom of Proverbs. King Solomon will readily meet Professor Metchnikoff halfway. A diet of sour milk plus the practice of charity; glycobacters reinforced by keeping the mind on high ideals; abstention from excessive use of meat going hand in hand with abstention from evil thoughts—there is every opportunity here for the synthetic production of a really efficacious specific against old age. But always there is presupposed a patient spirit and long practice. The pursuit of wisdom and the cultivation of the lactic bacillus must really begin at the beginning of adult life.

Are men willing to have long life on these terms? That is the difficulty which confronts the Parisian biologist, as it did the wise king of the Jews. In small things, as in great, men will rarely sacrifice the self-indulgence of the moment for their own personal good. Not with the certain guarantee of life indefinitely prolonged will the ordinary man consent to listen unfailingly to the dictates of wisdom or never to omit his daily bottle of fermented milk. It has been so in the past, when, theoretically, everybody admitted that long life is a blessing. It is still more true to-day, when old age seldom presents itself to the mind as an end to be worked for. The pleasure-lover's maxim of a short life and a merry one has, in more philosophic times, become the underlying motive of modern existence. We lay stress now on the intensity of life rather than on its duration. A higher productivity, a higher capacity for enjoyment, a more vivid realization of the self while consciousness endures—that is the essence of the modern outlook upon life. Professor Metchnikoff would please his generation more by isolating the bacillus of energy rather than the bacillus of long life. Most of us would not know what to do with a hundred years' time on our hands. Most of us feel no enthusiasm at the prospect of a world of centenarians. A world in which people were so slow to die would destroy Lloyd George's budgets by heaping up the expenditures on old-age pensions and cutting heavily into the inheritance tax. In times like ours, when the duration of social philosophies and artistic theories is measured by single years and months almost, to live a hundred years would be to follow up forty years of excitement with sixty years of headache.

No, the world to-day is not interested in the prolongation of life. It would not be willing to pay the price if the thing were absolutely to be had. A small, old-fashioned minority there may be to whom a protracted healthy old age will appeal. From them, Professor Metchnikoff's glycobacters and lactic bacillus will receive respectful consideration. But even with them, as we have said, the mere biological specific will not suffice. Before men will attain their centenaries in considerable numbers, some scientist will have to inoculate them with the bacillus of patient labor, of simple ideas, and of placid emotions.

THE SCIENTIFIC ATMOSPHERE.

At the unveiling of the statue to Lord Bacon in front of Gray's Inn on June 27, Mr. Balfour was chosen to make the address. There could not have been a happier selection, especially if Bacon's importance in the history of thought was to be dwelt upon. And that is undoubtedly his true carrying power. Bacon the lawyer, the statesman, even Bacon the writer of great English prose, is not of so much significance to-day as Bacon the philosopher. And of him in that capacity no one is better qualified to utter the just word than Mr. Balfour. Neither a vulgarizer nor a mere panegyrist, he is able to seize upon the essential thing in the Baconian philosophy, and to show what it meant in the seventeenth century and has increasingly meant down to our own day.

Mr. Balfour made rather short work of the theory that Bacon, by the invention of the observational and inductive method, put an instrument in the hands of mankind by which the world was able to press on to one scientific discovery after another. "I do not believe," said Mr. Balfour, "that any man has been taught to reason by studying the syllogisms, and I am quite sure no man has ever been taught to discover by studying the inductive method." Whatever Bacon himself may have fancied about the matter, he did not, in fact, devise a machine for scientific discovery. Yet his philosophic writings did bring about a great change in the world's thinking; but it was more a change of attitude than of method. The fashion had been to neglect or scorn the external world, and to engage in merely verbal disputes. Bacon exemplified and taught the patient and child-like attitude before nature—the humble and prolonged inquiry, the repeated experiment, the docility and yet the eagerness of the learner—which is of the essence of what we have come to call the scientific mind. This, declared Mr. Balfour, was the real glory and distinction of Lord Bacon. "He created the atmosphere in which scientific discovery flourishes." Thus his true rank is that of a seer. He was not a great investigator, but he put thousands of investigators on the right track. The full results were slow in coming. On this point Mr. Balfour said:

> Though dates cannot be fixed, I believe it will be found that it is relatively recently, say within the last three or four generations, that industry has really been the child of scientific discovery. Great scientific discoveries were made by Bacon's contemporaries, by his immediate successors, in every generation which has followed, but the application of scientific principles to the augmentation of man's power over nature is, I believe, relatively speaking, of quite recent growth. You may find examples here and there, but, broadly speaking. I would ask anybody to cast his eye over the history of discovery in such arts as those of medicine, in the general progress of industrial and agricultural discovery, and I believe he will come to the conclusion forced upon my mind, which is that the effect which science has had and is now having, and in increasing measure is predestined to have, upon the course of this world, did not declare itself in unmistakable letters until a century and a half or two centuries had passed since the death of the great man whose name is associated with the philosophy of induction.

However it came to us, and whoever contributed most to the gift, the world is now in possession of the scientific mind. To-day we have the great company of thinkers and investigators round the globe devoting themselves to the refinements of research into nature. Science has been internationalized. What one worker discovers is instantly made known, in a kind of scientific free-masonry, to investigators everywhere. Coöperation in science is increasingly efficient. One discovery prompts another, and each new triumph of man over the forces of nature—each new conquest of disease, each advance in the amelioration of the conditions under which men must live and work—is the signal for another. If this spirit of enthusiastic and banded effort to improve the estate of man can only in part be traced back to the initiative of Lord Bacon it is fame enough for him.

We have heard a good deal in recent years of the "bankruptcy" of science. It is only a "message of despair," we are told, that star-eyed science wafts back to those who are craving answers to the deepest problems of the human soul, of life and of death. There is some truth in the complaint. Science is modest, but men of science are sometimes guilty of overweening vanity. They have occasionally gone upon the assumption that nothing lies deeper than the probe of chemic test, that instruments of scientific precision will enable us to say exactly what man is and what God is. But that is only to rouse hopes certain to be frustrated. The attempt in our own day to "prove" immortality scientifically, is but an instance of what will happen when science forgets to be truly scientific. It gives science a black eye at the same time that it upsets the equilibrium of many weak brains. Science, too, must stick to its last. But within its necessary limits, it is continually attacking and solving problems that lie close to the well-being of humanity. Nor can any one truthfully assert that its ardor and hopefulness have been quenched. Scientific ideals were never so high in the hearts of students as they are to-day, nor did the great tasks still before scientific investigation ever more powerfully appeal to devoted workers for the good of their kind. Only consider, for example, the zeal with which skilled inquirers in all countries are giving the most laborious research to the cause and cure of cancer. Never were there more indefatigable and, withal, more enthusiastic investigators. Give us time, they say, and we will grapple with and overcome this terrible disease. It is not only the desire to benefit humanity that keeps them unflagging in endeavor. They are buoyed up also by their profound conviction that the scientific mind is bound to win. The very air they breathe is filled with the hope that science has yet wonderful improvements to make in the lot of man, and that true scientific method is certain to go on, conquering and to conquer.

PERSONALITY IN PROFESSORS.

The outstanding superiority of the German to the American professor, according to one of our distinguished visitors from Berlin, is in his rich and independent *Persönlichkeit*. The American educator at his best is not without a certain dry intellectual vivacity and specialized efficiency, but he lacks the breadth of beam, the exuberant and contagious enthusiasm, and the spiritual intrepidity that mark his Teutonic colleague. He occupies his chair with something too much of official preciseness; his voice has a hard professional twang; he deals himself out sparingly in social intercourse, like a commodity that may soon be exhausted. This unflattering foreign opinion of the American professorate seems to be seconded, with a difference, by Mr. Charles Warren in his "Plea for Personality in Professors," published in a recent issue of the *Harvard Advocate*. He would agree that our professors are not what they ought to be; but he insists further that they are not what they were—they have fallen from a former state of grace. At Harvard, for example, the great generation of the Childs and Nortons and Shalers is passing away, and the mantle of education has descended to unequal shoulders—to men of good training and some parts, no doubt, yet without the girth and stature of the elder day and the amplitude of personal power.

The proposition is obviously incapable of demonstration, and should be taken with a liberal allowance of salt. We all know that every graduate who returns to his alma mater after an absence of twenty or thirty years—Mr. Warren is of the class of 1889—is struck by the removal of ancient landmarks and the vanishing of the old familiar faces, and is prone to declare that things have degenerated since his day. We all know how the elder alumni stroll through the Yard or campus and exclaim at the growth of luxury among the younger generation: "The old college was a group of teachers; the new college is a group of buildings." "Steam heat in the old dormitory, and bathroom for every suite! We used to split our own kindlings and wash under the pump. I remember how my roommate used to duck his head under the spout in December, and call out, 'Come on, boys, this is what makes character.'" We know, too, the inevitable turn the conversation takes at the reunion banquet. "Well, there's been a great change since our time, and I'm afraid it's not entirely for the better." "Not a bad address the new president gave us, but he is not the man his predecessor was." "No; and with old Wells gone and Smith and Huntington and Jones, and Stone and Walworth retiring, it's not the same place at all." "Not at all. I called on Stone to-day, and he says the outlook is very gloomy; they can't find suitable men to fill the vacancies. These young fellows are cast in another mould; they aren't of the calibre of Wells and Smith." "Old Wells was a *character*, though, wasn't he?" "But he did put us through our paces, and you couldn't get around him." "Old Wells was a war horse, but he meant business, and I don't believe there are many like him in the new brood."

When all deductions are made for the glamour of reminiscence, there is undoubtedly a substantial basis for the discontent of the old graduate and the pointed criticism of Mr. Warren. "Old Wells," though something of a Doctor Busby, was a thoroughgoing teacher, the terror and delight of the classroom. He touched a vital spot in every student who sat under him. He spoke as one clothed with authority, and his *obiter dicta* were passed on by tradition. He furnished his disciples with a constant measure of the difference between a callow adolescent and a formed and purposeful man in a world of men; and he taught them to prize with Montaigne "a strong and manly familiarity and converse, a friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communications." His great prestige on the faculty and in the community he held in his own right and not as a loan from the institution which employed him. So far as we knew, he had not a drop of German blood in his veins; yet he was a big and permanently impressive personality. Now, "Old Wells" as a type of the undergraduate college teacher is fast passing away. Apparently, he is passing away for the economic reason that there is no demand for him on the part of the administrators. Other virtues than effective teaching and strength of personality seem now to be at a premium; and we agree with Mr. Warren that it is time to be harking back to something that we have lost.

Probably nearly every one will admit that the spot where our educational institutions have suffered most deterioration from loss of vital personalities is at the heart of them—in the colleges of liberal arts. Among the various reasons which may be brought forward to account for this decline, two stand out conspicuously: First, administrators during the past generation have directed a large proportion of their energy and their funds towards advancing the graduate and professional schools. Inevitably, the attraction of pecuniary reward and scholarly distinction has drawn the more ambitious men into professional and graduate work, where successful research rather than teaching-effectiveness is the desideratum. Presidents protest that the exceptional undergraduate teacher is as precious to them as the exceptional researcher; but they open their purse-strings to the investigator; and every one who hears university club gossip is familiar with the contemptuous "He's well enough for an undergraduate teacher." The second reason for the decline is that the attendance at the universities has multiplied faster than the endowments. As a consequence, vast classes of 500 to 1,000 are vaguely lectured at by wholesale, or cut up into small sections and turned over to a battalion of teething assistants and instructors, who are not infrequently far below the level of the average high-school teacher in personality and in general intelligence. Between the graduate school above, with its emphasis upon investigation, and the "slave-labor" below, with its characterless semi-tutorial function, the high calling of the teacher is belittled, and the field tends to be left to somewhat weak-kneed Laodiceans. Drop "Old Wells" among them, and they would retreat like rabbits from the presence of a man. The protest against these conditions is certain to increase; for though the administrative watchword may be "the advancement of science," the rank and file of the alumni continue to demand "the formation of character."

THE BI-CENTENARY OF ROUSSEAU.

GENEVA, June 30.

One still remembers the elaborate celebrations which took place at Geneva in 1909 in honor of Calvin; the celebrations to commemorate Rousseau, which have just come to an end, were, if possible, even more notable. Some, indeed, thought that they were overdone. Following certain reactionary writers in Paris who, under the leadership of Maurice Barrès, protested openly against the proposed festivities at the Panthéon and tried to interrupt the speakers at the memorial ceremony at the Sorbonne, old patrician families in Geneva would like to have been spared the spectacle of their whole city thus idolizing a revolutionary son of the people. The popular impulse, however, proved irresistible. For nearly two years preparations had been making. Books and pamphlets, magazine and newspaper articles on Rousseau came thick and fast. On the eve of the 28th the Catholics issued a statement to the effect that they also would join in honoring the man through whom the irreligious spirit of the eighteenth century was to some extent checked. The Protestants organized a special meeting on Friday, the 28th, with Professor Fulliquet, the fiery theologian, as their spokesman. And it was agreed that on the following Sunday Rousseau should be the subject of the sermon in every church.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 26th, at a meeting of the Institut National Genevois, Rousseau was exalted as a political writer, patriot, botanist, and musician. A poem made for the occasion was read, and several songs composed by Rousseau were sung by artists. Thursday was called the day of the Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which does for Rousseau in Geneva a work similar to that of the Shakespeare Society in England. Its official ceremony took place in the Aula of the University, and was attended by many scholars and writers, including several from abroad. The eulogy of Rousseau was pronounced by M. Rosier, the Minister of Public Instruction in Geneva. Addressing a largely academic audience, he emphasized the pedagogical reforms brought about by "Emile." Then came the chief speaker, Prof. Georges Renard of the Collège de France, representing all the French universities. His speech was a masterpiece of academic eloquence, compounded of precise erudition and broad humanitarian aspirations. Professor Schulz-Gora of Strassburg followed, speaking for the German universities. He explained with somewhat more *Gründlichkeit* than eloquence the influence of Rousseau on such thinkers as Kant, Goethe, and Schiller. A gratulatory letter was read by an emissary from the Tolstoy Society of Moscow. Finally, Professor Seippel spoke briefly in the name of the Swiss universities.

For the afternoon the Cercle des lettres et des arts, together with the Société Rousseau, had arranged a representation of two of Rousseau's plays, "Pygmalion" and "Le Devin du village," to be given in the magnificent Parc de l'Ariana. The bright, harmonious costumes, the zest of the players and singers, the graceful dancing of the children made the spectacle perfect. None who was privileged to attend will forget this exquisite artistic treat, on that glorious day of June, near-by the lake of Rousseau and Byron, under the trees so green and so fresh.

Friday, the 28th, was called a day of rest, but the people of Geneva were most active getting ready for the next, the official day, a holiday for business and schools. The decorations were tasteful and very rich, especially so in the picturesque old town; busts of Rousseau were erected on squares and in front of public and private houses. At seven o'clock on Saturday morning all the church bells were ringing and the cannon was fired on the old city fortifications. Unfortunately, the weather was not as beautiful as it had been. At nine o'clock a procession of children, students, and "Old Grenadiers" went to the Grande rue, the narrow, old street where Rousseau's birthplace stands, and a wreath of flowers was hung over the door. While this was going on in the Haute Ville, the official reception of delegates from the French Swiss cantons, and from foreign nations, took place at the foot of the philosopher's statue in the pretty Ile Rousseau, which was decorated in eighteenth-century style. This was a short, simple, and dignified ceremony.

But let me turn to the really original part of the festivities, namely, the open-air public banquets in the various quarters of the city—original this function was, at least for foreigners; Rousseau himself knew the charming custom and described it in one of his best pages of the "Lettre à d'Alembert." Tables are set in the public squares; an orchestra is hired to play patriotic and popular tunes; some people bring their own food, some buy it there. Citizens of all classes, with wives and children, of course, are met together, drink together, dance together. It is all very jolly. Of course, every one of these banquets has more or less its own particular character. Here, in the quarter of Saint Gervais, you have the working people, and especially those working people who are claiming new rights in modern society; at the table of honor, one sees Mr. Sigg, a well-known Swiss Socialist. Elsewhere at the Quarter of the Madeleine Church we have the lower classes; but this time the humble people who enjoy without much thought that day of rest bestowed on them by destiny. They are grateful for the little they get, and although evidently indifferent to Rousseau, they have decorated with a profusion of flags and flowers their old, narrow, winding streets; a good many have found seats at the tables set on the small church square; the others have simply taken out their family tables and put them outside the door on the sidewalk; three poor fellows, with a harp, a guitar, and a violin, play in the middle of the street; the frugal meal has not yet come to an end when the good people want to dance. Only a few steps further the official banquet takes place, under the beautiful trees of the "Treille," back of the antique walls of the capitol. Here, as elsewhere, the democratic note predominates. Members of the most exclusive patrician families of Geneva face at one table the representatives of the radical Government; a clergyman is sitting next to a free-thinker, and they make speeches in which, sincerely, they call one another brothers. There also sits the representative of the Federal Council of Bern. There is a long table of little orphan boys, invited by the organizers of the public meal in remembrance of Rousseau, the friend of children. In the quarter of Saint Antoine, on a high terrace overlooking the city, near the old "Collège" of Calvin, the intellectuels of Geneva have gathered, university professors, writers, artists.

The next number on the programme was the procession of all the school children. The day before every one of them had received a souvenir coin representing the workshop of Rousseau's father, with the father pointing out the city through the window, and telling his son: "Jean-Jacques, love your country!" They were all to march by a gigantic reproduction of Houdon's bust, on the Plaine de Plainpalais, the purpose being to inspire them with the ambition to honor their country as had Rousseau. But just as the long procession reached the podium, a terrific rainstorm forced the children to disperse. After about an hour of waiting, in which an attempt was made to have some of the eighteenth century dances performed, everything was given up. The elaborate preparations (among others a "cantate" written and composed for that day) came to naught.

By eight o'clock, however, the sky was clear again, and while the authorities and official guests were banqueting in the Hôtel Métropole, and taking up again their monotonous occupation of listening to speeches, the people of Geneva were celebrating in their own gay and hearty fashion in the streets. Here the tables of the banquets had been removed and young and old were dancing merrily. There was no disorder, no noise; all was remarkably like Rousseau's description, of nearly two centuries ago. At midnight the people went home. Back of me a good fellow was reflecting aloud: "People like ourselves earn little money, but they always know how to have plenty of fun." It was precisely the same thing that Rousseau had expressed, with a different kind of eloquence, in his "Lettre à d'Alembert."

A. S.

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT OTTAWA, JUNE 26–JULY 2.

CHICAGO, July 10.

The librarians will long remember the hospitality with which they were received at Ottawa, and not less at Toronto and Montreal. The Chicago and Western party had been invited to stop over at Toronto for a day on their way to Ottawa, and were entertained both by the Public Library and the University. And at Montreal those who returned to their homes by way of that city were the guests of McGill University for a day. At Ottawa the visiting librarians received, not the freedom of the city, but the privilege of riding free on the street cars. On Saturday the Canadian Government entertained the Library Association at a garden party at the Experimental Farm outside the city, and in the evening a ball was given in the Parliament House.

At the preliminary session on Wednesday evening the assembled librarians were addressed by representatives of the Canadian Government, in the persons of the acting Premier, George H. Perley, and the Minister of Agriculture, Martin Burrell, as well as by representatives of the city of Ottawa and of the Canadian clubs. The president of the Association, Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf, responded briefly to the addresses of welcome, and called on the Librarian of Congress, Herbert Putnam, to deliver the formal address of the evening. He defined the aim of the library to be "to bring a book to a reader, to lead a reader to a book." All the elaborate organization, all the apparatus and mechanisms invented during the last quarter-century exist only to aid in this. After a rapid survey of the ways in which education had been democratized and of the part the library had played in this work, Mr. Putnam said that the responsibility of the library concerned not merely popular education and the seeker for general culture, but "the scholar, since a benefit to the general reader may end with himself, but a benefit to the scholar becomes amplified and diffused through him." "May we not hope," he continued, "for a recognition—a re-cognition—in our organizations also of that type which gave personality to the libraries of old? I mean the type represented by the Panizzis, the Garnetts, the Winsors, Pooles, Cutters, and Spoffords."

At this conference a definite programme had been outlined, as expressed in the formal address with which Mrs. Elmendorf opened the first general session of the Association. She set forth the ideas that had guided the programme committee, as follows: "The library is the one place where time and space are set at naught. It is the microcosm of the universe. . . . The public for whom the library exists has little conception or comprehension of its power. How shall such publicity as will give this knowledge of it be given? . . . Service, not authority, must be at hand. What shall the tests of fitness for such service be? The staff fit for such service must be of rare material and quality. How conserve their strength, well-being, and joy? Unskilled people cannot render fit service. What are the things that matter in training? How far can training be effective?"

This programme was rather closely adhered to both in the general sessions and the section meetings. Its unity was, however, broken to some extent by the programmes of the many other organizations that meet regularly with the American Library Association. No fewer than three other societies are directly affiliated, namely, the National Association of State Libraries, the American Association of Law Libraries, and the Special Libraries Association; besides, the Bibliographical Society of America, though not affiliated, meets regularly with this group of societies. Then there is the American Library Institute, which is a sort of "academy" superimposed on the larger body and composed of the members of the American Library Association Council and a number of specially elected "academicians." The Institute was founded some years ago to consider important matters not thought suitable for general discussion. The Institute took up this year the rather significant subject of the cost of library administration, which was presented to it in papers by Hiller C. Wellman and Arthur E. Bostwick. A committee was appointed to consider the matter. A similar committee, confined to cataloguing and including not only the cost, but also the methods in use, will be appointed by the Executive Board of the general association at the request of the catalogue section. The various sections of the American Library Association held important meetings; one of them, the professional training section, met jointly with the association at large to discuss several phases of the education of librarians. Among the other sessions of more or less specialized character the one devoted to the interests of the Agricultural libraries attracted the greatest attention. The programme was very full, dealing with the particular functions of the libraries connected with agricultural colleges and experimental stations. There was a symposium on recent reference books and new periodicals of special interest to agricultural libraries. Dr. A. C. Trude, director of the United States Office of Experiment Stations, presented a paper, entitled "Suggestions in Regard to a Policy of Administration of Agricultural College and Experiment Station Libraries," in which he dealt not so much with the details of administration as with the results to be obtained. He paid particular attention to the function of the library in the general extension work of the agricultural college.

The session was also addressed by Martin Burrell, Canadian Minister of Agriculture, and by Prof. James W. Robertson of McGill University, chairman of the Canadian Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education. Dr. Robertson took a particularly active part in the work of the conference, besides being chairman of the local committee.

On Dominion Day the Association listened to a speech by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, on behalf of the Canadian members, presented to the president a gavel of Canadian maple and Canadian silver. The principal address of that session was by Professor Robertson, who spoke on the "Conservation of Character." "Let us conserve life," he said, "for the sake of character." He condemned the modern factory "that makes things of men and women." He spoke of the immigration of the American farmer into the Canadian Northwest. The American is always referred to as "chasing the dollar." Why is this so? "He does it," said Dr. Robertson, "for the sake of a home and to give some boy or girl a better start"; the call of the land lures for the sake of the children. He also spoke of the importance of vocational, of occupational education. Not less remarkable, though in many ways the antithesis of Professor Robertson's speech, was the address delivered on the same occasion by Prof. John McNaughton, also of McGill. He made an impassioned plea for the things of the mind, for spiritual development. He emphasized the importance of thinking, and gave as an example of the power of clear thinking the modern development of Germany, the land, as some one slurringly had said, of "damned professors." It was, he said, just because Germany was the land of "damned professors" that the country had developed as it had in the world of affairs. Her sons believed in the things of the mind, in the world of thought. Professor McNaughton addressed himself all through his speech directly to Professor Robertson, and the listeners had the sensation of being witnesses at a duel between two principles, two schools.

At the evening session of the same day President George E. Vincent of the University of Minnesota delivered an address full of subtle irony and whimsical humor in which he pointed out how librarians could influence men's character through their reading. "Books are dead symbols," he said, "until they become vitalized in the hands of a living man."

Thus came to an end a conference of librarians at which the chief subject of discussion was not technique, but the results aimed at. It was not the first American Library Association conference where this tendency to substitute the essentials for the non-essentials was felt, but it was the first, I think, where a conscious effort in this direction had guided those responsible for the programme.

A. G. L. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

New and important letters touching the early life of Edgar Allan Poe have come to light in the Library of Congress. They are among the Ellis-Allan papers, a collection of some 442 portfolios and volumes of office books, and letters of an old Richmond, Va., firm. The dates run from 1795 to 1889. John Allan, Poe's foster-father, was a member of the firm. Poe was also employed there in 1827, but doubtless received his sole pay in board and lodgings from Allan.

A letter from Poe's aunt, Eliza Poe, dated Baltimore, February 8, 1813, about two years after he had been taken into the Allan family, is addressed to Mrs. Allan, asking about the welfare of Edgar. A previous letter had met with no response. It should seem that up to that date there had been no intercourse between the two families. Eliza Poe afterwards married Henry Herring. It was her daughter. and Poe's cousin, Elizabeth Herring, to whom Poe made love and wrote verses about the year 1829.

John Allan wrote a letter to Poe's brother, William Henry Poe, dated November 1, 1824, but did not destroy the copy. At that date Poe was fifteen years old, a member of the Junior Morgan Riflemen, and very likely knew something of the town. In this letter Allan wrote: "I have just seen your letter of the 25th ult. to Edgar, and I am much afflicted that he has not written you. He has had little else to do for me he does nothing & seems quite miserable, sulky & ill-tempered to all the Family—How we have acted to produce this is beyond my conception why I have put up so long with his conduct is little less wonderful. The boy possesses not a spark of affection for us, not a particle of gratitude for all my care and kindness towards him. I have given him a much superior Education than ever I received myself . . . I fear his associates have led him to adopt a line of thinking & acting very contrary to what he possessed when in England."

Allan seems to have been watchful of Poe's actions, and to have read his letters. Surely, the strife between the two which was to end in Poe's leaving his home some years later had now started. Mrs. Allan was suspicious of her husband, and not without cause. Most likely Poe kept her informed of some of Allan's secret movements. When Poe's mother died in Richmond, Allan took charge of the few family trinkets and a packet of letters. Several of these letters were always supposed to have told the story of a skeleton in the Poe family closet. Allan gave these effects to Poe, but as he was addicted to reading letters, he probably knew the contents of the entire packet. Mrs. Clemm, Poe's mother-in-law, and aunt, later on had possession of several of the letters, which she destroyed just before her death. She spoke of a dark Poe family secret, and left the impression that by her work all knowledge of this was now blotted out. Perhaps Allan wished Poe to feel that he held this family secret. In any event, there also appears in his letter to Poe's brother the following: "At least she [Rosalie Poe] is half your sister, and God forbid dear Henry that we should visit upon the living the errors and frailties of the dead." Here the secret is evidently told for the first time. Poe's brother pretended to F. W. Thomas that he did not know what had become of his father, but an attorney of the family stated to Thomas that David Poe deserted his family in New York. It now seems a question whether this charge of Allan's was the cause for Poe's alleged desertion.

Poe's brother also stated to F. W. Thomas that the cause for Edgar's leaving Allan was a quarrel about the pittance of money he was receiving. This is now substantiated. Two letters to Allan from George W. Spotswood from the University of Virginia are in evidence asking for pay for use of his servant—Poe not having, what other students had, a servant to look after his room. There is also a Charlottesville, Va., tailor bill from Samuel Leitch, which never seems to have been paid. An interesting letter to Poe is one from a friend named Edward G. Crump. It is dated March 25, 1827, and shows that Poe was in financial straits. The letter was evidently received by Ellis & Allan after Poe had left Richmond on his sea voyage. It is addressed to Poe, but endorsed on the back, probably by Allan: "To E. A. Poe, alias Henri Le Rennét." This gives for the first time the assumed name of Poe for this period, and may lead to other discoveries.

In a copy of a letter to his sister in Scotland, Allan wrote under date of March 27, 1827: "I am thinking Edgar has gone to sea to seek his fortune." How different this sounds from his letter dated May 6, 1829, to the Secretary of War at Washington, in which he asserted that Poe had left him because he refused to pay his gambling debts! All the circumstances indicate that Allan was aware that Poe was on his way to Europe, or had reached there towards the last of March. The mild sentence to his sister would seem to have been in the nature of a query. He was afraid that Poe might head for Scotland and tell her a tale of Allan's misdoings.

This new correspondence is likely to have an important bearing upon the unpublished letters of Poe held by the Valentine Museum of Richmond.

I was told many years ago by the custodian of personal papers of John Allan, that there existed other documents relating to Poe, which he had never taken the time to examine. He declined to hunt them up, and since his death his relatives have also put off an examination. But some day these papers are likely to see the light, and may bring other surprises.

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., June 28.

Correspondence

TERMS NEEDING DEFINITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What does your correspondent, S. R., mean when he says: "Radicals are free traders and revenue-tariff men where free trade is at present impossible. . . ."? This implies that a free trader is not a revenue tariff man. What, then, is a free trader? Is not England a free-trade country? Is it not a revenue-tariff country? Does "free trade" mean the abolition of custom houses? Is not a country a free-trade country that keeps up her customs duties for revenue only? Even Miss Tarbell, in her excellent book, "The Tariff in Our Times," falls into the same error, on p. 179: "They might be free traders, as a few of them are; they might be tariff-for-revenue-only men, as most of them were. . . ." Protectionists constantly misrepresent free trade as meaning the abolition of custom houses. Let us enter upon this campaign with a definite idea of what our words stand for, and, above all, let us avoid the common mistake of protectionists in using the term "free trade" in two different senses.

Both terms "free trade" and 'protection" are unfortunate, for each has a double meaning. "Free trade" is not absolute free trade, and "protection" does not protect in the sense in which the term is used by protectionists, for "free trade" means limited or partial free trade, so much free trade as is consistent with the necessity of raising revenue through customs duties, and "protection" protects only the pocket of the manufacturer, not that of the workman or of the consumer. The first term is used by protectionists to cast discredit on free trade, the second term is used by them to throw a false glamour over protection.

A. M. E.

Providence, July 8.

MOREAU DE SAINT MÉRY'S DIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. A. W. Goodspeed, in his letter from Philadelphia, which appeared in the *Nation* of May 2, giving an account of the annual meeting of the American Philosophical Society, says: "An analysis of 'The Diary of a Voyage to the United States,' by Moreau de Saint Méry, was presented by S. L. Mims of Yale University, who had the good fortune to discover it in the Colonial Archives of Paris, where it had lain forgotten for three generations."

Mr. Mims, or Professor Goodspeed, as the case may be, is mistaken in giving the impression that this curious manuscript volume has only just been brought to light. Records, which I have seen, in the Colonial Office, show that Mr. Henry Adams must have been acquainted with it in 1879, when engaged on his "History of the United States," and this statement was confirmed by the late Victor Tantet, long librarian of the Colonial Office, when, some ten years ago, he called my attention to the Diary, gave me notes on it, and left it with me for several days so that I was able to examine its pages at leisure in my study. Later, I spent a whole afternoon at the old Colonial Office, then in the Tuileries, turning over the faded leaves of the volume, reading them here and there, and making further notes and extracts. It will be seen, therefore, that at least two Americans other than Mr Mims have known of this manuscript for many years. In fact, I made two attempts, but in vain, to get a New York publisher to reproduce in an English translation the more interesting entries of this diary. But this want is to be largely met by the excellent act of the Carnegie Institution, which is now having a complete copy made of this valuable document.

Moreau de Saint Méry was no ordinary man; quite the contrary. In the National Library, Paris, is an in-12 printed in 1819 and entitled "Notice sur Moreau de St. Méry," which I ran over one afternoon several years ago, and from which I drew the following facts of his life. The author of this pamphlet, Dr. Fournier-Pescary, who is described as "the Secretary of the Military Hygienic Council," spoke at the burial of Moreau, January 30, 1819, and evidently knew him well. One might be led to suppose that he was his medical man. He is also, by the way, the writer of the notice on Moreau de Saint Méry which appears in the "Biographie Michaud."

Dr. Fournier-Pescary states that Moreau's family was one of the most distinguished in the island of Martinique; that the child was left fatherless at a very early age and was sent to Paris at nineteen in order to get the education necessary to enable him to succeed his grandfather in the seneschalship of the island. He had powerful and rich friends at the French capital and immediately began to show remarkable intellectual powers. His industry was indefatigable. In order to have leisure for study, he kept up for some time after his arrival in Paris the habit of sleeping only one night out of three. He began Latin without a teacher, eventually learned to speak it with great facility, and, because of his prodigious memory, could repeat whole passages of the classics. His progress was so rapid in the Law School that in fourteen months he was able to defend a thesis in Latin, received his degree of bachelor of laws, and was admitted to the Paris bar. He then returned to his native island, where he quickly became one of the leading lawyers, and after seven or eight years of active practice was made a member of the Superior Council of Santo Domingo. During the leisure which this post gave him, he took up again a subject of study which had occupied his youth and collected the materials for his important work devoted to the laws and customs of Santo Domingo, on which he was engaged in Paris at the moment the revolution broke out. During one of the many journeys which he made in this connection, he discovered the tomb of Christopher Columbus, and through his care the monument of the great admiral was restored. He became a member of the Constituent Assembly in 1789, where he joined the Moderate party, which brought him into conflict with the mob by whom he was dangerously wounded. He escaped to a small town in Normandy, where he was discovered and arrested, but got free and hid at Havre, whither he was pursued and whence he sailed with his wife and two children for the United States. The description of this long and painful voyage is given in detail in the Diary, and is one of the most stirring portions of the volume. The Terror in France and the civil war in Santo Domingo ruined Moreau financially, so that on reaching America he was only too glad to become a clerk to a New York merchant. Thence he drifted to Philadelphia, where he set up as a bookseller and publisher, and where he spent the greater portion of his five years' sojourn in the United States during Washington's second term and the beginning of Adams's Administration. In 1799, he returned to France and filled several honorable posts, but was reduced to such financial straits through a base political intrigue that he had to sell his silver and linen in order to live. Then it was that he made this proud speech to the Emperor: "I do not ask your Majesty to recompense my probity; I beg only that it be tolerated. Fear nothing, my disease is not contagious!" For six years he lived in abject poverty. But his remarkable intellectual parts were recognized on every hand, for he was a member of nearly all the literary societies of Paris and of several scientific societies. But neither Dr. Fournier-Pescary nor Mr. Balch, who, at the Philadelphia meeting last month, gave a long list of celebrities who had been members of the American Philosophical Society, put Moreau in this galaxy, though, as will be seen in two places in the extracts from the Diary as given below, he was very proud of the fact.

Dr. Fournier-Pescary furthermore tells us that Moreau had friends in all ranks of society, and that "few had so many as he." This was doubtless largely due to the strict observance of this motto which he had engraved on the face of his watch, so that it was frequently under his eyes: "Il est toujours l'heure de faire le bien." And the funeral oration closes with these words: "Posterity will see in Moreau de Saint Méry an eloquent orator, a learned jurisconsult, a distinguished lawyer, an honest judge filled with tenderness, an enlightened administrator devoted to the public interests, a writer remarkable for his finesse, the fecundity of his mind, the extent and variety of his knowledge, and the elegance and clearness of his style."

Some further biographical facts about Moreau may be found in the volume for 1819 of the French Royal Agricultural Society, of which he was a member, in a notice on him by M. Silvestre, the Perpetual Secretary of that body. We are told that when Moreau's grandfather was dying, the lad was informed by him where were 66,000 francs which could be employed for his education. But he would not take advantage of this offer, and told the whole family of the fact. M. Silvestre gives us another instance of Moreau's wonderful intellectual powers. At the outbreak of the Revolution, he was President of the Paris Electoral Committee, and in a single night wrote, dictated, and signed more than three thousand orders. No wonder that when this body dissolved, it voted and struck in his honor a medal. He was the author of a large number of sayings that were current. Here are two preserved by M. Silvestre: "Gratitude is a flower of the tomb," and "Calumny is a money that anybody can coin and few refuse." His death, it appears, was precipitated by an act of kindness to a relative. It is pleasant and not surprising to know that "he had a noble and beautiful face."

In the spring of 1794, Moreau made a stage trip from Philadelphia to New York. It is one of the most valuable portions of his Diary and well illustrates his passion for details, precise data, and out-of-the-way information, which renders these notes so useful and instructive to-day. I give several extracts:

May 24, 1794.

Princeton resembles all the other places already described that we have passed through since we started from Philadelphia, that is to say, it consists almost wholly of houses lining either side of the road, some eighty in number and chiefly made of brick. The town has a Presbyterian church and a college. The last calls for a stop in order to speak of it, just as we made a stop to visit it. The building, which is of stone, is about 70 French feet in length and some 40 deep. It has three stories, if we count as a story the ground floor, which rises from 7 to 8 feet above the ground and thus makes possible cellars. There is a garret at the top, so that the Americans say that the building is four stories high. In the middle, the edifice advances so that there are ten windows on either side of this projection and six more under the pediment. On the whole, this structure is quite striking for America. In front is a large yard, shut off from the street by a brick wall, with pilasters at equal distances supporting wooden urns painted gray. This yard is not well kept and is covered with the dung of the animals that go there to browse on the grass. In the middle is an old iron cannon, a four-pounder, minus its carriage. This cannon and the bad condition of the wall with several of the urns fallen to the ground, give an unkempt appearance to everything, so that you reach the building with a feeling of vexation that the students should have such a bad example before their eyes. You enter this college, which is called Nassau Hall, by three doors, one of which is in the middle of the portion of the edifice which advances and the two others on the sides and parallel to each other. The steps leading up to these doors are in wood and without balustrades. The two upper floors are dormitories, with a corridor running from end to end, which divides each floor into equal parts. There are 42 rooms, each intended to accommodate three students. On the ground floor are a chapel, a dining hall, and a library of some two thousand volumes, where you are shown the justly celebrated planetarium made by Dr. David Rittenhouse, who is now President of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, and who was born in Pennsylvania. Facing the central door but at the back of the building is a large class-room furnished with the usual benches. On the right on entering, you notice a picture some eight feet high—a full-length portrait of Washington, holding his sword in his right hand and in the act of commanding, while his left hand, resting on his hip, grasps his hat. Behind him, on the left side of the picture, and somewhat in the background, is General Mercer, lying on the ground, resting on his left shoulder. Back of the General are two aides-de-camp. In the distance, on the right side of the canvas, is represented the battle of Princeton. Though this picture is not without merit, three criticisms of it may be made. In the first place, General Washington is holding his hat in his hand and appears very composed at the moment when he is commanding in battle. Secondly, General Mercer, who died from the wound which he received at this battle of Princeton in January, 1777, does not appear to be suffering, and, thirdly, the aides-de-camp are presented in such an uncertain attitude that they do not seem to be occupied with the dying General.

At the back of the college there is also a yard, which, too, is dirty and the turf allowed to grow wild, so that everything hereabout has a neglected air. Though there is room in the building for 120 students, only about eighty are present, coming chiefly from Virginia and the two Carolinas. I should like to praise the management of this institution, but when one has not been brought up in American fashion, this is difficult. The system which puts no restraint on children is so closely allied with heedlessness on the part of teachers, and so strongly favors the indolent disposition of the Americans, that it can produce only a vicious order of things. Its effects are visible at Princeton College, where, I am told, the attention of the students is more occupied with gaming and licentious tendencies than with their studies. Their board and lodging costs them $100 (550 francs) per year, and washing one gourde a month.

Princeton is a very healthful place. This is proved by the registers of the College, which has lost but five or six students since its foundation. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why young men from Santo Domingo flock here. There are several inns in the town, the principal one being that of the Sign of Washington, where Gen. Rochambeau put up when he marched from Rhode Island to Virginia. At this moment it is kept by David Hamilton. The houses are bordered along the street by very fine catalpas.

September 21, 1794.

The news has spread of the beheading of Robespierre. It has made a deep impression in the United States, but in several different ways. The Jacobins here were profoundly afflicted by it, as if they had lost their father, their leader, their best friend. But all those who are not Jacobins, all true patriots and sincere friends of liberty see in this event a providential act only too long delayed. As regards the Americans of all classes and all kinds, they show sincere regret for the disappearance of Robespierre, and are greatly moved by his death. Here is the reason for it; Robespierre made it impossible for Frenchmen to remain in France. As soon as a man or a gold piece could get out of the country, they came over here; and, as what are wanted here are men, money, and industry, it is evident how the destruction of such a being will hurt those on this side! I have heard this said a hundred times with a frankness which did not make it any more palatable to me. For a long time the Jacobins declared that there was no truth in the report. But I wagered two gourdes—not a small sum for me—against one that it was true. Oh! how I would have given all I possessed if my dear De Varenne had escaped from the monster whose execrable memory posterity will never treat worse than is deserved. Who does not charge to him the loss of a father, a mother, a son, a daughter, some relative or friend, a compatriot, or a fellow citizen, a being more or less dear?

September 30, 1794.

We had dining with us Dr. Mitchill, the celebrated New York chemist. We went to the horse races at Jamaica, Long Island. In the evening, when I took him back to New York, we had a cold, strong wind, which drove us nearly down to Sandy Hook.

November 19, 1794.

I went to see Washington enter Congress and listen to his opening address. How simple and natural it all was! But it was Washington, and it was the meeting of the representatives of a nation which had conquered its liberty. What vast, grand conceptions in such a simple setting! How these republican forms address themselves to the soul and lift up the heart! What a destiny they predict for this part of the world!

February 28, 1796.

I went and paid my respects to Mr. Adams, who has become Vice-President of the United States.

January 21, 1798.

I went and saw General Kosciuszko, who has just arrived in Philadelphia, where the Americans have received him with great demonstrations of joy. They took the horses from his carriage and drew him from the point where he had landed to the lodgings which had been engaged for him.

July 18, 1798.

The feeling against the French is growing stronger every day. In Philadelphia at present, I am the only person who wears the French cockade. The American Republicans fearing they may come to blows with the Federalists have held a meeting and taken secret measures to protect themselves. I was present at this gathering and was given two keys for two different places of refuge for me and mine in case my own house should be threatened. I have taken passage on the Adraste. A little later I learned that Mr. Adams, President of the United States, has drawn up a list of Frenchmen to be sent out of the country, at the head of which list stand Volney, General Collot, and I. I was curious to know what Mr. Adams had against me. So I asked Mr. Langdon, Senator from New Hampshire, to enquire. The answer was: "Nothing in particular; but he is too French." Now, all the time Mr. Adams was Vice-President, he often came to my house, to my office, and to my shop. We even presented one another with our books. But I never saw him after he became President. Mr. Robert Liston, Minister Plenipotentiary of England, has very kindly provided me with a passport for me, my family, my goods, papers, maps, drawings, etc.

August 22, 1798.

On the occasion of a proposed ball to celebrate Washington's birthday, I asked Mr. John Vaughan, a merchant, my near neighbor, and a fellow member of the Philosophical Society, to get me one of the tickets which were on sale and which gave admittance to the ball. But he answered that as I was a storekeeper I could not claim such an honor. Whereupon, I answered: "Are you not aware of the fact that I was never more your equal than from the moment that I am nothing?" I did not get a ticket, and I did not see the ball.

One day I was talking in my shop with Mr. Swanwick, merchant and member of the House of Representatives, when the publisher, Matthew Carey, a man of intelligence, but an American of the United States, drew me aside and said with a troubled air: "Are you aware that you are speaking with Mr. Swanwick?" "Yes," I answered. "And you do not address him as Excellency, knowing that he belongs to the Lower House?" I replied: "When Mr. Swanwick, who knows that I was a member of the Constituent Assembly, which was at least ten times more important than your Congress, excellencies me, I will do the same, but not before."

A Philadelphia shoemaker for men would consider himself disgraced if he worked for children. The captain of the ship "Columbia" of New York told me that the mate never ate with him, because if they ate together, they would talk, and conversation leads to familiarity. And yet Baron Steuben took a son of John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, and the son of a bankrupt tailor, and gave them the same education. They are both lawyers at New York, and the son of the tailor shows the more sagacity.

To an American, without exception, the surest sign of superiority lies in the possession of a carriage. In this matter, the women especially show a desire that borders on delirium. A woman owning a carriage is perfectly certain that if another woman has no carriage the latter will not be considered her equal. Consequently, private carriages are rather numerous. But they are not very comfortable, because most of them are open in front, like the stages. In Philadelphia there are 600 two-wheeled carriages and 400 four-wheeled, besides 300 carts and wagons for transporting purposes.

There is an organization to bring about the abolition of slavery. But the idea makes very slow progress, as public opinion is more opposed than favorable to it.

August 24, 1798.

A word concerning the ceremonial attending the opening of the sessions of Congress. When the two chambers have attained the number required by the Constitution, the President is informed of the fact, and he then states on what day he will present himself. When that day arrives, both houses meet in the hall of the House of Representatives, the presiding officer of the Senate sitting on the right and the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the left. The Senators come in in a body, and then the hall of the Representatives becomes the Congress. The Senators take seats on the floor of the House. When the Senate appears, the Representatives rise, and the sergeant-at-arms advances from the door to the interior with the mace. It is ordinarily noon when Washington appears, seated alone in a coach drawn by four horses. His three domestics and coachman are in white livery with red cuffs and collars. In front of the coach march seven constables with white rods, preceded by fourteen policemen. When the President enters, everybody rises. He then sits down in the Speaker's chair, but rises in a moment, and goes and sits between the two presiding officers, but on the highest step. Then, having bowed, he delivers his address standing, the whole Congress also standing. The foreign Ministers are seated in chairs on Washington's right, but on the floor of the House. They keep their seats during the address. When finished, Washington hands a copy of his address to each of the presiding officers, quits the hall, and returns to his residence, escorted as he came. Washington is dressed in black, wearing a furbished hat and a sword, and carrying a wig-bag. Neither he nor any of the others put on their hats during the ceremony. He was applauded neither in coming nor in going. The silence which reigned in the public galleries of the Congress is worthy of the greatest praise.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, July 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Theodore Stanton's letter has proved very interesting to me, for I am glad to find some one else who justly appreciates Moreau de Saint-Méry, and who has found delight in reading the unpublished record of his sojourn in America.

The first two paragraphs of the letter require a word of explanation from me. Mr. Stanton very naturally inferred from the short notice in the *Nation* of May 2 regarding my paper read before the American Philosophical Society on April 18, that I was posing as the discoverer of the Diary. He could have made no such inference, however, if he had seen the full report of my paper, which I prepared myself at the request of the American Philosophical Society, and which appeared in the account of the proceedings by Professor Goodspeed in *Science* of May 17, and in the Philadelphia dailies of April 18 and 19. In that report the following words were employed: "Mr. Mims told the story of his good fortune in finding the Diary in the Colonial Archives at Paris, where it had lain covered with dust, all but unnoticed and forgotten, for three generations."

It will be seen that the words "all but unnoticed and forgotten" found no place in the short notice in the *Nation*. They represent, however, an acknowledgment which I made in my paper of the fact that at least three persons had seen the Diary before me, and that two of them had already published extracts from it. The reprints of my paper, which are in press and about ready for distribution, record the fact that Pichot in his "Souvenirs Intimes de Talleyrand," published in 1870, printed a most interesting passage from the Diary concerning the intimate relations between Talleyrand and Moreau at Philadelphia, and that this passage has been quoted by Lollée and Lacombe in their recent biographies of the famous diplomat. Reference is also made to a very interesting article in *La Revue* of 1905, on Moreau's sojourn at Philadelphia, written by Victor Tantet and based on the Diary.

This means of course that I have in no sense posed as the discoverer of the Diary. I was, to be sure, ignorant of the fact that Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. Stanton had seen the manuscript, and I think Mr. Stanton's letter explains, if it does not justify, my ignorance. I shall be very glad to profit from the information contained in the letter, and make due acknowledgment of it in my introduction to the edition of the Diary which I am preparing for publication at the Yale University Press. The copy which the Carnegie Institution has just had made was prepared for me, and at my own initiative. If Mr. Stanton will send me his address I shall be pleased to mail him a copy of the text when it is ready for distribution. I am very glad that my paper has furnished the occasion for the publication of his excellent translation of some most interesting extracts.

STEWART L. MIMS.

Yale University, July 12.

THE PANTHEON IN ROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will someone kindly tell me if the name of the Pantheon in Rome did not originally mean the "All Divine" rather than "Of All the Gods"? Was it not dedicated by Agrippa to the gods of the gens Julia, rather than to all the Olympians? If so, when, and how, came about the change from the earlier meaning? A. R. W.

New Bedford, Mass., July 15.

Literature

THE DOCTRINE OF THE SOUL.

Body and Mind: A History and a Defence of Animism. By William McDougall, M.B. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

The word animism found in the subtitle of Dr. McDougall's present work is, as he says, "frequently used by contemporary writers to denote what is more properly called primitive animism, or primitive anthropomorphism, namely, the belief that all natural objects which seem to exert any power or influence are moved or animated by 'spirits,' or intelligent purposive beings." But this is not the original application of the word, and our author chooses to revert to its more proper meaning, using it as the best term for the view "that all, or some, of those manifestations of life and mind which distinguish the living man from the corpse, and from inorganic bodies, are due to the operation within him of something which is of a nature different from that of the body, an animating principle generally, but not necessarily or always conceived as an immaterial and individual being or soul." This, the doctrine of the soul, is the real subject of the book.

"I hold," says Dr. McDougall in his Preface, "that men of science ought to make intelligible to the general public the course and issue of scientific discussions upon the wider questions to which their researches are directed." Recent attempts in this direction have not been eminently successful in dealing thus with psychological and philosophical problems, and it is a gratification, therefore, to find that in this case the pressure of this sense of obligation has led to the writing of so worthy a book. This, however, will not surprise those who have followed Dr. McDougall's career; for he has already won laurels, not only as a neurologist, but also more lately as a psychologist; and no English writer is better equipped by temperament or training for the task undertaken. Nevertheless, it is not at all certain that he has succeeded in this effort to present an argument that shall be fully "intelligible to the general public." His opening historical chapters are not easy reading; and the same must be said of his excellent studies of the physiological, psychological, and philosophical objections, which have led, as he acknowledges, to the very widespread rejection of the animistic hypothesis by the modern world. The plain man will thus probably find the first half of the book too difficult to follow, and will be tempted to pass over lightly the critical matter there treated, while accepting gratefully the closing arguments favorable to animism with which he is likely to find himself in sympathy.

Adopting the method of the trained scientist, our author in the first six chapters makes a careful study of the rise and development of the doctrine under consideration: this historical survey being followed by four chapters in which he states with great care the case in opposition to the view which in the end he is to support; presenting the adverse arguments, and developing their strength, with a fairness that is truly admirable when one considers the final drift of his thought. He then proceeds to examine the weaknesses of these adverse arguments, and the difficulties connected with the abandonment of the conception of the soul; and finding these weaknesses and difficulties sufficiently formidable to lead him to refuse to join the mass of his fellow-scientists in rejecting the animistic doctrine, he feels himself warranted in choosing to cling to the traditional view, which appeals to his inner nature, notwithstanding its acknowledged perplexities and obscurities.

Apart from some details to be referred to below, there is no just ground for any substantial disagreement with the author until we reach his final step; but here we must demur. Although he has not hesitated to face the unanswered difficulties connected with the conception of the soul, yet one feels that he tends to overemphasize the cogency of those connected with the opposition. His argument appears at most to warrant a suspension of judgment, rather than the positive advocacy of the animistic hypothesis with which the book closes: for it cannot be granted, even on pragmatic grounds, that he is justified, as he thinks he is, in "willing to believe" in a concept which he acknowledges to be obscure and involved with objections, unless he can present sound reasons for his belief that the rejection of the conception of a soul must necessarily involve the unfortunate moral results he fears. But this he fails to do.

Nor is he justified in asserting that his final interpretation of the meaning of this concept of the soul is fitted to meet the needs of the people, the utter demoralization of whose lives he foresees if belief in this concept is weakened. The soul, he tells us in his closing chapter, "is a being that possesses, or is, the sum of definite capacities for psychical activity, and psycho-physical interaction, of which the most fundamental are (1) the capacity of producing, in response to certain physical stimuli, . . . the whole range of sensation qualities, in their whole range of intensities; (2) the capacity of responding to certain sensation-complexes with the production of meanings; . . . (3) the capacity of responding to these sensations and these meanings with feeling and conation or effort, under the spur of which further meanings may be brought to consciousness in accordance with the laws of similars and of reasoning; (4) the capacity of reacting upon the brain processes to modify their course in a way that we cannot clearly define, but which we may provisionally conceive as a process of guidance by which streams of nervous energy may be concentrated in a way that antagonizes the tendency of all physical energy to dissipation and degradation."

"The popular view," he continues, "has always held that all 'memory,' all mental retention and reproduction, all mental and moral growth, is rooted in the soul; that, in short, the soul is the bearer of all that is essential to the developed personality of each man." But this view, he agrees, "cannot be reconciled with the fact that the makeup of human personality includes many habits that are unquestionably rooted in the structure of the nervous system. It conflicts also with the large mass of evidence which indicates the dependence of all the sensory content of consciousness . . . on the integrity of the brain." He therefore accepts an hypothesis of dual conditions of memory, and under this view holds (p. 372) that, although "all habits belong to the body, the soul does undergo a real development, an enrichment of its capacities"; and if it survives death, "carries with it some large part of that which it has gained by intellectual and moral effort": and that, although it is "impossible to suppose the surviving soul would enjoy the exercise of thought of the kind with which alone we are familiar, yet it is not inconceivable that it might find conditions that would stimulate it to imageless thought, . . . or might find under other conditions (possibly in association with some other bodily organism) a sphere for the application and actualization of the capacities developed in it during its life in the body."

It is not easy to believe that faith in the existence of souls of the nature thus described by our author would carry with it the comfort and moral stimulus which he feels it so important to retain. While in a measure it may meet (p. 371) "the mere personal dislike of the prospect of extinction," it can scarcely give satisfaction to the "promptings of personal affection." It surely points to no way by which "the injustices of this life may be . . . made good" in another world; nor does it obviously strengthen "the hope that those highest products of evolution, the personalities built up by long sustained moral and intellectual effort, shall not wholly pass away at the death of the body." Clearly the nature of the individual personalities which his conception suggests is too diverse from that of the personalities of living men to interest the plain man, whose desires and hopes, as our author acknowledges, will only be satisfied by the survival of a soul that has not only something "of that which distinguishes one personality from another," and "marks of the experiences it has undergone in its embodied life"; but that also "enjoys . . . continuity of personal memory" of a type familiar to us all in every-day life.

The critical tone of these remarks must not give the reader the impression that the writer of this review is unsympathetic with these desires and hopes of the plain man. The best of us are plain men during a large part of our waking hours, and as such must share the feelings and aspirations of our fellows. But we must not lose sight of the fact that we are here dealing, not with desires and hopes, nor even with faith; but with an attempt to gain clarity of thought. The doctrine of the existence of a soul which endures after death has certainly carried with it many great benefits to struggling humanity, and is not to be lightly discarded because of the doubts raised by modern science. But surely even one who believes most fully that the concept of immortality embodies a great truth, will agree that these doubts, which our author's own statements must emphasize, indicate that the truth which is so bound up with these benefits is ill-expressed in the animistic concept. It is true indeed that doubt does not necessarily indicate the total invalidity of the concept it leads us to distrust; it may, and usually does, mean no more than that the doubted concept gives us a distorted image of the truth. But where doubts are so well founded as our author himself shows them to be in this case, their significance cannot be overlooked; and if we believe that the doubted concept embodies a vital truth we must agree that there is call for its re-expression. That such a re-expression of the truth which is ill expressed by the animistic hypothesis will be forthcoming at no very distant day is the firm conviction of the present writer; and he is inclined to feel that a thinker of the ability of our author, instead of clinging to the old concept by an effort of will, should have felt himself bound to look for such re-expression.

Passing from this general view, we note certain details of Dr. McDougall's argument which are not thoroughly convincing. He properly gives weight to the difficulties connected with the hypothesis of "parallelism" as devised and developed by the Associationists, who accepted uncritically the conception of mind as an aggregate of psychic atoms. But this atomistic view is now-a-days defended by few psychologists, being generally displaced by the conception of mind as a psychic system; and our author's objections to the parallelism of the atomists do not appear to apply to the hypothesis of mental and physical correspondences within correlated physical and mental systems, in some of the forms in which it has been presented.

Dr. McDougall quite properly emphasizes the difficulties attending the acceptance of the mechanistic explanation of biological phenomena, especially those relating to the existence of variation; but we surely are not thereby forced to assume, as he implies, that the explanation of these phenomena can only be found in the disturbance of mechanism by a mysterious psychic force, which at best does not appear to be appreciably like consciousness as we know it, and whose mode of application can only be pictured in terms of somewhat wild hypotheses (cf. pp. 211ff).

Dr. McDougall also in the course of his argument (chaps. xxi to xxiv) makes much of the breadth of psychic life that, after all our studies in psycho-physics, remains altogether inexplicable in terms of brain activity. This, however, does not take from the fact that each step in our knowledge of the nervous system gives us new data corroborative of the view that all of our conscious experiences are correlated with special situations or changes in the physical system: rather is it a most welcome acknowledgment that our knowledge of consciousness given in our interpretation of introspection far surpasses in breadth our knowledge of the nature of its physical basis. Such an acknowledgment by one of our foremost neurologists is significant as an indication that we are awakening from the spell under which we have been placed by the psycho-physicists, and are ready again to continue the study of psychology from which for some decades they have diverted our attention. We shall return to this task, however, with glad acknowledgment of the value of the work done by the exponents of the misnamed "New Psychology," so far as it goes; and ready to avail ourselves of what is valuable to our purpose in the rather meagre data they have been able to gather.

These critical observations must not lead the reader to underestimate the value of the book Dr. McDougall has given us. Differing from the author, as we do, in relation to certain technical points in his exposition, and denying, as we must, the legitimacy of his final conclusions, we nevertheless recognize fully the value of his achievement. It is just because of this value that the book is worthy of careful analysis and thorough study: and we cannot close this review without referring again with admiration to the fair-mindedness and intellectual rectitude of its author, nor without repetition of the conviction that he has given us a most enlightening contribution to the very difficult subject he has undertaken to discuss.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Dewpond. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

This is a bewilderingly clever novel. Like the work of one or two of the masters of modern fiction—who shall be nameless so that the reader may discover likenesses for himself—the book deals with seemingly insignificant episodes in a breathless tone of portent which keeps one a-shiver from the first page to the last. Like Gilbert's verses about the naughty boy, the damning catalogue of crime, made up mostly of no crimes, but of harmless states of mind, mounts higher and higher, till, behold! Nemesis is upon us. To make matters more complex, the story is told by a woman observer of the whole matter, and to the progress of un-events are added the ever-womanly apprehensive habit and continual cross-references to past and future and potential tenses.

The hero being a writer of novels, and the narrator a small compiling author, there is a great deal about the art of book-making. At times, indeed, there is temptation to think of the story as a severe lecture to novel-readers. For much satire is lavished on the unfortunate Mr. Saintsbury's crude notions as to "how the creative mind gets its material"; and on the great public which is "extraordinarily stupid about fact in fiction." There is throughout a vein of sub-condemnation for all who do not share the narrator's views on politics, art, literature, morals, and the discretions of life. One reads in a guilty fear of being detected in a "usual" attitude towards anything. The characters are drawn with marvellous subtlety. No types they, but men and women bristling with personality, unexpected themselves, and doing always the unexpected, but as brightly visible as will o' the wisps. The plot deals with the half-unconscious discontent of a wife with her husband, all whose "passions and preferences were intellectual." He "had been young, but he had never had youth"; he acquired facts by reason and observation, but he could not see. When Hilda had become the mother of little Flora, her destiny seemed fulfilled so far as her husband was concerned. The youthful unimportance to which he still relegated her after coming to the conclusion that she "was not quite big enough to play the part of a political hostess" became to her a half-acknowledged grievance. Unluckily, an author whom she had unconsciously inspired happened along at the moment when her "unawakened" condition was beginning to tell upon her. Incidentally, this is where the usual person, in the character of worm, turns. The "unawakened woman" of story grows tiresome. Why awaken her? Let her sleep. Hilda's case was especially difficult because it was "marriage and motherhood" which "had given her at least the knowledge" that she lacked something. Though she hardly knew it, "she was being wasted; kept from her full duties and responsibilities."

Never, however, was the triangular situation developed with more reserve and discretion, and with less of intention. Pictures and politics, not passion, welded the friendship which led to the dénouement. If the time came when the principals "were hardly in their own hands," it came because they were not "let alone." Their most discriminating friend saw that "the friendship mattered, while except for social convenience and Flora, the marriage did not matter in the least." To quarrel with the catastrophe of such a story would be folly, yet a query will persist, Was it inevitable? and is not the narrator's satisfaction in the "awakening" of Hilda rather an anti-climax to her professed dread of it? The scenes by the way are no less subtly presented than the unfolding of the drama. From studio parties to political dinners there is an orgy of brilliancy dimmed only by the tendency of the un-obvious to become obvious. The plain reader flounders when told that Hilda was "Flemish rather than Florentine, with the clear, square drawing that you get in a white tulip." Blinks when she asks, "Yes, but isn't it part of the blessing of knowing what you want that you're not meant to have?" To Mr. Saintsbury this "would have seemed sheer nonsense," but, of course, we others know better.

The White Waterfall. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Polynesia is inexhaustible ground for adventure. Each new island may have been hitherto unvisited by the story-writer. Maoris, Kanakas, and Fijians may plausibly assemble, lending a hand, friendly or otherwise, to English and Californian explorers. This is what happens in "The White Waterfall." A San Franciscan scientist, with profound interest in ancient Polynesian skulls, is lured to a voyage of investigation by a wretch whom it were flattery to call a devil. The professor's two daughters accompany him, naturally. The leading scoundrel and a villanous English ship's captain are offset by the owner's gallant nephew and an intrepid mate, while brown and black make up the crew. Thus through storm and stress they come to the Isle of Tears and have amazing adventures among amazing surroundings which are not all invented properties, but are warranted by the author to have analogies in real South Sea Island history. And of the Dance of the Centipede and the Vermilion Pit and the Stone Sacrificial Altar with the movable slab, the reader will not let go till the White Waterfall has been found, the Maori's song fulfilled, and through fearsome scenes a happy ending procured for the deserving few. The story leaps along seductively and, if not in the classic language of Defoe, is told in an agile fashion with no detaining superfluities.

The Blue Wall. By Richard Washburn Child. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Many readers of "Jim Hands" and "The Man in the Shadow" will be disappointed in Mr. Child's latest book. In the earlier stories the great merit was the sympathetic presentation of attractive characters; in "The Blue Wall" character is sacrificed to story, and the story is not worth the sacrifice. Julianna Colfax, a charming girl, supposedly the daughter of a fine old New England judge, discovers after his death that she is really a sort of changeling, the daughter of a drunkard murderer. The plot turns on the effect which this supposed fact has on her life. Clearly, here is a chance for an interesting study in character. But the author chooses to neglect this opportunity, and to make an artificial mystery out of his heroine. To heighten curiosity, he devises a series of disquieting events; he throws out numerous dark suggestions and misleading clues. Apparently, we are to have a detective story. The doctor, who is the principal narrator, gathers his facts from four subordinate narratives, and the central situation is not disclosed till past the middle of the book. To preserve the mystery, the heroine is kept in the background until almost the end, when, of course, she supplies the solution. Meanwhile, like Chaucer's Custance in the "Man of Law's Tale," she displays a taciturnity explicable only on the ground that without it there would be no story. To balance this unnatural reserve, her husband shows an equally abnormal loquacity; at a time when he is half-distracted with anxiety about his wife's condition, he relates with much dramatic skill the strange course of his courtship and marriage, at a length of more than a hundred pages. Finally, the theory that Julianna is the drunkard's daughter is found to rest solely on the testimony of an untrustworthy old servant, who disappears after declaring that, for reasons of her own, she has fabricated the whole thing. It is a sort of "The Lady or the Tiger?" dilemma; was Julianna daughter to the judge or to the murderer, and was the change in her due to her heredity or to her mistaken belief about it? Mr. Child's very sensible answer to these question is, "Who cares?"

MILITARY FINANCE.

Modern Wars and War Taxes: A Manual of Military Finance. By W. R. Lawson. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

Though this book has some very grave defects, it is nevertheless an important contribution to one of the greatest discussions of the day. Mr. Lawson says that Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" is too refined and obscure an argument to have much weight with the democratic assemblies who will be the chief war-makers of the future. No one will say that of his own argument. The democratic assemblies will not find it too refined, and if it is obscure, they will not discover the fact. He seems to fancy himself at some Donnybrook Fair intent on cracking a head wherever he sees one. Sir Robert Walpole, Adam Smith, Cobden, Gladstone, and Lloyd George all feel the weight of his cudgel. His excursions into economics sometimes land him in very peculiar situations, and his philosophy of history might with some truth exclaim, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Yet he has written a timely, readable, and on the whole instructive book. He does not err in saying that there does not exist in the English language a textbook of military finance, and he deserves more than slight thanks for attempting to supply a great need. In view of the pioneer character of his effort, and of the stress of political emotion amid which it has been accomplished, it is not surprising that this need has not in every particular been successfully met. It is quite obvious that our author is addressing with quickened pulse an audience keyed to a high pitch. Much that he says is fantastic, irrelevant, or even absurd. Nevertheless, there is an irreducible minimum of sound sense and prophetic warning that entitles this book to wide and careful reading.

Andrew Carnegie and Edwin Ginn will probably dissent from the declaration that armaments are not to be put down by pacific crusades. They rest, we are told, on too broad a foundation for that. They should be studied as one of the fundamental problems of modern civilization. Critics who would judge them fairly and intelligently must put themselves in the place of the responsible rulers, who, one and all, regard them as a necessary evil. A moderate amount of historical knowledge, declares Mr. Lawson, will suggest various rational motives for even a peace-loving state to hold it a duty to be well armed "in unsettled times like these."

The legitimate rivalry of nations, for example, was never so keen as at present. Another motive is found in the fact that all states, and European states in particular, are more exposed than ever before to the formation of new combinations which may threaten their security and their international rights. Thirdly, it must be remembered that there is still a large leaven of brute force in the world, which breaks out ever and anon, even in comparatively cultured communities. Nor should we ignore the fact that the principle of nationality is still rampant in many countries, as one can see from the Italian raid on Tripoli. And, lastly, racial questions of supreme gravity are being brought to the front, China, for example, being alive with them. Gentlemen may cry "Peace, peace!" but evidently there is no peace. Mr. Lawson's contention appears to be that the world is confronted with a condition rather than a theory, and, that being the case, it is high time to put armaments on a sound economic foundation.

The parts of his book which undoubtedly are to his mind the most valuable will strike many of his readers as the most negligible. Economics is not his strong point. He should have known better than to declare, in his chapter on Food and Finance, that, "with all respect for Adam Smith and his Socialistic perverters of the present day, labor is not the sole source of wealth. The means of keeping labor in good condition and fit for work—in other words, an adequate stock of food—is as much wealth as labor itself." Statements so ill-considered as this are calculated to weaken his influence when he talks on subjects with which he is more conversant than he is with economics. His comparisons of the financial strength of the chief Powers are a more respectable accomplishment in this particular domain, yet they fall very far short of being satisfactory. They strike one as being about of a piece with most of the statistical compilations got together in Great Britain in times of political agitation.

Mr. Lawson is over-fond of rhetoric. "There are," he says, "two classes of statesmen in England, as in most other countries. One can see very clearly things under his nose, and form very sensible but superficial opinions about them. He will not, however, look half an inch beyond his nose, either right or left, before or behind. This was Mr. Cobden's favorite method of argument." Here we have Mr. Lawson at his mildest. He is a bit more vigorous when he exclaims, "When there was no Chatham or Pitt or Canning or Palmerston or Beaconsfield available, we have had to get on as best we could with Foreign Ministers who were more familiar with catch-words than with concordats or protocols, and more at home with parliamentary platitudes than with diplomatic precedents. On the whole, they have been wonderfully lucky in keeping out of serious scrapes." He is perhaps most picturesque when he declares that "everybody [the Ministry and Parliament] concerned in burking the report of the Royal Commission of 1903 on Food and Raw Material Supply in War runs a risk of summary hanging, should the British navy ever lose command of the sea"; or in his reference to "the craven and corrupt administration of Sir Robert Walpole."

Interspersed, however, with much that will make economists stare and philosophers rub their eyes, there is a great amount of shrewd and pithy comment on the course of nations, particularly the British nation—enough, in fact, to give Mr. Lawson's latest publication a solid *raison d'être*. With all its shortcomings, the book has the great merit of presenting one of the most momentous problems of this or of any age in a manner to excite the thought of both large and small minds.

Japan of the Japanese. By Joseph H. Longford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This is a contribution to the Countries and Peoples series by the professor of Japanese at King's College, London. His long residence in the Island Empire and admirable training in the British consular service have prepared him to give the public a thoroughly trustworthy book; and in all essential qualities this compendium is to be highly recommended. The historical chapters dealing with the growth of feudalism and the *samurai* class are especially valuable. For the ethnology, a subject still in the realm of hypothesis, it is doubtful whether the writer is justified in ignoring the supposition put forward in Murdoch's recent "History of Japan," that the ruling element, represented by the Imperial family and the Fujiwaras, ought to be referred to a source other than the continent of Asia, probably to the South Seas, via Kyushu. This origin might explain the fondness of the Satsuma youth for the sea, for "it was at one time said that the navy was the exclusive preserve of the representatives of the Satsuma clan" (p. 234). Particularly interesting is the account of the development of the spy system in the nation, so that to-day "what may be euphemistically termed the secret service of Japan is by a long way the most highly organized in the world. No instrument is too humble for it" (p. 74). The story of the plucky fights of the embryo navy of Japan at Miako and Hakodate, when Admiral Enomoto so distinguished himself, is excellent reading, although the map ought to have shown Miako harbor. The chapters on the Press and Criminal and Civil Law are also valuable. The writer does even justice to the national characteristics. While he allows that merchants find much to complain of in the commercial habits of the Japanese trader, not being himself a merchant, he "learned in Japan to trust all with whom he had business dealings, both Japanese and Europeans, and on his final return to England, he regulated his life on the same principle, with the result that he found more occasion to regret it in ten years' life in England than he did in thirty years in Japan."

There are, however, grave omissions in the book. No light whatever is thrown on the subject of missions, Catholic or Protestant, nor the contributions made by Christianity to education. In fact, the whole subject of education is equally neglected. Not one of the topics, Education, Schools, Universities, appears in the Index. This defect ought surely to be remedied at once, seeing that the writer is now professor in a university. An odd effect is produced upon an American in reading page 150, where the subject is the rapid spread of the English language in Japan. All the credit for the popularity of English is attributed to the influence of Great Britain, "which held, in the thoughts of all Japanese, a position which was immeasurably above that of all other nations of the West." This palpable unfairness crops up again in the account given of early railway construction, at pages 252-3. While the first two railways were built by English engineers, the third was not the Kioto-Otsu extension of the Kobe-Osaka line, but a railway built up in Hokkaido by Gen. U. S. Crawford between Otarunai and Sapporo, after the American fashion; this the writer fails to mention.

The author wields a somewhat clumsy style, revealed early in the Preface, which contains several long and inept sentences. At page 25 is a good Irish "bull," when the "prototype of the (Japanese) coolie" is found "in the Irish jarvey." On page 149 occurs the misstatement that the word "Hanashi is converted for euphony into Banashi when yoked with another word"; he means that where a word like *hanashi* follows another word, so as to bring h between two vowels, the h is changed into b. There is no change, for instance, in such a compound as Hanashi-yama. There are but few typal errors, although "Iyemitsu" appears twice on one page (221) as "Iyemitou." On the same page a chapter on the Mercantile Marine is referred to, and there is no such chapter; evidently the chapter (xiv) on Communications is meant.

Except for these minor defects, the book is one of singular merit. Handy in form, sound in its information, kindly and judicial in its attitude to the Japanese, and full of many vivifying side-lights on the people and their administration, it deserves a hearty welcome.

Reform of Legal Procedure. By Moorfield Storey. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35 net.

There is virtual unanimity among those who are most familiar with the subject, that in the administration of the law America lags behind the rest of the civilized world, and that our procedure, both in civil and criminal cases, is inefficient and a reproach to the nation. There is also substantial agreement as to what reforms are necessary to put an end to a state of affairs which, as was said by Professor Vance, the Dean of George Washington University, is "a stench in the nostrils of the nations." It could hardly be expected, therefore, that Mr. Storey, in the series of lectures delivered by him before the Law School of Yale University in 1911, and now published, would throw entirely new light on the subject. His lectures are valuable, however, because they are temperate in tone, free from sensational accusations, and are the work of a man who speaks with authority, owing to his high standing at the bar and his practical experience.

The first remedy he proposes is the reduction of litigation by legislation, especially in regard to tort claims, which now encumber the dockets of our courts. He is in favor of substituting for the present system the payment of a fixed sum in case of injury suffered in the course of the servant's employment, whether caused by negligence or not, and of extending this rule, not only to industrial accidents, but also to injuries suffered by passengers on railways and other public conveyances.

While he believes that the greater part of the expense should be paid by the employers or by mutual insurance companies to be formed by them, he holds that there is no reason why the State should not contribute, if necessary, and also why it should not, by virtue of its police power, stop the business of an employer until he complies with the precautions which the mutual insurance companies may require. If any provision of our Constitution stands in the way, the difficulty must be removed by amendment.

Where the author advocates that cases should be tried on their merits, without regard to technicalities or the restriction of the referee system to its narrowest limits, few will disagree with him, but some of the reforms he proposes in procedure in civil cases would seem not to go to the root of the matter. He recommends giving greater power to the judge in jury cases, allowing him not only to comment on the evidence, but to state his opinion on the merits of the case to the jury; and instead of having the jury give general verdicts, he would let them answer in all cases specific questions of fact. It is doubtful whether the latter practice would not lead to disagreement in cases in which under the present system a verdict is arrived at. In an accident case, for instance, a unanimous verdict for the defendant may be given, although some of the jurors are of the opinion that the defendant was negligent, while at the same time believing, perhaps contrary to the opinion of the majority, that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence. Under the system advocated by the author a disagreement would be the result.

As to his suggestion that the presiding judge should receive greater power, doubtless the absurd restrictions of the power of the judge adopted by various States make a trial by jury a farce. But, on the other hand, in view of the fact that the jury know that the court has the power to set aside a verdict, if it deems it improper, a strong expression of opinion by the judge, not only on a particular piece of evidence or on the credibility of the witness, but on the merits of the case as a whole, might virtually amount to a coercion of the jury.

If the low opinion which the author expresses as to the calibre and intellect of our juries is well founded; if it is true that "what we do in practice, where we let a jury decide without the help of the judge," is to take "twelve men at random from a crowd" who are "entirely without experience in the work which they are asked to do," the obvious remedy is to abolish trial by jury, at least in civil cases, and let the judge decide the facts as is done in admiralty and equity cases. Here the author lacks the courage of his convictions. He is more radical in his proposed reform of criminal procedure, for he advocates the abolition of the time-honored rule that no one is bound to incriminate himself, and is in favor of the adoption, with some modifications, of the continental system. His arguments in support of this proposal seem cogent and convincing.

Notes

Among the novels to be issued by Duffield & Co. this summer or in the autumn are: a translation, by Miss Francis Douglas, of Blasco Ibanez's "Sónnica"; "The Gate of Horn," by Beulah Marie Dix, and "Marriage," by H. G. Wells.

Little, Brown & Co. have in press: "The Court of St. Simon," a novel by Anthony Partridge; "The Gift of Abou Hassan," by Francis Perry Elliott, and "Buddie at Gray Buttes," by Anna Chapin Ray.

"The Wind Before the Dawn," by Dell H. Munger, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out next month, deals with the economic relation of husband and wife in Kansas.

Lemcke & Buechner announce a Teubner text—"Epitome Thesavri Latini adornavit et auxiliantibus complvribvs edidit Fr. Vollmer." The work, which will be issued in four handy volumes, is planned for the use of those students to whom the twelve volumes of the "Thesavrvs Lingvæ Latinæ" are not readily accessible. This latter work is, of course, the basis of the one shortly to appear.

The Methodist Book Concern of Cincinnati promises for next month: "Egypt to Canaan, or Lectures on the Spiritual Meanings of Exodus," by A. H. Tuttle; "The Preacher and the Modern Mind," by George Jackson; "Crises in the Early Church," by John Alfred Faulkner; "The Apostles Creed; An Examination of its History, and an Exposition of its Contents," by Henry Wheeler; "The Christian View of the Old Testament," by Frederick Carl Eiselen, and "Historical Setting of the Early Gospel," by Thomas C. Hall.

The Florence Summer University has issued its programme for the season of 1912, which begins on August 1 and closes September 15. Lectures will be given in the mornings, while the afternoons will usually be given over to visiting the galleries, museums, churches, etc. On Saturdays personally conducted excursions, some of them lasting two days, will be made to the regions outside the city. The lectures will be delivered in Italian in the large hall of the "Circolo filologico," 4, Via Tornabuoni. There will be courses in Italian literature, Florentine history, and Italian art.

"Neighbourhood" (Dutton), by Ticknor Edwardes, is a chronicle of village life in the English Midlands. The sentimental reminiscences of the elders, the enumeration of the birds, the making of dew ponds—such are some of the features. A personal humor and pathos equally restrained give a sort of quality to a book of very familiar type, and excellent of its kind.

There is much of Old World romance in the plain tale of Philipse Manor Hall at

Yonkers, N. Y., as told by Edward Hagaman Hall in a small volume published by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society of New York, which is now the legal custodian of the place. On June 12, 1693, a royal charter was granted in the name of William and Mary, erecting the possessions of Frederick Philipse (the surname may be spelled almost as one chooses), "Into a Lordship or Manor of Philipsborough." This act gave the owner and his new wife the titles of Lord and Lady, respectively, and conferred upon the family residence the designation of the Manor House. At this time his lands reached from the Croton River to lower Yonkers, and in about six months were extended by the purchase of what is now Van Cortlandt Park to Spuyten Duyvil Creek, a total distance of twenty-two miles. Life went smoothly, and even gayly, for the first and second Lords of Philipse Manor, and for more than twenty years for the third. No less a personage than Col. George Washington bore testimony to the charm of Mary Philipse, sister of the last-named Lord, although the depth of his attachment to her is uncertain. But evil days came at last, for the third Lord of the Manor threw in his lot with his King, and attainder and confiscation followed. After being the prey of both forces because of its situation in the neutral ground, the vast estate was broken up, and the Manor House was turned into a city hall, from which service it has been rescued to occupy an honored position as one of our historic monuments. Dr. Hall is a cautious, but by no means dull, chronicler of the Manor's interesting past. The value of his book is enhanced by a dozen half-tones, the first being a reproduction of "A View of Phillipp's Manor" in 1784.

If the present Speaker of the House of Representatives and late candidate for the nomination of his party for the Presidency has ever made a mistake, it is not recorded in the pages of W. L. Webb's "Champ Clark" (Neale). There this "really great orator," whom no one can hear without being "entertained and sometimes instructed," marches from glory to glory. He has not only read the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address, but he has also assimilated them. Once he even committed them to memory. "Now he no longer recalls their phraseology, because he has made it his own, and thinks and speaks it. Occasionally, just by way of variety, he speaks the language of Patrick Henry, but even that he does unconsciously." It is decidedly agreeable to learn that theoretically "our Congress is composed of the ablest men in the nation, and practically the House is not far below the theoretical standard," although this leaves one in painful doubt over the Senate. The book is apparently a serious one, but it would be unkind to treat it so.

The Class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr has put into a small volume the addresses delivered at the meeting at Greenwich House, October 30, 1911, in memory of Carola Woerishoffer, together with resolutions of various bodies and newspaper editorials. Ida M. Tarbell contributes an introduction which is really a sketch of Miss Woerishoffer's life. The charm and value of the book is its concreteness. In its pages one becomes acquainted with the personality and achievement of a very unusual spirit. It is frankly panegyric, but every word of it was deserved. One can hardly grow tired of reading, for instance, how this youthful philanthropist, appearing in court to give bail for arrested shirtwaist strikers, for thirteen weeks kept the attention of the reporters turned from herself to the strike, by giving them a stream of "stories" about it, which she threatened to stop if they printed her name.

In tone, Warrington Dawson's "Le Nègre aux Etats-Unis" (Paris: Librairie Oriental & Américaine) is strongly Southern, which is not surprising from a native of Charleston, S. C. Sometimes his partisanship leads him into absurdities, as when he explains that the Southern States were called slave States "through hatred and scorn." Especially interesting are two chapters on the increasing gravity of the crimes committed by the negro as he detaches himself more and more from the whites. Mr. Dawson distinguishes between theft and the petty "taking" of food, which is a direct legacy from the day when the negro looked to "Massa" for everything. The more serious crimes, particularly those which provoke lynching, the author attributes in large part to the growing use of alcohol and drugs. The cure for mob law he finds in the strengthening and rigorous enforcement of laws concerning those who practice it, and their victims as well. He sees no "solution" of the general problem beyond a maintenance of the status quo, in which the two races remain neighbors and yet strangers, and he puts the responsibility for such maintenance upon the negroes. The preface is by Paul Adam.

J. Howard B. Masterman's "History of the British Constitution" (Macmillan), a brief sketch for readers who already know something of English history, has been prepared, apparently, with special reference to the needs of the tutorial classes of the Workers' Educational League. Unlike most handbooks of this sort, the narrative has been carefully brought down to date.

Truman O. Douglass's "Pilgrims of Iowa" (Pilgrim Press) is a history of Congregationalism in a Western State. Mr. Douglass himself is in a position to know the subject, for he began his own ministry in 1868, only thirty years after the earliest Congregational missionary work in the State of Iowa; and he met personally most of the "patriarchs," as he calls them. Since that date he has been closely connected with the interests of Congregationalism and has long been secretary of the Local Home Missionary Society. The book itself, which is a glorification of the work of the church, is lacking in scientific spirit. The sources of information are, besides the author's memory, a few well-known books and the files of the *Home Missionary*. The story is told in a rather interesting fashion, and the first part, particularly, contains an excellent picture of the hardships of the frontier preachers. The author states that he has written with the "accuracy of a historian," but has "avoided scholastic forms and methods," which is another way of saying that he is not a trained historian.

"The Record of a City" (Macmillan), by George F. Kenngott, is an account of present social and industrial conditions in Lowell, Mass., and of the manner in which they have grown out of the simpler mill-town ways of three generations ago. Its maps and photographs and its straightforward recital of facts indicate the physical aspect of the city, and in particular reveal with no little vividness the sorts of habitation in which the operatives are housed. Nearly three hundred family budgets, in interesting detail, furnish evidence of the wage-earner's standard of living. A chapter on Health suffers from inexpert handling of statistical material; a chapter on Industrial Conditions, though not uninforming, fails to illuminate the study as it might have done had more attention been given to the manufacturers' problems and point of view. Social institutions, such as churches, clubs, and philanthropic organizations, and the prevailing recreations of the populace are inventoried in an attempt to give the book the comprehensive character of a "social survey." In so large an undertaking Dr. Kenngott's painstaking zeal achieves but uneven success. Yet he leaves with his reader a telling picture of the way in which economic pressure and the incoming of alien workers have changed the New England community life of the old Lowell. At first the manufacturing companies made paternal provisions for lodging their operatives decently, even primly, in corporation boarding houses. But gradually the ownership of the mills passed into the hands of absentees; the employees' natural desire for independence was sharpened by race-antipathies which more and more disturbed the congeniality of the former way of living; the boarding-houses were converted into tenements, owned by aggressive private landlords. Shifting for themselves, and under necessity of paying competitive rents, the New England workers yielded to the Irish, with their less exacting economic standards; the Irish gave way to the French Canadians; the French Canadians are losing ground to the Greeks. For relief from its present-day problems of crowding and poverty the city looks to the awakening of a new community spirit fitted to the needs of a changed industrial situation.

In two beautifully printed volumes "Concerning the Genesis of the Versions of the New Testament" (Quaritch), H. C. Hoskier supplements his edition of the purple and gold codex in Mr. Morgan's library by remarks suggested by the study of that gospel codex and of the allied questions. Of the remarks in Volume I the most striking are (1) that r^2 (Codex Usserianus II) is equivalent to *k* (Codex Bobiensis); and (2) that before the time of Tatian's Diatessaron there was in existence a triglot Graeco-Syriac-Latin text of the Gospels. Volume II is devoted to collations of *h*, the Book of Dimma, and the Book of Moling. The volumes are intended for experts in the textual criticism of the New Testament, but the lay reader may enjoy the racy style, and if he is sound in the faith, the sermonic tone of some of the criticisms.

In his "Social Evolution and Political Theory" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner), containing the substance of eight lectures given on the Beer Foundation in Columbia University during April, 1911, Prof. Leonard T. Hobhouse addresses himself principally to the question, "What is progress?" His answer is interesting, since it gives a clearer exposition than can perhaps be found elsewhere of what may be termed a social theory of progress. According to Professor Hobhouse's view, progress does not consist essentially or even chiefly in the improvement of the racial stock, but in procuring harmony in the manifold developments of life. This harmony is chiefly the reflection of the growth of the social mind. The concluding chapters apply this conception of progress to the development of the state. Even the reader who is not interested in the philosophic question as to the nature of progress will find the book interesting. The chapter on The Value and Limitations of Eugenics is an acute and well-informed criticism of a programme which is ordinarily too vaguely conceived, and the chapter on Social Philosophy and Modern Problems is an exceedingly happy summary of recent English social legislation.

A comprehensive survey of England's dominions in the Caribbean is given by Algernon E. Aspinall, secretary of the West India Committee, in "The British West Indies" (Little, Brown). Mr. Aspinall touches on the historical side and discusses government administration, labor, tariffs, laws, and taxation. He describes the general aspect of the islands, their flora, fauna, and natural characteristics, but his chief interest lies in the industrial conditions and the efforts now being made to develop the remarkable and varied agricultural resources. It is obvious from his account that the islands are no longer in distress; in fact, are in process of regeneration. Mr. Aspinall writes hopefully about their future, believing that the opening of the Panama Canal will add materially to their wealth and importance. In discussing the possibility of federation of the West Indies, he says:

> There is no blinking at the fact that there are still many insular prejudices and petty jealousies to be overcome before the federation of the West Indies can be brought about, even if it be practicable. There must be, to begin with, a far better understanding among the residents in the various colonies. . . . Greater uniformity would add to the strength, prosperity, and influence of the West Indies. There is at present a lamentable lack of it . . . and this could be righted gradually without any political upheaval, and the meeting of an intercolonial conference at Barbadoes periodically, to consider how uniformity could be brought about in various directions, would prove of immense value.

The book is illustrated, and has a map.

One of the earliest socialistic attempts to realize communistic ideals by revolution was made by "Gracchus" Babeuf in Paris in the spring of 1796. The story of Babeuf's early privations, arrests, and imprisonments, of his deep-laid plot to overthrow the undemocratic plutocracy of the Directory, and of his tragic trial and death is now interestingly told in English by E. Belfort Bax ("The Last Episode of the French Revolution"; Small, Maynard & Co.). As in his volumes on the Peasant Revolt in Germany at the time of Luther, Mr. Bax writes rather as an interpreter for English readers of facts already well established than as a scholar throwing new light by original researches of his own. Here he relies mainly on the works of Advielle, Buonarroti, and Fleury, and on some of the newspapers of the period; the eleven volumes of pamphlets and papers in the British Museum relating to the Babeuf conspiracy, which might have afforded him, an Englishman, an excellent opportunity to add something really original to the history of this attempt at a socialistic revolution, he wholly ignores or neglects. Students of Socialism and the French Revolution will welcome, however, his translation of full extracts from Babeuf's programmes of reform, and from his correspondence with his friends. Mr. Bax's sympathy, of course, is strongly on the side of this martyr of communism, but his concluding judgment we think just: "Of the absolute sincerity, earnestness, and courage of the protagonist of the Equals there can be no sort of doubt. Of his grasp of the situation and of his intellectual capacity as the leader of a party of wide reaching revolutionary aims, as much cannot be said."

At the instance of friends, Mrs. Russell Barrington has published her diaries and sketches of a flying trip "Through Greece and Dalmatia" (Macmillan). On the whole, one must regret her compliance. Her party did Greece and Dalmatia in a lunar month. Under these conditions, only genius could have anything worth saying. And, indeed, if the liberal excerpts from Symonds and T. G. Jackson were eliminated, most value would disappear from the present work. The author's foible is that once ridiculed by Ruskin of illustrating a major impression by a minor analogy. The Parthenon, for example, reminds her, or she reminds it—the case is not quite clear—that she was the friend of Watts and Leighton. In short, a background of the best British society ever insists on advancing to the picture plane. It is hardly surprising that this background fails to tone with a foreground that is by turns Greek and mediæval.

There is no English Baedeker on the Russian Empire. Ruth Kedzie Wood has attempted to supply the want in "The Tourist's Russia" (Dodd, Mead). If the reader will consent to overlook an occasional rhapsody on Nature and her works, as well as certain other naïve generalizations regarding Russian character and social habits, he will find this a useful little manual. St. Petersburg is treated scantily, but Moscow and the Volga are very satisfactorily done.

"A Resident's Wife in Nigeria" (Dutton), by Constance Larymore, has attained, as it amply deserved, a second edition. It is a model of good taste, good temper, and sound sense. Mrs. Larymore spent four years in India, and did some camping in Kashmir before going to Nigeria, and she is thus equipped, as few travellers are, to give practical advice to those about to set out for distant lands. Nowhere else can be found more valuable hints for the comfort of man and beast in the tropics.

"The Story of Korea" (Scribner), by Joseph H. Longford, formerly a British Consul at Nagasaki, presents the main incidents in the history of that distracted country in a readable form that will commend the volume as a desirable addition to the reference shelf of every public library. Professor Longford's knowledge of Japanese adds to the reader's confidence in his understanding of the subject and use of materials, though it does not appear from the bibliography of works consulted that he has employed Japanese sources for anything but recent governmental acts. The chief authorities for his outline of Korean history are the well-known works of Dallet, Courant, Ross, and Hulbert, which he has condensed into a fairly clear narrative without imposing too many uncouth names upon the Western reader. He is severe upon the American naval expedition which tried in 1871 to terminate the Korean policy of isolation by forcing its purblind court to answer for the destruction of an American ship and the murder of all her crew. The attempt should have been made, if at all, in coöperation with other Western Powers, and some convenient harbor occupied until the Koreans understood the meaning of their demands; but such concerted action was impossible in the year of the Paris Commune and the Alabama Claims Commission. In the difficult matter of Japan's rôle in Korea and the resulting annexation the author maintains an attitude of entire fairness. He concedes that Koreans suffered from repeated acts of spoliation by Japanese officials as well as adventurers, but as the stronger race redeemed their initial errors of a similar kind in the early military occupation of Formosa, he believes that a similar success will be achieved presently in Korea, "followed by the heart-whole conciliation of the people."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume, who died at Chapel Hill, N. C., on Monday, aged seventy-six, had long been identified with Southern institutions of learning, among them Roanoke Female College and the University of North Carolina. He was also the author of several treatises on English writers.

Science

A Cyclopedia of American Medical Biography: Comprising the Lives of Eminent Deceased Physicians and Surgeons from 1610 to 1910. By Howard A. Kelly, M.D. Illustrated with portraits. 2 vols. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $10 net.

Several years ago, while writing the life of a medical worthy, Dr. Kelly found himself hampered by the inadequacy of the existing books of biography of the medical men of this country. This defect he undertook to correct, and with the aid of a large body of collaborators, apparently more than two hundred in number, has measurably succeeded. The outcome fills two rather large but handsome volumes, and contains incidentally some forty portraits. The term "eminent physicians and surgeons" is taken liberally enough to open the door for Agassiz, Asa Gray, William James, and some others whose connection with medicine was not very close. There are very interesting but somewhat uneven prefatory sketches of the development of certain but by no means all medical specialties in this country.

The biographies are valuable, although sometimes unduly extended. Even a casual reader will not fail to be impressed by the sturdy independence and resourcefulness of the American practitioners, particularly of those of earlier times when training in theory and practice was much less developed and general than now. There certainly were giants in those days, and a standard was set up which the present generation, with all its opportunities, will find it hard to maintain.

It is almost ungracious to speak ill of a book that brings so much welcome material, but the hope that a new edition will soon be called for leads us to make the following comments. One cannot read far without perceiving that there is much unevenness in these biographies and that the pruning knife might be used to advantage. It is, of course, most difficult to fix upon a rule which shall determine admission to a work of this kind, and if Dr. Kelly had some good standard in mind, as his preface seems to indicate, his contributors have had no clear understanding of it, either as to quantity or quality.

In the matter of omissions we have checked off the book against a short list of names gathered from the catalogues of a certain college and from some other sources that happened to be at hand. Of names at least as eminent as many of those recorded by Dr. Kelly, we failed to find: John Bacon, J. P. Bancroft, Henry J. Bigelow, Amos Binney, H. I. Bowditch, S. E. Chaillé, Samuel Clossy, Dickson (of the Jefferson Medical College), R. M. Hodges, Charles Harrington, the younger Holyoke, J. B. S. Jackson, Edward Jarvis, J. S. Lombard, George Parkman, A. M. Shew, N. B. Shurtleff, D. H. Storer, G. G. Tarbell, Robert Thaxter, Samuel Webber, J. W. Webster, Rufus Wyman, not to mention a score of others. Some of these were very distinguished persons, and the absence of their names is remarkable, particularly because many of them are incidentally mentioned in other biographies or in the historical introduction as important in the development of medicine in the United States. Of the others it may be said that they are at least as much entitled to a record as the young man on page 101, whose sole claim on posterity seems to be that he was of much promise and died at thirty, as was the custom of his family. As to errors and misprints, it may be noted that Agassiz lectured on anatomy in Charleston (as recorded on p. 7), *not* Charlestown (p. xxi); that the noted teacher of the blind was Samuel G. Howe; and, finally, that O. W. Holmes was born at Cambridge (not Boston), and the name of his father was Abiel (not Abial).

Science books in the list of Longmans, Green, & Co. include: "Researches in Color Vision, and the Trichromatic Theory," by Sir William De W. Abney; "Preventable Cancer: A Statistical Research," by Rollo Russell, and "Soil Conditions and Plant Growth," by E. J. Russell.

The account by Geo. Shiras, 3d, of his trip to Alaska last summer, mainly "to stalk, study, and photograph" the giant moose, will be a revelation to most readers of the *National Geographic Magazine* for May. Few will have realized that any part of the Arctic territory could have been so rich in big game, sheep, and birds as the Kenai Peninsula. The 59 reproductions of photographs give a vivid impression not only of the animal and bird life, but also of the beautiful scenery. The salmon, America's most valuable fish, is described, with numerous illustrations, by H. M. Smith. He dwells particularly upon the five distinct species on the Pacific Coast, directing attention to the remarkable fact that "every individual of every species dies shortly after spawning." The illustrated description of the California seed-farms by A. J. Wells will be another revelation. Not many will have known that "seed-growing has become an established branch of California horticulture . . . and seeds now go in car lots even to France and to Holland." There is a field of lettuce two miles long, and there are tracts of sweet peas from 100 to 500 acres in extent. A large picture of the Matterhorn is given as a supplement to the richly illustrated number.

Morocco and its future is the subject of an instructive article by A. G. Ogilvie in the *Geographical Journal* for June. He confidently maintains that the agricultural possibilities of the country are very great and that "the forests offer immense possibilities of development. . . . Further, nearly all parts of Morocco which are unsuited for agriculture or forestry can be utilized for stock rearing; fisheries, too, will afford a good return for well-directed encouragement, and there is the possibility of the existence of mineral wealth." Among the greatest needs of the place are peaceful and sure government and efficient communications by roads and strategic railways. D. Carruthers gives an account of explorations in northwestern Mongolia; Sir C. R. Markham reviews the results of Antarctic work during the past twenty years, and R. N. Hall describes some very remarkable Bushman paintings in caves in southern Rhodesia.

Drama and Music

Forthcoming books in the list of Ginn & Co. include: "The Dramatic Method of Teaching," by Harriet Finlay-Johnson; "Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act," by Marion Florence Lansing.

George Calderon publishes a translation, with introduction and notes, of "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard" (Mitchell Kennerley) as representative of the earlier and latest work of the Russian dramatist Tchekhoff, in whom he discerns great and original genius. It is possible, of course, that the original works possess literary and other merits which are but dimly reflected in the English version, but certainly in their present shape they do not suggest any great dramatic instinct or fertility of invention. Clever they undoubtedly are in various ways, especially in their distinctness of characterization, their naturalness in minor details, their frequent touches of humor or pathos, and their effective play of satire, but they are invertebrate and episodical in form, deal with common types, and are often conventional when they are not extravagant in action. Mr. Calderon, who, with all his enthusiasm, seems to have an uneasy consciousness of the inherent weaknesses of the plays, hints that their true significance is to be sought, not so much in the fate of the puppets presented as in the effect upon them of the external conditions of life to which they are subject and before which they are helpless. They are to be regarded less as individuals than as samples of the mass. In this there is nothing new. Interrelationship of circumstance and character is the root of all drama, and all personages may be taken as symbolical of classes. The distinguishing traits of most of the characters in these two pieces are selfish individualism and reckless and pessimistic fatalism, and they are not attractive.

In the play called "The Seagull" Tchekhoff himself shows the result of external influence, although he is no mere copyist. It is a queer mixture of modern realism, symbolism, romanticism, and conventional melodrama. The unhappy, undisciplined, idealistic Trepoff is sketched with some comprehension. Trigorin, the novelist, is a capital study of the capable, methodical, adroit creator of "best sellers," with his finger ever upon the popular pulse. Arcadina is an admirably realistic embodiment of the selfishness, the shallowness, and the vanity of one type of actress. There are undeniable truth and pathos in the fate of the romantic, misguided, and ultimately half-crazed Nina. The representation of certain phases of Russian society carries a conviction of photographic verity, but the actors in it are trivial and sordid, and the dramatic and human interest rare. As for the symbolism beneath it all, it is too vague to be important. In "The Cherry Orchard" there is the same facile, and doubtless, in the main, truthful, portrayal of middle-class Russian society. The student Trophimoff, who is presumably the spokesman of Tchekhoff's own philosophy, complains that the great majority of his countrymen are "gross, stupid, and profoundly unhappy." He says that the one thing needful is work, coupled with a disposition to help the few who are seeking for the truth. The majority of the educated classes, he adds, ask for nothing and do nothing. They only talk about science and understand little or nothing about art. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that the characters accord with the definition. In the theatre they would be neither entertaining nor profitable, even if they were wholly credible. But the old servitor, Firs, who has outlived his own generation and has nothing in common with the new, is a really striking creation. Unfortunately, one small character does not make a drama. The plays have a certain value as impressionistic Russian sketches by a native artist, but are in no sense masterpieces.

Following the example of some foreign composers—notably Italians—whom two or three, or a dozen failures do not discourage, Frederick S. Converse is said to be busy at work on another opera, the libretto of which has been provided by Percy MacKaye. The tentative title is "Beauty and the Beast;" yet it is not to be a fairy opera, but a "fantastic" opera, bringing in Sindbad the Sailor, the Forty Thieves, besides Beauty and a Stately Lady and a Peacock Lady.

Pope Pius IX was a great admirer and intimate friend of Liszt, whose visits he sometimes returned. Once he went to see him in the cloister church on the Monte Mario, which Liszt had chosen as a residence, and where he composed his sublime oratorio "Christus." On the second day of last month, a memorial tablet was placed on this church commemorating these happenings. Among those who witnessed the ceremony were representatives of the Italian Government and the city of Rome, and the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary.

Scarcely a week passes without the gaping world being informed of some new operatic project by Mascagni. The latest is that he has been commissioned by the publisher, Sonzogno, to set to music a libretto of which Cleopatra is the heroine.

Puccini, it is said, is about to visit Spain to gather local color for his next opera. Bizet managed to get it for his "Carmen" without visiting Spain. Nor did Puccini deem it necessary to visit California before composing his "Girl of the Golden West." Possibly the severity with which he was criticised for this has had something to do with his intention to go to Spain. "Anima Allegra" ("The Cheerful Soul") is given as the title of the Spanish opera; and we are informed that it is to be a comic opera, Puccini having decided to return to the lighter vein of his earlier works, notably "La Bohême."

Cosima Wagner has given up all activity in connection with the Bayreuth festivals, wherefore Siegfried Wagner is the ruling spirit this summer. The rehearsals began, as always, on June 15, and will end on July 19, two days before the opening of the festival. What with these rehearsals and performances, those concerned will be in Bayreuth nearly three months. Tickets for the performances are no longer to be had; they were all sold several months ago. Dr. Muck will conduct "Parsifal" before departing for America. His engagement as permanent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has greatly distressed the Berliners. Since Richard Strauss is very uncertain, they now have to rely mainly on Emil Paur, who, it will be remembered, used to be active in Boston, then in New York, and finally in Pittsburgh, before returning to Europe. Hans Richter will conduct the "Meistersinger" performance at Bayreuth, while the four Nibelung operas will be presided over by Balling and Siegfried Wagner.

The city of Berlin granted the local Philharmonic Orchestra an annual subscription of $15,000 on the condition that it give, during the summer, thirty-five popular concerts for an admission price of only seven cents (thirty pfennigs). They are to take place in different parts of the city. The first was given the other evening in the large hall of a brewery, which seats 4,000. The audience, it was observed, did not differ noticeably from the assemblages which hear the regular and more expensive concerts of the Philharmonic Society. As for the players, they are better provided for than formerly. For thirteen summers in succession, they had played at a seaside resort (Scheveningen) to make both ends meet.

The Scandinavian composer, Prof. Christian Sinding, who was much admired by Grieg and Seidl, has completed an opera with the title of "The Saved Mountain." The libretto is by Dora Dunker.

The Prussian Prince Joachim Albrecht is the composer of two orchestral works, "Raskolnikoff" and "Die Ahnengruft," which have won applause at Carlsbad.

Art

ANTHROPOMORPHIC ÆSTHETICS.

Beauty and Ugliness, and Other Studies in Psychological Æsthetics. By Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thomson. John Lane Co. $1.75 net.

To those who know "Vernon Lee" only as a critic at large, this highly technical volume may seem as repellent as surprising. As a matter of fact, it is often written with a crabbedness exceeding the demands of its difficult matter. It is nevertheless a valuable book, bringing to sharp focus the main issues and solutions of modern psychological æsthetics.

The book grows out of an essay, "Beauty and Ugliness," published by the authors fifteen years ago. It was the moment when psychology was over-driving all manner of motor hypotheses. The Lange-James theory had seemed to prove that what were called motor reactions or effects of the emotions were, on the contrary, causes, or, more accurately, the very substance of the emotions. Bernhard Berenson had just asserted that the chief æsthetic value of painting is that it should communicate tactile sensations. And while in his more careful passages he insisted that such tactile values are purely mental, he constantly wrote as if they were accompanied by outward motor reactions. This notion had already been carried a step further in Karl Groos's hypothesis of "inner imitation." He imagined an expressive mimicry of objects of æsthetic enjoyment, conducted chiefly by the head, eyes, and organs of respiration. Theodor Lipps, just a year before "Beauty and Ugliness" was published, had framed his now famous theory of *Einfühlung*. This means that we enjoy any object æsthetically, though projecting a part of our experience into it, enduing it with our powers, conceiving it in our own image.

The two gentlewomen who in 1897 launched their own motor hypothesis of æsthetics were thus unwittingly in excellent company. They were, however, with the exception of James's psychology, unversed in the newer literature. Their essay arose quite independently. Its real origin was the discovery of an extraordinary introspective gift in C. Anstruther-Thomson. She was able to observe and describe whole series of slight motor accompaniments of her enjoyment of art. These, unconsciously amplifying the hint of Karl Groos, she located chiefly in the organs of vision and respiration, and interpreted as mimetic of the contemplated object. "Vernon Lee" contributed the psychological commentary to her collaborator's observations, and, as a true devotee of the Lange-James theory, regarded these motor phenomena as of the æsthetic essence. Such participation in the imagined life of an object of course ranged the authors as unconscious disciples of Lipps's anthropomorphic æsthetics. He proceeded, however, to renounce them in various articles, insisting that all motor accompaniments of an impression of beauty are either negligible or actually destructive, the æsthetic imputation of our own life to an enjoyed object being purely mental.

Through defence, interpretation, and illustration of the original essay, "Beauty and Ugliness," the present book has grown, and it betrays in occasional redundancies its episodic origins. Still, by way of excerpt and discussion it contains a very full exposition of the æsthetics of Groos and Lipps, and presents a reasonable programme for the scientific investigation of these most evasive phenomena. The initial error of identifying Anstruther-Thomson's motor type of æsthesis with that of the human race is handsomely avowed. Likewise, the infelicity of declaring that such motions when present are necessarily mimetic. Such reservations bring the authors very close to the purely mental *Einfühlung* of Lipps. And, in fact, what separates them is merely the conviction on "Vernon Lee's" part that these motor accompaniments of impressions of beauty are inherently worthy of study. Here, we feel, nobody will gainsay her. Professor Lipps's denial of all value to the outer symptoms of inner æsthesis is on the face of it highly arbitrary.

Æsthetic empathy is "Vernon Lee's" equivalent for *Einfühlung*. Both terms she clearly perceives are open to the serious objection of suggesting an actual transfer of our life to an outer object. Professor Lipps knows that such a transfer is unthinkable and purely illusory, but he constantly writes, in fairly mystical tone, as if there were a real emanation from the observer to the object. In short, any term which suggests that we think ourselves into any external thing, is objectionable. The proper statement is that we think it into ourselves, assimilate it in terms of our experience, articulate it imaginatively with appropriate memory impressions. An exact term for a process really quite simple is not easy to find, but the phrase æsthetic assimilation perhaps fairly suggests the facts, and has no misleading connotation.

This book closes with a long chapter

of what may be called field notes—"Vernon Lee's" memoranda before famous pictures and statues, chiefly at Florence. She has the habit of mentally repeating strains of music, and a considerable and rather inconclusive part of the notes is devoted to the compatibility of these musical memories with impressions of graphic and plastic art. The notes are valuable because they show the great variety and complete relativity of æsthetic experience in a highly trained person. It appears that, short of that absorption in the contemplated object which Schopenhauer regarded as the ideal, there are many grades of æsthesis. It does not seem hopeless to believe that an analysis of such notes, aided by carefully framed *questionnaires*, might give us a real classification of æsthetic states as more or less typical and complete. "Vernon Lee" is actively engaged along these lines. That she may carry into these severer studies the grace and lucidity of her literary criticism and dialogues is the hope of her admirers. Meanwhile, we may say that the anthropomorphic æsthetics have at least brought us down to the real problem, and probably contain, if in a manner as yet not quite clear, the truth of the matter. It is surely a gain to set æsthetics firmly in the psychologic field—to realize that beauty is not an attribute of things, but an expression of a complex individual experience concentrated upon a selective and receptive act.

That the Madonnas of the Florentine painters reflect precisely the contemporary womanhood of the city, is the central theme of M. Ferrigni's "Madonne Fiorentine" (imported by Stechert). The book is a fair example of the readiness with which modern cultivated Italians turn their hands to belle-lettristic themes. But Signor Ferrigni's plea is, at best, merely specious. Unquestionably, the correlation he asserts exists in certain artists, for instance, Fra Filippo, but in general, Florentine Madonnas are remarkable for their typical quality. There seldom is any approach to portraiture. The Divine mother is kept in an ideal realm where racial and local qualities are suspended. To us the book seems merely ingenious. It is rather handsomely made, in a small folio, with many good photographic reproductions, which are apparently its *raison d'être*.

Finance

LIQUIDATION IN THE STOCK MARKET.

The stock market was interesting last week mainly on account of the liquidation which took place. There was no sensational break in prices, and at times there were periods of real strength. But the movement as a whole was different from that of the fortnight before, because of heavy selling. This movement was coincident with the efforts of certain banks to build up their reserve item, which owing to the continued outflow of cash could be strengthened only through a drastic curtailment of loans. In spite of the various explanations to account for the selling, it may be said that the liquidation was natural under the circumstances and could not well be avoided.

The market, however, stood the test fairly well; what is known as the technical position was unquestionably strengthened by it. Nothing occurred to make real holders of stocks sell out, and since the public was not speculating to any great extent, the losses incident to the decline of the week were borne chiefly by professional operators. But the firmness in money rates, as reflected by the higher price charged for call loans and time accommodation, showed that the inquiry was broadening and that the banks were no longer inclined to tie up large sums in term loans or in fixed forms of investment, as they did a year ago, when business was less active and merchants were borrowing meagre amounts. The situation, therefore, has changed to the extent that discounts are hardening here just as they are hardening abroad, where the markets are still fearful that the New York banks may make heavy demands upon Europe's gold supply.

The chief problem everywhere, however, is how to provide for the immense volume of new securities which must soon be marketed. Within the last few days there has been further selling of British consols at London by the banks which were forced to dispose of these securities in order to pay the instalments due on the underwritings of bonds which the syndicates have not been able to sell. This problem has given serious trouble to the London banks, and it looks now as if there would be a great deal of forced liquidation before the account is adjusted and the undigested securities are lodged permanently with investors. The serious liquidation at Paris has arisen partly from the same cause. For not a few months the great French investment banks have been heavily committed to various bond operations which have not worked out satisfactorily.

Ordinarily it has been possible for these institutions to make a market for virtually any of the bonds that they cared to bring out. But conditions have changed in France, as they have in most other countries where the new security issues have been excessive. In Germany the situation has been slightly different, as the market there has had an additional upset through the abuses which have resulted from the reckless speculation of last year. This trouble became so acute as to make it necessary for the Reichsbank to adopt drastic measures. But in Germany, as in the other great markets, are large loans which must be provided for in the near future. Under these conditions, with all the foreign markets under strain from largely the same causes, it is natural that European financiers should have shown concern over the disclosures of the poor bank return of July 6.

Europe's interest in the question has mainly to do with the possibility of our getting gold from abroad. It is recognized that with our international trade balance as favorable as it is, with Germany still heavily in our debt through temporary loans obtained in this market, and with large outstanding balances to the credit of our banks at other European centres, it would be easy for New York to attract gold from abroad, should money rates advance sharply here. It is true that no such movement is in sight, and that money market conditions here do not suggest a violent rise in rates in the near future. But London financiers have been mindful for some time of the extraordinary circumstances which govern the situation this year. It is recognized, also, on the other side, that the real test will come when the railways begin to borrow heavily and when the great mass of industrial securities appear upon the market. Then the banks will be forced to make the advances that are usually called for when great bond operations have to be financed. The fact that we are within a month of the period when the Western banks ordinarily call upon their Eastern correspondents for large shipments of harvesting money makes the problem of the money market all the more interesting. The Government crop figures of last week, while not up to expectations in some particulars, showed that the total production of all crops would probably be sufficiently in excess of last year's harvest to call for much larger shipments of crop-moving money from the Eastern reserve centres.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, Julia de W. The Spell of England. Boston: Page & Co. $2.50 net.
Aynard, Joseph. Londres (Les Villes d'Art célèbres). Paris: Librairie Renouard.
Bacon-Foster, Mrs. Corra. The Potomac Route to the West. Washington: Columbia Historical Society.
Bates, E. W. Pageants and Pageantry. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Bonney, T. G. The Building of the Alps. Scribner.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1912. London: Scientific Press.
Carpenter, Edward. The Drama of Love and Death. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Castle, W. E., and others. Heredity and Eugenics. University of Chicago Press. $2.50 net.
Child in the City, The: A Series of Papers. Chicago: Schools of Civics and Philanthropy. $1.50 net.
Crutchley, W. C. My Life at Sea. Brentano. $2.75 net.
Dawson, W. H. Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911. Scribner.
Deussen, Paul. The System of the Vedânta. Trans. by C. Johnston. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

Folengo, Teofilo. Opere Italiane, a cura di Umberto Renda. Volume secondo. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Glyn, Elinor. Halcyone. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Goetz, P. B. The Summons of the King: A Play. Buffalo: The McDowell Press.

Greenlaw, E. A. A Syllabus of English Literature. Boston: Sanborn & Co.

Hall, W. P. British Radicalism, 1791-1797. Longmans.

Hamel, Frank. The Lady of Beauty. (Agnes Sorel.) Brentano. $3.50 net.

Hargrave, Mary. Some German Women and Their Salons. Brentano. $2.75 net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology, edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors. Cambridge, Mass.

Haynes, G. E. The Negro at Work in New York City. Longmans.

Headley, F. W. The Flight of Birds. Scribner.

Hermann, E. A. Histrionics in the Dramas of Franz Grillparzer. Univ. of California Publications.

Kernahan, J. G. and C. Bedtime Stories of Make-Believe-Land. Platt & Peck. 50 cents.

Kuhn, A. K. Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations. Longmans.

Lipsett, E. R. The House of a Thousand Welcomes. Lane. $1.30.

Lowery, Woodbury. A Descriptive List of Maps of the Spanish Possessions in the U. S. 1502-1820. Washington: Library of Congress.

Lyford, J. O. History of the Town of Canterbury, New Hampshire, 1727-1912. 2 vols. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.

Mackay, Helen. The Cobweb Cloak. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Mathews, A. H. Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. Brentano. $4 net.

Moore, J. A. The Sentimental Song Book. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.

Munro, J. I. A Research into the Origin of the Third Personal Pronoun. Frowde.

Nichols, E. L., and Merritt, E. Studies in Luminescence. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

O'Sullivan, Vincent. The Good Girl. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Polti, Georges. L'Art d'inventer les Personnages. Paris: Figuière et Cie.

Porter, E. H. Miss Billy's Decision. Boston: Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Quinlan, M. A. Poetic Justice in the Drama. Notre Dame, Ind.: University Press.

Raeder, A. L'Arbitrage International Chez les Hellenes. Tome 1, Publications de l'Institut Nobel Norvégien. Putnam.

Rodway, James. Guiana: British, Dutch, and French. Scribner.

Sargent, Walter. Fine and Industrial Arts in Elementary Schools. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents.

Selden, G. C. Psychology of the Stock Market. Ticker Pub. Co.

Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part II; Richard III (Tudor Edition). Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.

Smith, E. F., and others. The Structure and Development of Crown Gall: A Plant Cancer. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.

Step, Edward. By Sea-Shore, Wood, and Moorland. T. Whittaker.

Symons, Beryl. The Roses of Crein. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Tilney, Robert. My Life in the Army. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $1.

University of Pennsylvania. Publications of the Babylonian Section, Vol. II, No. 1, Business Documents of Murashu Sons of Nippur; No. 2, Temple Archives from Nippur. By Albert T. Clay.

Vineberg, Solomon. Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada. Longmans.

Watson, H. B. M. The Tomboy and Others. Lane. $1 net.

Willoughby, L. A. Dante Gabriel Rossetti and German Literature: A Lecture. Frowde.

Yu-Yue Tsu. The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy. Longmans.

READY THIS WEEK

Salisbury, Barrows, and Tower's ELEMENTS OF GEOGRAPHY

By ROLLIN D. SALISBURY, Professor; HARLAN HARLAND BARROWS, Associate Professor, and WALTER SHELDON TOWER, Assistant Professor, in the University of Chicago. ix+616 pp. 12mo. $1.50 *net.*

Professor Salisbury's text-books in physiography are recognized as the last word in this field for schools and colleges. This new course in geography treats briefly physiographic processes and features, but develops at greater length the relations of earth, air, and water to life and especially to human affairs. The authors believe that the chief object in geography teaching should be preparation for citizenship. They have accordingly emphasized certain points that are now, or are soon likely to be, of national importance, as for example the need for conserving the natural resources of the country. The illustrations are a vital part of the book.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY NEW YORK & CHICAGO

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLIX, No. 1. **British Radicalism, 1791-1797.** By Walter Phelps Hall, Sometime Fellow in History, Columbia University.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $2.00.

Vol. XLIX, No. 2. **A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations,** with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders. By A. K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.B.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50.

Vol. XLIX, No. 3. **The Negro at Work in New York City.** A Study in Economic Progress. By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D., Sometime Fellow of the Bureau of Social Research, New York School of Philanthropy; Professor of Social Science in Fisk University.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.25. *Cloth,* $1.75.

Vol. L, No. 1. **The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy.** A Study in Mutual Aid. By Yu-Yue Tsu, Ph.D.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.00.

Vol. LII, No. 1. **Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada.** By Solomon Vineberg, Ph.D., Sometime Garth Fellow in Economics, Columbia University.
8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50. *Cloth,* $2.00.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

The GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.

Author of "The Nervous Life," and "An Outline of Individual Study."

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY G. STANLEY HALL, PH.D., LL.D.

(12*mo.* $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.63)

The importance of this book—the first comprehensive and orderly résumé of the educational philosophy of Pres. G. Stanley Hall—will be at once recognized. The work summarizes the dominant and progressive educational movement, and the ideas it assembles constitute the most important contribution of all time to education. Incomparable for study and reference, for a normal school text or for libraries.

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

In the Amazon Jungle

ADVENTURES IN A REMOTE PART OF THE UPPER AMAZON RIVER, INCLUDING A SOJOURN AMONG THE CANNIBAL INDIANS.

By ALGOT LANGE

With an Introduction by FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH. *Octavo. With 86 illustrations from Original Photographs by the Author.* $2.50 *net.*

"A description more wonderful than the work of Paul du Chaillu, and holds the reader as intensely as the stirring narrative of Stanley's adventures in Africa."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"A more remarkable narrative of strange experiences and perilous adventure would be hard to find among the works of recent years."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Notable among works of exploration and discovery."—*The Outlook.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

On the Art of the Theatre
By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG
8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14
The most important book about the theatre published in years.
Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

As a Brilliant Man Sees Us
America of To-morrow
By ABBE FELIX KLEIN
At All Bookstores. $1.75 net.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, Chicago

Free Library 15. 26 Dec 12

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2456 THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 69

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Lobbyists by Wholesale 72
Anglo-German Relations 72
Wriggling 73
The Mysterious Art of Politics 74
Eugenics and Happiness 75

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The Revival of Vedic Education in India 76
News for Bibliophiles 77

CORRESPONDENCE:

Ulster and Home Rule 78
A National Health Service 78
Ancient Landmarks 79
The Bible and English Literature .. 79

LITERATURE:

The Strangling of Persia 79
Sister Carrie 80
Paul the Minstrel.—The Child of the Dawn 80
The Price She Paid.................. 81
The Origin of the English Constitution 81
Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900 82
Buhen 83
Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus 83

NOTES 84

SCIENCE:

The International Radiotelegraphic Conference 86

MUSIC AND DRAMA:

Annals of the Irish Harpers.......... 87

ART 88

FINANCE:

Financing the Crops.................. 89

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 90

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

Educational

ÉCOLE LIBRE DES SCIENCES POLITIQUES

(FREE SCHOOL OF POLITICAL SCIENCES.)

27 Rue Saint-Guillaume, PARIS (42nd year, 1912-1913).

FOUNDER: **Emile BOUTMY.**

DIRECTOR: **Mr. Anatole LEROY-BEAULIEU,** Member of the Institut.

BODY OF PROFESSORS:

Messrs. **LYON-CAEN, RENAULT, A. LEROY-BEAULIEU, ESMEIN, CH. BENOIST, P. BEAUREGARD, DE FOVILLE, COLSON, RENE STOURM, VIDAL DE LA BLACHE, J. FLACH, A. LIESSE,** of the Institute of France; **E. BOURGEOIS, LEVY-BRUHL,** Professors at the Faculty of Letters; **ROMIEU,** Councillor of State; **TARDIEU, TEISSIER,** Hon. Masters of Petitions at the Council of State; **ARNAUNE,** Councillor at the Court of Accounts; **R.-G. LEVY; G. PAULET,** Director at the Ministry of Labor; **PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU,** Deputy; **CHR. SCHEFER, D. ZOLLA, CH. DUPUIS, M. CAUDEL, RENE HENRY, P. DE ROUSIERS; D. BELLET,** Perpetual Secretary of the Society of Political Economy; **YOT,** Chief of the General Bookkeeping Department at the Bank of France; **E. HALEVY, G. BLONDEL, A. SIEGFRIED,** Doctors of Letters, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF COURSES:

Political Economy.—Social Economy.
Public Finances.—Banking.—Foreign Finances.
Money, Credit and Exchange.—International Circulation.
Commercial and Statistical Geography.
Foreign Trade and Customs Legislation.
Commercial Legislation Compared.—Colonization Compared.
Political Economy of the principal Powers.
Great modern Industries.—Labor Legislation.
Industrial Technics.—Methods and Processes in matters of Statistics.
Agricultural Questions from a point of view of Economics.—Movable Property.
Critical Study of Accounts and Balance Sheets.—Insurance.
Political life and Administrative Organization in France and Abroad.
Diplomatic History.—General Geography.
Conventional International Law.—Law of Nations.
Contemporaneous Europe and European Interests outside Europe.
History of Home Politics of the principal Countries.
Parliamentary and Legislative History of France.
Constitutional History of Europe and America.
History of Political Ideas and Public Spirit in the XIXth Century.
Ethnography of Central and Oriental Europe.
Military Organization Compared.—Military Navy.
Contemporaneous America and the New Anglo-Saxon societies.
Political questions and Economy in Eastern Asia.
Algerian matters.—Tunisian matters.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The instruction given at the School of Political Sciences is the natural crowning accomplishment of every liberal education. In each of its several branches, the pupil acquires the requisite competency for holding high State Offices (Diplomacy, Administration, Finance), and is also trained for Public Life and Great Financial Enterprises, both in France and abroad.

The pupils are admitted without examination, with the approbation of the Director and School Board; no University degrees are necessary.

A special conference is reserved to foreign pupils with a view to facilitating their studies.

Tuition usually comprises a three years' course, which, however, may be reduced to two years. On completing his studies, every pupil who has successfully passed his examination receives his diploma.

SCHOLAR YEAR 1912-1913.—The scholar year commences on 11th November, 1912, and closes on 7th June, 1913. Applications are received at the Secretary's Office from 4th November, 1912. Application for the whole course gives right to all the regular and complimentary Courses and Conferences, and also access to the Library (about 25,000 volumes and 160 French and foreign reviews and newspapers).—Per annum $70

A Special Pamphlet *giving detailed information on the organization of the School and respecting the profession for which the pupil receives special training, can be had by addressing*
Secrétaire Général de l'Ecole, **27, Rue Saint-Guillaume, Paris (France).**

The Harvard Theological Review

For JULY, 1912

includes an article on

"What Is Driving Men To-day Back to Religion?"

By RUDOLF EUCKEN of the University of Jena,
Prussian Exchange Professor at Harvard University 1912-13,

and papers by

Professor B. W. BACON, Professor GEORGE T. LADD,
Professor DANIEL EVANS, and others.

Single copies 50 cents

For sale at all book stores or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

PUBLISHED BY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
1 University Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Educational

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Drawer 5

Lewisburg Seminary Preparatory and College courses for girls. Also Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Strong faculty of experienced specialists. Handsome, modern buildings, steam heat, etc. Gymnasium, basket ball, tennis. Invigorating mountain climate. Catalogue on request. R. C. Sommerville, Pres.

A YEAR OF STUDY IN FRANCE.

School for Americans of both sexes. Near Paris. Individual training. In a French family. Only French spoken. Credit given by Universities of Chicago and Illinois. Exceptional advantages. Address PROF. WILLIAMSON, University of Chicago.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address

Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

---

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A.M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.

THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by **J. Berg Esenwein**, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

Situation Wanted

Scholarship Man in Science

with experience in university and government work, thoroughly familiar with scientific methods and literature, and with knowledge of French, German, Italian and Spanish, desires position with publisher of scientific literature, or in scientific institution. Highest references. Box 718, *Nation.*

Publishers

The Nation has a complete printing plant and can economically do your linotype composition, electrotyping, presswork. Sample pages submitted.

The Nation Press
Twenty Vesey Street
New York City

"AtMcCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

DICTIONARIES TO FAMOUS AUTHORS
$3.00 net per volume

A DICKENS DICTIONARY
By ALEXANDER J. PHILIP

A THACKERAY DICTIONARY
By ISADORE G. MUDGE

A DICTIONARY of the WAVERLEY NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
By M. F. A. HUSBAND

A THOMAS HARDY DICTIONARY
with 2 Maps of Wessex
By F. SAXELBY

A KIPLING DICTIONARY
By W. ARTHUR YOUNG

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 West 23d Street NEW YORK

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:

1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University

265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK
For 1911 Now Ready

Gesell's The Normal Child and Primary Education

$1.25

An interesting, nontechnical study of the child which cannot fail to give the teacher or the parent a genuine and sympathetic insight into the mental processes of early growth and development. Introductory chapters present in a readable way the biological and genetic background, and later chapters develop concrete practical suggestions from the general principals already laid down. An appendix contains a critical exposition of the Montessori system. The book is fully illustrated.

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

In order to relieve poverty you must first understand it. The problem is wisely stated in

THE BURDEN OF POVERTY: WHAT TO DO

by CHARLES F. DOLE

A solution is presented by this sociologist, who is gifted with vision. *Postpaid, 55 cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

Reading Case for the Nation.

To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with *The Nation* stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912.

The Week

In time of trouble, stick to the old, reliable issues. Thirty years ago it was the opinion of some Republican leaders that there was still one more President in the Bloody Shirt. Mr. Taft, to-day, seems to believe that there is still one more President in the protective tariff. Forecasts from Washington indicate that the tariff is to be probably the most important feature of Mr. Taft's campaign platform. It is not to be called protection, mind you; it 's Republican tariff revision as opposed to Democratic free trade. But there is an extraordinary resemblance between the blessings that will flow from tariff revision and those that have always emanated from high protection. There is an equally striking resemblance between the dangers that will follow the rejection of tariff revision and those that would have followed the abandonment of high protection, say, fifteen years ago. Business depression will come, of course, and long periods of uncertainty for the manufacturer and "loss of employment to thousands of workingmen." How the fond memories of Harrison's and McKinley's days rise at the familiar words! Only many things have happened during these years. Among other things thousands of business men have learned that the protective tariff is not incompatible with five years of almost continuous business depression, and incidents like the Lawrence strike have revealed to tens of thousands of workingmen the beneficent effect of the tariff on their wages and their standard of living.

Regarding the bills amendatory of the Anti-Trust act which the Stanley investigating committee is soon to introduce in the House, it is to be said that they are obviously meant as a future programme, and not for present enactment. There is no likelihood that they will be even reported this session. They will stand over as unfinished business that may never be finished. In the form in which they are published, apparently by authority, they offer the usual mixture of good and bad, the useful and the fantastic. Some of the ideas which they contain have already met with general approval. If a plan can be devised to prevent the mischiefs of interlocking directorates, whereby production and transportation are brought harmfully under a single control, the country will not fail to applaud it. And the readier access to the courts of those who have been individually injured by monopopies, or combinations in restraint of trade—without waiting, as now, for the Department of Justice to begin proceedings—is something to which there can be no strong objection. More doubt will be felt concerning the attempt to define "reasonable" by statute. And the fixing of 30 per cent. of the total production of any commodity as the point beyond which any corporation cannot go without being held, *ipso facto*, a monopoly, is merely to embark upon a sea of uncertainties. It is a marked drop from Mr. Bryan's famous 51 per cent. Either one would simply be an effort to treat as fixed what is always and necessarily fluctuating. It would be like the old New England deed which ran the north line to that precise point—a cow in Deacon Smith's pasture.

If Congress adjourns, as now planned, by August 10, it will have carried its long session somewhat beyond the average of Presidential years since the Civil War. The earliest adjournment in the series was in 1904, on April 28; the latest was in 1888, on October 20. In years when there has been uncertainty about the result of the election, Congress appears to have held on with a view to making capital on one side, or preventing it on the other, by belated legislation; whereas in years when everything in the field of national politics seemed pretty well settled, it has taken a rather early recess. In the Grant-Greeley, the Garfield-Hancock, and the two McKinley-Bryan years, it closed its work in June; in 1864, when the revolt against Lincoln was at its height, as in 1868, when the Republicans picked up the Democratic Grant and the Democrats ignored the Republican Chase, and in 1884, when the Mugwump movement was afoot, it delayed till July. In 1876, when Tilden ran against Hayes, and in 1892, when Harrison, with a dissatisfied party, was facing Cleveland, with a group of traitors in his retinue, adjournment came in August. Finally, in 1908, when Roosevelt had the Republican party securely "cinched" to Taft, and Bryan had tied the Democrats to himself, Congress shut up shop on the 30th of May.

Two of the country's greatest moralists had five hours of high debate at Oyster Bay last Monday. The Colonel and Boss Flinn discussed earnestly the moral questions involved in a joint electoral ticket in Pennsylvania. It was the Angelic Doctor against the Irrefragable Doctor. Needless to say, the Irrefragable Flinn came out triumphant. The Angelic Doctor did not, indeed, confess defeat. He merely said that the final decision was put off. Everything is to be left to the Ecumenical Council soon to meet in Chicago. As a loyal son of the Third Party, the Colonel will submit to its decisions. He has repeatedly declared, to be sure, that the plan to have Taft and Roosevelt electors on the same ticket in Pennsylvania, or anywhere else, is morally repugnant, and that he would "never" consent to compromise on that subject. But that was before he had risen to the height of Flinn's great argument. That eminent reasoner on righteousness and judgment to come left Oyster Bay in a highly complacent mood. He quietly told the reporters that he found Mr. Roosevelt to have "no fixed idea" on the matter they had been discussing. It was simply another demonstration that, in the bright lexicon of Oyster Bay, "under no circumstances" means "as soon as convenient."

The spirit of self-effacement now incarnate at Oyster Bay will meditate with a great deal of sympathy the third-party call to the people of Wisconsin, issued at Milwaukee on Monday. Never was meek sorrow more judiciously blended with mild anger:

> Associated with this movement are all the Progressives of the country—outside of Wisconsin. In spite of an agreement on principles, a clash of personality has cut Wisconsin off from an onward and upward movement which was born on her soil and nurtured by her legislation. To give to the voters of Wisconsin equal suffrage with the voters of other States

> it is essential that the parent State of the progressive movement should be represented in the National Progressive Convention.

That the personal ambitions of one La Follette should hold him back from the Great Cause is something the Colonel cannot understand. Why should there *ever* be a clash of personality? The Colonel knits his brows, and looks out upon the wide waters, and ponders and searches, and still cannot understand.

Representative McCall's announcement that he will not seek reëlection from his Massachusetts district this year is interesting in more ways than one. It is coupled with an intimation that he is to stand for another office—either that of Governor or United States Senator. That Mr. McCall is eminently fit for either, and that particularly in the Senate he would both find scope for his powers and heighten the prestige of his State, is nowhere seriously questioned. A student, a forcible speaker, and, more than all, a man of independent judgment and the courage of his convictions, Samuel W. McCall would be a successor to Senator Crane who could not rival that gentleman in the traits that have given him his fame, but would, far better than he, live up to the old Massachusetts tradition of intellectual force, readiness and weight in debate, and statesmanlike quality. As a Representative, Mr. McCall has been singularly fortunate in the loyalty of his constituents. They have been well pleased to elect a man, term after term, who would, in Burke's phrase, represent their real interests, not merely their passing opinions. The more bitterly he was attacked, the more faithfully have they stood by him. Two or three times the attempt was made to defeat him on the ground that he had dared to criticise Roosevelt, but his majorities were larger than ever. The Cambridge district did not take kindly to the doctrine of *lèse majesté*. Even in the general Republican slump of 1910, when Gov. Foss carried the district, the confidence of the voters in Mr. McCall was unshaken.

One fine thing about the launching of the anti-Murphy Empire State Democracy last week is the very fact that it was done. We mean, done just now. So many times these impulses against the boss have evaporated in the July heat. The customary way has been, after such a disgusting exhibition as Murphy made at Baltimore, to exclaim for a few days and to indulge in verbal protests, and then let the whole thing die out in muttered complaints, while the people who ought to be stirring go away for two months. Often has the message come to independent Democrats: "With you heart and soul, but just sailing for Europe." Or: "There ought to be a vigorous movement and a strong organization. When I get back from my salmon-fishing trip, I hope to find the good work well along." But this year the men have stuck to it and started the fight. Senator Roosevelt and Mr. Osborne, with other well-known Democrats from the interior of the State, met with representatives of the Democrats of New York city who cannot longer endure the stupid and corrupt domination of the party by Murphy, and pledged themselves to do everything within their power to help the New York Democracy to free itself from "the leadership and control of Mr. Charles F. Murphy and the men whose instrument he is."

The criticisms levelled at New York's Police Department by foreign opinion in connection with the Rosenthal murder need to be largely discounted. It is part of the international game of turnabout. The world laughed at the London police at the time of the siege of Sidney Street, and more recently deplored the inefficiency of the Paris police in dealing with the so-called motor-car bandits. But when all is said and done, there remains a very solid element of truth in the charges flung at us from across the sea. The police organizations in the European capitals may be at times stupid and inefficient, but they have never been accused of actual coöperation with outlaws and criminals. The mere fact that it should be found necessary to call in the services of a private detective agency in dealing with a crime that has stirred public opinion as nothing else has done for years, is a sufficient indication of what the public distrust in the Police Department's attitude towards this particular crime.

The resignation of Judge C. H. Hanford of Seattle is clearly a gain for the honor of the Federal bench. In the manner of Hanford's going there is ground both for serious reflection and for cheerful confidence. It is not encouraging to think that, but for a purely external cause, this judge, who has retired under the gravest suspicions of personal and official malfeasance, might have remained in undisturbed possession of his office. Hanford's refusal to admit a foreign-born resident to United States citizenship on the ground that the applicant was connected with the Socialist party evoked the storm that led to his undoing. But it was not on this specific issue that he found himself facing impeachment. It was shown that he was a man of notoriously unworthy private life, and of doubtful conduct on the bench. It is a pity that it should have needed a dramatic episode like the cancellation of Leonard Oleson's naturalization papers to stir the public conscience of the people of Seattle. The mere undramatic fact that a man was an unjust judge was apparently not enough. On the other hand, the fact that Hanford has been ousted by the fear of impeachment proceedings, shows that the present Constitutional machinery is not altogether designed for the protection of the official evil-doer, as we are told so often. It is the spirit behind the machine that counts.

Andrew Lang deserved in his lifetime to rank with William James as a vivid proof that personality is more than learning. A man of solid attainments in several branches of knowledge, he was always superior to his material, and, whether he was deep in early Scottish history, or meeting all comers in disputes about the origins of human society, or correcting Anatole France's use of the sources relating to Joan of Arc, he allowed his intellect to play freely and lightly, and could by no possibility be thought of as a pedant. And in the broad sweep of his verse and criticism and essay-writing and multifarious discussion, it was always the man of genial humor and wit that left no sting who impressed himself upon the imagination of his readers. In a large way, his extraordinary versatility and his prolific pen were doubtless a detriment to his enduring fame. It would not be fair to say of him that knowledge was his forte and omniscience his foible, but the witticism about him, that Andrew Lang was not a man but a syndicate, is hardly one that a great scholar would gladly hear of himself.

Roam broadly as an acquisitive mind may to-day, the specialization of the whole field of knowledge compels a certain *Beschrankung* on the part of those who would display real mastery. Harnack's opinion is that in 1700 the most encyclopædic mind was that of Leibnitz, and that in 1800 it was Goethe's. For 1600, we might say that it was Bacon's, but whom should we dare put forward for 1900? Possibly, Lord Acton, though there were vast ranges of knowledge—especially scientific—where he seldom browsed. The encyclopædic mind has necessarily gone out, by comparison. Mr. Lang really made no pretensions to possessing it. But he lighted up history and speculation and life at many points, and led thousands to feel that he was a man whom it would be delightful to know.

After years of public agitation, the French Chamber has passed, by a large majority, a bill prescribing the system of proportional representation for elections to the lower house of Parliament. The ultimate success of the bill is not yet assured. In the French Senate there is a formidable element, headed by M. Clémenceau, which is opposed to *la R. P.*, as the political slang describes it. Should the bill be enacted into law, France will thereby take her place with Japan, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Finland, and Tasmania. To the theoretical argument for proportional representation little exception can be taken. It is based on the inequities of the older system under which the majority party in a representative chámber as a rule obtains a voting strength in that body quite out of proportion to its popular strength. And inasmuch as party policies and personnel are fashioned by a majority within the party, we may have government by an actual minority of the entire electorate. Early advocates of proportional representation in England calculated that no less than two-fifths of the voters were wholly unrepresented in Parliament. The same proportion was obtained for the United States in the Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses.

In France, under the new bill, the constituencies are the Departments, of which there are 87, with a population ranging from more than four million in the Department of the Seine to 105,000 for Hautes-Alpes. The French Chamber is now composed of 597 Deputies, so that electors in the different Departments under the proposed law would be voting, roughly, for anywhere from two to sixty Deputies on a single ticket. The debates in the French Chamber and the provisions of the bill in its final form have brought out the mechanical difficulties attending the practical working of the electoral "quotient." There are a great number of systems designed to bring about the closest mathematical fairness in the redistribution of representatives. Seven are described in the Encyclopædia of Social Reform. These difficulties naturally increase in those countries, and that applies to every Continental nation, where the two-party system does not prevail. In France, with its numerous groups and sub-groups, provision had to be made for party alliances and *blocs*, with the result that the mathematics of the bill have reached a point of complexity which, according to the opponents of the measure, is quite beyond the comprehension of the ordinary voter. But probably the ordinary voter will take his mathematics from his leader as he does his opinions under the present system, and no harm will be done.

The organ of German newspaper publishers, *Der Zeitungsverlag*, records with a good deal of satisfaction that in the year 1910 to 1911 the trade in *Schundliteratur* (rubbishy literature) throughout Germany received a setback. Whereas in the year 1908 to 1909 the sales of worthless books of all kinds amounted to sixty million marks, in the following year the figures fell to fifty millions. Wherever a firm stand was taken, either by enlightened public opinion or by the authorities, the sales were materially cut down. A considerable number of booksellers have refused either to publish or sell the trash that has so long disgraced the German book trade. What is particularly gratifying, says the *Zeitungsverlag*, is that trashy novels no longer reach fabulous editions. There is, however, still room for improvement. The average demand for fiction of this class was 10,000 copies. Only one novel attained a larger edition, and that dealt with the timely topic of the tragedy of an aviator. It is to be regretted that the *Zeitungsverlag* does not more clearly define the meaning of *Schundliteratur*. If merely trashy, without moral delinquency, covers the case, we dread the effect on some of our own "best sellers."

Even Switzerland has her military troubles. There have recently been heated debates between the Bundesrat and the Ständerat on the question of changing the military organization of 1907, for the purpose of creating independent commands in the army corps—independent, that is to say, of administrative positions. It seems that there have long been favored officers in Switzerland who have been active in both civil and military life, drawing pay in both capacities; and, as happens in other countries, there is a growing popular dislike of "the colonel in politics." The old law, which made such a dual rôle possible, has been called variously democratic and undemocratic, and the Ständerat as well as the Bundesrat, in considering the advisability of a change, did not seem to be clear as to the limits of its constitutional functions. The chairman of the committee of the Ständerat, Col. Scherrer, pleaded for the preservation of the rights of the "parliamentary" colonels, but the motion in the Bundesrat to limit henceforth division and corps commanders to strictly military duties finally prevailed.

Another Turkish Cabinet has fallen, and once more the dispatches report the progress of a formidable movement to rescue public affairs from the grip of the Committee of Union and Progress. Many times this grip has been reported broken, for the last time just before the recent Parliamentary elections, in which the Committee obtained an overwhelming victory. Quite opposed to the theory of constitutional government though this secret Committee may be, the fact is that there is little secrecy in the Committee's membership or policies. Nor has it been proved that the Committee uses its powers for selfish purposes. The fact remains that it was the Committee which carried through the revolution against Abdul Hamid, and it still constitutes the only effective organ of resistance to the perils that beset the new Turkey. Its action is frequently arbitrary, but the example of Persia shows the need of a strong hand at the helm, if the new régime is to hold its own against reaction on the one hand and the ravening ambitions of the Powers on the other.

LOBBYISTS BY WHOLESALE.

In connection with the bill to pay the militia of the States out of the Federal Treasury, under certain conditions, the charge was freely made that great pressure was put upon Congressmen by the militia of their districts. That such organized lobbying on a great scale is active in connection with every pension bill, is notorious. A few days ago the matter was pointedly referred to in the House. An effort was made to pass a bill to pension "widows and minor children of Spanish and Philippine insurrection soldiers"—to quote its bungling title. But objection, with an urgent request for information, was made by Representative Slayden of Texas. He called the attention of the House to the fact that all such cases were or should be covered by the general pension laws, and that the proposed bill was really one to validate four or five thousand claims that had been rejected. This is an old story; but Mr. Slayden proceeded to refer to the fact that there were "organizations of voters" behind the measure.

This was at first challenged. The Representative in charge of the bill denied that any "organization" had sought to control or even influence him in this matter. Mr. Rucker of Colorado thought that Representative Slayden's statement was not well founded, whereupon that gentleman explained that he had himself received "communications from camps of Spanish War veterans in Colorado urging this legislation." After that, of course, there was nothing for Mr. Rucker to say except: "I am not surprised at that at all, because we are very much interested in the legislation." The colloquy went on somewhat desultorily, but finally led to this question and answer:

> Mr. Kinkaid of Nebraska: "I wish to know if the gentleman thinks it is a tenable objection to the merits of a bill that some organization, though it be composed of soldiers of the Civil or Spanish-American War, or any other war, have asked for the enactment of the bill."
>
> Mr. Richardson: "As for myself, I think the soldiers of the Spanish-American War or their widows have the right to apply in behalf of their interests to me or any other member of the Pension Committee. All other interests are tolerated in the same way. I voted for the Sherwood bill and for the Sulloway bill, and I am proud that it was in conformity to the recommendations of my constituency. Whom do we represent upon the floor of the American Congress but the people, and who are these soldiers but the people?" [Applause.]

This brings up a larger question than that of the bill itself. There has been a great outcry in Legislatures and in Congress against lobbyists. In Washington, as in State capitals, they are regarded as sinister figures, to be suspected and avoided. But once let lobbying be organized in an unconcealed and extensive way throughout large sections of the country, and then, as we see, it becomes erected into an inherent right of the people to give a mandate to their representatives in the law-making body. How does it come about that the individual lobbyist is despised and shunned—at least in theory—while wholesale lobbying, of the kind Congressman Slayden referred to, is held up as something admirable and almost sacred?

Obviously, we cannot condemn out of hand all such banding together of citizens to make their desires or their demands known to a Legislature or to Congress. Because we see the instrument used selfishly or even corruptly, it does not follow that it never should be used in any way. Behind the right of petition itself lies the conviction that rulers ought to receive and give heed to proper representations from those who are governed. We condemn a united movement for pensions, but we should not think of condemning a similar movement in favor of governmental economy or the reduction of taxes or the removal of a part of the tariff burden. What is the difference? Is there any clear distinction that can be drawn between the organization of voters for pensions and the organization of voters to obtain, say, a national Health Bureau?

There is such a distinction, and it is implied in the very statement of the case. In the one instance, the end sought is distinctly personal, selfish, the interest of a class. The aim is to get money voted out of the Treasury direct into the individual pocket. The empty pockets combine simply to make their appeal, or their threat, appear the stronger. But the case is quite otherwise when it is plainly and purely a large national interest which voters are joining forces in order to procure. The whole question turns on motive and purpose. If a general national benefit is sought and can be clearly demonstrated, then we cannot arraign as greedy those seeking to attain it, even if they will get their share of it. Their share is merely the share of every other citizen. It is a common good equably diffused which is here in question. But favors for a particular and limited class, whether we call them pensions or tariff rates or needless local appropriations of any kind, these are things which high-minded citizens should be ashamed to work together to obtain, because they mean a gain to the few at the expense of the many. The great difficulty is, of course, to make the people nationally-minded. For legislators, the highest duty is to stand not merely for the interest of persons or localities, but for the general interest of the State or nation. On this Gov. Wilson dwelt in his brief but suggestive address to the Democratic Congressmen on Saturday. Their aim and labor must be, he said, to develop out of the contact of many local minds a national mind. That once attained, the self-seeking organization of voters, for the sake of exerting pressure upon their representatives, would cease to be effective and would, therefore, soon cease to be called into existence at all.

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

Although Winston Churchill's speech on Monday, introducing in the House supplementary naval estimates, will temporarily increase the military tension between Germany and England, the forces making for friendlier relations between those countries should not be overlooked. The appointment of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein to the London Embassy, in the interest of a better understanding between England and Germany, has already had one good result. Sensible men in both countries are beginning to ask whether it is not time to put a stop to the output of inflammatory pamphlets and heated rejoinders that has done so much to disturb British and German statesmen sincerely desirous of preserving amicable relations. So long as "Lookout" in Berlin writes a diatribe against "England's Weltherrschaft," and "Politicus" answers in the same spirit in the London *Fortnightly Review*, progress towards mutual enlightenment and good-feeling is difficult; but a great deal may be hoped for from patient study and the slow maturing of judgment. Meanwhile, it is felt, those ought to speak who know the facts and are anxious to spread the truth concerning past and present Anglo-German relations. There have never been wanting in Germany eloquent spokesmen, like the late Friedrich Paulsen, who admired England, nor in England far-sighted statesmen, like Lord Haldane, who admired Germany. And, fortunately, there are always at work, in both countries, quiet scholars whose mission it is to propagate the lessons taught by the history of the two great nations.

One of the most striking efforts in this direction has been made under the auspices of the University of Manchester, where, during the Lent term of 1911, public lectures on Germany were delivered. The course was one of a series on modern history and literature, and was arranged by the University primarily for the benefit of journalists in southeast Lancashire. The promoters of the plan avowedly felt that "the diffusion of a better understanding of the history of the German people during the last century may almost be called a matter of practical urgency." The lecturers were scholars of the highest standing, such as Dr. J. Holland Rose, Prof. C. H. Herford, Prof. E. C. K. Gonner, and Dr. M. E. Sadler. Their success in impressing not only the audiences for whom the lectures were chiefly intended, but the general public as well, has fully justified the republication of these addresses, by the University, under the title of "Germany in the Nineteenth Century." In his introductory note to the volume Lord Haldane expresses the hope that some German professors may in return give a corresponding estimate of the work of Great Britain, particularly in overcoming the difficulties of colonial settlement. His own conception of the essence of German civilization is: "The spirit of the Germany of to-day is highly concrete and practical. But it is based on foundations of abstract knowledge, and that is why it is well-ordered." "Want of real knowledge of each other," he justly says, "renders the great nations suspicious."

The lectures all served well the practical purpose for which they were intended. If the audience was told that, at the end of the eighteenth century, Germany was in mathematical and mechanical studies inferior to France and England, the lecturer simultaneously laid stress on the fact that it was the organic class of phenomena that powerfully attracted the German intellect; that Johannes Müller, "the father of physiology," furnished the premises from which the modern school of physiologists drew its conclusions; and that biology, in the words of Huxley, is a German science. The audience was admonished not to believe that Germany is less free than England. "German freedom," says Professor Herford, "is a positive and complex ideal, achieved by the individual in and through the organized state in which he plays his due part, and only fully enjoyed, as Goethe so finely said, when it is daily won." Germany is thus held up to British audiences as the greatest example of the scientifically administered state, and if the nineteenth century is "strewn with the wreckage of her sublime philosophies, if the race for wealth and luxury and power seems to absorb her more and more, it is still to Germany that we turn for an assurance that the thought which wanders through eternity and wrestles, however vainly, with the enigmas of the universe, is a permanent factor of civilization."

And, similarly, the practical lessons of applied knowledge in German life are pointed out to the audiences of the English lecturers. "The construction of the modern school system of Germany," says Dr. Sadler, "will stand out in history as a classic example of the power of organized knowledge in furthering the material prosperity of a nation." In other countries besides Germany there has been a revolt against the older forms of educational discipline, but nowhere else has there been such strengthening of the universities by the munificence of the state; nowhere else is technical education based upon similar preparatory training. The inter-action of educational ideas has of late resulted in a wholesome strengthening of relations between British and German teachers and administrators. "German and British education," says Dr. Sadler, "have much to gain from a closer understanding. But both are deeply rooted in history, and some of the finest qualities of the one cannot be superadded to the finest qualities of the other."

In the same spirit, Lord Haldane speaks of the assistance which has been rendered to the world by English public schools and universities, "defective in many respects, but strong in the training of men of affairs and in the development of capacity for leadership." "To France," he remarks, "the world owes much of a different kind, and it owes much of yet another kind to America." Such sane and honest efforts at international enlightenment ought to put to the blush the anonymous pamphleteers who find pleasure and profit in distorting the teachings of history and daily experience, and in playing upon the prejudices of the ignorant and unthinking.

WRIGGLING.

Last week's issue of the *Outlook* is a moral curiosity. Its own readers have begun to put it to its defence. One of them asks it bluntly why it refuses to aid in "the regeneration of one of the old parties" which "offers us for the Presidency a Progressive, a man of strength, of insight, and, above all, of uprightness and independence." This writer puts the question: "Will Theodore Roosevelt now justify the taunt from which we have so often defended him—that his personal relation to a movement blinds him to the general good?" Another subscriber asserts that "hundreds" of the friends of the *Outlook* are surprised and disappointed at its present course in setting up as the "organ of a person."

To these complaints and protests the *Outlook* replies in five columns of editorial wriggling. The Contributing Editor has only twenty columns for his share, but he, too, wriggles in trying to escape from the same hook. Seeking to flop clear, he boldly sets up the contention that Wilson was nominated by the bosses. "Dr. Wilson's victory," writes Theodore Roosevelt, "would not mean the dethronement of these men [Sullivan, Taggart, Murphy]; it would mean their perpetuation in power." It is not necessary to stop over this assertion by a man who has a thousand times shown that he can persuade himself that black is white, when it is to his personal advantage to do so. The fact that everybody knows that what he says is not true, does not for a moment deter him from affirming it. But we had fondly hoped that it was otherwise with the editors and proprietors of the *Outlook*. Yet they accept and adopt this monstrous perversion as their own. They say that the Baltimore Convention, "while it nominated a Progressive man for the Presidency, strengthened rather than weakened the hold of the Democratic bosses in their several States." Only the week before, however, when it was "rejoicing" in the nomination of Wilson as indicating "the growing resolve of the people to end the partnership between political machines and special interests," it stated that the bosses fought him at Baltimore, and explicitly set it down that "Gov. Wilson has also identified himself in an effectual way with opposition to machine rule . . . and has thus become the centre about which has gathered a large number of high-minded Democrats, who are *opposed to boss rule*"!

There could hardly be more complete self-stultification, after that, than to write unblushingly that the nomination of Woodrow Wilson meant the triumph of the bosses. If any intelligent reader of the *Outlook* believes that, he will believe anything. These things were not done in a corner at Baltimore. The whole drama was played in public. Every spectator, near by or far away, could see exactly what the bosses were doing and hoping. Nor does any man in his senses doubt what Mr. Roosevelt and the *Outlook* would have said if Speaker Clark had been nominated instead of Wilson. They would have shed tears over the lost opportunity to select a candidate whose name was anathema to the bosses. But "Pop's" prayers for Clark not having been answered, the prepared attack was made just the same, though all the world can see how ludicrously it is misdirected. The gun was loaded, and had to be fired, whether the game was there or not.

But this *Outlook* cry about Wilson and the bosses cannot possibly be sincere. If it is not a deliberate attempt to deceive, it is a discreditable effort to shuffle away from the plain facts. These facts are visible to all. Wilson's anti-boss record is much clearer and stronger than Roosevelt's. Consider Smith barred from the Senate by Wilson's attack, and then consider Platt and Quay elected without a murmur of opposition from Theodore Roosevelt—indeed, with his apparent approval and delight. Moreover, in the preparations for his campaign, Gov. Wilson has given every proof of his intention to keep it out of the hands of the bosses. Let the *Outlook* scan the list of the names of the committee of fourteen selected by Wilson to conduct his campaign. Is there a boss taint on any one of them? Do they not all show that the greatest care has been taken to include no one who could by any stretch be called a tool of a boss or the creature of a machine? Gov. Wilson may be fairly open to many criticisms, but the attack which Mr. Roosevelt and the *Outlook* make upon him is so notoriously unfounded that it falls to the ground of itself, damaging nobody but those who have cooked it up.

Of all people in the world, the editors and proprietors of the *Outlook* ought to be jealously on their guard against bringing a railing accusation against Wilson, or twisting an argument in favor of Roosevelt. This is not simply because they are moralists who profess the highest standards. It is not only because they carry the fervor of religion into political discussions. They are in a peculiarly delicate position. They have a distinct money stake in Mr. Roosevelt's fortunes. They pay him a large salary. His political success means financial success to them. Now, we do not even intimate that they are swayed by such considerations. We only point out the special obligation to be scrupulously fair which rests upon them. They know what will be said of every sign of bias or prejudice they display. They know what they themselves would say of any other paper so perilously situated as theirs. It is a fearful exposure to misunderstanding and to the attribution of unworthy motives which they are incurring. And their friends may well implore them, as they value their reputation and hope for influence, not again to fall into so gross and palpable a falsification of the facts as their assertion that the nomination of Wilson meant a victory for the bosses. Such an excess of fighting foul they had better leave to the Contributing Editor.

THE MYSTERIOUS ART OF POLITICS

The fact that the management of the Democratic and Republican national campaigns is to be in the hands of two men who are comparatively young in years and positively young in political experience, has impressed itself on the popular imagination as a sign of the times. It no doubt has its contemporary significance, though it is possible to exaggerate the present importance of the young man in politics. There have always been young men who came to the front with a rush and showed themselves the equal of old practitioners at the game. Only to-day the tradition is more continuous. On the Republican side we have had since 1904 three young men in the persons of George B. Cortelyou, Frank Hitchcock, and C. D. Hilles. On the Democratic side this year marks the beginning, but there was compensation in the fact that the habitual Democratic candidate from 1896 to 1908 was himself a young man. It may be argued that the situation as we have described it is more apparent than real. Behind youthful Mr. McCombs there is to be a body of expert directors, and Mr. Hilles, it is understood, will have at his disposal the counsel and aid of that seasoned veteran, William Barnes, jr., of Albany. But this only emphasizes the strength of the new tradition.

This new spirit may be described as being, in general, one that works for greater publicity. The most successful fighting is now being done in the open. Young men at the head of political campaigns are in favor because their youth is a guarantee of freedom not only from the taint of old political connections, but also from the tortuousness of old political methods. While secret manipulation still remains an important feature of political strategy, as in all human probability it always will remain to a considerable degree, the main emphasis has changed from privacy to publicity. A notable feature of recent campaigns has been the large number of newspaper men who have been drafted for temporary or permanent service. The press bureau has risen in influence as the back-room conference has declined. The era is one that favors a direct appeal to the people. The history of this year's pre-convention campaigns shows it. Gov. Wilson's direct methods proved superior to the old-fashioned tactics of his opponents. The scheme by which the Clark, Harmon, and Underwood candidacies were combined against Wilson turned out too subtle a bit of business. It only resulted in the killing off of Harmon and Underwood before the Convention met, and of Clark on the floor of the Convention. The nomination of Mr. Taft at Chicago, which has been described as an extraordinary feat in political manipulation, was in reality something more than that. Not a hundred times the adroitness Mr. Barnes possesses could have held the anti-Roosevelt forces together if there had not been behind them some direct unifying force, and that force was fear and hatred of Roosevelt. When we think of the Taft delegates, with no enthusiasm for their own candidate, with every prospect of going down to defeat under his leadership, holding out like a stone wall against the furious Roosevelt assaults, we find that here, too, a principle, or at least a state of mind, came actively into play. It was open fighting.

Concerning the difficulties and complexities of the old-fashioned art of politics, there has always been a great deal of exaggeration. Boss politics, like quack science, is surrounded by a world of mummery. It surely would not require genius in a young man to master an art which has one of its most notable exponents in the person of such an intellectual giant as Charles F. Murphy. If young men do not come forward easily under the old machine system, it is because the old-style politics does not demand consummate ability on the part of its practitioners, but only unscrupulousness on the part of the leaders and obedience on the part of the rank and file. The basis of successful machines is "loyalty" of a certain kind. The small man takes orders because he has been taught that when in the course of time he comes to be the dispenser of fortune, his orders will be unquestioningly obeyed in turn. The political machine is an army which is held together by discipline, and in which promotion is almost always by seniority. It is a system driven forward by an unholy principle, and so can dispense largely with personal ability. A man is not educated for boss leadership; there is little to be educated in. He is simply hardened for the place. Under a system where enthusiasm, courage, initiative, all qualities of youth, count for so little, and "experience" counts for so much, it is not very strange that youth held a minor place.

The wonder of the success of the "schoolmaster in politics" is no such marvel after all. Any fresh intelligence brought to bear on problems that the machines have hitherto approached in their own stupid, routine fashion, will be equal to the task, if intelligence is reinforced by courage and that fighting ability without which success in a democracy is inconceivable. Youth, intelligence, and courage have before this challenged successfully the domination of the practical men of politics. The early career of William Travers Jerome in New York showed how those qualities, when brought into play against the machine, render futile the old politician's entire bag of tricks. If that was the case ten years ago when the old politics was still intrenched in power, it is all the more true to-day when it is rapidly approaching its eclipse. To-day the art of politics is no longer a specialized art. The same qualities that will win a young man's way in business and the professions will equip him for a successful career in politics without that preliminary "practical" education which was once thought indispensable.

EUGENICS AND HAPPINESS.

The first International Eugenics Congress is about to assemble in London. A bewildering multiplicity of problems awaits discussion by the physicians, sociologists, and philanthropic men and women who, under the auspices of the British Eugenics Education Society, are engaged in an attempt to improve the human race. Nothing, on the surface, can be more strictly impersonal and scientific than the official programme of that society. But the subject of "the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally," has rapidly broadened out into an endeavor to heighten the dignity of parenthood and civic responsibility in general, even if at the cost of checking growth in population.

Needless to say, no scheme for social reform calling for so much wisdom and such delicacy in the handling has ever been contemplated. The name of Darwin has been invoked as the originator of the idea of selection, both scientific and natural, for parenthood; Galton, by his researches in heredity, is regarded as having initiated the modern study of race improvement; philosophers, like Herbert Spencer, and scientists, like Ray Lankester, have been quoted as sponsors for the principles of the new science, and its expounders have told us that eugenics is "both a science and a religion," and that, in the language of one of its most enthusiastic advocates, "it is the final and only judge of all proposals and principles, however labelled, new or old, orthodox or heterodox." Now, so much zeal must make the judicious hesitate. Any science, and particularly an entirely new one, is to be judged, not by its professions, but by its performances, and, in the long run, by the calibre of its professors. It is well to inquire into the character of the measures that have so far either been proposed or carried out in the name of eugenics.

It has been urged to check the transmission of criminal tendencies, stop immorality, and stamp out degeneracy by preventing the reproduction of the unfit, and forbidding marriages of the mentally deficient. On the other hand, it has been proposed in England to assist poor but deserving families by a Government bonus during the trials of maternity, by the remission of taxes, and by the grant of scholarships where the children are numerous and healthy. It has been suggested that all teaching in the public schools be subordinated to the requirements of race improvement. "English and arithmetic, French and the piano," says Mrs. Tweedie, in the *Fortnightly Review*, "are all very well, but a little of the hygiene of domestic life, and some knowledge of the newest of all sciences, eugenics, could advisedly be laid before the children in a simple, careful, and well-thought-out way. It is so easy to interest little people in the mysteries of botany, and with that foundation everything can be kept pretty, poetic, and charming, yet true to nature, while the children's minds are led along the lines that will finally result in their acceptance of the great truths of heredity and eugenics." The city of Manchester, it seems, has actually made a beginning in this direction and voted a fund for the study of eugenics in the municipal schools. We are furthermore told that "idiosyncrasies of transmission" and the pedigrees of peculiar families are solicited by the Eugenics Society, and that these will be codified for reference—a procedure which will doubtless result in bringing to light a mass of statistics similar to that with which the Society for Psychical Research annually attempts to cope. School teachers are particularly asked to aid in this work, by drawing up charts concerning the antecedents of their scholars and noting physical and mental defects.

There has been so far no consensus of opinion, among various civilized countries, as to the all-important question of the requirement of a medical certificate precedent to marriage. No subject that will be brought before the Congress is so fraught with possibilities of good for future generations, none requires greater knowledge, judgment, and tact in discussion. The jurist and social philosopher will have to coöperate with the wise physician in framing measures for the protection of the individual, no less than of society, if future races are to reap the benefit of so far-reaching an innovation. Hasty legislation, such as has been introduced and partly enacted, in one or two States of this country, is not likely to be countenanced by the weightier members of the Congress. In England there is now a "Feeble-Minded Control Bill" before Parliament, whose object is to enforce the segregation of those congenitally inferior in intellect. It is believed—though there are as yet scarcely enough convincing data at hand—that the physically and mentally weak in England are the most prolific of all classes, and contribute an extraordinary quota to race deterioration.

In order to appreciate the difficulty of dealing with the problems of eugenics in a sane and humane way, with due regard not only to future generations, but also to the present, it is only necessary to call attention to the attempts made everywhere to improve the lot of the feeble-minded, and to the success in teaching children less gifted than the average. The progress of the human race is bound up in the perpetuation and the strengthening of the philanthropic spirit as much as in the rigorous and systematic effort at eliminating the feeble and incorrigible. And, above all, experience has shown that the world does not grow wiser and happier by leaps and bounds, nor by decree of law.

Another aspect of the question of eugenics is worth pointing out. The attitude of some of the radical advocates of social and hygienic reform resembles that of the political innovators with whose panaceas we are all familiar. Both classes of reformers assume that society is all wrong, and that we must at once be made well and happy by entirely new methods, no matter at what cost to our feelings and traditions. Sometimes, indeed, the scientist and the politician seize the same subject, though they view it from different angles. "Happy is the country," says the eugenist, "with a low birth-rate, provided the few children born are sound in limb and mind"; "blessed is the land," says the politician, "with a high birth-rate—it is numbers that count." Between them there is the skeptical student of history, who remembers that the Greeks, with very indifferent health laws, produced a race that for physical excellence and mental achievement has never had a superior. And there are to-day everywhere thousands of individuals perversely and hopelessly happy, despite utter ignorance of eugenics.

THE REVIVAL OF VEDIC EDUCATION IN INDIA.

London, July 18.

With the Himalayas rearing their heads above the skies at its back, and the beautiful banks of "Mother *Ganga*" bordering it in front, the Gurukula Academy, founded in 1902 at Kangri, near Hardwar, in the Punjab, is ideally situated. The site was given by a generous friend of the cause, and Mahatma Munshi Ram, the chief exponent of the idea and the leader of a section of the Arya Samaj—a Protestant Hindu faith founded about a quarter of a century ago by Swami Dyanand Sarasvati—immediately set out to have the jungle cleared while he canvassed the country for funds to build and conduct the academy. With really wonderful rapidity this two-fold labor was performed, and the school opened with four classes and a membership of fifty-four pupils.

The permanent structures, which will cost from $175,000 to $200,000, and which are to include a museum and observatory, have not yet been erected, although plans have been prepared and part of the necessary money is at hand. The present buildings consist of thirty-four classrooms and dormitories, a science room, a library, a reading room, a storeroom, two kitchens, one pantry, one dining-room, five rooms for hospital and dispensary purposes, two rooms for the governor's office, a place for the "fire worship," and four other small rooms for devotions; besides, there are a guest-house for male visitors and another for the accommodation of gentlemen who visit the Gurukula accompanied by their families. The extensive grounds are laid out as flower and vegetable gardens, orchards, and playgrounds. To-day there are fourteen students in the college department and 260 in the school. The limitations of space and lack of funds have kept the number of admissions far below what is desired. As a rule, one class is added each year. At present there are thirteen classes, ten in the school and three in the college.

The course of study in the Gurukula Academy extends over sixteen years, and the boys who are admitted are obliged to take a vow to remain absolutely celibate until they are twenty-five years of age, while their parents or guardians are required to give assurance that they neither will betroth nor marry the lads until they reach that age. The teachers must be ascetics, and must subscribe to the fifty-one articles of faith in the Vedic *Dharma* as settled by the founder of the Arya Samaj. The present faculty consists of nine members.

Swami Dyanand's idea of what constitutes education would appear to be somewhat appalling to a Westerner. It is, to a certain extent, based upon the reply of Narada to Sanat Kumar, reported in the "Chhandogya Upanishad" (VII, 122): "Lord! I know the Rig Veda, the Yagur Veda, the Sama Veda, the Atharvan Veda, history, grammar, anthropology, mathematics, natural philosophy, the science of chronological sequence, logic, ethics, etymology, prosody, physical science, military science, astronomy, and the science treating of venomous reptiles"; and upon the teachings of Manu, which declare that a student must learn theology, logic, ethics, and physical science, that a king must learn jurisprudence, codes of law, the theory of agriculture, political economy, and other practical arts, and a vaisya, in addition to the Vedas and sciences, must master the principles of political economy, the science and art of agriculture, and foreign languages. There can be no doubt that all these subjects were taught in the ancient universities. It is known, for example, that at the Taxilla University eighteen branches of learning were taught in separate colleges, each one of which was presided over by a separate professor. Sculpture, painting, image-making, and a number of crafts were included in the curriculum. Many handicrafts also were taught at Nalanda, which had the names of thousands of students on its rolls. The University at Vikram Shala had one hundred and eight professors, and, among many branches, provided technical instruction in pyrotechnics. It will thus be seen that the learned Swami had a very good foundation upon which to base his theories of education, as the ancient systems were of a general enough character to embrace all phases of life.

The Gurukula studies include the Vedas, Shastras, modern Sanskrit literature, Arya Samaj literature, English language and literature, modern sciences and philosophy, elementary and higher mathematics, the principles of trade, the science of medicine as taught in the Vedas, the science of agriculture, the science and art of pedagogy, physical science, logic, psychology, ethics, metaphysics, political science, object lessons, history, economics, political and physical geography, drawing, and practical kindergarten, through the medium of Sanskrit and English. The study of the Vedas, the ancient Hindu scriptures, and regular physical exercise, are compulsory, while the other branches, including professional and technical education, are optional.

The students are educated and maintained absolutely free of charge, and are supplied with food, clothing, furniture, school requisites in the way of books and other necessary articles, and medical attendance, although boys coming from wealthy families are permitted to pay for their education and maintenance at the rate of from $3.30 to $5 a month. Youths are admitted between the ages of six and eight years, and no one who is above or under the required age is permitted to enter the Gurukula.

The control over the pupils is of the strictest description. The whole ideal is to keep them absolutely unspotted by contact with or knowledge of the world, and in order to accomplish this end they are kept sequestered from all intercourse, even with their own relatives. They are not permitted to visit a town or village except in unusual circumstances, such as the serious illness or death of some one near and dear to them, and no one is allowed to visit them except the guardian or a close kinsman, and such visits are permitted only once a month, and under the direction of the governor. They may correspond with their parents or guardians not oftener than once a month, and all communications received or sent may be opened and read by the head of the institution, if he desires to do so. Even the holidays are spent at the Academy, or at most the *Brahmacharies*, as the students are called, are taken out to visit places of historical or archæological interest. Otherwise they pass their vacation-time holding debates, chanting texts from the Vedas, gardening, or drawing. The regular course of teaching is closed from August 16 to October 15. During this period, the members of the staff are allowed a month's leave, provided at least one-half of the faculty remains in the Gurukula during the whole vacation.

The day's routine begins at four o'clock in the morning in summer, and half-past four in the winter, this difference of half an hour being observed throughout the day's programme. The students and professors rise, fold up their bedding, and hurry to the Ganges, where they strip and jump into the water of the sacred stream, engaging in swimming competitions and other aquatic sports. If the weather is too severe to permit bathing in the river, this matutinal duty is performed in the school bathroom, with water drawn from a well near by. Physical exercise or drill begins at five (in summer), under the direction of the superintendents, and at six they commence their spiritual devotions, which consist of prayer and meditation, and the *Agni Hotri* ceremony—or worship of the fire. This finished, milk is served. The students assemble in the classrooms at seven, and teaching is carried on until ten o'clock, when breakfast is served. This meal consists of a plentiful portion of bread, pulse, and vegetables, with sometimes fresh fruit, or rice pudding, or some other sweet dish. The diet is strictly vegetarian. After breakfast the boys rest and read until one, when the classes reassemble, to continue work until four, with a recess of fifteen minutes after three o'clock, when every one receives a glass of milk. If the heat is extremely intense, the period of study is reduced by an hour or two. After school the students play games until sunset, when once again they engage in devotional exercises, the same as in the morning. In summer, they bathe and swim in the river before the evening prayers. After the devotions are over the evening meal is served, and, immediately after this, the *Brahmacharies* go to their dormitories, revise the lessons of the day, and, at nine o'clock, retire. The smaller boys go to bed a little earlier than the seniors. The latter assist in the serving of food, chanting a Vedic *Mantram* by way of grace before eating, both morning and evening. The work of the Gurukula is so planned that a maximum and minimum period is allotted for work, recreation, and rest. The boys may sleep not less than six nor more than eight hours; they must spend at least two, and not exceeding four, hours at play, exercise, and sports; three to four hours are set aside for bathing and religious worship; one to two hours for meals; six to twelve hours for reading, class work, and study tasks, and at least two and not more than four meals must be eaten in the course of twenty-four hours.

Particular attention is paid to the moral training of the students. Their tutors regulate their studies and direct their choice of books. The teachers are absolutely responsible for the boys in every respect, not only for their study and recitations, but for their moral training and physical development. The theory at the Academy is that if a teacher comes in direct contact with his pupils for only six hours a day, as is the case with nearly all scholastic institutions in India, it is impossible for him to mould the characters of his wards. He is unable to watch the unfolding of their faculties or detect the manifestation of hereditary traits or other influences, and hence is powerless to guide intelligently their evolution. Thus the Gurukula places the teacher actually *in loco parentis*. Any boy who is found guilty of grave misconduct which makes him unfit to associate with the other Gurukula students, is summarily dismissed, and may be made to refund the money that has been expended upon him previous to his expulsion; and a lad who demonstrates, during the first year, that he is incapable of making satisfactory progress in his education, is sent home.

Weekly, quarterly, and annual examinations are conducted by the teachers, and the pupils are promoted according to the results of these tests. It must be explained in this connection that it is the rule in India that all schools and colleges send their pupils up to the university to be examined, the universities of the land being strictly examining and not teaching bodies. The library connected with the school contains 5,500 books, mostly works of classical Sanskrit authors and histories and biographies. Besides these, there is a selection of high-class periodicals and magazines. The Sanskrit and English Clubs of the Academy hold meetings once a week, the students of the higher classes delivering lectures in Sanskrit.

On the anniversary of the founding of the Gurukula, thousands of people from all over the Punjab gather at Hardwar to celebrate the event. A lengthy programme is carried out, the work of the pupils is exhibited, the ceremony of admitting new *Brahmacharies* is performed, and, most important of all, a collection is taken up, which usually amounts to more than $18,000—a handsome sum for a poor country like India.

Up to the present time, no Gurukula has been established for the education of girls along the same lines as the Hardwar institution. It is intended, however, that as soon as possible the Arya Samaj shall extend the work in this direction. But in the meantime, the Gurukula idea is spreading. Several such schools have been established, and many schemes are on foot to establish, in other parts of the country, seminaries similar to the one in the Kangra valley.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Thomson's fondness for tinkering with the text of "The Seasons" might well bring careful editors to despair, but hardly to neglect of existing texts. Nevertheless, the statement is still current—echoed, in fact, without investigation by Dr. Zippel and Mr. Robertson—that the third, fourth, and fifth editions of "Winter" were reprints or reissues of the second.

As a matter of fact, the fifth edition of "Winter," which appeared in 1728, was printed from new forms after the poet had revised his text from beginning to end. In this edition the preface and contributed poems are omitted; there are alterations in spelling, in punctuation, and in diction; and fifteen new lines are added. Most of these changes are retained in the edition of 1730, and have consequently been recorded by modern editors. Some lines, however, were revised yet again for the sixth edition, so that a few variants are still buried, fortunately or unfortunately, in the neglected pages of the fifth edition.

For example, the line which is numbered 159 in Robertson's edition now reads:

> Through the black night which sits immense around,

the octavo of 1730 had,

> Thro' the loud Night, that bids the Waves arise;

while the fifth edition read:

> Thro' the loud Night, which harrows up the Waves.

Thirteen lines of this passage appeared for the first time in 1728, as did also the two lines now numbered 427-8.

The fourth edition contained no such striking changes. Even a cursory examination, however, reveals at least one alteration. In the line now the 426th, the first edition read:

> The ceaseless winds blow keen:

in the second "keen" was changed to "lee"; in the fourth "keen" reappears; and in the fifth and following editions "lee" prevailed.

Of the third edition I cannot speak, for the Yale library has no copy. Yet even if this were a literal reprint of the second, the facts already presented sufficiently dispose of the assertion that the editions intermediate between the second and the sixth were merely unsold sheets furnished with new title-pages. The sale of "Winter" was evidently more rapid than bibliographers have commonly supposed.

Another fact which seems to have escaped the notice of students is that there were two issues of the second edition, the earlier having the title-page printed in black; the later, in black and red. The double issue seems to have been caused by the desire to cancel some words of the preface, for there is a clause which does not appear in the later impression and which has never been reprinted. At the end of the sentence acknowledging the poet's gratitude to "those gentlemen who have given my performance so favorable a reception," originally stood, "particularly, that honorable Person under whose auspicious name I have met with an Encouragement more answerable to his Generosity, than my Merit." This was, I take it, an ironical reference to Sir Spencer Compton, and was suppressed for the same reason which made Thomson wish to alter the verses of Mallet and Hill—the present of twenty guineas.

WILLARD H. DURHAM.

Correspondence

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 27 (page 629), you say, "The Unionists are in a quandary over one aspect of the Home Rule bill"; namely, the amendment brought forward in committee by a Liberal member excluding Ulster from the provisions of the bill. But the debates in the House of Commons, as reported in newspapers recently received, do not indicate anything of the kind; the Unionists did not "suddenly discover" that to split up Ireland would work injury to both sections of the country, for they have been saying so all the time; while the concluding sentence in the paragraph referred to, "So the burden of it all is that Home Rule must go by the board, and Ulster's domination over the rest of Ireland be preserved," is gratuitously misleading. Do you think this kind of comment is quite fair or legitimate? If it is intended to convey that Ulster has some kind of ascendency (and it cannot bear any other interpretation, I think) you must know that such is not the case; but even should the language by ingenious misconstruction be held to refer to the possible adoption of the amendment, and consequent wrecking of the bill, this would not have been "Ulster domination" at all, but the "tyranny" of the British House of Commons.

The position of Ulster Unionists is plain. They object to Home Rule because they believe it to be against the best interests of their country, and they oppose it in every shape and form; but if, as they are so often told by the present coalition Government, Home Rule is inevitable, then they prefer to be excluded from the provisions of the bill, and to remain as they are now, citizens of the United Kingdom; so they unhesitatingly voted along with all other Unionists for the amendment which was defeated by only sixty-nine votes, although the second reading of the bill had been carried by 101 votes a few weeks before.

It was the members of the Labor party who were really in a quandary, on the amendment that the new Irish Parliament should have a single chamber only, and although they declared that on principle they were single-chamber men, they all voted (amid cries of "Toe the line") for a *nominated*—not elected—Second Chamber for Ireland! But this is another story.

J. H. DAVISON.

Augusta, Ga., July 15.

[We think that Sir Edward Carson's speech, for the amendment but against the bill even if amended, was warrant enough for our comment.—ED. NATION.]

A NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We still have echoes of the Wiley fight last summer. The forces which opposed him in his efforts to enforce the Pure Food law, and to procure the establishment of a national department of health, have been making for some years strenuous exertions to discredit not only Dr. Wiley, but the whole health movement which he represents. The food adulterators, the patent-medicine manufacturers, and the numerous medical quacks and charlatans have banded together to obstruct the passage of the Owen bill creating a national health service. Senator Works of California used the opportunity to advertise Christian Science in speeches in the United States Senate and to denounce the regular medical profession, but the absurdity of this opposition became more and more apparent, and they have met defeat at every turn. Some of the Senators who at first hesitated to endorse a health service to which such objection was made listened to Senator Works's lengthy speeches and then wrote inquiring friends of the health movement that out of Senator Works's own mouth the cause which he represented was condemned.

Senator Works journeyed all the way from Washington to Chicago in the hope of preventing the Convention from reaffirming its advocacy of public health legislation. On arrival, he sought his California delegation, only to find, with the exception of a few fellow Christian Scientists, that all of the delegation were solidly in favor of inserting a health plank, and had as their leader on the resolutions committee Mr. Rowell, who is an enthusiast for health legislation. Senator Works was particularly disappointed because he had in his pocket a plank which he wisely decided not to present, and which, it is understood, was to have attacked the "doctors' trust" and to advocate the "medical freedom" of the Christian Scientists, which he professes to think would be imperilled by the passage of the Owen bill. He met defeat, and the Republican Convention at Chicago adopted a health plank even stronger than that of four years ago, and placed the preservation of health, not only in the Union, but in the States, at the forefront of the list of social legislation which is recommended.

The defeat of the health obstructionists was even more complete at Baltimore. There, as in Chicago, the delegates had diligently buttonholed and circularized the delegates in advance of the Convention and warned them against the enormities which had been perpetrated and were about to be perpetrated by the awful "doctors' trust." The champion of "medical freedom" against these aggressions appeared in the person of an Iowa Democrat, C. W. Miller. He was given a patient hearing, but made no headway. Mr. Bryan remarked with a twinkle in his eye, "The only thing I have against this health movement is that its enemies tell me it has been endorsed by the undertakers' association." The subcommittee which wrote the platform was unanimously in favor of reaffirming its plank of four years ago to stand behind Senator Owen in his fight to have his bill enacted into a law. The whole committee on resolutions and the Convention, therefore, adopted an extremely strong health plank.

In spite of the determined effort of the health obstructionists at the annual meeting in June in Pittsburgh, the American Institute of Homœopathy, the chief representative of the homœopaths in America, voted to endorse the principles of the Owen bill with only one dissenting voice. This, following on a similar action by the State Homœopathic Association of California, leaves the health obstructionists virtually without any support, except the support of the commercial interests, the food adulterators, and the patent-medicine manufacturers on the one hand, and the hysterical and fanatical Christian Scientists on the other. Even the Christian Scientists, to their credit be it said, are in some cases on the other side.

Another defeat by the health obstructionists was suffered in the General Federation of Women's Clubs in its recent meeting in San Francisco. The Federation went on record as continuing its loyal and enthusiastic support of the health movement.

The rise and fall of this attempt to obstruct health legislation in America forms a curious and interesting chapter in our political history.

IRVING FISHER.

New Haven, July 11.

ANCIENT LANDMARKS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The theories recently advanced by those who call themselves Progressives have thrown into utter confusion the principles of older political parties. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan alike are indifferent to the distinctions on which the Republican and Democratic parties were founded, and both profess to be eager for extension of power to the "plain people," as contrasted with that vested in representatives duly elected, and sworn to support the Constitution.

The so frequently quoted phrase, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people," used by Mr. Lincoln, but not original with him, is interpreted in a manner which he would never have justified. Political smashers are at work, and their dupes are constantly multiplying, while there seems to be no corresponding activity in those who foresee and dread the revolution which now threatens us. To upset the system of our Government is the aim of these agitators, and to deprive our people of the benefit of the wisest and best Constitution ever framed. Our country has had for more than 120 years the safest and most workable form of democratic government. The public powers are carefully defined, and the mode in which they are to be exercised is fixed. The amplest securities are taken that none of these important arrangements should be altered without every guarantee of caution and every opportunity for deliberation. It is true that the difference of opinion as to the powers granted by the Constitution led to our Civil War, but peace having been reëstablished, the supremacy of the written law, including the new amendments to the Constitution, has been virtually acknowledged over the length and breadth of the land.

It is now proposed, by many of the so-called Progressives, that all questions of policy or law, even such as may be contrary to the original articles of the Constitution, should be submitted to popular vote. Questions, or a series of questions, are to be simplified as much as possible, and the entire enfranchised community invited to decide them by voting yea or nay. Thus is the "will of the people" to find expression, but is it not rather the will of some adroit leader or leaders, who can manipulate voters and obtain a majority? It may be a majority of the uninformed and ignorant, when the more intelligent minority have no opportunity for debate or discussion, as they would have were the question to be decided by regularly elected representatives.

It was Chief Justice Marshall who first decided the power of the Federal courts to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, and that any legislation of a State in conflict with the Constitution of the United States was null and void. The new so-called Progressives would deprive the judiciary of this power and degrade their high office to one dependent upon the vote of a temporary majority of the people. There can be no greater delusion than that the establishment of referendum, initiative, and recall of judges is a sign of progress towards better things. Radical such a system is in uprooting the solid foundation of our Government, but progressive only in leading us to the verge of a precipice. May the danger be seen and avoided by a combination of those who revere the wisdom of the framers of our Constitution.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

Philadelphia, July 12.

THE BIBLE AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in a recent number of the *Nation* notes the fact that "one trait of contemporary public oratory and political eloquence is the rediscovery of the Bible as a treasure-house of argument and invective." The illustrative citations of the editorial are apt and interesting; and it may not be out of place to supplement these with another piece of evidence.

At the beginning of the 1911-12 session of the University of Alberta, the faculty received, from a donor who prefers to remain anonymous (a "globe-trotting" Englishman with no marked religious, or, at least, denominational sympathies), the following letter:

> I wish to do something—however small—to encourage the study of the Bible from the point of view of its influence on English literature and speech—an influence which I believe to have been in the past extraordinarily deep and strong. My desire to give some encouragement of this kind is intensified by what I believe to be the fact that for various reasons the Bible is not read as much nor studied as closely in these days as was formerly the case, so that the influence which it has exerted in the past runs the risk of being seriously weakened in the future. It has, therefore, occurred to me to offer a prize of $100 for proficiency in the study of the influence of the English Bible on English literature and speech, to be competed for by students of the senior college in the department of English in the University of Alberta. As to the nature of the examination, I beg to make the following suggestions:
>
> (1.) The tests should be of two kinds, special and general.
>
> (a) The special test should be designed to test the competitor's knowledge of the influence of the Bible upon a particular author. The author should be selected and announced early in the session so that a special study of his writings may be made from this point of view.
>
> (b) The general test should deal with the general influence of the Bible as shown by Biblical allusions in poetry and prose, in newspapers and public speeches, and by words, phrases, and quotations in use among educated men of our race.
>
> (2.) An equal number of marks should be given for each of the two papers, but the prize should not necessarily be given to the competitor who has done the best special paper, if his knowledge of the subject, as shown by his general paper, should be manifestly unsatisfactory.

In compliance with this suggestion, "The Influence of the English Bible upon the Poetry of Matthew Arnold" was announced as the topic for the special test, and the students who submitted essays on this subject were required to write on an examination planned according to the wishes of the donor. The results of the special essays were of inconsiderable value to scholarship, the consideration of the tangible influence of the English Bible upon Arnold's style in his poetry being generally confused with the philosophical and ethical questions common in Arnold's poetry, but not readily assignable to specific and direct Biblical influence. The *study* of the English Bible as a piece of literature, incident to the preparation of the essay, and the minute examination of a notable body of poetry in this connection were, however, particularly fruitful.

How fruitful was made evident in the comprehensive and intelligent answers to the questions in the general examination, which asked the student (1) to enumerate, with proper evidence for his list, the various types of literature, or "literary species," of which the Bible is composed; and (2) to explain and identify the Biblical allusion in passages which had been selected more or less at random from sources as diverse as Gibbon, Borrow, Meredith, Hardy, Hewlitt, Kipling, Roosevelt, and Chesterton.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

University of Alberta, June 15.

Literature

PERSIA AND THE POWERS.

The Strangling of Persia. By W. Morgan Shuster. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

Only a few months ago, the essentials of Mr. Shuster's narrative were being retailed in daily cable dispatches from Teheran. The present volume simply rehearses and amplifies the story of one of the most dramatic episodes in recent international politics. Mr. Shuster's personality, as revealed in the language and manner of the book and in occasional bits of self-analysis, is precisely what one imagined it to be when the newspapers were recording the single-handed contest waged by a young American official against two of the leading European Powers. There is no pretence here to literary excellence; there is no attempt to simulate a state of judicious calm; there is plenty of evidence that the writer is a young man, with a young man's intolerance of roundabout ways when a short cut is at hand, and a young American with characteristic impatience of the easy-going habits of traditional European diplomacy.

When Mr. Shuster arrived in Teheran to assume the post of Treasurer-General of Persia, his task was much severer than the one that usually confronts the foreign administrator in Eastern lands. He had not only to impose Western ideals of efficiency on a people unused to self-government, but the work had to be done in the face of the opposition of Russia and Great Britain. The two Powers had concluded between themselves a treaty which, though not quite taking the form of a partition of Persia, nevertheless presupposed the relegation of that country to a state of permanent tutelage. The Persian constitutional movement aroused displeasure in Russia; a rejuvenated Persia would seriously compromise Russian ambitions. And as financial reorganization was one of the conditions necessary to insure the permanent success of the constitutional movement, the advent of Mr. Shuster was received from the very beginning with a suspicious aloofness that soon changed to open hostility.

How the break came is familiar to most people. Mr. Shuster, in the administration of the finances in northern Persia, desired to avail himself of the services of Major Stokes, an officer in the Indian army, possessing an intimate knowledge of Persian conditions. But northern Persia, by treaty, was within the Russian sphere of influence, and the Czar's Government protested against Stokes's appointment. The British Foreign Office, which at first had intimated that there would be no difficulty in giving Major Stokes the necessary leave of absence, suddenly changed its attitude. From that time on Russia assumed the aggressive. Another official nominated by Mr. Shuster was also rejected. Then followed the ex-Shah's invasion of Persia, in which Russia's complicity has been made apparent; the open defiance of Mr. Shuster's authority by the Russian Minister at Teheran, who took under his protection the property of various members of the royal family who had been outlawed for high treason; and Mr. Shuster's letter to the London *Times* in which he charged the Russian Government with plotting against the welfare of Persia. The letter made Mr. Shuster's position impossible. Sir Edward Grey, entirely absorbed by the Morocco crisis which was then at its height, and anxious to retain the friendship of Russia, threw his support to that Power; and the Government at Teheran, after rejecting one Russian ultimatum, was compelled to bow down to a second one, with a Russian army advancing upon the capital. Mr. Shuster resigned and left the country.

Mr. Shuster's own account now and then makes one conjecture what would have happened if the American Treasurer-General were an older man, with greater skill in the ways of diplomacy. He might have held his place, and, by bending before the wind, he might have succeeded in snatching some advantage for the Government that employed him. But it is a great perhaps. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Shuster that there was for him no alternative between acting as he did and sinking to the parasitic level of the typical European administrator in Persia, whose functions would seem to consist chiefly in drawing a fat pension and doing nothing.

Quite as interesting, to the present reviewer at least, as Mr. Shuster's indictment against Anglo-Russian policy, is the picture he gives us of the Persian constitutional movement against a background of the national psychology. For a people with no experience in self-government and laboring under the supposed handicap of Oriental incapacity for freedom, the Shah's subjects have carried on the struggle with remarkable courage, ability, and persistence. Undoubtedly, the sudden imposition of Western political formulas on the native character had certain amusing results; they did not escape Mr. Shuster's sense of humor. But on the whole, we find the Nationalist movement in Teheran proceeding on lines familiar the world over; we find a nucleus of brave and enlightened men animated by unselfish motives, backed by the best sentiment of the country. Coöperating with these were men of more doubtful, or, rather, more mixed attributes, men who did good service for the constitutional cause without quite forgetting their personal interests. Such a man was the Sipahdar, whom Mr. Shuster treats at length, a man who was tainted with the vices of the old, corrupt Persian officialdom, but who nevertheless, in a moment of crisis, had led an army from Tabriz to Teheran and saved the liberal cause in the capital. Such men were the chieftains of the Bakhtiari tribe, who were never loath to dip their hands into the Government treasury, but who fought bravely against the armies of the ex-Shah and drove him from the country. Mr. Shuster introduces us to a very human world of mixed issues and complex motives.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sister Carrie. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Bros.

The unusual success of "Jennie Gerhardt" has naturally led to the reprinting of Mr. Dreiser's earlier novel. "Sister Carrie" was published in 1901, and while it did not reach a large public, it was hailed with enthusiasm by various critics not easy to please. Realism was then still a camp; and warriors like Frank Norris and Hamlin Garland cheered a reinforcement. English authorities approved the new writer's unabashed Americanism; and the rawness of his style, by a paradox which has become familiar, served to attract rather than repel the exacting *Spectator* and the fastidious *Athenæum*. The English of "Sister Carrie" is for the most part almost ludicrously crude and journalesque. But say what we may about our high level of workmanship, the fact remains that workmanship is not the fundamental virtue in fiction any more than in other forms of art. In "Jennie Gerhardt" Mr. Dreiser has largely outgrown his grosser faults of style; but its real merit, like that of the earlier novel, is in its substance, its "punch," as the dramatic critics say. Carrie herself is a cruder Jennie—cruder and less noble; a commoner and, in a way, more pathetic type. Like Jennie, she comes up from town to city, to make her way in a treacherous world, unprotected from without or from within. But her charm is that of sheer youth and eagerness for life—life as it is embodied in the pleasures and ambitions of the crowd. She is susceptible not so much to love as to what love may bring. Her irregular connections therefore have a touch of sordidness absent from those of the great-hearted Jennie. Squalor is her retributory portion, and the means by which she cuts herself loose from that squalor, and from the poor love she has known, entail no greater hope of happiness than the attainment of the luxuries she has craved. With or without them, she is a failure, and must remain a failure, from any high point of view. If she is "ruined" or "fallen," it is by fault of her own pleasure-loving nature rather than by the incidents of her piteous career. Under Mr. Dreiser's slow, keen, sympathetic and yet by no means sentimental scrutiny she appears before the reader as she is—a Carrie speaking, alas, for a million hapless Carries.

Paul, the Minstrel. By A. C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Child of the Dawn. The same.

The tales which make up the first of these two volumes are reprinted from two earlier books, "The Hill of Trouble" and "The Isles of Sunset." They are all akin in feeling, and were written while Mr. Benson was a house-master at Eton. That, he says, was a very happy time of his life. In more than one of his books he has recorded the trials and perplexities of school-mastering, but it is clear that he has always been one of those rare men (for they are rare) who find permanent delight in contact with the growing boyish mind and character. One of his pleasures at Eton was to tell stories to his boys on Sunday evenings, and these are some of the stories that he told. The didactic bent of this writer is always strong, and he consciously set himself to edify as well as amuse that particular audience. But, as he says, "it is very hard to make the simple choices of life assume a noble or inspiring form," and he instinctively gave his tales a romantic and semi-mediæval atmosphere. With the aid of that glamour he strove to make palatable to the boyish taste a stern doctrine of moral choice. No one could have had better hope of succeeding in this than Mr. Benson, master of a flowing, graceful style hardly approached since Ruskin. To boys in the first flush of adolescence, at that brief moment before the worship of commonplace becomes the schoolboy cult, these stories must have appealed strongly. Each of them approaches, almost imperceptibly and from a peculiar point of view, this same problem of moral choice, and the charm of the story-teller's manner never fails.

"The Child of the Dawn" is new, but it is related to these earlier stories, and would even seem to have sprung from them, if, as we suppose, these are the "short tales of an allegorical type" alluded to by Mr. Benson in his Introduction to the longer story. They were written without effort, he says: "One by one they took wings and flew; and when I had finished, though I was anxious to write more tales, I could not discover any more, though I beat the covert patiently to dislodge them." This story also came to him unbidden: "I was never conscious of creating any of its incidents. It seemed to be all there from the beginning; and I felt throughout like a man making his way along a road, and describing what he sees as he goes." In short, it is a product of a sort of inspiration. The reader will not expect a flight of creative imagination from Mr. Benson, so much as a play of active and graceful fancy. A less facile method might have made a book of great power out of these materials. The general theory is an old one—the adventures of a human soul after the death of the body—but the treatment is fresh. It is based, to be sure, on the old doctrine of reincarnation. A soul, torn from the body by pain, finds itself floating in a great peace, then furnished with a companion, of human experience like its own, and finally given to associate with various groups of souls for the moment out of the body. Each of them is undergoing a transitional experience, active, not passive, preparing for a return to the world of the body under some new and higher form. The narrative ends with the reëntry of the narrator-soul into the body of a baby at the moment of birth.

This kind of excursion of the fancy is beset with pitfalls—the peril of unctuousness on the one hand, and of flippancy on the other. Mr. Benson avoids them both, for the most part. His real feat, a feat for which much praise is due, is his success in divesting the idea of the hereafter of the cant which religion has connected with it. He wishes to destroy the popular image of the soul after death, "as a thing so altered as to be practically unrecognizable—as a meek and pious emanation, without qualities or aims or passions or traits—as a sort of amiable and weak-kneed sacristan in the temple of God"—and to substitute an image more robust and more sensible. His souls are cheerful, often humorous, and they are not condemned to sing hymns, as it were, for a living.

The Price She Paid. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the third or fourth novel by the late David Graham Phillips to be issued posthumously, and we sincerely hope it is the last. There have been an unusual number of instances recently of affronting some well-meaning author's memory by the publication after his death of inferior or unfinished material. Of course, the temptation for the publisher is great. Here is the man's name, which can be counted on to sell anything while warmth remains in the funeral-baked meats. And doesn't every product of the artist, even his crudest sketches, belong to the world?

David Graham Phillips and Theodore Dreiser were recently proclaimed by Arnold Bennett the only American authors worth reading. That high approval of Mr. Phillips cannot have been based upon such work as this. It has his crudity without the force which often atoned for it. The family group presented in the opening chapters is sordid and disgusting to the point of caricature. The heroine who emerges from that group, and whose career in love and art is the theme of the story proper, has little reality and less charm. One figure, the old singing teacher, Moldini, under whose rule the heroine finally makes herself famous, is clear and strong, and even noble in its way. The rest of the people in the book are a shabby lot—if they can be called people at all. Whether or not Phillips was a great novelist, he deserves a better monument than this.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The Origin of the English Constitution. By George Burton Adams. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

English and foreign students have collected so large an amount of trustworthy data upon the origin of the English Constitution that an attempt at a brief restatement and consideration of the subject, without critical, bibliographical, or disputatious material clogging the text, ought to be very welcome. While many of Professor Adams's ideas have been briefly enunciated in the historical reviews, he now sets them forth in consecutive form.

The germ of the English Constitution he believes to be "the idea that there existed a body of understood, more or less definitely formulated rights, which the King was bound to observe and which those who at any point of time formed the operative force of the nation had the right to force him to observe if he showed himself disposed not to do so" (p. 157). This idea was "derived directly from feudalism" as introduced by the Norman Conquest, and "it was the work of the Great Charter of 1215 to transfer it from that system then falling into decline to the newer governmental system just beginning to be formed, and in so doing to give it its first institutional expression" (p. 167). He denies all pre-Norman influence upon the English Constitution; Henry II he believes has been overrated as a constructive statesman; nor were the jury, local institutions, and Parliament indispensable formative influences. Clause 61 of Magna Carta contained the germ of the later limited monarchy, and was itself the direct result of feudalism. Only about the time of Richard II did the stream of parliamentary development unite with that of "the general Constitution," and only then did Parliament become its guardian.

In assigning such importance to Magna Carta, Professor Adams is not so much stating a new proposition as championing the older view with which the younger generation of scholars have taken distinct issue. Their evidence and conclusions Professor Adams has great difficulty in harmonizing with his views. Indeed, we are inclined to feel that by accepting so much of them as he does he tends to contradict himself and destroy much of the force of his own conclusions. He states categorically that it was the work of the Great Charter to "transfer" the feudal germ of the Constitution "to the newer government just beginning to be formed," and announces this as the thesis of his book. Yet a couple of pages later he informs his reader, in a footnote, "it was not Magna Carta, but the circumstances of the future which gave to the fact that there was a body of law above the King creative power in English history. Magna Carta emphasized the fact . . . but this was all it did" (p. 169). "The Charter itself, as has been said, determined nothing." He is willing to go further, and admits (p. 249) that "in spirit, in method, and in principle, from the narrower point of view of 1215, it was reaction. If we regard the political necessities of the time . . . we must admit that the King was right and the barons wrong." "It is easy enough for us to see that John was at work in the way of the future. The changes which he was striving to make were inevitable and necessary" (p. 173). The prompt omission of Clause 61, which he insists contained the germ of the Constitution, from the Charter, when later confirmed, and its subsequent neglect were, he declares, of little significance because the principle was so inherent in feudal law that the King would not have denied its binding force before or after 1215. Indeed, the omission of that clause was "inevitable"! "The fate of this principle . . . depended not upon the words of the Charter, but upon the character of the following age" (p. 278). If, then, the germ of the Constitution was nothing more nor less than feudal law, already recognized as binding, and if it was omitted from the reissue of the Charter by contemporaries as something either unessential or undesirable, how can Professor Adams support his claim that its presence in the document is of such portentous importance as to justify him in calling Magna Carta the beginning of the English Constitution?

He also tells us that this feudal germ of the Constitution is not "peculiar to England." Will it not then be necessary to look to the influences which caused it to have so different a development in England? We have here a distinctly important and subtle question of cause and effect, which is itself the very gist of Professor Adams's inquiry. He is attempting to show how and when this germ became operative. At one moment he sees Magna Carta as the agent transferring the principle to the Constitution; at the next, he sees the germ placed in the Constitution, not by Magna Carta, but by the political and constitutional difficulties of the thirteenth century. If one of these views is right, the other can hardly be maintained.

Other inconsistencies may be noted. In the face of such statements as "differentiation of the functions of the state, like the legislative and judicial, had not yet begun" and "the Norman state was simple and undifferentiated," we are told that "we seem to have the right to say that the legislative, judicial, conciliar, and military functions of the state in their ordinary operation were thoroughly feudalized and the administrative system partially so" (p. 32; see also 23, 75, 109, 123, 127, 134, 144). In such a book, too, the consistent and exact use of the term "Constitution" will be of its very substance. Yet we find it employed in several senses, and are perplexed by the apparent existence in 1215 of several "Constitutions," the "old," the "newer," the "royal," the "feudal," the "final," as well as the "general Constitution of John"—all of which is not a little puzzling when we are searching for a Constitution not yet born. The word "government" is equally indefinite: "no interest of the government (king?) or of the ruling class"; "supervising all government" (administration?); "general machinery of the ordinary or normal Anglo-Norman government" (state?). Not less confusing are the following: "The connecting link between the regular action and the prerogative action of the Anglo-Norman state," "the *king's* prerogative action"; "the operating machinery of the state"; "the official administrative machinery proper." If the functions of state are not distinguished, why describe them thus? If this language is correct, why speak of Norman government as simple? The meaning of words is the essence of constitutional history. It has been often and truly said that if we only knew the exact significance of twenty terms employed by the early law writers, we should understand all constitutional development.

The lack of a careful and discriminating use of terms in the book before us, the citation of authorities for comparatively few of the points we are inclined to challenge, the author's disagreement with leading authorities on important points (as with Maitland and Vinogradoff upon the character of English feudalism before and since the Conquest), cause us to hesitate before accepting his central thesis. Professor Adams's repute as a scholar gives even his unsupported opinion a certain weight, but we regret that he has in this case stated his views in such indefinite and inconsistent language as to deprive them *prima facie* of much of the force they might otherwise have possessed.

Histoire de la Langue Française des origines à 1900. By Ferdinand Brunot. Tome III. La Formation de la Langue classique (1600-1660)—*2e partie*. Paris: Armand Colin. 7.50 francs.

It is two years and more since the *Nation* reviewed the previous instalment of this monumental history of the French language by a professor in the University of Paris. The work follows an even course as it began. In 1897, after an earlier effort, Gaston Paris said: "M. Brunot will have the honor of being the first to realize a design which more than one doubtless has formed, but which none before him dared to execute." Meyer-Lübke adds, now that the work is far under way: "Good science, sound criticism, pleasant exposition, a sure work to the students' hand, and of lasting value." It is hard to imagine additional praise in the science of language.

This latest instalment (the fourth in order of publication) is devoted entirely to syntax. There is an excellent analytical table of contents; and, with the conscience of the scholar, a few errata are noted in Tome II which dealt with the sixteenth century. A general note on the bibliography of the study of French syntax for the seventeenth century is given at the beginning; and there are constant references and examples in footnotes, in addition to those which make up the greater part of the text. An index proper could not be expected, for the whole text of the work is one subject-index of words and authors.

One of the chief uses and keenest pleasures of such a work is to be found in these examples, classified and explained. Everywhere crops out the life, not alone of the schools which taught the parts of speech, but of the men and women who used them. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Du Val was already singular in thinking the article an impediment and "knot in discourse"; he ostentatiously cited Plutarch to show that great Homer seldom prefixed articles to his nouns like "handles to vases" or *panaches sur des morions*. Even Professor Brunot shows a touch of feeling when the notorious Père Garasse, "who has the pretension of dealing with higher things, declares that he is not 'of these over-nice minds and reformers of the French language,' and that he does not raise 'questions, to wit, whether we should say *des superbes Palais*, or *de superbes Palais*, as Messieurs our Court Translators do.'" Alas! the most knowing of us foreigners has hardly got beyond that age when "the mistake *des superbes palais*, and —particularly—*du bon vin*, is so common that there is no use in giving examples."

Teachers will be delighted to see here in full process the slow but sure declaration of independence of French from Latin. The printed part taken in this by Port Royal and the Petites Ecoles of the Jansenists is indicated by M. Brunot; but he does not seem familiar with the similar oral teaching and exercises of translation into the vernacular used in the professedly Latin classes of their rivals. The resulting French may be seen in work already published by Bossuet, as M. Brunot notes (p. 714). In the chapter on the Sentence (p. 685) there is an enlightening analysis to show why "the greatest writers of the sixteenth century, Rabelais, Calvin, Amyot, Montaigne, still transfer into French the forms of the Latin sentence. . . . The deliverance from the Latin obsession could begin only when French should be emancipated enough to put a stop to the imposition of foreign forms, or when Latin should be decadent enough for men of letters to stop thinking in Latin."

Such studies as these rise to higher and more general historical conclusions:

> The language which henceforth is to reign throughout the country under the name of French issued from the speech of Paris, without being confounded with it. The epoch I have just studied is that of their divorce. It lasted long, it was never complete, it could not be so; and later I shall have occasion to seek when and how the common speech once more began penetrating the classic language. However, the generation whose work I have shown neither could nor would foresee their drawing nearer to each other. It was persuaded that good use ought not only to lead, but ought to destroy bad use, and that without undergoing any reaction in itself. The language of the King, in its thought, had to reign sovereignly, sharing nothing and yielding nothing· and the events of the Fronde and the importance taken for a moment by the Parliaments did not trouble this opinion in the least. At bottom, it was a form of the faith in monarchy and the next age was to mark its absolute triumph. Such hopes were founded in part, but the work had still to be done; nearly all France had still to be conquered (p.721).

With the historical fact from which this conclusion is derived, we come on the essential philosophy of the history of the Old Régime in its gradual and inevitable centralization, which the Revolution could only complete:

> How many were those cultivated people whom questions of language stirred to passion or even interested? Because political or literary history is full of their names, we always forget to look round about them; and, while from other points of view their

number matters little, for the linguist (why not for the historian?) it is of capital interest to know the proportion of this minority to the whole of the population. The Province, the dialect land, began at Vaugirard and Montmartre. The City, the vulgar land, touched the Louvre on every side The masses did not read, could have found nothing to read if they had wished, were taught nothing, underwent none of the great forces which, little by little, everywhere impose the literary language—and they kept their ordinary speech.

Buhen. Publications of the Egyptian Department of the University of Pennsylvania. Vols. VII and VIII, by D. Randall-MacIver and C. Leonard Woolley. Philadelphia.

The town of Buhen was situated on the west bank of the Nile, almost exactly opposite the modern town of Halfa, the northern terminus of the Sudan Government Railway. Of the town itself but scant traces remain above ground, but from the careful and exhaustive excavations of the Philadelphia Expedition we can now reconstruct its entire history. Buhen was essentially an Egyptian and not a native Nubian settlement. In the prehistoric period the populations of Egypt and Nubia were racially identical; but whereas in Egypt the discovery of metal on the one side, and the greater productive power of the soil on the other, tended to foster a rapid growth, Nubia in her barren backwater of civilization lagged behind in the neolithic stage of development. Hence negro invaders from the south found no difficulty in overrunning the upper country, and were only prevented from colonizing the whole of the Nile Valley by the newly consolidated Egyptian power. In all the early pages of Egyptian history we find reference to the incessant struggle that was maintained to keep these inhabitants of "wretched Kush," as it was called, in check; and in about the year 1950 B. C. we find our first mention of Buhen, when, at the close of a successful campaign under the leadership of a certain Mentuhotep, in the reign of the twelfth dynasty king, Sesostris I, the town was built to serve as the southernmost fortress of the Egyptian Kingdom.

A reminder of the dangers undergone by the earliest settlers in Buhen is given by the fact that the twelfth dynasty cemetery was situated within the city fortifications. In the two hundred years of anarchy that followed the close of the twelfth dynasty it is probable that this, the southernmost fort, was abandoned; but in the eighteenth dynasty the frontier was set still further south, at the fourth cataract, and Buhen was reëstablished on a securer basis, temples, parts of which still stand, being erected by Hatshepsut and Amenhotep II over the ruins of the twelfth dynasty structures. Through the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties Nubia was governed with a firm hand by a succession of Egyptian viceroys; but thereafter, growing stronger as Egypt weakened, the Nubians first reasserted their independence, and then, invading in their turn, they overran Egypt, and won for their king the throne of Pharaoh himself. From that time onward Buhen the frontier town drops out of history, and with the exception of a handful of settlers of the Roman period, and a community of Coptic monks, the district for centuries remained unoccupied. In the nineteenth century of our era, by a strange coincidence, it was again selected as the frontier post of Egypt, a garrison being placed there to keep the Dervishes in check; and it was from this base that in 1897 Lord Kitchener began his victorious advance on Khartum.

The excavation of the site was carried out in the seasons of 1909 and 1910, and the results are admirably set forth by Dr. Randall-MacIver and Mr. Woolley in the two volumes before us. In the opening chapters a full descriptive and photographic record is given of the temples, which were already known, but from which only isolated inscriptions had hitherto been published. Then, turning to the results of actual excavations, the authors describe in detail the town buildings, the fortifications, with moat and elaborately buttressed walls, the later settlements, and finally the cemeteries. From an historical point of view the most interesting of the temple inscriptions are the ex votos of Egyptian officials, carved on the temple walls—among them that of Thure, the first of the long line of Viceroys in Nubia; while for the Museum a considerable amount of valuable material was procured, notably the magnificent gold and amethyst necklace which forms the frontispiece of the first volume.

The present volumes are the seventh and eighth published by the University Museum on the five years' work of its Egyptian Expedition, and we note with regret that they are to be the last. That they have been able, within six years of the inception of the work, to complete this series of eight volumes, is a *tour de force* of which the authors and the Museum may well be proud.

Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus. By Achille Luchaire. Translated by E. B. Krehbiel, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

Probably no modern scholar knew more of French history in the age of Philip Augustus and Richard the Lion-Hearted than the late Achille Luchaire. In fact, he planned to write a *magnum opus* on Philip Augustus, and for five years gave lectures at the Sorbonne on his reign. But in 1901 he abandoned his project, probably because a German, Cartellieri, was beginning to bring out a great work on the same subject. As the social history of the time, however, lay outside the scope of Cartellieri's work, Luchaire found a gap in which he had a particular interest and on which he left, at his death, fully prepared manuscript lectures. Parts of these lectures Luchaire had already published in periodicals or in the volume which he contributed to Lavisse's "Histoire de France." After his death they were published in full by M. Halphen, and are now rendered into English by one of his American friends.

Society in the Middle Ages was universally recognized as being sharply divided by the Divine Will into three estates of man: the clergy who served the nation by praying, the nobility who served it by fighting, and the Third Estate, who served it by toiling and paying dues for its support. Jacques de Vitry was only expressing what every one unquestioningly accepted, when he compared the body politic to the human body: the priests were the head and eyes, because they were the spiritual guides of humanity; the nobles were the hands and arms, charged with protecting the others; the people of the country and towns formed the legs and feet—that is to say, the base on which all the rest stood. Luchaire was apparently more interested in the eyes and hands than in the feet. After his introductory chapter on earthquakes, floods, fires, comets, miracles, and other acts of God and Satan which made up the material and spiritual background of social life, he devotes the rest of the volume, with the exception of the final chapter, to the nobility and clergy, the two social classes which, even when taken together, probably did not equal in numbers one-tenth of the common people in country and town. And even in this final chapter, devoted to the toiling nine-tenths, he describes chiefly how the upper classes treated the lower classes rather than how the burghers and peasants were actually living and what they were thinking about. Did they wear shoes and nightshirts? Did they ordinarily have meat to eat and wine to drink? Did they have large families and die young? M. Luchaire does not tell us. Yet these are the things which readers of to-day, absorbed in the welfare of the masses and in the problems of poverty and health, would be interested to know. At first sight we are therefore inclined to criticise M. Luchaire's sense of proportion. But in reality he deserves praise for historical-mindedness; he is giving to the Third Estate only that comparatively scant consideration which it actually received in the age he is describing. The social question did not exist in France seven centuries ago; the toilers were contemned with impunity by their lords; if they had thoughts, they were not articulate; they had no spokesman and no opportunity for concerted action; the whole tendency of the age was opposed to innovation. Though the peasant and burgher may have formed more than nine-tenths of the total population, he counted for very little in the social life as then conceived.

The author has carefully grouped by chapters an enormous amount of material, and enlivened it with pertinent passages from the sermons, *chansons de gestes*, *fabliaux*, and other picturesque literature in which the age of Philip Augustus is fairly rich. Especially excellent is the chapter on student life in the twelfth century and the strong papal influence in the growth of the University of Paris. Mr. Krehbiel's work as translator and index maker is excellent.

Notes

"Aspects of the Irish Question" is the title of a forthcoming book by Sydney Brooks (Maunsel & Co.).

The scene of F. Hopkinson Smith's new novel, "The Armchair at the Inn," which the Scribners will bring out in August, is laid in Normandy.

Mr. Smith's son, F. Berkeley Smith, has also written a story of life in Normandy—"Madame Mésange." It and "The Street of the Two Friends," stories of the Latin Quarter, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn.

Maurice Hewlett's new novel, promised by the Century Co., is "Mrs. Lancelot," a story of a woman of the London social world and her three lovers.

The Century Co.'s autumn list includes also Jack London's tale of the Klondike, entitled "Smoke Bellew," and "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln," by Helen Nicolay.

Charles Edward Jerningham is preparing a volume of reminiscences of Henry Labouchere, which will be brought out in the autumn by Messrs. Bell.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish in the autumn: "Chiero's Memoirs," being recollections by this palmist of many celebrated persons, and "A Dixie Rose in Bloom," a story by Augusta Kortrecht.

Allen H. Eaton's "The Oregon System: The Story of Direct Legislation in Oregon," is announced for immediate publication by McClurg.

The Appletons will shortly have ready "Railway Finance," by Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland.

"The Boys' Parkman" is the title of a new book of selections from the works of Francis Parkman compiled by Louise S. Hasbrouck, and promised shortly by Little, Brown.

The same house has in hand a Western story called "Good Indian," by B. M. Bower.

We have received from Gius. Laterza & Figli, of Bari, Italy, another volume of the Scrittori d'Italia series—Vol. II of the Italian works of Teofilo Folengo, edited by Umberto Renda.

It has been the fate of Volume I of the Second Supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography to enjoy a *succès de scandale* of which the most frivolous volume edited by, let us say, Francis Gribble, might have been proud. At this late hour there is no need to take up Sir Sidney Lee's much-discussed article on Edward VII. Other well-known names in the record are Lord Acton, Alexander Bain, Walter Besant, Professor Butcher, Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Charles Dilke.

A new group of volumes in the Home University Library reveals the usually wide range of topics, from Buddhism to English sects and from American history since the Civil War to the Principles of Physiology. Mrs. Rhys Davids's "Study of the Buddhist Norm" is very difficult reading, but profitable. It is certainly not a book for the beginner in its highly condensed and allusive style, but it carries out faithfully a well conceived plan. Principal Selbie's account of the rise and progress of English Nonconformity is a model of popular exposition; it has a great deal of human interest. Excellently planned and written is Logan Pearsall Smith's history of the English language; it is a subject which can be made fascinating by a writer of knowledge and imagination, and Mr. Smith is such a man. His is the most attractive volume in the present group. Professor Ker of London University has dealt in detail with English mediæval literature; his study of the romances and the songs and ballads of the period supplies a satisfactory introduction to a specialized investigation of the subject. In "Reconstruction and Union, 1865-1912," Paul Leland Haworth has omitted few facts of importance. On contemporary matters Dr. Haworth is not as dispassionate as one might wish. His apparent sympathy with the new progressive forces in our national life leads him into unguarded eulogy and altogether too swift condemnation. W. M. Geldart is the writer of the volume on the "Elements of English Law," a straightforward and useful compendium. Professor Geldart of Glasgow has done the volume on Physiology.

Miss Josephine Goldmark, the author of "Fatigue and Efficiency: A Study in Industry" (New York: Charities Publication Committee), is to be congratulated on an excellent piece of work. It is seldom that one reads a volume designed for a particular and practical purpose with so much satisfaction. Setting out to demonstrate the need of legislation to guard the health of women workers, she lays broad foundations in a study of fatigue. The latest medical and laboratory investigations are passed in review, and the penalty in impaired energy and shattered nerves which the overworked women in modern industrial occupations have to pay, is set forth in convincing fashion. Then follow detailed exhibitions of the "new strain" which forms of work like that in telephone exchanges impose upon the women who are tending to monopolize them. There are also specific studies of overstrain, with an account of the economic aspects of the regulation of the hours and conditions of woman's labor, and the way in which they fit into the new ideas of management. Next we have an outline of the history of labor laws, with the obstacles, judicial and other, placed in the way of their upholding and enforcement. Part II gives a survey of world-experience in legislation undertaking to limit the hours of labor for woman; and the volume closes with reprints of the most important court decisions on the subject in the United States, showing their growing enlightenment, including the opinion of the Supreme Court in the epoch-making case of Muller vs. State of Oregon. The whole work seems to us one of exceptional value, owing to its massing of material and restraint and good judgment in presenting it. Not merely as aiding in a timely propaganda, but as a work of reference, it deserves a place in libraries and newspaper offices. No more useful publication has come from the Russell Sage Foundation.

Despite the temporary abeyance of public discussion of the initiative, referendum, and recall, books on those topics continue to come from the press. Misleading is the title, "The Referendum Among the English" (Macmillan), by Samuel R. Honey. His little volume is confessedly a tract *for* the English, being an account, drawn up avowedly for their behoof, of the use of the referendum in America. And even this is here confined to the submission to popular vote of changes in State Constitutions. How much more than that we have come to mean by the referendum, may be seen in "The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall," edited for the Appletons by Prof. William B. Munro. His introduction is marked by a cautious weighing of the advantages and disadvantages of the new method, and he gives a salutary warning that we are as yet in too early and experimental a stage of the innovation to have a positive opinion how it will work. The bulk of this volume is made up of contributed and selected matter from a dozen pens, on various phases of the subject. Explanation rather than advocacy is the note of "Direct Elections and Law-Making by Popular Vote," by Edwin M. Bacon and Morrill Wyman, which the Houghton Mifflin Company publishes. A four-page bibliography shows to what proportions this discussion is growing. Finally, we note "Government by All the People" (Macmillan), by Delos F. Wilcox. He goes over the familiar ground, but with a more confident tread, resting his case mainly upon the breakdown of the present system, but frankly stating his belief that by the use of the new "implements of democracy," we may look for "a great forward movement toward stability, justice, and public spirit in American political institutions."

Nathaniel P. Langford's "Vigilante Days and Ways" (McClurg) contains an excellent picture of the forces which entered into our pioneer life. In the first part of the volume is set forth at length the life history of the desperadoes whose activities made early Montana and Idaho the scenes of so many desperate fights and murders. This is followed by a careful account of the rise of the vigilante committees and of their final success. The book is a very human document, and holds the attention like a novel. The author, who participated in the events described, makes out a strong brief in favor of the vigilantes.

The romantic side of Californian history has always been a lodestone for the writer of books, whose industry has furnished work for the printer and the bookstore without adding much to the knowledge of the subject. John S. McGroarty's "California, its History and Romance" (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company), does not differ from its many predecessors, either in character or manner. On the whole, the story is told in an interesting way, but is marred too frequently by the attempt at fine writing.

A very spirited book is Walter Wood's "North Sea Fishers and Fighters" (Dutton, illustrated). Glancing at the fishers and fighters of olden times, when successively the Danes and the French threatened England from the sea, the author passes rapidly to the sailing smacks of yesterday and the steam trawlers of to-day. John Paul Jones's capture of the Serapis off Flamborough is not forgotten, nor is the disgraceful panic of Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron among the Dogger Bank fishermen. The book ends in the fear of Germany with the recommendation of a special naval reserve for North Sea service. Of especial interest is the account, sufficiently statistical, of the way in which the vast catches are marketed, of the growth of scientific and corporate methods in the fisheries, and of mission and hospital work among the fleet. There is a thrilling account by a survivor of the storm of 1883, in which some three hundred and fifty fishermen were lost. Mr. Wood evidently knows his subject intimately, and often tells his story in the language of the fishermen. The following anecdote is none the worse for recalling classical variants. The boy of a Scotch lugger was once sent ashore with a sovereign and instructions to lay it out in food and drink to the best advantage. "In due season the youth returned, bearing half a dozen bottles of whiskey and a penny loaf. For a moment the master gazed admiringly, then exclaimed despairingly, 'Heaven forgive you, boy! whatever shall we do wi' all this bread?'" Sketches, many in color, and cuts after the author's photographs add to the attractiveness of this book.

The revision of G. R. Porter's "The Progress of the Nation" (Methuen), by F. W. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*, makes it a new work. The seven sections into which the original was divided have been rearranged into thirty-eight chapters, filling 700 pages. Porter's own volume has received from the Dictionary of National Biography the high praise of being characterized as "an invaluable record of the first half of the nineteenth century." The aim of the present edition is to perform the same function for the whole of that century and the first decade of the twentieth. The scope of the book may be judged from the statement that the first nine chapters deal with the growth of population, trades and occupations, wages and employment, pauperism, housing, crime, intemperance and lunacy, education, local government, and the standard of comfort. This is followed by a general and particular survey of the leading trades of Great Britain and Ireland. Chapter ix, entitled, The Rising Standard of Comfort, quotes this sentence from the memorandum prepared for the Poor-Law Commissioners by the Board of Trade in 1909: "The rise of nominal wages has been accompanied by such a fall in wholesale and retail prices as implies a rise of 'real' wages, or wages as measured in commodities, considerably greater than the rise of money wages." However true this may be for the entire century, it hardly meets the situation in 1912. The name of the editor is sufficient guarantee of the accuracy of the statistics and other information in the volume. There is an excellent index.

The modern library movement has been criticised for two defects, both, it is admitted, being the defects of its own virtues: lack of proper feeling for books as literature and lack of historical perspective. Whatever merit this criticism may have, there is evidence in recent library publications that it is rapidly losing point and force. Numerous addresses, periodical articles, monographs and learned treatises lately issued, could be cited to show that the librarian is now claiming and taking his natural place in the world of books. The most notable of such publications is E. A. Savage's "Old English Libraries" (McClurg), a handsome, well-illustrated volume of 300 pages, devoted to the history of books and libraries in Great Britain from the time of their earliest mention in historic records down to the invention of printing. The aim of the author is to present in a comprehensive way "the making, use, and circulation of books considered as a means of literary culture; to throw a useful sidelight on literary history and to introduce some human interest into the study of bibliography." For the accomplishment of his purpose he combines the results of careful and original research into a wide range of sources, an evident and engaging interest in his subject, real historic feeling, an eye for the significant, and a fair degree of literary style. Topics receiving special attention are: The use of books in the early Irish monasteries; noted monks of early England and their books; growth and dispersal of the libraries of the great abbeys; libraries of the cathedrals and great churches; early history and description of the academic and university libraries; library economy in the Middle Ages; the book trade in the manuscript period. The value of the work for reference and for further study of the subject is greatly increased by a minute index, and four appendices in tabular form, giving prices of books and materials for bookmaking at recorded sales from 1334 to 1496, titles of classic authors found in catalogues of some noted mediæval libraries, a list of the principal collections of which there is specific historical record, and a list of the main authorities consulted. The book will probably take its place immediately as a part of the required course of reading or study in the leading library schools, and will do much to put the modern library movement into proper relation with the past.

The story of the creation of the great English family of North during the Reformation has been pleasantly and capably told by Lady Frances Bushby in "Three Men of the Tudor Time" (London: Nutt). Edward, the first Lord North, lawyer and judge, member of the Privy Council, and executor of Henry VIII's will; Roger, his eldest son, diplomatist and soldier, related by marriage to Sir Philip Sidney; and Thomas North, the younger son, the translator of Plutarch, were a trio of singularly interesting men. Lady Bushby has succeeded in drawing well-balanced portraits and has not crowded the narrative with insignificant personal details nor with familiar general history. The work is scholarly and evinces a careful use of family and public archives, though the scanty and indefinite footnotes are likely to cause the reader to underestimate both the care and the extent of the research. While no new fact of importance is brought to light, numerous unpublished personal and household papers enabled the author to fill out the skeleton of the lives treated into as well-rounded a conception as we are likely to get. It is interesting to note that Roger North often lost money to Queen Elizabeth at cards (p. 105), and that he employed a "running footman" whose sole duty was to carry news and letters to and from London (p. 91).

We have received from the George H. Doran Co. the second edition of the autobiography of Charles Rowley, "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages." Born of modest craftsmen folk and without conventional advantages of education, Mr. Rowley has made himself a power in the æsthetic and material advancement of his native city of Manchester. His friendships include Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, William Morris, Walter Crane. These and others appear in rather shadowy guise, for Mr. Rowley has no vivid gift of portraiture. In fact, for all the interest of the matter, it is a pretty bungling book, ranging in form from almost indiscreet intimacy to the stately editorial we. The Ancoats Brotherhood was Mr. Rowley's most remarkable achievement. It started as a recreation guild largely managed by factory folk, and developed along lines of club conferences and educational excursions. The essence of the thing was that it should not be a charity and should seek the best. So the Brotherhood audaciously and successfully brought to Manchester the best lecturers and the best music. Even the printed circulars were models, many being designed by Walter Crane. A reverberation of the movement was the summer session for working folk at Oxford. An encouraging feature of the educational work was the response made by the laborers to the initiative of their distinguished teachers. One student, fired by the lectures of Milnes Marshall, and lacking money for books, actually traced and copied out from Gray's Botany hundreds of pages of text with the illustrations. In all this remarkable movement, Mr. Rowley's shrewd friendliness played an indispensable part, which his book modestly minimizes. The volume is charmingly illustrated by works of the artists mentioned, portraits of other noted friends, Ancoats programmes, and caricatures of the author, whose roguish, vivid face has always proved irresistible to his painter comrades.

The fifth volume of the results of the Eckley B. Coxe Junior Expedition to Nubia, called "Karanòg The Town," is contributed by C. Leonard Woolley. It continues the report on Karanòg, of which volumes three and four presented the cemetery. The ruined castle of Kanarog, as excavated and studied by the expedition, is fully described and typical houses of the town which it defended are also taken up. The whole forms a very interesting contribution on the civilization of the Blemmyes, the scourge of the Roman frontier in Egypt. Mr. Woolley is to be congratulated on the picturesque chapter in which he endeavors to reconstruct and picture for us the life and scenes which greeted the Greek historian Olympiodorus when early in the fifth century A. D. he visited this remote Blemmyan stronghold. The ruins date from about this period.

Those who think of Oriental literature as something more than a curiosity will be glad to know that Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain has republished in "Japanese Poetry" (Murray, 6s.) the greater part of his well-known "Classical Poetry of the Japanese," now become excessively rare. Since its first appearance more than thirty years ago this has remained the one collection of translations into English from Japanese verse that could be commended by Japanese scholars, though an anthology of M. Revon quite surpasses it in French. The new edition omits a long introduction and several appendices which contained translations of some dramas in lighter vein, but adequate compensation for these is made by including in this volume the author's paper on "Basho and the Japanese Epigram," reprinted from the Transactions of the Japan Asiatic Society. This is an exhaustive essay on the famous *hokku*, or verse in seventeen syllables, upon which the acutest minds in Japan have spent their skill. The meaning condensed in these wonderful little gems of poetry usually requires a commentary, while the sonant beauty of their originals of course disappears in an attempt to render them in another tongue; but no appreciation of Japanese native culture is complete without some knowledge of this literary *bijouterie*.

The death is reported from Atlanta, Ga., of William Lindsay Scruggs, lawyer, writer, and former Minister of the United States to Colombia and Venezuela. Mr. Scruggs was in his seventy-sixth year. Among his works are: "British Aggressions in Venezuela, or the Monroe Doctrine on Trial," "Lord Salisbury's Mistakes," "Evolution of American Citizenship," and "Evolution of the XIVth and XVth Amendments."

Andrew Lang, of whom mention is made in another column, died suddenly of heart disease late Saturday night at Banchory, Scotland. He was born at Selkirk in 1844, and was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, at St. Andrew's, and at Balliol College, Oxford. Oxford honored him with the degree of doctor of letters, and he was a Fellow of the Royal British Academy. He had contributed from time to time to the *Nation*. To sketch his literary career briefly is almost impossible, owing to the variety of his interests. Poet, critic, historian, even novelist jointly with Rider Haggard, translator of Homer and other works, Grecian, antiquarian—all these he was and more. Even the mere list of his published works is too long to be given here. We select a few which may reflect his many intellectual activities: "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," "Ballads in Blue China," "Helen of Troy," "Custom and Myth," "Rhymes à la Mode," "Letters to Dead Authors," "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," "Gold of Fairnilee," "Blue Fairy Tale Book," "Angling Sketches," "Homer and the Epic," "My Own Fairy Book," "Life of John Gibson Lockhart," translation of the "Odyssey" (with Butcher), translation of the "Iliad" (with Myers and Leaf), "The World's Desire" (with Rider Haggard), "A History of Scotland, from the Roman Occupation," and "A Defence of Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy."

Science

THE INTERNATIONAL RADIOTELEGRAPHIC CONFERENCE.

LONDON, July 5.

The International Radiotelegraphic Conference of London has just adjourned after a session of nearly five weeks, beginning June 4. It was just fifteen years ago last January that the cable brought the news of the first experiments, carried out on Salisbury Plain by a young Anglo-Italian, in communication by means of the electric waves discovered in 1888 by Heinrich Hertz. The fact that a conference of thirty-eight nations and their colonies has now been necessary to settle in the most formal manner the world's procedure regarding wireless, speaks eloquently of the rapid progress of this application of physics to human activity.

The Conference was held in the fine hall of the Institution of Electrical Engineers on the Victoria Embankment, where everything was done for the comfort and convenience of the delegates that the admirable administration of the British Post Office could devise. All mail matter was delivered free, and each delegate was furnished with a pass entitling him to send all telegrams and cables (even with reply paid) to his own country *free*. In the hall, somewhat larger than the United States Senate chamber, the desks of the 150 delegates were arranged in semicircular order. All proceedings were carried on in French, with great parliamentary formality, each speaker being mentioned only as "l'honorable délégué de ——"

The Conference was opened by the Postmaster-General, Herbert L. Samuel, who welcomed the delegates, outlined the work of the Conference, and proposed as chairman Sir Henry Babington Smith. Sir Henry, formerly chief secretary of the British Post Office and now president of the Ottoman Bank of Constantinople, had in large measure the qualities necessary for such a delicate office—a perfect knowledge of French and of parliamentary tactics and much charm of manner.

The greater part of the detailed work was done in two large committees, on regulations and tariff, respectively, while the matters most difficult of agreement were threshed out in plenary session. In all twenty-eight meetings were held. The first business of importance was the determination of standard wavelengths. It should be explained that waves of a given length, or frequency of oscillation, will be received only by apparatus suitably tuned, all other apparatus being virtually deaf to them. As an interesting example, may be mentioned the case of two ships that failed to hear the Titanic's distress call, because they were tuned for the reception of press dispatches. Obviously, this must be prevented in future. Now, while interference with various messages can be prevented by using special wave-lengths, the Conference decided to authorize only two wave-lengths for general use, those of 300 and 600 metres. A range from 600 to 1,600 is thus left free for the armies and navies of the world; and after a good deal of discussion a length of 1,800 metres was authorized for long-distance work. Here many delicate points were touched upon. International rivalries proved very strong, particularly in crowded waters like the English Channel or the Adriatic, where there is often a "babel of voices." Certain small nations have powerful stations that overreach other countries and take business away from them. This was obviated by requiring ships to communicate in general with the *nearest* coast station. Obnoxiously powerful stations will be made to tone down their emissions, unless removed from other stations by a certain distance, the proper distance being earnestly discussed and occasioning one of the few roll-calls of the nations.

Most interesting to the general public was the provision for greater safety at sea. Ships are to be divided into three classes, according to the number of persons carried and the service performed. On ships of the first class, *two* competent operators must be employed, and there must be a permanent watch for distress signals. On the second-class ships listening must be carried on for ten minutes in every hour of the day. Rules were prescribed for the licensing of operators. Further, shore stations will be required to stop transmission four times an hour, so as not to interfere with distress calls. Ships will also carry a spare set of radio-apparatus, with power independent of the ship's engines. Priority was given to the transmission of meteorological reports, so that weather maps might be expeditiously constructed. The American delegation, the largest of all, was composed of thirteen members, representing the Departments of the Treasury, Army, Navy, Agriculture, and Commerce and Labor.

The labors of the delegates were broken by the most prodigal hospitality on the part of the British Government, in-

dividuals, and the Marconi and Siemens companies. All the delegates were taken by special train to Poldhu, in Cornwall, 292 miles from London, for the purpose of inspecting the great Marconi transatlantic station. Dinners, opera, and theatre performances crowded one upon another, while King George showed his interest by receiving the members of the Conference at Buckingham Palace. The invitation of the United States to hold the next Congress at Washington in 1917 was accepted amid applause. In the opinion of the writer, it will be a task of no mean difficulty to equal the arrangements of the Conference of London.
A. G. W.

"We and Our Children" (Doubleday, Page), by Woods Hutchinson, has all the earmarks of the productions of this popular writer. It is fresh and breezy, stimulating, informing, although often inexact, not a little repetitious of fact or phrase, and sometimes a little cloying in its smartness, but it makes many good points and often makes them well. Dr. Hutchinson touches numerous problems, and gives solutions of some of them with almost too much facility. About half the book treats the nurture and rearing of the child, incidentally urging many good ideas as to letting the young thing judiciously alone, and as to respecting its claims to be allowed to grow up in its own way. Much of the rest deals with questions bearing more or less directly on parental fitness and duties. Many of the chapters have already served as articles in magazines, and show that origin. Those on Eyes and Ears and on The Teeth, called "our ivory keepers of the gate," might be used in any popular book dealing with personal hygiene. They are excellent and helpful, despite the futile advice to strive at least four times a day to keep the mouth "aseptically clean," whatever that may mean, and also despite the assertion that "Mog Megone" (*sic!*) was written by Longfellow. There are also some curious misconceptions about inosit (p. 55) and "glycocol" (p. 58) and a few other matters, but these do not detract seriously from the merit of a very suggestive book. What is said concerning mothers as wards of the state, and concerning delicate children, overworked children, and the importance of schools for service, rather than for superiority, well deserves to be pondered.

The part which flying machines are about to play in the development of the French possessions in the Sahara and West Africa is described by Dr. H. Moeser, largely from personal observations, in the military section of the *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for May. Several "centres d'aviation" have been established in Algeria and Senegal, in one of which there is an officer's flying school. The aim is neither sport nor science, but to better the condition and organization of the outlying posts by bringing them into closer contact with the home government. The success of the undertaking is shown by the fact that the three days' journey from Biskra, the headquarters of the flying corps, to the important oasis Tuggurt has been reduced by actual flight to three and a half hours. At each of the military posts there will be shelters for the machines with stores of provisions, benzine, and oil. Regular flights will be made to each by two or more machines, never by one alone. Among the other subjects treated are the elevation phenomena of some Japanese volcanoes, and the great progress made in the geographical and geological survey of Chili. A map of a district is reproduced, showing the various altitudes and the location and character of the different gold, silver, and iron mines.

Jules-Henri Poincaré, a distinguished mathematician and cousin of the French Premier, died suddenly on Wednesday of last week, aged fifty-eight. He was a professor of science at the University of Paris and member of the Institute, of the French Academy, Inspector-General of Mines, and a corresponding member of many foreign societies. Among his numerous writings may be mentioned especially his "Cours de physique mathématique," in ten volumes.

Music and Drama

Annals of the Irish Harpers. By Charlotte Milligan Fox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Mrs. Charlotte Milligan Fox, who is already well known for numerous contributions to the history of Irish music, has produced, in the present volume, a piece of work which concerns also the literary and social history of the Irish people. It was through an odd series of circumstances, which she relates in her preface, that she came into possession of most of the materials now published. Commissioned by a friend to select a harp at a London warehouse, she happened to ask the salesman whether any old wandering harpers ever came in to buy strings. He replied that there were no such customers; but added that a gentleman had recently bought a harp, declaring, as he gave the order: "It is only right that I should have a harp in my house; for it was my grandfather who preserved the music of the ancient Irish harpers." Mrs. Fox found that the purchaser in question was Dr. Louis MacRory, a grandson of Edward Bunting, the collector and editor of Irish music; and by making the acquaintance of Dr. MacRory and other members of the Bunting family she obtained access to a large body of Bunting manuscripts. To this fortunate accident, and to Mrs. Fox's enterprise in following up her clue, the public is indebted for a book which affords much information and entertainment.

The central figure of the work is Edward Bunting (1773?-1843), whose career and literary relations have hitherto received insufficient notice. Out of his papers, together with various published sources of information, Mrs. Fox has pieced together a detailed account of the man himself and of the Irish society in which he lived. As a result of Bunting's personal associations, the literary and theatrical world of his time receives considerable incidental treatment. Lady Morgan (Sidney Owenson), the once famous author of "The Wild Irish Girl," now almost forgotten, is a striking figure in the circle described. Bunting's relations with Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell, and his efforts to induce the latter to write translations of Gaelic songs which should drive Moore's "Irish Melodies" out of the market, make an episode of interest to readers of English poetry; and philologists will find frequent mention, among Bunting's friends, of the founders of modern Irish scholarship—Charles O'Conor of Belanagare, Theophilus O'Flanagan, and, a little later, John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry. Among these early devotees of Irish learning it is a satisfaction to meet the honored name of Whitley Stokes, then borne by the grandfather of the great Celticist of recent years.

In addition to the account of Bunting himself, Mrs. Fox has compiled, chiefly from the papers belonging to his family, sketches of the principal harpers whom he knew and from whom he obtained old tunes. She has printed in full, with explanatory comments, the autobiographical memoir of Arthur O'Neill, one of the most famous of the harpers, and the journals of Patrick Flynn, Bunting's assistant in the collection of folk-songs. Both documents are well worth publication, and the former especially gives vivid descriptions of the life of the Irish country gentry and their itinerant entertainers a century ago.

Mrs. Fox's part as compiler or editor of these various materials is well discharged. Without attempting to write elaborate or systematic biography, she has produced sketches of historical value and much general interest. No small labor was involved in the examination of all her papers, and she has shown good judgment in the selection of her matter and skill in its presentation. The use of the book for consultation is facilitated by a good index, and in general the work of both author and publishers has been carefully and accurately done. We have observed only a few misprints, mostly unimportant; whether the Right Honorable The O'Conor Don would deem unimportant the spelling of his name as "O'Connor," we do not feel sure.

In Germany Edward MacDowell is known and admired as the "American Grieg." Naturally, his songs and piano pieces are getting the most attention; but B. Schott's Söhne in Mainz announce the issue of an arrangement for violin and piano of the charming piece "Claire de Lune," by Hartmann, who had previously made for the same instruments two versions of the exquisite "To a Wild Rose," which is the first piece in the best collection of short pieces by MacDowell, the "Woodland Sketches," or "Amerikanische Wald-Idyllen," as the Germans call it. The fourth piano sonata, the "Keltic," is justly looked on in Germany as the culminating point of the genius of MacDowell, "one of the greatest nature-poets among the romanticists."

The Italian sculptor Monteverde has been commissioned to chisel the monument to Verdi which is to be placed on the Monte Pincio in Rome. The greatest of all Monte Pincio monuments, however, is Grieg's thrilling song of that name. That song, by the way, has never been sung in public in New York. It requires not only a fine voice to do it justice, but intelligence, taste, and powers of emotional expression which very few concert singers have at their command.

A musical invasion of Germany by Swedish music and musicians was made at Dortmund last month. The composers and their works were selected by the Royal Academy in Stockholm, and as academies usually favor academic composers above those who are unconventional, it is possible that some of the best products of Swedish art were not represented. Most of the compositions were, however, well received, and much merit was found in some of them, though August Spanuth expresses his surprise, in the *Signale*, that most of the modern Swedes are so unmodern musically. Some, indeed, seem not to have got beyond Hummel and Mendelssohn. Among those who appeared to belong to the present day were Hugo Alfvén and Peterson-Berger. Tor Aulin was so fortunate as to have his violin concerto in C minor played by Henri Marteau, which helped to make it a climax of the festival.

On leaving Berlin, Dr. Muck, whom Charles Ellis has been so wise as to engage as permanent conductor of Boston's permanent orchestra, made public a list of the operatic performances he had conducted during the years (nearly a score of them) that he had been connected with the Royal Opera. Altogether, there were 1,701 of these performances. Mascagni is in the lead with 112, followed by "Lohengrin," with 103. "Tannhäuser" had 75, "Walküre" 66, "Götterdämmerung" 61, "Evangelimann" 60, "Magic Flute" and "Siegried" each 59, "Freischütz" 53, "Rheingold" 51, "Fidelio" 49, "Carmen" 48, "Rosenkavalier" 43, "Flying Dutchman" 42.

The city of Athens now boasts a conservatory with more than 700 students, most of them girls, it is needless to say, for girls are in a vast majority at all music schools. The director of the Athens Conservatory is Georges Nazos, an idealist, a hard worker, and a patriot. His ambition is to restore to Athens the musical importance it possessed in the days of Pericles. He has founded an orchestra and placed it under a French conductor, Armand Massick. Last season, with its aid, Mr. Nazos gave two festivals, one devoted to Beethoven, the other to Wagner.

The second part of the second half of Dr. Hugo Riemann's "Handbuch der Musikgeschichte" has just been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. Unlike most histories of music, which are mere compilations repeating hundreds of inaccuracies and errors, Riemann's work is based from beginning to end on careful study of the original documents. Perhaps no scholar, even in scholarly Germany, has ever penetrated so deeply into the dark jungle of mediæval musical research. The first volume of his work was devoted to the ancient nations and mediæval tonal art up to the year 1450. The second considers in part i the Renaissance; in part ii the period of thorough-bass and the origin of Italian opera are treated. The final volume will deal with the period in which Italy lost the first place in music to Germany. Dr. Riemann's work is a monument of erudition, a safe guide through a much-disputed labyrinthian subject.

In his speech before the curtain at His Majesty's Theatre in London at the close of the season (a speech which contained also a reference to the conclusion of his twenty-fifth year of management) Sir Herbert Tree announced his autumn production, a spectacular pageant-play by Louis N. Parker on the subject of Sir Francis Drake. The part of Drake will be taken by Lyn Harding, and Sir Herbert Tree will not appear. The date of production will be Tuesday, September 3.

To the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan), which is under the general editorship of Profs. William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike, five volumes have recently been added to the six or eight which had previously appeared. They are: "The Life and Death of King John," edited by Henry M. Belden; "Much Ado About Nothing," edited by William W. Lawrence; "The Tragedy of King Lear," edited by Virginia C. Gildersleeve; "The Comedy of Errors," edited by Frederick Morgan Padelford; "The Tragedy of Richard the Third," edited by George B. Churchill. The same care is evident here that marked the editing of the earlier issues, and it is also clear that those in charge have distributed the plays, so far as possible, among scholars having recognized qualifications for the work assigned to them. Thus, Professor Churchill's preoccupation with "Richard the Third" dates from student days in Germany. We must continue to regret, however, that the plan of the series requires the utmost brevity in the general comment.

"The Influence of Ben Jonson on English Comedy, 1598-1642," is the title of a monograph by Mina Kerr, which was written under the direction of Professor Schelling as a doctoral dissertation (The University of Pennsylvania; D. Appleton). Though consisting of little more than notes loosely strung together, the work collects in useful form the evidence of the most striking side of Jonson's literary influence. In a preliminary chapter Miss Kerr finds the main features of Jonsonian comedy to be: an insistence upon the theory of "humors"; an "underlying ethical intent"; excellence of construction; and a background of classical learning. With such tests she has little difficulty in demonstrating that nearly every maker of comedy, from the time of the appearance of "Every Man in His Humor" to that of the closing of the theatres, tried his hand at Jonson's method. What resulted was a long list of characters typically labelled after the manner of "Lady Politick-Would-Be," "Sir Amorous La-Foole," etc. Shakespeare himself, as everybody knows, fell in with the vogue when he created Shallow and Slender and Nym—the last with his recurrent "that's the humor of it." Miss Kerr does not get below the surface of her subject, and, besides, confines her attention very largely to the first of the four tests. We should have been glad, to mention but one point, for a citation of characters in the case of which authors had succeeded, as Jonson succeeded occasionally, in arriving at eminently human creations, in spite of his severe editing and exaggeration. But for the working out of that broader question Miss Kerr has at least prepared the way.

Art

J. B. Lippincott Co. will issue immediately "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal." Mr. Pennell has but recently returned from the Isthmus.

In "Art and Environment" (Holt), Lisle March Phillipps applies Taine's doctrine of the *idée maitresse* to Western art, beginning with Egypt and ending with France in the eighteenth century. It is a learned book and weighty in the good sense. An extract may well illustrate both the fundamental point of view and the style:

> Art has in it something of the nature of a solution of life's problem. So far as the particular race which creates it is concerned, it is an answer to the question how to live. And for this very reason a great creative epoch in art can never occur where society is uncertain of itself and distracted in its aims. Art being the expression of a solution, it follows that the solution must be reached in life before it can be expressed in art. . . . In each case the power and sincerity of the movement in art is determined by the extent to which the idea inspiring it has already possessed itself of life and penetrated life. An idea that has collected a great deal of life will inspire a robust art. An idea that has collected but a little life will inspire a feeble art.

Architecture is always the chief concern, and this makes at once for unity and one-sidedness. On the whole felicities preponderate. It is well observed that Santa Sophia is the last assertion of the Hellenic spirit, and that Italian architecture may broadly be regarded as an unfavorable criticism of the true Gothic style. Naturally the work is not free from the defects of all sweeping generalizations. In the attempt to limit the Egyptian genius by its ruling superstitions, the author ignores much fine realistic sculpture. Since the Moslems are by definition flighty creatures of impulse, no sufficient recognition is made of the continuity and consistency of their fancy in the field of pure ornament. In short, this very stimulating book will be most useful to those who can control its generalizations from personal knowledge of the matter in hand.

"Aspects of Death and Their Effects on the Living as Illustrated by Minor Works of Art, Especially Medals, Engraved Gems, Jewels, &c.," is the old-fashioned title which F. Parkes Weber chooses for a delightful bit of antiquarianism. Tokens of death may remind us that it is inevitable, that as the end of life's woe it is desirable, that it is the gate to immortality, that it is preferable to dishonor. Or such insignia of mortality may admonish us to gather our rosebuds while we may. Emblems of death may commemorate a pest, mourn a friend, or express contemplative scorn of the world. Such attitudes toward death have from early times found expression in ornaments, utensils, and medals. Through all this material Dr. Weber proceeds in leisurely mood. He is never too hurried for a classical citation or a pertinent foot-note. Indeed, the whole study is in a fine eighteenth-century tradition, and very refreshing to one accustomed to the business-like dispatch of modern literary scholarship. The theme is followed chiefly in the field of numismatics, which is the author's chosen recreation, but painting and sculpture are incidentally brought in. The latest authorities are often neglected, but it cannot be said that the book suffers seriously thereby. Under the famous subject of The Three Living and the Three Dead such spirited versions as exist in the "Très riches Heures" and in the sketch-books of Jacopo Bellini might well have been mentioned, and Lotto's portrait of a man crushing a bouquet in which is an ivory skull might have been included. There are many illustrations, and the book is published at Chicago by the Open Court Publishing Company. It will not fail to interest readers who have kept the good habit of dipping occasionally into their Horace.

We can only mention in passing Curt H. Weigelt's elaborate monograph "Duccio di Buoninsegna, Studien zur Geschichte der Frühsienischen Tafelmalerei" (Leipzig: Hiersemann). The work betrays the heavy-handedness and diffuseness of its class, but is a very complete collection of material. Its seventy collotype illustrations are a most useful feature. Dr. Weigelt, with most modern critics, regards the Rucellai Madonna, traditionally ascribed to Cimabue, as an early Duccio. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the study is an iconographical analysis of the Passion scenes on the back of the great Siena altarpiece. The upshot of this investigation is that Duccio is somewhat less Byzantine than has been supposed. This conclusion rests on a rather shaky distinction between Byzantine and Italo-Byzantine types, and a quite untenable assumption that there could in the late thirteenth century be no direct influence of the East in Italy. The Worcester Museum, the New York Historical Society, the Jarves Collection, New Haven, Conn., the Platt Collection, Englewood, N. J., and the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia, contain pictures related to Duccio which have escaped Dr. Weigelt's notice.

"The World's Leading Painters" (Holt), by George B. Rose, takes up in a strictly biographical sense Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. The works of these masters are mentioned very briefly without attempt at analysis or comprehensive criticism. Since the record of facts is virtually complete, we have really essays of the encyclopædic sort. Portraits are the only illustrations. Naturally the artists respond very unequally to this reduction to bare biography. The method works well in the case of a many-sided life like Leonardo's; admirably in that of the intimate and tragic experience of Rembrandt. Rubens is still very readable. Titian and Raphael begin to be dull. Velasquez is saved from dulness only by an elaborate historical setting. These inequalities suggest that the way of straight biography is seldom the true high road in art criticism. The material varies so greatly that an opportunistic course seems best. At times the man will seem wholly engrossing, again he pales before his creation. Concretely, all that is worth saying about the personality of a Raphael or a Titian could probably be said in half a dozen pages, but an equal space might profitably be given to any one of their greater works. Given Mr. Rose's rather narrowly biographical point of view, his essays are conducted with competent vigor and taste. A few slips may here be noted. For an organized Leonardesque Academy at Milan there is no sound evidence. Since Ginevra De' Benci died in 1473, Leonardo cannot have painted her in the early sixteenth century. A "birthday feast," p. 65, must be nearly an unknown institution in Italy, where of course the saint's day is celebrated. That Jacopo Bellini learned his art in Florence is most questionable. The original of Raphael's Inghirami is not in the Pitti, but in Fenway Court. Wykoff and Bonifaccio are obvious misprints that need correction. Likewise "Santi Pietro e Paolo," p. 156, unhappily travesties one of the best-known Venetian churches, while Santi in this case is not Italian. These are venial blemishes in a work essentially judicious. Deeper misgivings are aroused by the author's amazement that Rembrandt could paint *con amore* the carcass of a slaughtered ox. There is a realm of abstract beauty of color and light that is apparently closed to our author. Which may merely prove his acumen in remaining the biographer and eschewing the more tenuous critical issues.

Finance

FINANCING THE CROPS.

The recent sharp advance in the rate charged for mercantile loans at Chicago, together with the arrangements made in this city by various Western banks for large loans to carry them over the crop-moving period, has directed financial attention to the probable demands of the interior markets during the period when the great crop movement operations are to be financed. The movement last week attracted more attention than usual because of the unexpected bank deficit of $7,750,000 reported on July 6, and owing to the rumors in London that powerful banking interests of Wall Street were arranging for large advances from that market through the sale of finance bills. These loans have been procured with the distinct understanding that they shall be repaid in the autumn when the grain-export movement is at its height. They have already reached a large total, and the indications are that considerably larger credits will be applied for by our banks in the near future.

Although the direct movement of currency has not turned against this market yet, banks here have been called upon to pay over heavy amounts of cash to the Sub-Treasury for the account of banks in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities where the preliminary drain of currency to the towns and villages of the wheat and corn belt has become pronounced. To that extent, therefore, it may be said that the New York banks have already remitted funds to the crop section. In eight of the last twelve years the currency movement turned sharply against New York about the middle of August. Last year the movement excited less interest than usual because of the relatively small demand for money from mercantile borrowers; the falling off in the inquiry from this source was due to prevailing business depression and to the stagnation of the bond market.

Unlike last year, however, there have been large borrowings by merchants at this season, so that, taking the market as a whole, it may be said that the demand from this source is now several times as large as it was then. As a measure of the extent to which bank accommodations have been pushed, the report of the Controller of the Currency on the country's national bank returns, in answer to his call of June 14, is very illuminating. Compared with April 18, the date of the preceding call, loans of the 7,370 institutions in the United States were shown to have expanded $71,737,000, at an average of $1,500,000 a day; while carrying the comparison back to the corresponding statement of a year ago, shows the increase to have been $343,065,000. In the twelve months preceding June, 1911, the increase of loans amounted to little more than half that figure—$180,679,000, while the daily average of the loan expansion during the spring of last year was less than $1,000,000. Two years ago there was an actual decline in loans between April and June.

Not until the detailed statement is available will the sections which have contributed chiefly to this large expansion be known; but because of the fact that the Western banks were themselves pretty well loaned up, those institutions have been forced of late to sell large blocks of short-term notes which they had been carrying for several months. This has enlarged their reserves, but since the proceeds of these sales have generally been added to their deposit balances in New York, the movement will, in the end, lead to larger shipments of currency by the banks here. In general it may be said, however, that the New York balance of the average interior bank stands to-day at or above the figure normally reported at this season of the year. The time is near at hand when it will be heavily drawn against in order to provide interior banks with the funds that will be required for the crop-moving operations.

Although the New York banks have within the last fortnight materially strengthened their reserve account, it is still much below the total that has been often reported at the time when the transfer of currency to the crop-moving centres started in. Ordinarily, between $50,000,000 and $75,000,000 in currency is shipped each year by New York banks to the crop centres of the West and South during the crop-moving period. The demand always is for bank reserve money, generally in the form of one and two-dollar notes. When the movement is at its height there is some call for $5 notes, and at these times it is possible for the interior banks to use a moderate amount of national bank notes. But the experience of years has been that the interior banks almost invariably ask their New York correspondents to remit the kind of money which they can carry as reserve. In cases where these instructions have not been followed and where the New York banks have sent out their own notes instead, the bank-notes have been quickly forwarded to the Treasury at Washington for redemption.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bernath, M. H. New York und Boston (beruhmte Kunststatten). Leipzig: E. A. Seemann.

Breckenridge, S. P., and Abbott, E. The Delinquent Child and the Home. Charities Publication Committee. $2.

Epitome Thesauri Latini. Edidit Fr. Vollmer. Vol. I. a-aedilis. Lemcke & Buechner. Subscription.

Gibbs, A. Hamilton. Rowlandson's Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner. $4 net.

Hartness, James. The Human Factor in Works Management. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $2 net.

Harvard Observatory Annals. Vol. 47, Part II, Photographic Observations of Variable Stars, prepared by W. P. Fleming; Vol. 63, Part 1, Observations of Three Hundred and Twenty-eight Variable Stars, prepared by Leon Campbell; Vol. 72, No. 3, The Southern Milky Way, by S. I. Bailey.

Malloch, J. R. New Diptera from Panama. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Manley, Edward. Ein Sommer in Deutschland. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Nötzel, Karl. Dr. Friedrich Haas. Leipzig: Johann A. Barth.

Ombre, Son. Le Salon bleu d'Arthénice. Paris: Librairie Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Paget, Stephen. For and Against Experiments on Animals. Paul B. Hoeber. $1.50 net.

Palmer F. P. Of the Valley and the Sea, and Other Verses. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner.

Photography at Home; Photography Outdoors; Dark Room Work. Tennant & Ward. 25 cents net, each.

Pocock, Roger. A Man in the Open. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Raymond, Walter. The Revenues of the Wicked. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Science of the Sea: Handbook of Practical Oceanography. Edited by G. H. Fowler. Dutton. $2 net.

Scott's Quentin Durward. (English Readings for Schools.) Holt.

Smithsonian Institution. Expeditions Organized or Participated in by the Smithsonian Institution, 1910 and 1911.

Strindberg, August. Plays—The Father; Countess Julie; The Outlaw; The Stronger. Boston: Luce & Co.

Synge, J. M. In Wicklow, West Kerry, The Congested Districts, Under Ether. Boston: Luce & Co.

The first reviews praise the first volumes of

The World's Leaders

Edited by W. P. TRENT. It is designed not so much to recount history as to portray those who, in their respective departments, have made history. Per volume, with portraits, large 12mo, $1.75 net.

POETS. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe. B. H. W. BOYNTON, in one volume.

The Outlook: "His volume has historical as well as literary value. It throws light on many an obscure point of interest. Minute touches show the thoroughness of his exploration of the field. Insight, sympathy, and just appreciation generally characterize his estimates, and the whole is presented in a clear and felicitous style."

PAINTERS. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt. By G. B. ROSE, in one volume.

Brooklyn Eagle: "Here are, for the first time in English, satisfactory biographies of these men. . . . Mr. Rose has not been content, either, to take what has been already written about his painters at its face value, he has had the wisdom to investigate and make all doubtful points sure. . . . Valuable. . . . The result of ripe scholarship."

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA.
PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

The GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION
By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.
Author of "The Nervous Life," and "An Outline of Individual Study."
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
G. STANLEY HALL, PH.D., LL.D.

(12*mo.* $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.63)

The importance of this book—the first comprehensive and orderly résumé of the educational philosophy of Pres. G. Stanley Hall—will be at once recognized. The work summarizes the dominant and progressive educational movement, and the ideas it assembles constitute the most important contribution of all time to education. Incomparable for study and reference, for a normal school text or for libraries.

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self-instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

O. Henry Material Wanted

I am collecting all biographical data, letters, literary remains, etc., of O. Henry, and should like to hear from anybody who has anything of the kind. His autographed letters are valuable. Please address, H. P. STEGER,

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, L. I.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Second Series

Anglo - American Memories
By George W. Smalley, M.A.

8vo. $2.50 *net.* *By mail* $2.70.

An attractive volume of well-bred and often brilliant talk—the talk of a clever and observant man who has been behind the scenes both in politics and in society and who now, without any surrender of good taste or discretion, takes the world into his confidence.—*London Standard.*

Mr. Smalley's gallery of international celebrities includes, among others, Chamberlain, Balfour, Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Whitelaw Reid, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, William W. Astor, Whistler, Sir Henry Irving, Gilbert, Roosevelt and Count Witte.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLIX, No. 3. **The Negro at Work in New York City.** A Study in Economic Progress. By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D., Sometime Fellow of the Bureau of Social Research, New York School of Philanthropy; Professor of Social Science in Fisk University.

8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.25. *Cloth.* $1.75.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

ESTABLISHED SAN FRANCISCO BROKER

wishes agency for Eastern Mercantile or Manufacturing concern or Capitalist. First class connections in business and in other ways on the Pacific Coast, in Hawaii, and the Orient. Will travel if inducement offers. Box 716, care of *The Nation.*

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2457 THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Rice Library 26 Dec 12

WORKS BY ANDREW LANG

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM 'BEOWULF' TO SWINBURNE

Crown 8vo. 710 pages. $1.75 *net*. *Just ready.*

CONTENTS: Part I. Early and Mediæval Literature. Part II. Chaucer to Shakespeare. Part III. Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature. Part IV. Eighteenth Century Literature. Part V. Nineteenth Century Literature.

The Mystery of Mary Stuart. With 6 Photogravure Plates (4 Portraits) and 15 other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. $2.50

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Chevalier. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. *Net*, $2.25

Historical Mysteries. By ANDREW LANG. 8vo. With Photogravure Frontispiece. *Net*, $2.50

John Knox and the Reformation. With 2 Photogravure Plates and 3 other Illustrations. 8vo. *Net*, $3.50

The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne D'Arc. With 3 Portraits and 3 Maps. 8vo. *Net*, $3.50

Modern Mythology. 8vo. $3.00

The Secret of the Totem. With Symbolical cover design by H. J. FORD. 8vo. *Net*, $3.00

Magic and Religion. 8vo. *Net*, $3.50

The Making of Religion. Crown 8vo. $2.00

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. $2.50

The Book of Dreams and Ghosts. Crown 8vo. $1.25

Cock Lane and Common Sense: A Series of Papers. Crown 8vo. $1.25

Tales of Troy and Greece. With 16 Full-page Illustrations specially drawn for the book by H. J. FORD, and a Map. Square crown 8vo. Ornamental Cover. *Net*, $1.50. By mail, $1.62

THE BOOK OF SAINTS AND HEROES

By MRS. ANDREW LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG.

With 12 Colored Plates and 18 other Illustrations by H. J. FORD. Crown 8vo. Gilt Edges. $1.60 *net; by mail*, $1.75. *Nearly ready.*

The Homeric Hymns. A New Prose Translation, and Essays Literary and Mythological. Illustrated with 7 Photogravures and 7 Half-tone Subjects after the Antique. Crown 8vo. $2.00

The World of Homer. With 14 Illustrations. 8vo. *Net*, $2.25

Letters on Literature. Crown 8vo. $1.00

Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody. Crown 8vo. $1.00

Adventures Among Books. With Photogravure Portrait after Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A. Crown 8vo. *Net*, $1.60

Books and Bookmen. With 2 Colored Plates and 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. $1.00

New Collected Rhymes. Crown 8vo. *Net*, $1.25

Ballades and Rhymes. From "Ballades in Blue China" and "Rhymes a la Mode." Fcap. 8vo. *Net*, $0.60

Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. *Net*, $0.75

Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy. 8vo. *Net*, $1.60

A Monk of Fife: A Romance of the Days of Jeanne D'Arc. Done into English from the manuscript in the Scots College of Ratisbon. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. $1.25

The Disentanglers. With 7 Full-page Illustrations by H. J. FORD. Crown 8vo. $1.50

Angling Sketches. With Illustrations by W. S. BURN-MURDOCH. Crown 8vo. $1.25

THE FAIRY BOOK SERIES, EDITED BY ANDREW LANG

All Sorts of Stories Book........*Net*	$1.60	Brown Fairy Book ....*Net*	1.60	Red Book of Heroes.............*Net*	1.60
The Animal Story Book............	2.00	Crimson Fairy Book ....*Net*	1.60	Red Fairy Book	2.00
Red Book of Animal Stories........	2.00	Green Fairy Book	2.00	Violet Fairy Book ....*Net*	1.60
Arabian Nights	2.00	Grey Fairy Book	2.00	Yellow Fairy Book	2.00
Book of Princes and Princesses...*Net*	1.60	Lilac Fairy Book ....*Net*	1.60	Blue Poetry Book	2.00
Book of Romance ....*Net*	1.60	Olive Fairy Book ....*Net*	1.60	True Story Book	2.00
Red Book of Romance ....*Net*	1.60	Orange Fairy Book ....*Net*	1.60	The Red True Story Book..........	2.00
Blue Fairy Book	2.00	Pink Fairy Book	2.00	My Own Fairy Book................	2.00

Fourth Ave. and 30th St. **Longmans, Green, & Co.** NEW YORK

Educational

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlhut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pr[illegible]. Carnegie Foundation.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address

Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Educational

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A.M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk. Mgr.

THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Educational

*THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME-*School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York. also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students, who wish to cancel College or High School conditions, will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application. THE URSULINE ACADEMY,
Middletown. New York.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School

Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics. outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3. 1912.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 91

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
The Evidence 94
Japan and the Powers 95
Trifling with Good Faith 96
The Navajo Reservation 96
The Cult of Super-Golf 97

SPECIAL ARTICLES:
News for Bibliophiles 98

CORRESPONDENCE:
Defining Our Terms 98
Raiding the Treasury 99
Congress of the History of Art 99
The Roman Pantheon 99
The Towers of Aragon 100

LITERATURE:
Socialism and the Great State 100
The Children of Alsace—The Penitent—Davidée Birot 102
The Charioteers 102
A Captain Unafraid 102
Bolivar et l'émancipation des Colonies Espagnoles des origines à 1815 103
Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East 104
The Religion of the Ancient Celts 104
White Mountain Trails 105
The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey 106

NOTES 106

SCIENCE 108

MUSIC AND DRAMA 109

ART:
At the Tate Gallery 110

FINANCE:
The Decline of Speculation 111

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 112

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

Dr Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

Just Published

A Two Years' Course in English Composition

By CHARLES LANE HANSON

90 cents

A reader of the manuscript says of Hanson's *Two Years' Course in Composition*: "Teachers should jump for it, for the wealth of material is just what we need and what we now have to supply at the cost of much labor."

The book contains more drill work than any other composition manual of its size. It provides an abundance of material for the first and second year of any high school. Every chapter will be found stimulating and practical.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Memoirs of Henry Villard

Journalist and Financier

1835-1900

Two volumes, with Portraits and Maps, $5.00 *net*. Postage, 35 cents.

An autobiographical record of the varied and romantic career of the war journalist who subsequently became a power in the financial world, and carried the Northern Pacific Railroad to completion. Full of incident and valuable for its reminiscences of Lincoln and other prominent men of the time, as well as for its descriptions of important battles of the Civil War.

"A book of extraordinary interest. It is written with great ability, in a clear and flowing style; it details with perfect candor the incidents of a great career; it is an admirable report of great events, all of which the writer saw, and a large part of which (after 1870) he was; it exhibits the rise and growth of a rich and powerful personality and a character at once remarkable for its simplicity and its variety."—JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, in the *New York Times* Saturday Review.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. WILLIAMS, 105 East 22nd St., New York.

Situation Wanted

A Harvard graduate wishes to travel with one or two boys. Competent to tutor in all English subjects, elementary German and French and Latin. Best of references given. Address N. A., care of The Nation.

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA.
PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

In order to relieve poverty you must first understand it. The problem is wisely stated in

THE BURDEN OF POVERTY: WHAT TO DO

By CHARLES F. DOLE

A solution is presented by this sociologist, who is gifted with vision. *Postpaid,* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

As a Brilliant Man Sees Us

America of To-morrow

By ABBE FELIX KLEIN

At All Bookstores. $1.75 net.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, **Chicago**

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK
For 1911 Now Ready

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912.

The Week

If President Taft could only bring Ohio into a condition in which it would be safe for him to take his eyes off of it for a moment now and then, surely his troubles elsewhere would be less formidable. The refusal of Judge Dillon to head the ticket there differs only in degree of seriousness from a long list of difficulties that have bothered Mr. Taft in his own State from the moment of his first nomination. It was Chairman Brown who gave force to the disquieting rumors of a possible Roosevelt candidacy by announcing his support of the former President, and Brown seems to be at the centre of the new crisis. He is evidently using his position to embarrass the campaign of the regular nominee of his party, while not going so far as to incur the punishment of being thrown over the breastworks. In taking this attitude, he is showing himself to be a man after the Colonel's own heart. It may not be a straightforward course. It may be a line of conduct of which any but a hardened politician would be ashamed. Yet if it leads to success, is it not justified by the ethical code of the party that cares nothing for electoral votes, but everything for principle? With the State Committee for Taft, even by a narrow majority, and with the State Convention twice having pronounced for him, it looks as if a Taft supporter must be nominated for Governor. The Third Party adherents, however, can make the procedure difficult, and thus further damage the Taft cause, preparatory to bolting and naming a ticket of their own. No wonder the Democrats are hopeful of breaking the long line of Republican victories in the modern Mother of Presidents.

Sober-minded citizens must be asking themselves whether a candidate who has to run away to sea in order to procure the necessary leisure for composing a speech of acceptance has in him the stuff that Presidents are made of. Gov. Wilson has been a Presidential candidate for less than a month, and already he finds himself hampered in the composition of public documents by little things like a couple of hundred Congressmen and political leaders dropping in for lunch. Can the people be persuaded to accept a mollycoddle of the Wilson type, when they may have, even without asking, a man whose intellectual processes function with equal ease in the solitudes of the African jungle and in the surroundings of a boiler factory? To shake several thousand hands, to read half a dozen popular novels, to walk ten miles and play a dozen sets of tennis, to dictate a ten-thousand-word speech and an *Outlook* editorial, and to talk an hour or two into the long-distance telephone—what is this but an ordinary day's work at Oyster Bay?

In the face of all the manifest and manifestly organized efforts to induce the House to recede from its determination to authorize no additional battleships this year, what is the Peace Society doing? How many letters and telegrams are being sent to Congressmen by those who believe that the waste on armaments is inexcusable, and that it will never be checked unless a beginning is made? It is time for those who are not big-navy boomers, nor interested in shipbuilding concerns, to bestir themselves. All the pressure should not be left for one side to exert. In particular should a demand be made for specifications. Just why must we authorize one or two battleships in this year's naval bill, or else despair of the republic? Who is there to demonstrate that our present naval strength is not adequate? If it is a question of keeping up with the English or German programme, everybody can see that two battleships are merely a flea-bite; it would be just as black treason to authorize only two as to vote for none. There should be at least a dozen at once. One argument freely circulated in order to break down Democratic resistance to the policy of naval extravagance, has been that Gov. Wilson was "disgusted" with the attitude of the House. But this seems to be put at rest by the statement said to have come from him that he is not meddling in any way, and is content to leave it to his party in the House to do what it thinks right. He certainly could not be expected to give any aid to the Roosevelt-Hearst alliance, in this matter of battleships.

The vote in the Senate last week makes it pretty certain that Congress will again send to the President a bill reducing the wool duties, either to sign or to veto. Apparently, it will be a bill very like the one which he refused to approve last year. But this one he could sign without any glaring inconsistency, for it will be remembered that he based last year's veto mainly on the fact that the Tariff Board had not made its report on the wool-manufacturing industry. That report, however, has since been made. It clearly justified large reductions in existing rates, supporting in many particulars the position taken by President Taft himself, that the present duties in Schedule K are indefensible. Even the regular Republicans in the Senate are convinced that some reductions ought to be made, for after defeating the House bill by the narrowest of majorities, they made haste in the committee of the whole to adopt a bill suddenly reported from the Finance Committee by Senator Penrose. But later this was set aside in the full Senate, and the La Follette bill was adopted by a combined vote of Democrats and insurgent Republicans. The measure now goes to conference, and out of it a bill should come, doubtless not as thoroughgoing as it ought to be, but one which represents at least a beginning in doing away with an iniquitous form of protection.

A Republican Senate is now passing bill after bill sent to it by a Democratic House. The latest item is the so-called "excise tax"—really a clumsily disguised income tax—which the Senate voted on Friday. It was, indeed, loaded down with two or three non-germane amendments, which will make it necessary to send the matter to conference; and possibly the bill may be hung up for this session. No one can doubt, however, that we are now in for an income tax in this country, and shall see it enacted soon in one form or another. Both parties are for it—or, at least, unwilling longer to oppose it—President Taft is supposed to be for it, Gov. Wilson has strongly urged it, and it is one of the cardinal doctrines of the third party. Whether we like it or not, therefore, and think it wise or foolish, we must prepare our minds for its coming.

"If the tariff is really to be made a tariff for revenue only, then every species of protection must be removed from the American farmer and the American laboring man." Furthermore, if the Democratic platform is not repudiated, then the party under Wilson will "bring every industry in the country to a crash, which would make all the panics in our past history seem like child's play in comparison." What Bourbon standpatter is it who utters these cries of alarm? We give our readers three guesses. Is it the Protective Tariff League? Is it Penrose? Is it Aldrich? No, it is Theodore Roosevelt. The great (if somewhat late) Progressive, the man who has moaned and even shrieked about the faithlessness of President Taft in not cutting down tariff duties, the candidate who is going to "look into" the tariff and see if it is not responsible for the high cost of living, which he is determined to reduce—he is the one who now emits these wails about the calamity of giving the Democrats a chance to remove the burdens of tariff taxation! No wonder that Mr. Bryan calls the Colonel the prince of reactionaries. On the tariff, which he was always afraid to touch with the tip of one of his fingers while he was President and had the power to do something to relieve the people, he writes in a spirit of bigoted ignorance that Payne could not surpass and Penrose or Smoot could not hope to rival. Mr. Roosevelt's ringing of the old tariff alarm bells goes well with his assertion that if the Democratic plan to make competition effective, and to punish Trust criminals, were carried out, "all business everywhere throughout the United States would stop." To this Perkins will say amen.

The recommendation which the Public Service Commission makes as a result of its investigation of the accident to the Twentieth Century Limited in March, is much farther reaching than the usual finding in such cases. It holds that the broken rail was a consequence of the derailment rather than its cause, which is concluded to have been a low spot in the track, this being due in turn to the continual pounding of trains upon a place inadequately drained. Accordingly, the Commission emphasizes the need of adequate drainage along railway tracks. But it does not feel that this is precaution enough, and proceeds to suggest a reduction of speed in long-distance runs during the winter months, when "instead of the elastic roadbed of summer, the structure becomes almost as solid as rock." In other words, we have gone beyond the margin of safety in our eighteen-hour trains because we have not been able to build a proper roadbed for them. In making its recommendation to reduce speed during bad weather conditions, the Commission has been careful not to propose action which would put one road at a disadvantage. The question, it says, has been discussed with officers of the Pennsylvania as well as the New York Central, and has been favorably received by them. The latter company, in commenting upon the report, while not committing itself to a lengthening of the time schedule, agrees that all tracks become slightly irregular in surface, particularly in severe weather.

Woodrow Wilson, it has been discovered by a few editors of foreign birth, is the foe of the laboring man. "He has shown himself to possess no sympathy for the toiling classes." This is a serious charge. It must be admitted that, beyond an employers' liability and compensation act, legislation prohibiting the employment of children during school hours and at night and providing for a fifty-eight-hour week, the appointment of commissioners to study old-age pensions and insurance, provision for the protection of workers against draughts, fumes, and noxious gases, an increase in the number of factory inspectors and the raising of their standard of efficiency, the establishment of an eight-hour day for State, county, and municipal work, the providing of a semi-monthly pay-day for railway employees, the elimination of contract labor in penal institutions, the setting of a sanitary standard for bakeshops, the regulation of employment agencies, and a few others of the sort, New Jersey, under the leadership of Gov. Wilson, has done almost as little for the toiling classes in the last two years as she had done in the preceding seventeen. Doubtless, we have here the real explanation of the Governor's unpopularity with "labor" in his own State. Chairman McCombs's first duty is to devise some way of preventing this tell-tale record from reaching the readers of the foreign-language newspapers in this country.

Lieut. Becker's indictment for the murder of Rosenthal at once lets in a flood of light upon the crime, and is a terrible blow to the Mayor, the Police Commissioner, and the whole police administration of New York city. The police with all their detective resources were unable or unwilling to run down the criminals concerned in this astounding assassination, and left it to the District Attorney to unearth the truth. Mr. Whitman deserves all thanks for his vigor and persistence. To have finally broken into the criminal circle, and to have forced confessions implicating Becker, is a great achievement, and will make the members of the "System" ask: "Who of us is safe?" We do not, of course, assume the guilt of the indicted officer; suspicion is one thing, proof another. The testimony against Becker looks very damning, yet it may be broken down at the trial. But the community is now absolutely convinced of one thing, and this is that unholy alliances for mutual gain do exist between certain members of the police force and desperate criminals, and that we shall have neither peace nor safety until these are broken up and made impossible for the future.

Senator Curtis of Kansas maintains that, while he believes in Republican regularity, he is as progressive as any man; but the terms in which he assails William Allen White reveal an old-fashioned outlook upon things. It is decidedly old-fashioned to ask one's political rival if it is true that he is in the habit of being frequently horsewhipped and caned in public; that he has stolen money from the poor; that he has been detected in the act of putting arsenic in the village horse-trough, and has been connected, in public rumor, with the unexplained burning down of two churches and an orphan asylum. This smacks of the campaign style of thirty years ago. The violence of the assault is all right. Progressives are nothing if not violent in fighting the battles of the Lord. But to-day people no longer assail the private character of their opponents. Opprobrium is measured out in terms of special value. One's enemy is a brigand, but a political brigand; a pickpocket, but a political pickpocket; a second-story man, a horse-thief, an inmate of Bedlam, a crook, a liar—but always in a political sense. This is attested by the fact that as soon as a man changes sides he automatically ceases to be a brigand, a pickpocket, a second-story man, a horse-thief, a crook, and a liar.

Whenever a Government majority in the House of Commons is brought to the danger point, or is wiped out on a snap vote, the Opposition never fails to shout "Resign! Resign!" though the lack of significance of such a vote is apparent. This is what happened on Friday when the Liberal majority, in a very thin house, fell to three. It is true that when Lord Rosebery's Ministry was beaten in the famous snap vote on the army cordite supply, the Premier accepted the verdict of the House and resigned; but that was because the Ministry was then in its last agony, and the end was not far off in any case. On the other hand, when Mr. Balfour was outvoted as the result of an Irish coup, a few months before he went out of office in 1905, all the subtleties of the Balfourian logic were called into play to prove that the defeat signified nothing, and for days British Parliamentary history was ransacked for precedents on both sides. But while Friday's slim majority was only an accident, it is nevertheless becoming apparent that the Liberal coalition is having its internal difficulties. The Labor members are indulging in more or less covert threats, and from the Radical wing of the Liberal party comes bitter criticism of the Government's big-navy policy.

Before the prorogation of the French Chamber Premier Poincaré spoke of the bright future opening up to France in Morocco, as the result of the treaty with the Sultan. Gen. Lyautey, the French Resident-General in Fez, whose powers are almost unrestricted, is to carry out a programme which has already worked successfully in Madagascar and Algeria. The Chamber of Deputies, in adopting the treaty with Morocco, by an overwhelming majority—in spite of the opposition of Jaurès, the Socialist leader—has thus fully sanctioned the German-French agreement of last November. Meanwhile, the Conservative papers in Germany continue their protest against this agreement, which they aver is fraught with danger to the Empire. The *Kreuz-Zeitung*, especially, can see no prospect of carrying out a successful colonial policy in Morocco. What that policy ought to be is set forth elaborately in an article pointing to the possessions of Portugal in Africa, India, and China as fruitful fields for German colonization schemes. Dr. Karl Peters even advocates in the *Tag* arranging with Great Britain to give Germany a free hand, regardless of the interests of Portugal. Needless to say, the Liberal press of Germany refuses to see in the agreement between France and Germany on the Moroccan question a pretext for colonial expansion on a vast scale.

Recent developments in Alsace-Lorraine emphasize the difficulty experienced by the German Government in trying to weld into one patriotic whole the conflicting elements of the Reichsland. The action of the Diet in limiting the allowances for the Imperial Governor, and in opposing the personal wishes of the Emperor, has offended many in Germany. In Metz the Liberals of Lorraine, who see in the opposition of Clericals and French sympathizers a growing menace to their country as well as to the Empire, have united in forming a Party of Progressists, which attempted to show its conciliatory spirit by holding its deliberations in both German and French. The party has made a special appeal to laboring men. In Alsace the path of the supporters of the German Government is even more thorny. The Strassburg correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* speaks of the unaltered hostility of the old Alsatian burghers, rooted in the traditions of the French *bourgeoisie*, who worship the memory of Kléber and Louis Philippe and allow their sons to expatriate themselves and serve in the French army. And, most of all, a new pseudo-nobility has sprung up, which speaks French by preference and studiously acquires Parisian ways. Even those inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine who acquiesce in the new order of things, and call themselves Germans, are concerned only in home affairs and still look upon the *Altdeutschen* as strangers and intruders.

The Mediterranean phase of the European naval situation is beset with even more uncertainty and idle speculation than the British-German rivalry in the North Sea. It is asserted that Italy and Austria are about to enter upon an elaborate shipbuilding programme, which will give the Triple Alliance command of the Mediterranean. What may happen in the distant future is rather beside the question. For the present it is sufficient that the French fleet alone is fairly equal to the combined strength of Austria and Italy. By the end of 1914 these two Powers will have ten Dreadnoughts, as against seven for France; but in other battleships France holds her own, and she has a strong superiority in armored cruisers. Counting in the British fleet in the Mediterranean, it is apparent that the Mediterranean is in no danger of being closed to Great Britain. The important thing, however, is that all considerations which treat the Italian and Austrian fleets as a unit are fallacious. There is no friendship lost between these two nations, and in both countries there is little concealment of the fact that Austria and Italy are building ships against each other rather than against an outsider.

The announcement last week from Constantinople that liberal concessions will be made to Albania, marks a new policy. The Albanian National Assembly, which met some weeks ago at Yunik, was the most representative body of that people which ever submitted grievances to the Turkish Government. It consisted of eighty-six popular leaders, Christians as well as Mohammedans, and was presided over by Tabir Beka, a well-known Mohammedan landed proprietor from the vilayet of Kossovo. The demands of the Assembly were for the establishment of public schools, with instruction in the Albanian language, for the safeguarding of the rights of all religions and religious institutions, for administrative autonomy, economic reforms, and the restriction of the privileges of the Sultan's representative. Before the fall of the Cabinet, the Turkish Minister of War, Shefket Pasha, while deprecating the action of the Albanian mutineers in the Turkish army, spoke highly of the patriotism of the Albanian people in general. He also declared that, in his opinion, there was a direct connection between the rising in Albania and the attempts to force Turkey into a peace with Italy.

THE EVIDENCE.

The publication on Monday of a full review of all the contests at the Chicago Convention, ought to set some men to thinking. The third party is built upon the rock of gross fraud by the National Committee in the interest of Taft, but is there any proof that delegates were "stolen," except wild vociferation? Even among Mr. Roosevelt's followers there must be many who would really wish to know what the facts are. There are some lawyers supporting him, even one or two professors in law schools, one college president, here and there a clergyman, with many good people who are fond of the Commandment "Thou shalt not steal," but who believe that the Commandment "Thou shalt not bear false witness" is equally binding. Such men are bound now to turn from the Colonel's shrill cries about thievery to a study of the record which will show whether there was any theft or not. The ample material is at last made accessible. Each contest is gone into in detail, with the arguments and affidavits on either side, the hearings, the roll-calls, and the final decisions. We have had six weeks of loud outcry: now we have the evidence.

That Mr. Roosevelt himself will pay any attention to this, there is no reason to believe. What he has published on the subject has been purely and confessedly *ex-parte*, probably taken over bodily from the allegations of his hired contest-maker, Ormsby McHarg. No one supposes that the Colonel has, or desires to have, any minute and accurate knowledge of the facts. He has no head nor patience for that sort of thing. When Sir James Stephen went to India to help revise the criminal code, he encountered an old Indian official who said to him: "What is the use of laying down careful rules about evidence when, by rubbing pepper under a man's eyelids, you can get him to testify to anything you want?" The Colonel would sympathize with this attitude. He has scoffed in advance at the promise to supply all the evidence concerning the Chicago contests. Get him to read the 40,000 words? Not much. It need not take ten minutes, he has declared, to enable any honest man to make up his mind that the National Committee were a set of crooks and robbers. He has loudly shouted a hundred times that they were, and that is evidence enough.

Still, there will be a few slow coaches, who have not his lightning way of leaping to the desired conclusion, and who will be anxious to see what the proof is that President Taft is a pickpocket, as Roosevelt has called him, before pronouncing him guilty. The task of going through all the evidence is, of course, long and tedious. It will be necessary to sift conflicting statements, and to weigh the arguments both from fact and party rules. Hence it will take a good deal of time for the publication of the official record to have its due effect. The lie has got a big start, and it will be a slow process for the truth to catch up with it. But any one who wishes to make a beginning in trying to arrive at the rights of the business, cannot do better than compare some of the calm recitals of the published statement with the vehement assertions, relating to the same matter, to which Mr. Roosevelt put his name in an article in the *Outlook* purporting to review the contests. We will limit ourselves at present to a single case. It was supposed to be the strongest case that Roosevelt had, involving the delegation from the State of Washington. About no other "robbery" has he been more violent. Now, let us put side by side the account of what occurred, as he gave it (rather, as it was given to him: of course, he knows nothing whatever about the facts), and as it appears in the publication made on Monday:

> The principal contest turned on King County, in which Seattle is situated. The 121 Roosevelt delegates to the State Convention from this county were elected at a primary regularly called by a majority of the full county committee, by a vote of some 6,400 to 500. The 121 Taft delegates were appointed by twelve members of a defunct campaign executive committee of the previous year which had since been removed from office by the vote of the full committee. It really seems impossible to imagine a more barefaced fraud.

> In King County a committee consisted of 250 men, the majority of whom were for Taft, and that majority, acting through its executive committee, selected the Taft delegates to the State Convention. The chairman of the county committee was a Roosevelt man. He had been given authority by general resolution to fill vacancies occurring in the committee. A general meeting of the committee had been held after the City Council had directed the redistricting of the city, in which it was resolved, the chairman not dissenting, that representatives could not be selected to fill the 331 new precincts until an election was held in September, 1912. Thereafter, and in spite of this conclusion, the chairman assumed the right by his appointment to add to the existing committee 131 precinct committeemen, and with these voting in the committee it is claimed that a primary was ordered.
>
> However, the fact is that the Taft men protested against any action by a committee so constituted, on the ground that the chairman had no authority to appoint the 131 new committeemen. They refused to take part in the primary, and so did the La Follette men.

It is not to be expected that such a showing, or any of the others made from the records of the Chicago contests, will lead the Colonel to modify in the least the fury of his denunciation. But though he may scorn the idea of sitting down to pore over the musty documents, can he be sure that all his friends will exhibit a like disdain for the facts? He may have noted that Senator La Follette is on his trail in this matter, too. In *La Follette's Weekly*, Mr. Gilbert E. Roe, the Senator's former law-partner, has begun an examination of the contests for delegates at Chicago. He limits himself to a scrutiny of the official record and a compilation of the facts; and, so far as he has gone, his conclusions are highly adverse to the Roosevelt contentions. He dismisses all but sixty-five Roosevelt contests as absolute frauds, the vote against them in the Committee being either unanimous or *viva voce* without a demand for a roll-call, so ashamed were even the Roosevelt members of the impudent pretences set up against the lawfulness of the Taft delegates. This is the kind of study of the facts which is sure to go on and to be seriously damaging to Mr. Roosevelt. Long before the Convention he began to charge trickery and cheating, made just as sweeping assertions of fraud in New York and Indiana as he did in Texas and Arizona, and acted like a man carefully preparing in advance to bolt on the claim that he had been robbed of the nomination. But hereafter he will be confronted with the record. To the law and to the testimony, from now on. We shall probably hear less in the future about the Chicago pickpockets. Even the Colonel's followers are getting tired of this, or are beginning to doubt their ability to prove their charges. Mr. George L. Record took the ground in New Jersey, last week, that it really didn't matter whether the nomination had been stolen from Roosevelt or not, for the time had come to have a third party anyhow, and they were going to have it, fraud or no fraud.

JAPAN AND THE POWERS.

The death of the Mikado will evoke no change in Japan's domestic policies or her foreign relations. Mutsuhito's reign of forty-four years was an era of extraordinary national development, but the Emperor's personal share in the notable historic process was probably not a very important one. An absolute monarch in theory, the Mikado exerted less direct influence upon public affairs than most constitutional rulers of Europe. He did not so much rule through other men as he was used by them. The established native tradition looks upon the Emperor as the source of a spiritual authority which is translated into action by professional statesmen and warriors. He cannot be called a shadow-Emperor, because this spiritual authority has been a very real force in the life of the nation. The sentiment that gathers about the Mikado is the Occidental feeling for flag and country fused with an element of religious worship. The imperial power is impersonal, and a change of rulers is no change at all. The personal influences that have guided Japanese policy—the Cabinet, the Parliament, and the survivors of the elder generation of statesmen—will continue to shape affairs, now that Mutsuhito's son reigns in his stead.

It will be, therefore, simply coincidence if, with the beginning of a new reign, Japan should take up the reconstruction of her foreign policy. Of that there has recently been a great deal of talk. The treaty of alliance with Great Britain expires in 1915, and, if it is to be discontinued, must be denounced a year in advance. That the alliance will not be renewed is a possibility that has been brought forward repeatedly, and speculation has been busy finding a substitute for Great Britain. Prince Katsura's trip abroad is supposed to have been undertaken for the purpose of preliminary exploration. Only two Powers have been mentioned as possible future allies of Japan. These are Russia and Germany, and no other Powers have been mentioned because no others are available. Russia has been longer in the field than Germany. It was not long after the conclusion of the war in Manchuria that the probability of an alliance between the two antagonists was suggested. The idea had its principal basis in the dramatic instinct of man. What could be more impressive than an alliance between two countries that had just emerged from a life-and-death struggle? So those political forecasters who did not predict a second war between Russia and Japan within ten years, began to predict a Russo-Japanese alliance within ten years. The argument for an alliance was that both nations needed peace for a long time to come, and that both nations were occupants of Chinese territory, and so had really common interests in regard to the shaping of affairs at Peking.

The German alliance has not been discussed at such great length. The suggestion has been brought forward recently, and it, too, appeals to the dramatic sense of newspaper writers and readers. If Japan's alliance with Great Britain is to be broken, why not join hands with the Power that England hates and fears most? But that is about the only argument that can be adduced in favor of a German-Japanese alliance. Real basis for such an arrangement there is none. The present agreement with Great Britain rests upon the very sound basis of a mutual guarantee of protection for the Asiatic possessions of the two Powers. If England's interests in India are in peril, Japan is bound to come to her aid. An agreement between Russia and Japan would have a similar justification in fact, since Russia is an Asiatic Power. But Germany has no territorial interests in the Far East, other than the diminutive Kiau-chau concession. More important still, Germany's usefulness to Japan as an ally cannot easily be imagined. In case of war between Japan and Russia, it is plain, of course, that Germany could decide the outcome by attacking Russia from the west. But the absurdity of such action, entailing as it would a general European war, is apparent. As for the German fleet, under no conceivable circumstances can it be visualized as sailing forth to the help of its Japanese allies, leaving the North Sea in undisputed British control. Such reasoning, of course, leaves out the miraculous capacities which the Japanese and the Germans have in common. A nation that can do the supernatural things which Capt. Hobson is always expecting the Japanese fleet to do, by right belongs in partnership with a nation that can do the supernatural things which the German fleet and army are always doing, in the minds of so many nervous Englishmen.

An alliance with Russia, though more reasonable than one with Germany, is not really among the probabilities. Coöperation between Japan and Russia for temporary diplomatic purposes in Asia is one thing. Military coöperation is another. Russia's fleet, at present hardly in being, will long be cooped up in the Baltic and the Black Sea, at the mercy of the other Powers. And of Russian assistance on land Japan is in no need. Her own army is sufficient for all conceivable purposes. In addition, those people who talk glibly of Russia's readiness to forget what happened in Manchuria only seven years ago, are a bit too Machiavellian. Alliances, to be sure, do not presuppose friendship between the partners. There is no love lost between Austria and Italy, for example. And yet national sentiment cannot be overlooked. In the face of dire necessity, Russia might join hands with Japan. But short of such an emergency, the memory of Mukden and Tsu-shima must remain and continue to rankle. In general, it may be recalled that the forming of alliances is not the kaleidoscopic game it is generally supposed to be. The Triple Alliance holds out, in spite of many divergent forces. The Franco-Russian alliance is now twenty years old, and shows no signs of breaking. International partnerships are not the outcome of momentary whims, but of long-continued processes whose workings may not always be apparent.

A final argument against the possibility of a Japanese-German or a Japanese-Russian alliance is the simple fact that there is no real ground for believing that the Anglo-Japanese alliance is about to be dissolved. Of the European Powers with whom Japan cannot conceivably come into conflict, England is still the one who can best serve Japan's interests in Asia.

TRIFLING WITH GOOD FAITH.

A marked copy of Washington's Farewell Address should be sent to certain Senators, to some writers on international law, and to a great many newspapers. The passage especially to be underscored is the one enjoining us to "observe good faith" towards all nations. The pending bill to make the Panama Canal free of tolls to American vessels, with some of the speeches made concerning the proposal, and the articles written about it, shows a tendency to play fast and loose with the plighted word of the nation. This is the more reprehensible in that, aside from the formal agreements of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, there was a separate and especial assertion that Great Britain might depend upon the absolute good faith of the United States.

This comes out clearly in the full account of the negotiations which Secretary Hay sent to the Senate of the Sixty-first Congress. He detailed the steps taken in connection with the original treaty and its subsequent modifications. The correspondence showed the British Government to be desirous for a time of incorporating certain amendments, but, after a free interchange of views, Lord Lansdowne decided not to press them. The main reason for waiving such British contentions, and finally consenting to the form preferred by our Department of State, was succinctly given by Secretary Hay as follows:

> The President, however, could not consent to this amendment, because he apprehended that it might be construed as making the other Powers parties to the contract and as giving them contract rights in the canal, and that it would thus practically restore to the treaty the substance of the provision which the Senate had struck out as article 3 of the former treaty. He believed also that there was a strong national feeling against giving to the other Powers anything in the nature of a contract right in an affair so peculiarly American as the canal; that no other Powers had now any right in the premises or anything to give up or part with as consideration for acquiring such a contract right; that they are to rely on *the good faith of the United States* in its declaration to Great Britain in this treaty; and that it adopts the rules and principles of neutralization there set forth. These rules are adopted in the treaty with Great Britain as a consideration for getting rid of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

It is this good faith of the nation, both tacitly and explicitly pledged, with which some in Washington and elsewhere are disposed to trifle. The attempt to get away from our promises takes many forms. The language of the treaty is tortured in order to make it mean what it plainly was never intended to mean. If that will not work, we are told that the thing for us to do is to regard the treaty as so much waste paper. Standing in the way of what some of our people want to do, why not "denounce" it at once, and so get rid of it? This is the brute-force argument. Precedents can, of course, be cited. It is pointed out by one publicist that Russia announced in 1870 that she would be no longer bound by the international agreement excluding her from the Black Sea, so why should we not be free openly to repudiate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty? The illustration is not fortunate. Everybody remembers how this act of Russia's was involved in a great war; how Bismarck had agreed beforehand to give Russia a free hand in that matter, provided she would be neutral in the struggle with France, and enable Prussia to leave her Russian frontier unguarded. A later instance would be Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in disregard of the Treaty of Berlin. Such things can be done. Treaties fall when nations go to war, and treaties can be violated if a country is strong enough and cynical enough to do it. But such a course would be peculiarly shameless in connection with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, because, as Senator Root pointed out, it is of the nature of an executed contract. England had something which we wished her to give up—namely, her right of joint control of the canal under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—and to induce her to surrender it we offered a guarantee of neutrality and entire equality. Having got what we wanted, the proposal now is that we take back what we gave in order to get it. Turpitude could hardly be more glaring.

One of the ingenious little shifts of the treaty-evaders is to assert that the situation has completely changed since the agreement was made. The treaty was ratified in 1901. But it was not till 1903 that Roosevelt "took" Panama. That act of robbery, it is alleged, is now our warrant for an act of bad faith, since the "Zone" has become American soil. The canal is therefore a part of our "coast line," and whatever rules or regulations we may choose to make for the use of the canal are "purely matters of domestic legislation," with which no foreign country has a shadow of a right to interfere. To this we know of only two objections. One is that it is immoral. The second is that it is illegal. This last could hardly be doubted by any one who will take the trouble to read the treaty itself—which few of these rough-and-ready upsetters of it have apparently done—for it distinctly provided for this change in the situation which is alleged to be so vital. Article IV reads:

> It is agreed that *no change of territorial sovereignty* or of the international relations of the country or countries traversed by the before-mentioned canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization or the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty.

It is gratifying to note that none of these discreditable efforts to get away from a binding treaty seems to find any general favor. Certain interested persons are making a great ado about the matter, and as usual covering private greed with the cloak of patriotism, but the public, and even Congress, are not showing much concern. The probability seems to be that the Panama bill will be passed, if at all this session, without the controverted clauses affecting canal tolls. There is certainly no hurry about those, in case of a canal that will not be opened for three years yet. We are under no necessity of rushing into legislation which would be both a danger and a national disgrace.

THE NAVAJO RESERVATION.

The progressive spirit of New Mexico is manifesting itself in a demand for the opening of the Navajo Indian reservation to white settlement. This was to be expected, sooner or later. Its advent so early in the career of the infant State shows that the New Mexicans, in spite of numbering among them so many persons of Spanish antecedents and habit, are full of the Western idea that no time should be lost in reaching out for anything they want. And what they particularly want just now is a big area of public land to attract immigrants from the East.

It is truly a splendid domain upon which they have fixed their eyes—measured by the surveyor's instruments. On the map it would cover all the State of Connecticut east of the Connecticut River. It would completely blot out Delaware, or hide Rhode Island with a considerable fringe to spare. But not even the keen-eyed spies Moses sent into Canaan could find, in a forty days' search through this huge reservation, enough arable land to take care of a hundred white families with the traditions of their race. A few have already tried it, settling down as missionaries, teachers, or traders on the oases most available for home-building; and they would bear witness to the unsuitableness of the country to the general needs of a white farming population. Vast stretches of arid sand and clay, dotted only with sagebrush; few streams, and those wholly uncertain in volume and season of flowing; widely separated tracts of timber; forbidding bluffs of bare rock; gray plateaus gashed with cañons whose walls have been carved by immemorial erosion into grotesque, half-finished architectural forms—these are the impressions the wayfarer gains of the Navajo desert. Picturesque, but not livable, is the universal verdict of those who are most familiar with it; and no one who knows the country is astonished to learn that it was originally selected for the Navajos in order to keep them forever out of contact with the whites, on the assumption that no white man could subsist in such a chameleon's paradise.

Yet this native people, in many respects the finest group of Indians in the United States, have not only subsisted but flourished there, numbering now between twenty-five and thirty thousand souls. The chief complaint of their white neighbors is that they pay no taxes towards the support of schools and roads and courts, though swarming over all the northwest corner of New Mexico, the northeast corner of Arizona, and a considerable notch on the southern border of Utah. But most of the little that has been done towards improving the land they have done themselves. With their crude tools and rough engineering, they have struggled bravely with the few, refractory rivers, and harnessed parts of them so as to irrigate small patches of soil. They have developed tiny wells and rain-cisterns for watering their sheep, their main dependence for support. If they had not been herdsmen by instinct, they would have starved to death long ago; and had they not enough of the nomad adaptability to be willing to move their homes, with their flocks, many miles from summer pasture to winter shelter and back again, they would have had no sheep to herd. They have asked no aid of the Government, and, beyond a few scattered schools, receive none. They are a proud people, independent of spirit, hardy, temperate, industrious, ingenious, capable. Crimes of violence among them are rare. As a tribe, they have kept faith with the Government since they entered into a compact of peace more than forty years ago.

Of course, the tendency of the age being to banish all incongruities from the established social order, it is only a question of time when these people must be modernized, conventionalized, and brought into general conformity with the rest of the body politic. Meanwhile, the white invader will enter the Navajo country and possess it, as he has already entered and possessed the domains of scores of other tribes. But it behooves Congress to go slowly with its legalizing of this process. No ordinary allotment scheme will answer. The problem presented by the Navajos is complex beyond that offered by any body of Indians who are agriculturists by inheritance or natural bent, or who inhabit a farming region, or who, having lived long on Government bounty, have to be thrown outright upon their own resources as the last hope for their salvation. It is too large for solution by any of the established agencies of Indian administration. Before any law on the subject is passed, it ought to be referred to a commission of wise, high-minded, unselfish men, who are willing to devote the necessary time and thought and undergo the discomforts of several months' sojourn in an inhospitable desert, for the formulation of a plan which will meet equally the tests of philanthropy and practical common sense.

THE CULT OF SUPER-GOLF.

The historic and shifting contest between the makers of armor and the makers of guns, to see which can get the better of the other, has its likeness in what has for some time been going on in the game of golf. Players and the architects of the links are continually pitting their wits against each other. Every improvement in clubs or balls is but a signal for making the courses harder. The average skill of golfers is all the time increasing; but greens committees display a fiendish ingenuity in seeing to it that the average score does not improve. You will see malignant officials on the watch for a poor shot that luckily escapes a severe penalty, and then darkly muttering to themselves that such a thing shall not happen again. Sure enough, the next time a ball is sliced to the same spot, it finds a new-made grave awaiting it—one of the places rightly named "pits," full as they are of lost souls and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

There is growing complaint, in England as well as in this country, that the authorities of the links are in pursuit of a kind of super-golf. No one demands that the courses be made as easy as once was the custom. There is no objection to difficulties and hazards, as such. The protest is against applying higher mathematics to the game. It is becoming the fashion to lay out links on the basis of the most precise multiples of the most precise shots. Opportunity to "recover" from an imperfect stroke is scoffed at. The wages of golfing sin—or even peccadillo—is death. Your drive must be exactly 198 yards, 2 feet, and 3 inches; and the ball must come to rest within an area no bigger than Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak. If you hit further, you are in trouble; if you fall shorter, you cannot possibly carry the bunker guarding the green. Ten feet to the right puts you where you can't see the hole; while a couple of yards to the left will send you down a slope into the rough. So it goes hole after hole. Every stroke must be perfect on pain of certain punishment. The player has to study the wind as carefully as a marksman at a rifle-range; and in the hands of professionals and experts golf is tending towards a combination of ballistics and the integral calculus.

It is maintained, to be sure, that these refinements and niceties of golf not only test the player's skill, but are for his mental discipline and moral good. He is thus compelled to concentrate, knowing that a single moment of relaxed attention means his undoing. And we suppose that, when he finds himself in a cunningly placed trap, he is expected to meditate piously on the wonderful intellect of the man who spread that snare for his feet. Anyhow, it is said, his coolness and reserves of spiritual strength will be developed under his misfortunes. But this recalls what the statesman said about the blessings of adversity for his party. "Yes," he remarked, "but adversity mustn't last too long." It must not on the links, lost tempers, instead of being braced by difficulty, become permanently soured by the sense of diabolically contrived punishments. Every golf club that persists in adding hazard to hazard, and calculating distances with transit and chain, recruits a growing corps of grumbling members. They like to play golf, but protest that they do not wish to spend half their time hewing their way out of the sand, or striving to be as accurate on the links as they have to be on a billiard-table.

Another offence laid at the doors of the engineers of transcendental golf links is that they will not let nature alone. Natural hazards have the best reason for existence of any. A ravine to pitch over, a fringe of swamp to carry, a bit of wood to skirt, a river or pond to drive across—such hazards no one objects to; they occur in the order of nature, and excite little of the wrath, malice, and all uncharitableness which the artificial difficulties of man's creating so often provoke. About the former, the player's only thought is that they happen to be in his way and must somehow be got over or around. But the devotees of super-golf have small patience with what Nature has done. It is for them to improve on her. They must sweep everything clear to begin with, so that they may proceed to lay out their links like a chessboard, plotting each hole with the utmost care and the nicest balancing of difficulties, and penalizing every stroke that does not drop the ball within a yard of the spot which they indicate.

We would not be understood as making a plea for duffers' golf. The rigors of the game are rightly insisted upon. There is no real defence for those courses which "any gentleman" can negotiate in comparatively low figures, no matter how he plays. But there are growing numbers of golfers, and we confess that we sometimes sympathize with them, who take a certain delight, even if it is a trifle shame-faced, in stealing away occasionally from the fearfully and wonderfully concatenated traps and hazards that make up the orthodox links, and spending an afternoon of "low dissipation" on a course of another kind. There it is refreshing to find that there is more than one way of making a given shot, that there is hope for the vilest sinner while yet the lamp holds out to burn on the putting green, and that brook and terrace and bog have been left as Nature designed them. After a day of such unmanly self-indulgence, one can go back dutifully to wrestle with the intricacies of super-golf, determined to suffer and be strong.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the provisions in the will of Alfred Henry Huth, who died in October, 1910, was that, before his library was sold, his executors should give to the British Museum "such 50 volumes as the Trustees of the British Museum shall in their uncontrolled discretion select from the Huth Library, provided that such Trustees shall not select any duplicate or more perfect copy of any volume which may be then already in the British Museum Library except by way of exchange of such duplicate with the Huth Library." Another stipulation was that a separate catalogue of these books, which were to be designated as the "Huth Bequest," must be printed by the Museum. That catalogue is now published. It is a large quarto, printed at the Oxford University Press in the best manner. There are eighteen full-page plates, including a frontispiece portrait of the late Mr. Huth, besides a number of facsimile reproductions of title pages, etc., printed with the text. There is a short Preface by F. G. Kenyon, the recently appointed head of the British Museum Library, and there is a longer Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard, that most wise and generous Assistant Keeper of the Printed Books, the friend and helper of every bibliographer, student, and book-collector. In the Introduction are included outline sketches of the lives of Henry Huth, the founder of the Huth Library, and of his son Alfred Henry Huth, the donor of the Huth Bequest, which, Mr. Kenyon says, is "beyond doubt the most important gift that has been made to the library of the British Museum since the bequest of the Grenville Library in 1846."

Of the fifty items selected, thirteen are manuscripts, including a remarkable Latin Bible of French execution, a Flemish Book of Hours called "the most generally attractive volume in the Huth Library," and a Psalter, ascribed to the last quarter of the thirteenth century and of English execution. The sixteen plates devoted to the manuscripts contain upwards of fifty reproductions.

As might well be supposed, Nos. XIV to XLIX of the catalogue, the thirty-six printed books selected as desirable additions to the world's greatest treasure-house of books, deserve separate mention. Perhaps altogether the most notable are three first quartos of Shakespeare: "The Tragedie of King Richard the Second" (1597), "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third" (1597), and "A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor" (1602). These three give the Museum a complete series of first editions of all the quartos up to 1623, save only "Titus Andronicus" (1594), the only known copy of which is in Mr. Folger's library. Of collections of sonnets put forth in England in the sixteenth century, three not before in the Museum, but now added, are William Smith's "Chloris, or the complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard" (1596); Bartholomew Griffin's "Fidessa, more chaste than kinde" (1596), and Giles Fletcher's "Licia, or Poemes of Love" (1593). The Bodleian Library possesses all three, but the only other copy located by Mr. Pollard is a copy of "Fidessa" at Britwell Court. Among other English books are "The castell of laboure" (Pynson, 1505), "The floure of the Commaundements of god" (Wynken de Worde, 1510), and "The dictes or sayengis of the philosophres" (Caxton, 1477), the first dated book printed in England. This last book was an exchange, and for it the Museum gave one of their two inferior copies.

The fiftieth book of the selection is actually a collection of seventy-four separately printed single-sheet ballads, mostly of early date, bound together in one volume. This volume cost Mr. Huth £750 in the Daniel sale in 1864.

An edition of the "Ars Memorandi" block-book and eight French incunabula are among the fourteen books in foreign languages in the Huth Bequest. L. S. L.

Correspondence

DEFINING OUR TERMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent from Providence, "A. M. E.," may be interested in an experience of my own in the campaign of 1896, when I spoke in one or two places for McKinley, though myself an economic free-trader. I discovered how we in this country are hampered by the etymological meaning of a term and the tendency to distribute the term, in logical parlance, when discussing the problem. It was all due to American ignorance of the principles of economics and taxation. I told the people with whom I talked in private that I was a free-trader, having in mind the economic significance of the term, and was met with the reply that we could not pay Federal expenses, if that policy were applied. I saw at once what was the matter, and ever after that I abandoned the words "free trade" and deliberately resorted to the more cumbersome phrases "taxation on imports that we do not produce" and removal of "taxation on what we do produce." I never failed to convert a farmer or other person to my point of view when it was presented in that way, and he did not know he was accepting economic free trade.

The situation is one which illustrates how social and political policies affect the meaning of terms. When the phrase "free trade" was adopted in England by the followers of Adam Smith, her system of taxation for Government expenses was *direct*, and taxation on imports was not necessary and was applied in favor of monopolies. Hence it was literally and etymologically "free trade" that the removal of them implied. But its economic meaning was not necessarily convertible with that, and no political difficulties arose in campaigning among the ignorant.

It is quite otherwise in this country. Our Constitution requires the payment of Federal expenses by import taxes, and direct taxation is not permitted, except with a qualification, that is, in proportion to population. In this situation we should either have to change our system of actual taxation or we could not pay Federal expenses by the entire removal of import duties, which is what the public understands by "free trade," its etymological interpretation.

It is the wholly iniquitous character of our system of taxation that is responsible for this confusion. You can inflict all sorts of commercial injustice under the name of "import" taxes, and the public would not find it out until long after. "Protection" conforms in its meaning to "import" taxes, so far as appearances go, and the public, knowing nothing about the incidence of indirect taxation, will go on and patiently endure all sorts of burdens until its bread begins to disappear. What is needed is some short, crisp term which will indicate the situation and define for us a system of taxation that can be seen at a glance. Whether this is possible is not my contention. The economist might work at that problem. But as long as we must have import taxes to pay Federal expenses the protectionist will have a clear opportunity to throw dust in the eyes of a people who will not inform itself on the principles of taxation. JAMES H. HYSLOP.

Tamworth, N. H., July 23.

RAIDING THE TREASURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the policies of the Emperor Augustus took the form of making grants of money to impoverished Senators, to enable them to maintain their position by not falling below the Senatorial census of one million sesterces (some forty-five or fifty thousand dollars' worth of property). He once gave this sum to Hortalus, a grandson of the famous orator Hortensius, that thus Hortalus might marry, rear a family, and live in accordance with his rank. This naturally tasted very sweet to Hortalus, and in the next reign he wanted the dose repeated. So he had his four sons present at the door of the Senate House, and, while giving his opinion on another matter, he injected his request as a "rider" to his speech on the matter in hand. The four boys were the great-grandsons of the great Hortensius, and the precedent had been set by *divus* Augustus. What more natural, then, than that the Senators should be favorably inclined towards passing this piece of special legislation. But Tiberius interposed, in a speech sound to the core, and so replete with wisdom that I believe it will be welcomed by your readers in these days when our own national treasury is being increasingly depleted for the benefit of individuals. The speech is recorded by Tacitus in the thirty-eighth chapter of the second book of the "Annals," and is commended to the notice of our next President:

> If all the poor people begin to come here and seek money for their children, the different individuals will never be entirely satisfied, and the treasury will soon show a deficit (*deficiet*). Of course, when our forefathers granted Senators the privilege of occasionally digressing from the particular topic up for discussion, and of expressing their views on matters conducive to the common good, it was never intended that we should here promote our private business and add to the resources of our families. Such a course brings odium upon the Senate and the Emperor, no matter whether they grant the largess or refuse it. Nor can we call this procedure a request. It is rather an imperious demand, made utterly out of season, and sprung as a surprise upon a Senate convened for other matters, if a Senator rises in his place, and by the number and age of his children takes unfair advantage of the Senate in this indelicate manner. By so doing he acts in the same violent mode against me, and breaks his way, as it were, into the treasury, which will have to be replenished by wrong means if we exhaust it in our desire to gratify individuals. The late lamented (*divus*) Augustus gave you the money, Hortalus; but not because you made a personal appeal to him, and certainly with no expectation that it should be given every time you might choose to ask for it. Otherwise, personal exertion will relax, and idleness will be promoted. People must be taught that only by self-reliance can they ward off the poverty they fear or attain the success they hope for. Adopt any other principle than this, and the large majority of people (*omnes*) will become careless and will wait for other people to help them, being slothful themselves and a burden to us.

That great Democrat, Grover Cleveland, condensed this in his notable declaration (I quote from memory): It is the business of the people to support the Government, and not the business of the Government to support the people. ADDISON HOGUE.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., July 15.

CONGRESS OF THE HISTORY OF ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ninth International Congress of the History of Art, which met at Munich in September, 1909, voted that Rome should be the meeting place of the next Congress, which will accordingly be held in this city in the halls of the Royal Accademia de' Lincei in the Palazzo Corsini. The proceedings of this Congress will be of the greatest interest and importance, not merely for their scientific and historical value as contributions to the history of art, but also because special attention will be given to the teaching of this subject in universities and in schools of every description in which it can rightfully claim a place. It will also be one of the chief objects of the Congress to consider the history of art in its international relations, and more especially the history of the artistic relations between Italy and other countries.

The papers and subjects for discussion will be grouped under the following four sections: (1) The History of Early Christian and Mediæval Art Down to the End of the Fourteenth Century. (2) The Fifteenth Century. (3) The History of Art from the Sixteenth Century to the Present Time. (4) Historico-artistic Methodology; Care of Works of Art; Historical Researches in Technical Methods; General Organization of the Work of the Congresses. The use of the Italian, French, German, English, and Spanish languages is allowed, but it is noticeable that no subjects have as yet been announced in the Spanish or English language, although persons of both these nationalities have published the titles of papers they will read. For example, Dr. Thomas Ashby, director of the British School of Rome, will read a contribution in Italian, and Mrs. Strong, librarian of the same institution, in French. Among the names of many other well-known persons on the programme are those of Mgr. Wilpert, E. Wrangel, Henry Thode, Émile Bertaux, Carl Gebhardt, J. A. F. Orbaan, Osvald Sirèn, Hermann Egger, Federico Hermanin, Ugo Ojetti, and Adolfo Venturi. The meeting will be held under the honorary presidency of the King of Italy, and the inaugural discourse will be pronounced by Prof. Adolfo Venturi of the University of Rome, author of the celebrated "Storia dell' Arte Italiana."

In connection with the Congress the following expositions will be held: (1) Of photographic reproductions in one or more colors for the illustration of works on art history. (2) Of Italian periodicals, whether in course of publication or not, on the history of art. (3) Of publications not on the market, such as catalogues of private collections and sale catalogues. (4) Of kinds of paper adapted for use in histories of art, such as insure, that is, durability and neatness of photographic reproductions. To the exhibitors of the best shows under the first and last of these headings the Italian Ministry of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce will award gold medals, while the Congress itself will give diplomas to the winners in the other two expositions.

The executive committee at Rome announces that, as it reserves the right of adding to the programme until shortly before the date of meeting, those who expect to attend the Congress, and who wish to read papers, are invited to make known their intention to the general secretary, Signor Roberto Papini, Via Fabio Massimo 60, Rome. Signor Papini is also ready to receive the subscriptions of those who wish to become members of the Congress. This subscription is twenty-five francs; for ladies belonging to the family of a member, ten francs. This membership, besides participation in the meetings and social functions to be held in connection with the Congress, includes the right to reductions on railways in Italy and other European countries, to free entrance to all Government and municipal museums and galleries for the entire month of October, entrance to private galleries and collections in Rome which are not usually open to the public, and to a copy of the proceedings of the Congress. H. E.

Rome, July 16.

THE ROMAN PANTHEON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The inquiry in your issue of July 18 regarding "The Pantheon in Rome" may perhaps be best answered in the words of Cassius Dio (Book 53, chap. 27): τό τε Πάνθειον ὠνομασμένον ἐξετέλεσε προσαγορεύεται δὲ οὕτω, τάχα μὲν ὅτι πολλῶν θεῶν εἰκόνας ἐν τοῖς ἀγάλμασι, τῷ τε τοῦ Ἄρεως καὶ τῷ τῆς Ἀφροδίτης, ἔλαβεν· ὡς δὲ ἐγὼ νομίζω. ὅτι θολοειδὲς ὂν τῷ οὐρανῷ προσέοικεν. ἠβουλήθη μὲν οὖν ὁ Ἀγρίππας καὶ τὸν Αὔγουστον ἐνταῦθα ἱδρύσαι τήν τε τοῦ ἔργου ἐπίκλησιν αὐτῷ δοῦναι· μὴ δεξαμένου δὲ αὐτοῦ μηδέτερον ἐκεῖ μὲν τοῦ προτέρου Καίσαρος ἐν δὲ τῷ προνάῳ τοῦ τε Αὐγούστου καὶ ἑαυτοῦ ἀνδριάντας ἔστησε. "He completed also the so-called Pantheion. It has this name, perhaps because along with its dedicated statues—that of Mars and that of Venus—it received images of many gods; but as I think, because, being of rotunda form, it looks like the sky. Agrippa wished, to be sure, to set up there the statue of Augustus as well, and to ascribe the name of the structure to him (*i. e.*, to name it after him); but, as he would accept neither honor, he placed in the temple a statue of the former Cæsar (*divus Julius*), and in the vestibule (*pronaos*) statues of Augustus and of himself."

The statement of the Græco-Roman historian, who was writing for the Emperor Septimius Severus, restorer of the Pantheon, gives no satisfactory answer, to be sure, but it is the starting-point of all discussions of this much-discussed question, the earliest and only real authority upon the subject. It shows that the common interpretation of the name ("shrine of all saints and temple of all gods") was current two centuries after the name was given. It does not show that Dio thought the meaning "belonging to all gods" an impossible one, for he may have applied the adjective in that sense to the dome of heaven. However, there seems to be no clear case of such use for the adjective *pantheios* or *pantheus* (in spite of Liddell and Scott), and the interpretation as "all-divine, sacrosanct" is undoubtedly correct.

It is perhaps fair to add that Georg Wissowa, the great authority on Roman religion, prefers the popular interpretation, citing as proof an inscription upon an altar found recently at Pergamon, τῷ πανθείῳ sacred (he thinks) to all gods and goddesses. "Religion und Kultus der Römer," 2d ed. Munich, 1912, p. 77.) There seems no reason, however, why this should not be taken as an ascription "to the all-divine one," in view of such altar inscriptions as those given in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* (Vol. 3, No. 1139, and Vol. 6, No. 695), where *pantheo* is the epithet of a single deity.

H. H. YEAMES.

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., July 22.

THE TOWERS OF ARAGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All your readers have heard of, and many have seen, the famous towers of San Gimignano—and the belfry of Bruges has had its poet—and Freiburg and Ulm are well known; but I have never yet heard sung the praises of the red octagonal towers of Aragon. A kind fate recently compelled me to go to Valencia from Calatayud, via Teruel, famed for its lovers, on the "mixto" that leaves Calatayud at 3:20 in the afternoon. The road goes through one of the most picturesque landscapes—save some of Greece—that the world can offer, I believe, a marvellously colored landscape alternately white and red. And it is in this landscape that I first noticed a particular and most attractive style of architecture.

One gets a glimpse of it in Saragossa, but one sees it at its best only in the smaller towns of Aragon. I describe as a spectator, not as an architect. On a quadrangular basis some thirty to forty feet in height, rise two successive stories, one hexagonal, the second octagonal, crowned by a cupola often roofed with brilliantly colored *azuelos* (colored tiles). The material is usually the red sandstone of the region. Rising from the dull red houses of unburnt brick of the villages, they produce a striking effect; and in my memory, San Gimignano itself pales before them. As day draws to its close, and a blood-red sunset smashes itself (I can use no other term for sunsets in Spain) against the purple mountains to the east, these towers stand out with most original vividness.

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Teruel, Spain, July 10.

Literature

THE GREAT STATE.

Socialism and the Great State: Essays in Construction. By H. G. Wells, Frances Evelyn Warwick, L. G. Chiozza Money, E. Ray Lankester, C. J. Bond, E. S. P. Haynes, Cecil Chesterton, Cicely Hamilton, Roger Fry, G. R. S. Taylor, Conrad Noel, Herbert Trench, Hugh P. Vowles. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

One closes this book with Portia's sage ejaculation, that if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. Mr. Wells and his associates have a fairly definite notion of what they want, but they do not appear to know how to go about to get it. Mr. Wells himself says that their conception of the Great State is still altogether unsubstantial. It is a project as dreamlike to-day as electric lighting, electric traction, or aviation would have been in the year 1850. A similar plaint is encountered throughout the book.

Yet it is a stimulating publication, a positive enrichment, in fact, of the socialistic discussion. The reader, whatever may have been his previous condition of economic or political servitude, finds himself for the moment at least breathing a freer air and entertaining the hope of a larger and more captivating social life. So long as hope continues to spring eternal in the human breast, such pictures as Mr. Wells, the Countess of Warwick, Mr. Money, and the other contributors to this work have painted will be objects of delightful contemplation. Inevitably, however, the question arises, Is this too good ever to be true? Here and there throughout these pages we encounter phrases which seem to savor of doubt, but on the whole the tone is one of abundant cheerfulness. "The permutations of life's possibilities," to quote the final passage, "are beyond our telling. But this at least we steadfastly believe: there is no insuperable barrier between mankind and the goal of our desire."

A fairly logical order is followed in the presentation of this subject. H. G. Wells (who, with Lady Warwick and G. R. Stirling Taylor, has had editorial charge of the publication) discusses "The Past and the Present of the Great State." Next in order comes a treatment of "The Great State and the Countryside," by the Countess of Warwick. L. G. Chiozza Money's outline of "Work in the Great State" properly occupies the third place. Then we find a discussion of the making of new knowledge, of health and healing, of law, of democracy, of women, and of the artist, by writers of such repute as Sir Ray Lankester, C. J. Bond, E. S. P. Haynes, Cecil Chesterton, Cicely Hamilton, and Roger Fry. This is succeeded by "The Present Development of the Great State" from the pen of G. R. Stirling Taylor. The Rev. Conrad Noel presents a "Picture of the Church in the Great State"; Herbert Trench traces "The Growth of the Great State," and Hugh P. Vowles closes with a chapter on "The Tradition of the Great State." We look in vain for what some would consider a most essential chapter—"Financing the Change to the Great State."

The book, as might be expected of a work produced under such editorship, has a literary quality too often lacking in discussions of this subject. The imagination is given a large place, but it is obvious that every effort has been made to keep it within the guidance of the reasoning faculty. The reader, nevertheless, is not always able to tell where imagination ends and reason begins: a borderland between the two is not indiscernible, and one is sometimes impelled to cry out, "Tell me where is fancy bred, or in the heart or in the head?" Still, we have here a serious attempt at a synthesis of life, a theoretic reconstruction of human society along lines which for the most part run parallel with the best instincts of intelligent minds.

H. G. Wells declares that this volume is essentially an exercise in restatement, and to him has been committed the task of providing a nomenclature. Throughout this volume there is a "common conception of a constructive purpose," and what that common conception is Mr. Wells starts out to elucidate. In the effort he coins two expressions, which are employed by himself and his associates with a certain defined intention. They are "The Normal Social Life" and "The Great State." Each writer invariably employs capitals in using these terms. The Normal Social Life is a type of human association and employment, of extreme prevalence and antiquity, which appears to have been the lot of the enormous majority of human beings as far back as history or tradition or the vestiges of material that supply our conceptions of the neolithic period can carry us. It has never been the lot of all humanity at any time; to-day it is perhaps less predominant than it has ever been, yet even to-day it is probably the lot of the greater moiety of mankind. Those persons who regard the Normal Social Life as the only proper and desirable life for the great mass of humanity are by Mr. Wells designated Conservators. It is interesting, at this juncture, to learn that "the rural conservative, the liberal of the allotments and small-holding type, Mr. Roosevelt—in his Western-farmer philoprogenitive phase as distinguished from the phase of his more imperialist moments—all present themselves as essentially Conservators, as seekers after and preservers of the Normal Social Life." So, too, do Socialists of the William Morris type; and so also do G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc.

Opposed to the Conservators are two other classes. The first is composed of the Individualists, who appear to regard the extensive disintegrations of the Normal Social Life that are going on to-day with extreme hopefulness. They voice the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, believing that the future welfare of man may be trusted to the spontaneous and planless activities of people of good-will, and that nothing but state interference can effectively impede its attainment. Curiously, close to this extreme optimistic school, in its moral quality and logical consequences, though contrasting widely in the sinister gloom of its spirit, is the socialism of Karl Marx. The Individualists and Marx converge in practice upon *laissez faire.* Planless Progressives is the name Mr. Wells has invented for them.

On the other hand is the class which the writers of this volume of essays represent, which believes that the forces that have been assailing and disintegrating the Normal Social Life are forces of wide and indefinite possibility that need to be controlled by a collective effort implying a collective design, deflected from merely injurious consequences and organized for a new human welfare upon new lines. To this class the name of Constructors is given. This greater social life is put forward as the only real alternative to the Normal Social Life from which man is continually escaping. It represents, in fact, the Great State.

Mr. Wells, in short, has set a complicated pattern for Lady Warwick, Mr. Money, and the rest to fill in. If in presenting their work for public inspection, they have left interstices, it is because they have refused to employ makeshift arguments and to invent a psychology more compatible with some of their theories of the Great State than the psychology which has dominated the race hitherto. They have taken human nature as they found it, and, believing it to be capable of a more rational development than it has ever had in the past, have pictured for it a millennial future, but they have not altogether forgotten the fact that they are dealing with the most intractable of all elements, human nature. Yet to some it will seem that this volume of essays is but a call to spirits to emerge from the vasty deep. Necessarily, the Great State implies a great advance in conscious rectitude on the part of the race. For thousands of years the prophets have been telling us that righteousness exalts a nation, and yet their message is still being vehemently preached, the only difference being that we now make a larger use of economic terms, of language which more directly connotes the purely material needs of mankind.

It is almost wholly in the light of these that we must consider the appeal presented in this volume. Mr. Wells and those associated with him do not neglect the æsthetic side of life, but, after all, they strive to promote it chiefly as a mere creature comfort—it is not without a certain bovine aspect. Mr. Wells, for example, sees the agricultural population in the form of a fully developed civilization employing machines in the hands of highly skilled men, who will minimize toil to the very utmost, and declares that, "given short hours, good pay, and all the jolly amusement in the evening camp that a free, happy, and intelligent people will develop for themselves, and there will be little difficulty about this particular class of work to differentiate it from any other sort of necessary labor."

It will be gathered from this that the agricultural laborers are no longer to spend their lives in grinding toil in isolated regions, remote from the comforts and pleasures of town life. They are to live in the cities and go out into the country to perform their few hours of daily toil. On the other hand, factory operatives are not going to be compelled to live in cities. Large cities, with their squalor, their yellow fog, and all their other disgusting and debilitating features, are to be obliterated. Lady Warwick says that the normal town of the Great State will probably have between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants. How this would affect agriculture in such a country as Great Britain, it would perhaps be rash to assert. This much can be said, however: if all the cities of England, Scotland, and Wales of more than one hundred thousand population were to be reduced to fifty thousand, the displaced inhabitants would undoubtedly be sufficient in number to create at least three hundred new cities. That, of course, is an economic consideration of no small importance.

The reader may not altogether share L. G. Chiozza Money's hopefulness regarding Work in the Great State, but will certainly admit the force of many of his denunciations of present economic conditions. Many persons will perhaps share Mr. Money's astonishment that in a nation of 44,000,000 souls, about 20,000,000 of whom figure in the census as "engaged in occupations," only 9,000,000, or less than one-half of those working for gain, are engaged in either agriculture or industrial production; or, to put it somewhat differently, that only 45 per cent. of males over eighteen years of age are direct producers of material commodities. Many will also agree with him that there is a prodigious waste of producers' work by reason of work which is involved in industrial processes that are but the servants of unnecessary competition.

The conception of the Great State is that the whole of the adult population will be organized to produce a minimum standard of life, expressed by the output and distribution of the material products and services necessary to its environment. This work is what Mr. Money terms the professional life of the individual. Because it is universal and compulsory, and because the waste of effort will be reduced to an insignificance, the professional or compulsory work of the individual will occupy but a few hours of his day. If education ever becomes universal and scientific, less than a five hours' day of labor will produce a bulk of commodities many times as great as that which can be produced at present. Beyond his professional work, the citizen will owe no duty to the state, and will be free to do anything that is not to the injury of his fellows. That is, for the greater part of his time he may be a poet or painter, writer or philosopher, singer or musician, actor or dramatist, carver or sculptor, even sportsman or idler. Thus every individual will have a professional and an amateur life, and art will be a product of the latter.

Here we have the Great State in its broadest outlines. It is a splendid refutation of the charge that faith has perished from off the face of the earth. Yet it could be wished that the authors of this volume of essays were more explicit regarding the means of converting faith into works. It is a little disconcerting to find Sir Ray Lankester writing as follows with reference to the Making of New Knowledge: "I confess that, after spending the best part of my energies during nearly fifty years in endeavoring to increase the number of my fellow-citizens who have arrived at a just estimate of the value of new knowledge and of the consequent need for organization of its pursuit by the expenditure of public funds, I am disappointed with the result." And it is somewhat discouraging to encounter this in Mr. Haynes's essay on Law and the Great State: "It is difficult to anticipate any particular developments of the law governing the status of women, either as dependent or independent of men, when the whole institution of monogamy, so-called, that now exists may be fundamentally altered; and the difficulty is even more formidable in regard to children and succession of property. Such matters I will leave to my colleagues with a certain relief." His colleagues, it should be said, display no alacrity in accepting the task.

It looks very much as if the Great State would find woman a difficult problem. Cicely Hamilton, who writes on that aspect, says: "If I refrain from prophecy concerning the particular direction in which the influence of women who have attained to complete recognition of citizens and individuals will make itself felt in the state of the future, it is, honestly, because I find such prophecy not merely difficult, but impossible." There is, however, nothing indecisive in her declaration that "what it has not the right to demand of her—either directly or indirectly, by bribe or by indirect pressure—is that she, in return for its protection, shall consider herself under any obligation to produce its future citizens."

Perhaps it is too much to ask a constructor to be a critic. Yet it could be wished that Mr. Wells and his friends, in framing up the Great State, had recalled what Lowell once said: "A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good critic. He must not believe that the insurance offices will raise their rates of premium on Charles River, because the new volume of poems is printing at Riverside or the University Press."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Children of Alsace ("Les Oberlé"). By René Bazin. New York: John Lane Co.

The Penitent ("Donatienne"). The same. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Davidée Birot. The same. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. Bazin, whose recent visit to this country in connection with the unveiling of the Champlain monument is probably responsible for the simultaneous appearance of three of his novels, of which only one is new, from as many different publishing houses, has been for a long time the principal exponent in French fiction of the provincial, patriotic, and Roman Catholic tradition as opposed to the literature of disenchantment and unbelief which centres in Paris. In none of the three books we are considering is there a direct attempt to play the polemist; but in all of them the writer's sympathy with the simple pieties of home, altar, and fatherland is manifest. Now and then we come in touch with a specific issue. In "Les Oberlé," which created a sensation when it was first published ten years ago, the problem comes out clearest. The subject is the obstinate struggle of the people of Alsace against absorption by the Germanic conqueror. "Davidée Birot," the latest story of the three, is the history of a little school-teacher in a remote corner of Brittany. Here we touch, though slightly, upon the conflict between church and state over the control of public education, with a hint, naturally, at the bigotry of the present political régime. In "The Penitent" the tragic story is founded upon the custom which takes so many peasant women away from their homes to play the foster-mother to children of wealthy Parisians. But with a fine and sure art, M. Bazin never fails to keep his personages and their fortunes clear of the general problem. Even in "Les Oberlé," which is openly and fervidly a piece of patriotic pleading, the characters are very real, after their own simple fashion. Sentiment there is in plenty in every one of his stories, but M. Bazin has not found it necessary to plunge too deeply into sentimentality in his revolt against the "Parisian" spirit. "Davidée Birot," as a convincing embodiment of the antique womanly virtues of sacrifice and charity, will bear comparison with the "Liza" of Turgenieff, of whose highly concentrated and highly restrained style M. Bazin reminds one. The simplicity of plot which is characteristic of all his stories shows best in "The Penitent," a story of poignant realism in the finest traditions of classic fiction. M. Bazin's books are certainly much better suited to the inherent taste of American readers than the great mass of the better-known literature of Paris.

The Charioteers. By Mary Tappan Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If a fable writer chose to make his animals change spots at every paragraph so that the leopard of the outset became successively a mongoose and a woodchuck, there would be neither limit nor criticism for the antics in which his creatures might be involved. On only some such theory of disorderly evolution may one follow the characters in "The Charioteers." Professor Manson of Great Dulwich College, Grecian and archæologist, husband of a dissolute wife and father of two growing boys, begins with a reasonable thoughtfulness for the reputation of the woman whom he would like to marry. After he falls ill in Greece and she has nursed him into health, passing as his wife, he still is the prudent, practical planner for appearances and the conventions. On their return to America, when a divorce has made marriage possible, he is insistent on festivity and a wedding journey—in even exaggerated ways showing himself a stickler for conformity. Can this be the same man who, having obtained his wish and found no flaw in the woman, should suddenly at fifty go utterly to pieces? Octavia, on her part, having once flung herself into the situation, is too lofty-minded to conceal anything and regards her "rehabilitation" by marriage as almost insulting. Yet it is she who will not go to him, desperately ill in the South, partly because she suspects that another woman is taking care of him, but also because she is "not sure she has the right," since doubts have been cast upon the validity of the divorce. And it is she who, finding him faithless to her, can say, "But you, my poor Ned, can be a true husband to no woman. If you had stood by Nellie" (the drunken wife), "I should not be here to suffer." The horrid limit of inconsistency for a supposed gentleman is reached when wife number two finds wife number one gayly taking tea with the dying husband who says, hospitably, "Come in; this is truly delightful; Nellie and I have been having the most charming talk." "I don't believe," he adds after the intruder has departed, "there's another woman in the world that could have played up to my game as she did. It has been most amusing—but tremendously exhausting."

Even granting the characters, a literary chaos confuses the main issue. The irregular connection between hero and heroine is a failure, yet neither seems to regret it. The climax is not its rueful ending, which might have lent tragic import to the story. But we are called upon to follow Octavia's subsequent heart adventures. These were, Item: one thwarted love for a youth eleven years her junior; one friendly acceptance of an elderly suitor. The secondary characters are as incoherent as the principals. Billy, the soul of chivalry, does not await the answer to his proposal of marriage before engaging himself to another woman. Calvert, who enters the scene like a satyr—a man who, "with but two exceptions, always makes the good women uncomfortable"—is he who emerges the good genius of unselfishness. Beyond illustrating the tendency of the large Bent family to "drift" in matters of the affections, no focal motive is discoverable in this novel. All else is a pathless jungle. The flora is minutely pictured; the fauna is often found in pungent conversation; but the scene is a quagmire of no bottom and of none too sweet an odor.

A Captain Unafraid: The Strange Adventures of Dynamite Jimmy O'Brien. As set down by Horace Smith. New York: Harper & Bros.

The faith and practice of filibustering are here set forth with candor and enthusiasm. Capt. Jimmy O'Brien, who is supposed to tell the story, believes frankly in the inalienable right of any man to supply arms and munitions of war to any other man or group of men, at any time. It is quite clear, however, that if that right had been legal as well as moral, Capt. Jimmy would have lost his opportunity in life. For he was fitted by nature to be a smuggler and buccaneer of the heroic type. He delights to pit his wits against those of an eager adversary. He recounts with the gusto of the successful gamester the long series of expeditions, carrying men or supplies, or both, for the Cuban cause, which under his generalship succeeded in setting out under the very noses of the American detectives and Spanish spies who were working together to prevent his operations. Some of his feats in this kind seem to have been done in sheer bravado—feats such as the landing of an expedition almost under the walls of Morro Castle, by way of retort courteous to bloodthirsty threats on the part of the discomfited Gen. Weyler.

And our doughty captain is by no means averse to a "scrap." The landing of his expeditions involves the burning of some powder, though the amount of blood shed in these pages is surprisingly small. One thing is plain—Dynamite Jimmy makes it plain: if it hadn't been for him, the course of history would have been altogether different. But for his supplies, the Cubans would have succumbed to Spanish power, as they had so many times before. There would have been no Cuban freedom, and there would have been no Spanish War to inflate the breast of the patriot—and the pensioner.

BOLIVAR AND THE SPANISH COLONIES.

Bolivar et l'émancipation des Colonies Espagnoles des origines à 1815. By Jules Mancini. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 7.50 francs.

In its perspective and documentation, this should be the most important work yet published on the transition of Spanish America from the colonial rule of three centuries to an untried independence. The diplomatic services of the author and his present post at the French Foreign Office have opened the various national archives to him after making him skilful in their use; and he has been industrious in the study of contemporary printed matter and memoirs. As a European trained to the traditions of Government affairs, he has a wider field of vision than native American historians or students whose knowledge is limited to the documents in their hands. He has also an intimate acquaintance with the social as well as the political facts of the time and place—knowledge which is unusual in English-speaking historians. With all this, the work is neither complete nor final, for reasons obvious when we have seen what it really does for us.

In a first book, the author traces the beginnings of revolution from the Spanish Conquest in the sixteenth century and the organization of the colonial régime; the signs of a predisposition to independence on the part of inhabitants of the New World and the Comuneros of the eighteenth century; the liberal reforms attempted by King Charles III; the disastrous expulsion of the Jesuit missionaries resulting in the destruction of their immense work and a moral abasement of the popular classes; and then, one after the other, the stimulus of example from the independence of the United States and from the French Revolution, with the underhand encouragement of England, resulting in premature attempts like that of 1794, for which Antonio Nariño was condemned to transportation to Africa as being a "partisan of an independent republic like that of Philadelphia"! This brings us to the youth of Bolivar among disciples of Rousseau (the literary embargo was such that the text of the Rights of Man was received in New Grenada only in 1794, through the Viceroy); his journeys to Spain and France; the influence of Humboldt and Napoleon, and particularly of Freemasonry.

The second book is very justly devoted to Miranda the "Precursor" and to the loyalism in the colonies which withstood tne attempted Revolution of 1810 and the First Republic of Venezuela. In the third book, from 1812 Bolivar takes control of the irrepressible movement in New Grenada and Venezuela, with its Second Republic; and the volume ends with the restoration of Ferdinand VII in Spain and the state of revolution in his American territories at the end of 1814—from La Plata to Mexico.

In his preface, the author reads to us the meaning of this upheaval of the New World as he understands it:

> By its effect on the political and social life of peoples, the Emancipation of the Spanish colonies is an event of as considerable importance as the discovery of the continent where they were established. The struggle engaged by the creoles against Spain on the morrow of the French Revolution, and pursued for more than a quarter of a century with equal rage on either side, was the prolongation on a new scene of the age-long conflict between two ideas whose alternate success and defeat dominate History—Traditionalism and Liberty. In truth, it was owing to the results of South American Independence that the great movement of 1789, ready to yield to the thrust of Restoration in 1815, was revived in Europe and triumphed in 1830. The peoples awaked to national life and consciousness. The modern world evolved toward the Republican ideal.
>
> Of this ideal, Bolivar is for America the immortal symbol. If ever a man summed up in himself the tendencies of an epoch and personified an idea, it was very truly he whom his compatriots hailed with the signal title of Liberator. The life of Bolivar serves to frame the Revolution in which he took the chief part.

In the framework, as we have it here, certain connections are wanting—probably without fault of the author. In the preparation of the Revolution among the people of the colonies, he insists rightly on the influence of former Jesuits after the violent suppression of their order and the expulsion of its members by Spain; but he is too content—sympathetic even—with the label, to inquire what it covered precisely. He does not see clearly that these were sons of the country driven from home and the life-career which they had chosen, mainly to the Roman states, to lead lives of want without place or work, and, with the passing of their youth, slowly drifting back to their native New World, where their education up to the date of Europe made them an uneasy ferment. In North America also, where the Jesuits of Maryland had been able to keep together, they followed their leader, the future Bishop John Carroll, and sided with the cause of Independence like their families and friends. Cerutti, the *alter ego* of Mirabeau in the early French Revolution, is another example, though he had by that time drifted far from the religious principles of his youth in the little-understood Company. This particular influence among the various Spanish colonies was individual, irregular, spontaneous, scarcely ecclesiastical, and without organization.

M. Mancini, in general, has no connected view of the revolutionary attitude of the organized and powerful religious communities. Niles, a Connecticut Senator of the time (whose intensely prejudiced testimony is worthless except as a contemporary report of what was commonly said, attributes the introduction of Rousseau's "Contrat Social" to the friars, perhaps to younger and native brothers. Without this clerical favor, such as it was, it is doubtful if the Spanish-American revolutions could have been accomplished.

As to the real leaders—very few in number, as is the case in all popular revolutions according to Dr. Gustave Le Bon—there is no doubt where they had drunk their inspiration. Among themselves and with their European confidants, they were sufficiently explicit concerning expediency as their sole reason for admitting the religious element into their patriotic oaths. This is noted by our author, along with the general influence of French philosophy and the organization of Freemason lodges. But here, too, he has no precise acquaintance with the organized influence of Freemasonry. In fact, it is only now being studied dispassionately in the history of the French Revolution. It is curious that here in South America we see a shadowy intervention of Franklin. The introduction of Freemasonry into Mexico by the American Poinsett will at once recur to those conversant with the history, as distinct from the controversy, of the subject.

Humboldt's testimony would rather be in favor of the results of Spanish rule, perhaps because he found scientific institutions more highly developed under it than in the English United States, of which he had apparently no great opinion at that time from his short visit. Among the Revolutionary leaders moral questions arise oftener than among our own heroes, particularly in the use of cruelty. No defence is given of certain acts of Miranda, which need explanation, while Bolivar's case is exposed without comment. They may have been of a piece with their time and country; but the suspicion arises that the real people had revolution thrust upon them. M. Mancini is not conclusive here, because he has evidently not worked out the complete facts nor his own facts completely. For the scientific student of history, there is a material defect in his book which should not be forgiven. Here is a work of research of prime importance, given to the world without bibliography or index of proper names! To use the real treasures which the book contains, the student is left to himself.

Since M. Mancini's book was published, the French translation has appeared of a most valuable work by Luis Alberto de Herrera, on the French Revolution and South America—a study of the working influence of French doctrines among Spanish Americans in connection with their revolution. The translation is made by Prof. Sebastian G. Etchebarne of the University of Montevideo. It attempts a criticism of the evil as well as of the good results of the transplantation of European revolutionary ideas into colonies which were already working steadily towards an evolution of their own.

Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East. By Paul S. Reinsch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

There are those who may find it hard to read Professor Reinsch's long essays on the East. The essays are old-fashioned in their thoroughness, are couched in the language of philosophy, and yield few gleanings to the reader who tries them with no higher aim than to take his place with distinction at a dinner table. But the book is altogether admirable, both for its quality and for the spirit in which it is written. When it is said that these eight chapters embrace subjects that are, perhaps, too large for their limits, and that they lack the pleasant discursive quality which all good essays should have, there is nothing more to which exception can be taken. Among the pitfalls that beset the unwary writer on Asia to-day is the hackneyed and misleading series of contrasts offered between West and East. Professor Reinsch, in a discussion upon "Asiatic Unity," which possesses a really literary flavor, dismisses fears born of the illusion that there is an irrepressible conflict between Orient and Occident on the valid ground that Asiatics are, after all, as human as we are, and while marked differences exist in customs, traditions, and social policies, we can find in them "no strident conflict with our ideals." That this conclusion does not meet with acceptance among most commonplace people only renders more necessary the emphasis which should be put upon it.

The verdict is a sound one, though unpalatable to the vulgar. So, too, is his treatment of the vexed question of Oriental truthfulness. Because the Asiatic lacks accuracy, he is put down as a liar. Truth, like beauty, is largely a matter of conventional standards. "Veracity," we are told in a luminous sentence, "is a social and commercial commodity in England and America, in many cases scarcely involving any moral valuations at all."

> But we shall find [he continues] that most fundamental honesty which requires that our actions should correspond to our profession and our belief, in as high regard among the Oriental peoples as with those of the West. The ideals of their beliefs may be less elevated than our own, but at any rate there is also less variance between actions and belief among Confucianists, Shintoists, and Buddhists than among the majority of good Christian people. Moreover, a more honest attitude toward the problems of life than that which characterizes the thought of Buddhists and Confucianists can hardly be imagined; the relations of life are clearly seen, social duties are faithfully met, and no facile optimism is allowed to gloss over our life's tragedies.

It will be a shock to some supporters of the Christian propaganda to learn that it is not Western culture as such, or the tenets of our religion, that set up barriers between East and West, but the profound discrepancy between Christian profession and practice. Antagonism between races is not so much a matter of standards as of friction. It promises eventually to sink in China and Japan to relatively unimportant dimensions, while these nations develop their own destinies with the aid of Western machinery. For these peoples will retain their autonomy. In India, however, the author believes that "in measure as the social consciousness of victor and conquered have reached clearness of expression, this antagonism will be more pronounced." The outlook is a gloomy one, and the conclusion rather unflattering after a century of pretty honest effort on the part of the British. Yet he is not a severe critic of British rule. The deduction is interesting as revealing an inherently impossible task in which they are involved. Beyond his reprobation for the illiberal policy of the Government in scientific equipment for India, and the lack of training allowed natives in the responsible conduct of public affairs, he seems to think highly of the English administration. One point may be noted in which he fails to do them full justice. His statement that out of 1,307 places in the higher civil service only 97 were held by natives would have been materially modified if he had consulted more recent returns. In 1910 the Indian proportion of these better appointments was above 26 per cent., and the discrepancy continuously lessens.

It must not be inferred from the length of this critique on his earlier chapters that Professor Reinsch devotes the most of his volume to India. China and Japan come in for attentive and impartial consideration. A chapter on each of the three countries is given to a survey of the literature and leaders that have influenced their intellectual life. This portion of the book is a contribution of permanent value to those who are desirous of determining some of the causes of the present unrest in the Far East and who realize that the Oriental mind is being called to action quite as much by impulses of its own as by its fear of aggressive Occidentalism. It may afford the dispassionate inquirer a new sensation to learn that a Chinese general of the Ming dynasty propounded a philosophy like that of Hobbes which embodied the highest truths in action. This apostle of energism has recently received an intellectual throne and become the inspiration of modern China. "It is certainly," observes the author, "a remarkable instance of common impulses moving the entire civilized world, when such theories of the actualization of thought are acclaimed in the Orient at the same time when the philosophical and ethical thinkers of the West are being attracted by Pragmatism."

The Religion of the Ancient Celts. By J. A. MacCulloch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Two general features may be said to characterize Dr. MacCulloch's treatise on Celtic religion, if we compare it with the rather numerous books on the subject written in recent years. In the first place, it deals with the Celtic world as a whole, and is not restricted to a single period or region. It includes within the range of its inquiry the testimony of ancient classical historians and that derived from neo-Celtic literature or modern popular tradition; and it brings out, perhaps better than any of its predecessors, the relations among these different classes of evidence. Secondly, the author is not addicted to any particular theory of mythology or religion. Bertrand's "La Religion des Gaulois," one of the most influential recent works in the same field, was dominated, and its conclusions were to some extent vitiated, by a dubious classification of the races of Gaul; and Sir John Rhys's learned and brilliant "Hibbert Lectures" made venturesome use, as the author would be one of the first to admit, of the method of extracting divine myths from heroic sagas. But no special formula or process is to the same extent a controlling principle with Dr. MacCulloch. If anything, he verges towards the opposite extreme of eclecticism in the theories he sets forth; and his work lacks the coherence and continuity, as well as the originality, of the others we have mentioned. By way of compensation, however, the reader will find that Dr. MacCulloch presents his material more objectively than most mythologists; that he frequently offers a choice of doctrines or opinions; and that, while he is not averse to occasional speculation (as in his discussion of the bull-god, at page 140, or of the civilization of the bronze age, at page 148), the element of conjecture is not unduly prominent in his pages.

Whatever the merits and defects of the author's method, the resulting treatise is an excellent survey of the whole field of Celtic religion. No important phase of the subject is overlooked, and there are very few phases on which the reader cannot obtain satisfactory guidance in respect to facts and opinions. To say that many topics are treated inadequately is only to recognize the imperfect knowledge which scholars yet possess of the whole field of Celtic antiquities. Institutions and practices like the taboo (Irish *geis*), fasting against an enemy, or working destruction by satirical verse, are often dismissed by Dr. MacCulloch in a few sentences, though each topic would afford material for a monograph. But the evidence on many such subjects still remains to be collected from the voluminous literature of the Celts, and an author could hardly canvass it all single-handed. The sources of information are only half-accessible, and progress in investigation is necessarily slow.

Apart from the general plan and method of the work, many other features deserve praise. Dr. MacCulloch shows, on the whole, a full knowledge of the vast and widely scattered literature of his subject, and he can consequently be trusted to indicate very well the present state of opinion about the various questions he discusses. His preliminary observations, for example, on the racial mixture in the Celtic peoples and on the resulting complexity in their religion are sound and important. The breadth of his outlook is also to be commended. He makes constant comparison between the beliefs and customs of the Celts and those of other peoples, thus putting both in a clearer light. In insisting that cults and practices of a primitive or barbarous character are not always to be branded as non-Aryan, he corrects a frequent, though ill-grounded, assumption. When dealing, furthermore, with various matters of controversy, where his conclusions are not necessarily decisive, his discussions are usually cogent and profitable. Cases in point are his arguments on the existence of a general Celtic pantheon (pp. 124 ff.), on the supposed non-Celtic origin of the druids (pp. 296 ff.), and on the eschatological intepretation of the Celtic paradise (pp. 362 ff.).

In a treatise which is so largely concerned with recondite and disputed questions it would be easy, of course, to find points of disagreement with the author. But a collection of detailed criticisms is hardly worth while here. Speaking in a general way, we should say that Dr. MacCulloch might well have made a clearer statement than he did of the successive stages, as he conceives them, in the development of Celtic religion. The topical arrangement of the book rather obscures the general lines of such a development, and the author's view nowhere clearly appears. In the separate chapters, too, more attention might here and there have been paid to chronology in the arrangement of the materials. The reader is not always sure, as things stand, how much evidence for a given institution is ancient and how much is modern. Both the foregoing considerations concern rather the clearness of Dr. MacCulloch's presentation than the correctness of his teaching. His actual errors, or questionable statements of fact, so far as we have observed, are few, and they occur chiefly where linguistic information is involved. The general history of the Celtic languages Dr. MacCulloch seems to have mastered, though his exposition of it (at pp. 15 ff.) is a little huddled and obscure. But in relation to the whole philological side of his subject, we note the lack of references to the more recent authorities, such as the grammars of Thurneysen and Pedersen, or the "Thesaurus Palæohibernicus" of Stokes and Strachan; and in the handling of linguistic details the author is not quite free from inaccuracy. The older form of the Irish word for "druid" is *drui* and not *drai*, as given on p. 293. The discussion of Lochlarn, on p. 147, ignores the earliest form, *Lothlann*, and the etymological implications that it carries. And such spellings as *Kulhwych* and *Matholwych*, occurring repeatedly for *Kulhwch* and *Matholwch*, or "Transactions of the Society of Cymmrodor" for "Cymmrodorion," even if they are misprints, seem to betray a lack of acquaintance with Welsh. Finally, we should like to know why the St. Gall Incantation mentioned on p. 76 and p. 325 (in the former place with a wrong reference to *Irische Texte*, I, p. 56,) is described as a spell for making butter. The purpose of reciting the formula is clearly to remove a thorn, and the butter is used quite incidentally in the working of the charm.

White Mountain Trails. By Winthrop Packard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3 net.

Arrayed in what Lowell used to call an "edition de looks"—though the fifty somewhat murky illustrations are hardly in keeping—has appeared a book of White Mountain essays that will win a not altogether undeserved popularity. The essays are not travel papers, but are "nature essays" similar to those of Mr. Packard's earlier books. He has wandered from mid-May Chocorua to late-September Mt. Washington, that "highest altar of the Appalachian gods," noting with infinite gusto the trees and birds and butterflies and even the frogs and lichens; and he now reports his observations, in his customary sprightly vein, for the delectation of the "nature-lover." His eye is as acute as Mr. Burroughs's, and his style, though it has the taint of journalism, is quite as engaging. Seldom have our writers on nature displayed their knowledge so easily, almost unconsciously.

Indeed, Mr. Packard's close acquaintance with his subject leads him to a characteristic defect—his knowledge of nature lore is inclined to run away with him. To all appearances, it is impossible for a writer in this age to bestow his attention on the landscape without acquiring an unliterary interest in the facts of nature. "The cool, shadowy depths here," writes our author, "will always be marked in my mind as the place of great gray toads"—as if the cool depths were not more estimable than the toads therein! Elsewhere he remarks with wicked bravado, "All beetles look alike to me," which is hardly so ill as he implies; but before long, as he encounters "a score of varieties of diptera and hymenoptera," he utters the pious wish that he had at his service "a convocation of the Cambridge Entomological Society to name and describe them for me." And throughout the book he forces into the gasping mouth of the reader such strange morsels as *veratrum viride*, *grapta interrogationis*, and *eupatorium urticæfolium*, even when an agreeable English name is at hand. In scientific manuals, where accuracy is everything, these things are proper; in literary essays, where reality supersedes actuality, they are distinctly out of place. Homo, the only animal, after all, in which we are perennially interested, appears but rarely in Mr. Packard's book. It is by no means clear that the old-fashioned artists were absurd in placing a human figure in their landscapes. Whatever may be the case in painting, Bradford Torrey, in his "Footing It in Franconia," gained much by including human beings in his White-Mountain essays; and it is significant that Mr. Packard writes most effectively when he writes about himself, which he does only too sparingly.

So much of the book is devoted to little things—to butterflies and frail plants—that the reader is seldom brought to the mountains themselves. At intervals, to be sure, the author reaches a mountain top, whence he may see lake and forest and other crests; but his mode of description is too often a matter of names, as if he were a Cook's guide pointing out the various celebrated peaks. Once, indeed, he resists the climbing instinct, preferring to allow Moat Mountain to remain "a soft haze of half-reality," and somehow one feels closer to this mountain than if one had been conveyed to the top of it. Mr. Packard is himself aware of the comparative futility of mountain climbing; "It is the unclimbed peaks," he confesses after he has climbed most of them, "which are eternal." Sensations of giddiness and "uplift" we may enjoy at the crests, but we have lost the sense of calm that Nature demands if we would read her aright.

But if these White-Mountain papers are hardly successful as literary essays, they are nevertheless useful. They abound in information, and the information is, in general, so agreeably imparted that whoso fears the rigidity of handbooks will be enabled to know something of the birds and flowers and insects of the White Mountains without exertion. The book contains a serviceable index.

The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey. By Richard Davey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

The late Major Martin A. S. Hume has left a considerable group of disciples, who bid fair to perpetuate the sort of historical and biographical work which made their master so widely known. Mr. Davey is prominent among them, and the present volume, really a sequel to his "Nine Days Queen," which appeared three years ago, displays all the merits and defects characteristic of the "Romantic Biographies." It tells the story of the life of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married the sister of Henry VIII and became the grandfather of Lady Jane Grey, and then describes the unhappy careers of Lady Jane Grey's two sisters, Katherine and Mary, their marriages without Queen Elizabeth's consent, the intrigues that surrounded them, and their ruthless persecution by the sovereign who dreaded them as possible claimants to the Tudor throne. There is plenty of romance and adventure in these three lives, and when dull places occur Mr. Davey is perfectly willing to leave the path that has been marked out for him, and ramble off into irrelevant, though doubtless entertaining, accounts of royal marriages and Continental pageants. His book is intended for amusement rather than for instruction; it is neither good history nor biography; but it will doubtless serve to give a slight taste of Tudor courts and Tudor times to the increasingly large proportion of readers whose stomachs are too weak to digest standard works.

The book teems with careless errors and misprints, most of which occur in the earlier part, for Mr. Davey knows his Henry VIII far less well than his Elizabeth. It would be useless to enumerate all his divagations, but the following may be cited as examples: "Caistairs" for "Carstairs" (p. 10); "Reginald de la Pole" for "Edmund de la Pole" (p. 18, n. 1); "Louis XI" for "Louis XII" (p. 19); "epithalium" for "epithalamium" (p. 116). Neither "Thomas" nor "William" Cavendish wrote a life of Wolsey (p. 88); the biographer's name was "George." We would respectfully suggest that an obvious explanation of the "mysterious" favor shown by Wolsey to Brandon (pp. 56-7) is the Cardinal's desire to use him to counterbalance the influence of the Howards in the Council. And, finally, we think that Mr. Davey would do well if he refrained from attempting to advertise his own accuracy by dilating on the errors of Froude. That that great historian made (and atoned for) numerous minor slips, every student of Tudor history knows; in fact, it takes no very remarkable degree of acumen to discover them. But what renders Mr. Davey's arraignment of him peculiarly superfluous is the fact that the particular mistake (in regard to the date of Lady Mary Grey's marriage) which he goes out of his way to expatiate upon (p. 255) was perceived and corrected by Froude himself in a subsequent volume ("History of England," Vol. VIII, p. 204, n. 3; New York, 1868). *Non tali auxilio* does the true historian vindicate his learning.

Notes

Prof. C. E. Vaughan is editing, for the Cambridge University Press (Putnam), a collection of "The Political Writings of Rousseau."

Karl Gjellerup's romance, "The Pilgrim Kamanita," is soon to appear in an English translation (Dutton).

The same house has in press a new novel by Maarten Maartens—"Eve: The Story of Paradise Regained."

Williams & Norgate will publish in the autumn Vol. I of a catalogue of works on peace and international law in the Nobel Institute of Christiania.

Sir Rider Haggard's "Marie," announced for August by Longmans, Green, recounts the story of a boyhood love affair in Africa.

Letters from the late Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed will be issued in the autumn by Chatto & Windus. They are said to contain graphic pictures of interesting political situations, especially in the periods of the first and second Home Rule bills.

Theodore Dreiser has chosen a male character for the principal figure of his new novel, which will soon be published by Harpers.

Smith & Elder are bringing out a political novel by G. A. Birmingham—"The Red Hand of Ulster"—which attempts to say in advance what Ulster will do when the Home Rule bill is passed.

"The Moon Endureth: Tales and Fancies," is the title of a volume by the English author, John Buchan, which Sturgis & Walton publish next month.

In "Prophetical, Educational, and Playing Cards," Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer attempts to give a comprehensive history of cards; the book is announced by George W. Jacobs Co.

The Century Company's announcements include Dr. Maurice Francis Egan's "Everybody's St. Francis," with twenty illustrations by the French artist, Boutet de Monvel.

We have received from the American Library Association, Chicago, the "A. L. A. Catalog, 1904-1911." It contains 3,000 titles, compiled for a popular library, with notes and indexes, edited by Elva L. Bascom.

Four volumes have lately been added to Everyman's Library (Dutton). A reissue of Bolton King's "Life of Mazzini," which first appeared in 1902, has allowed the author to square his statements with the many letters of Mazzini which this interval of ten years has brought to light. Writings by William Canton fill another volume—"The Invisible Playmate," "W. V., Her Book," and "In Memory of W. V." They celebrate the life of a girl who died young, and picture a child's world with rare understanding. From the field of mediæval romance, the editors have now selected the chronicles of Wace and Layamon, both being rendered into modern English prose. As is well known, Layamon, shortly after 1200, freely adapted the Norman Wace's "Roman de Brut," which in turn handed down much of the lore of that great fountain-head of mediæval romance—Geoffrey of Monmouth. In their present convenient form, laymen may search them with profit for the rough beginnings of the chivalrous knights who sat at the Table Round. A fourth volume contains another mediæval work, "Piers Plowman." So far as we have examined it, Arthur Burrell's attempt to reproduce the original metre in modern English is as successful as was to be expected.

What is the significance of the recent output of novels and dramas concerned with the life of Christ and other figures of the New Testament? W. E. Mosher believes that it points towards a "pronounced religious trend in the cultural development of the immediate future." In his book called "The Promise of the Christ-Age in Recent Literature" (Putnam) he presents in support of this contention a somewhat extended account of the following works: Frenssen's "Hilligenlei," Lagerlöf's "Anti-Christ," Sudermann's "John," Rostand's "The Samaritan Woman," Widmann's "The Saint and the Animals," Andreyeff's "Judas Iscariot and the Others," Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," Fogazzaro's "The Saint," Pontopiddan's "The Promised Land," and Hauptmann's "The Fool in Christ." Here is a cloud of witnesses worthy of a more critical examination than they have undergone at the hands of Mr. Mosher. It should be obvious at a glance that the testimony of this various company cannot be unanimous. Fogazzaro's "Saint" points in one direction, and Sudermann's "John" in another. One reflects a religious movement; the other has no religious importance whatever. Mr. Mosher hints a doubt here and there as to whether the phenomenon under consideration is due to a socialistic or to a religious impulse, but he seems to overlook the æsthetic considerations altogether. If we are not mistaken, works like "John" and "The Samaritan Woman" and "The Fool in Christ" are attributable rather to the decay than to the reflorescence of religious faith. They indicate not that the New Testament is gaining new veneration as to the source of religious doctrines but that it has become attractive as the source of literary material, like the story of the Volsungs and the Nibelungenlied, with the additional advantage that it has not been exhausted by a William Morris or a Richard Wagner. Extend the inquiry a little and ask after the religious significance of Flaubert's "Temptation of Saint Antony" or Anatole France's "Thaïs." What does the pleasure of the music hall at the dance in "Salome" foretoken? In the sensuous imagination that curiously conjures up the "sweetheart of Jesus" and luxuriates in the sins of Magdalen we find but a dubious augury of a spiritual renaissance.

Francis Gribble, author of "George Sand and Her Lovers," "Rousseau and the Women He Loved," "The Romantic Life of Shelley," and other romances in history and biography, now comes forward with a characteristic tome entitled, "The Comedy of Catherine the Great" (Putnam). Mr. Gribble has now been so long before the public that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the literary virtues of a work which departs in no way from his familiar method. We find here the same brisk, journalistic presentation, the same smartness of interpretation, the alacrity in the invention of a speech or dialogue when documents are lacking, the same cynical clubman's wisdom, and the same tendency to lubricity that all lovers of Gribble have learned to look for. It may be said, however, that this book is rather less obnoxious to one's sensibilities than his various meddlings with the lives of the romantic men and women of letters. Unlike Rousseau and Shelley, for example, Catherine of Russia cannot be much hurt by the rehandling of a writer of scandalous memoirs. She is a representative of that moral world in which the author is thoroughly at home. In her personal habits and relations and in the smaller intrigues of the palace she offers no problem beyond the range of his sympathies and understanding. To the reader who finds history too heavy and biography too prolix, Mr. Gribble presents a tertium quid, which goes swiftly through the council-chamber and lingeringly down the back stairs.

> "Vous savez le latin, sans doute?"—
> "Oui, mais faites comme si je ne le savais pas."

This seductive legend from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is inscribed upon the title-page of a book which will commend itself to every lay linguist and amateur philologer—Prof. Ernest Weekley's "The Romance of Words" (Dutton). Here is a fairly rich collection—properly indexed—of the curiosities and surprises of English speech, so arranged as to illuminate such permanently fascinating topics as folk-etymology, phonetic accidents, popular coinage, family names, semantics, etc. Professor Weekley thinks that the special feature of his work is that "it deals essentially with the origin of words, and makes no attempt to enforce a moral." We should say rather that it is distinguished by containing a maximum of information with a minimum of talk, and, further, that its author, an etymological contributor to the "Oxford English Dictionary," has been able to draw more largely upon that great treasure-house than most of his predecessors. His book is, however, as he justly points out, by no means a mere compilation; he has brought new light to bear upon a score or so of words, and his illustrative quotations are almost entirely the fruit of his own reading. As a specimen of the browsing opened here to the curious gentle reader, we submit the following observation in the interesting chapter on Semantics: "In the United States refined society has succeeded in banning as improper the word 'leg,' which must now be replaced by *limb*, even when the possessor is a boiled fowl, and this refinement is not unknown in England." We hasten to assure the Professor that in the best society in the United States the host usually grins a little—in a refined way—when he offers his guest "a limb." Possibly that is also true even in England. We base our hope on the footnote to the passage just cited: "The colored ladies of Barbados appear to have been equally sensitive. 'Fate had placed me opposite to a fine turkey. I asked my partner if I should have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me indignantly, and said: "Curse your impudence, sar; I wonder where you larn manners. Sar, I take a lilly turkey *bosom*, if you please."' (*Peter Simple*.)"

Gilbert E. Roe's little book, "Our Judicial Oligarchy" (Huebsch), despite Senator La Follette's commendatory introduction, makes a rather painful impression. There is no question of the writer's sincerity. But he wears the air of an advocate. He seems to have set out to make a case—from a too meagre array of facts, too partially studied, to indict a whole system. His main contention is that judges have "usurped" the power to declare laws unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. Next comes, according to Mr. Roe, the disallowing of statutes simply because the judges "disapprove the policy of such legislation." They also read their own views into enactments which come before them, and so set themselves up as lawmakers. Likewise, they "think in the terms of the rich and powerful." Hence the growing distrust of the courts, hence the movement for the recall of judges. To this the author gives his assent, though from another idea, "supported by some men of prominence"—that is, the recall of judicial decisions—he dissents emphatically, as being "absolutely destructive of the Constitution." The whole is more a political tract than a reasoned discussion. Certainly the sweeping assertions of the author require a much larger body of supporting evidence, much more carefully analyzed than Mr. Roe here gives us, before they can be accepted by prudent men. To his chief argument, a needed corrective comes in Prof. Charles A. Beard's volume, "The Supreme Court and the Constitution" (Macmillan). This is an expansion of an article of his in the *Political Science Quarterly*, and is a sifting of the contemporary documents, and the sayings and known opinions of the men most influential in framing the Constitution, all going to show that the power of the courts to declare laws invalid which conflicted with the supreme law of the land was distinctly contemplated from the first—indeed, was regarded as an essential part of the new frame of government. Professor Beard effectively throws to the ground the notion of "usurpation," and with it, of course, falls the larger part of Mr. Roe's book.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1912 marks the twenty-third year of issue of this compendium of philanthropy in the British Isles. More than 700 of its 950 pages are taken up with a directory of institutions, impressive by its very mass. More readable is the series of thirteen chapters preceding these lists, and dealing with The Volume of Charity, The National Insurance Act and the Voluntary Hospitals, Hospital Finance, etc. It is calculated that the income of charitable institutions in Great Britain and Ireland, from all sources, is above $60,000,000, or about the size of the Swedish national budget. This is an increase in sixteen years of 50 per cent. in ordinary income and in legacies, while gifts for special purposes have grown fourfold. The chapter on The United States, Canada, Australasia, and India notes that "the better managed hospitals of the United States are gradually waking up to the necessity for some uniform system of keeping their accounts," but that in general our hospital accounts "are at present in a somewhat chaotic condition." There is small room for gratification over the remark in the preface: "We are experiencing increasing difficulties in getting accurate returns from the United States of America." The conditions suggested by these comments ought to be remedied without delay. They do little credit to that spirit of philanthropy which is one of our proudest boasts. The year-book is up to its usual standard of completeness and accuracy. The index covers seventy pages.

For the second edition of Prof. L. Oppenheim's work on "International Law" (Longmans, Green), the text of the first edition has been thoroughly revised, and a number of new topics have been added. While the book is primarily intended as a textbook, it is thorough in the discussion of even the most complicated subjects. One of its great merits is the clearness with which the problems are stated, and the avoidance of mere scholastic controversies. One exception to this rule may be noted where the author brings up the question whether international law is law in the strict sense of the word. He answers it in the affirmative, and criticises the draft convention prepared by the second Hague Peace Conference, in that it proposes the establishment of a Judicial Arbitration Court, which could give awards *ex æquo et bono*, instead of an International Court of Justice, which should decide all questions submitted to it by strictly judicial decision of the legal questions involved. But one of the essential elements of the definition of law proposed by the author is that it can be enforced by external power. He also admits that "the States have to take the law into their own hands." Self-help and intervention are the means to be employed. It may be urged against this that taking the law into one's own hands, without any previous adjudication by an impartial tribunal as to the merits of the case, is an absolute negation of legal procedure, and that a rule which can be enforced only in that way is "law" merely in the sense that we speak of the unwritten law or of lynch law. But, apart from this, there can be no question that by far the greater number of the disputes which arise between nations cannot be decided according to any legal principle. Intervention in the internal affairs of other States on the ground of humanity, or to preserve the balance of power, is not strictly a matter of right, according to Professor Oppenheim, but is excusable and not contrary to the law of nations. Like our own Monroe Doctrine it is purely a question of policy. Treaties, although by their nature unnotifiable, may be disregarded if they conflict with the development or growth of a nation. If, however, all disputes arising out of the exercises of these rights are to be excluded from arbitration merely because they cannot be decided according to strictly legal principles, the future for the peaceful solution of international differences will be dark, indeed.

It is hard to see what prospect of honor or profit could have induced an American publisher to produce an English translation of Baroness von Hedemann's "My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe" (Putnam). The Prince was a leading Bavarian statesman who played a useful part in the work of German unification. But, although he is said to have drawn much strength and inspiration from the author of this book, there is nothing in it which throws the least light upon his public career. Nor, to tell the truth, does it aid us much as students of the psychology of such inspirational processes. Like many another cold and reasoning German with a practical grasp of affairs, Prince Hohenlohe evidently had his sentimental side and a turn for mystical revery and emotional expression. To indulge this expansive part of his temperament, he wished a companion, and, although married, he found one in the Baroness von Hedemann, the daughter of a Cossack nobleman, and the divorced wife of a banker, living in seclusion in Munich. There was never any secrecy about the relationship, though at one time the Prince's political opponents threatened to make a troublesome scandal out of it, and the lady was transferred for a time to a neighboring city. She remained his confidant till the end of his life, and she was doubtless closely in touch with public affairs. She even, on one occasion, she says, performed a delicate diplomatic mission for Bismarck. But one will search this book in vain for a single indication of the qualities of mind from which two such statesmen might be expected to derive moral and intellectual support, or that could have attracted a brilliant circle of men of letters to her entourage. She prints with perfect composure letters and speeches full of flattering allusions to her personal charms, and introduces the reader with the utmost intimacy into every phase of her private life with the Prince. All is retailed with an amazing want of taste or discretion, and without even the poor palliation of literary art or acute analysis of emotion; for, judging, at least, by the English translation, the style is as banal and the method as thin and ineffective as the matter is insipid and insignificant.

George Coffey's "New Grange and Other Incised Tumuli in Ireland" (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.) is substantially a reprint of articles contributed by Mr. Coffey several years ago to the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy and the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland. But the text is considerably modified, and new illustrations have been added to those which accompanied the original articles. The material, moreover, is of such unusual interest that historians and archæologists will be glad to have it conveniently accessible in a separate publication. The book, as now issued, is a complete and substantial work of more than a hundred pages. It contains careful descriptions, with admirable plans and photographs of the burial mounds at New Grange (*Brugh na Boinne*) and several other ancient Irish sites; a discussion of the *testimonia* concerning these cemeteries in early Irish literature; and, in particular, a comparison of the Irish rock-decorations with those found in other parts of Europe. Several conclusions of general interest are drawn concerning the meaning of the decorative types and the history of their transmission. The similarity of the Irish rock-carvings to many preserved in Crete or at Mycenæ is a matter of common knowledge. But the interpretation of their meaning is quite uncertain, and opinions differ even on the fundamental question whether the figures are purely geometrical or are the conventionalized outgrowths of representative drawings. Mr. Coffey would associate most of them with solar worship, though he does not press his theory. The most characteristic designs on the New Grange stones are spirals, which Mr. Coffey, in keeping with the usual opinion, holds to be the forerunners of the concentric circles and semicircles found on many monuments. But a different theory of the relation of the two groups of figures has been recently set forth by the eminent French archæologist, M. Déchelette, and his article (in *L'Anthropologie* for Jan.-Feb., 1912) is in several respects an important continuation of Mr. Coffey's investigations. In dealing with the route of transmission of the spiral design, where Mr. Coffey takes issue completely with the traditional view, he seems to be in the right. He holds that the form in question came to Ireland from Scandinavia rather than from France or England, and that the examples found at Gavr-Inis, in Brittany, follow rather than precede in date those on Irish soil. The distribution of the monuments strongly favors this theory, and it is likely to prevail.

"Egyptian Æsthetics" (Open Court) is an appreciation of what the traveller in Egypt may see if he have eyes, and feel if he have apprehension. In it one does not look for a Baedeker-like accuracy as to details, nor for the precise information which belongs to a history. It is rather an interpretation, a recording of impressions, a stimulus to the sightseer to use his powers of vision, and a reproach to the negligent that he failed to perceive all that was there. The descriptive powers of the author, Rene Francis, are quite remarkable.

In "The China Year Book" (Dutton), two Anglo-Chinese journalists, H. T. Montague Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead, have brought together a mass of figures dealing with natural resources, trade, and finance. There is a detailed account of the system of public justice that is taken up entirely with procedure, and is of doubtful utility. Unfortunately, the very complete account of proposed Imperial reforms which the authors have been at pains to draw up, has been rendered obsolete by the late revolution and the establishment of the Chinese Republic.

The death is reported from Denver of Bishop Henry White Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the age of eighty-one. Bishop Warren published several books, among them "Sights and Insights," "The Lesser Hymnal," "The Bible in the World's Education," "Among the Forces," and two popular treatises on astronomy.

Science

In the early autumn the Yale University Press will publish: "Stellar Motions," by William Wallace Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory; "The Problems of Genetics," by William Bateson, director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution, Surrey, England, and "The Doctrine of Irritability," by Prof. Max Verworn of the University of Bonn.

Simon B. Elliott, for many years a practical student of reasonable forestry, has given in his "Important Timber Trees of the United States" (Houghton Mifflin) a useful handbook which is well adapted to those whom he calls on his title-page "laymen in forestry." The book is hardly suited to class-work, because it is not sufficiently formal in its construction or treatment, but it is thoroughly readable and appears to be trustworthy in its advice. It is to be regretted that the author has not availed himself a little more freely of the stores of information in Professor Sargent's works and in Hough's handbook. The photographic representations are well selected and are of a high order.

No partiality for Bergson need be implied in the judgment that Hugh S. R. Elliot's "Modern Science and the Illusions of Professor Bergson" (Longmans) is a stupid performance, the character of which is not relieved by the preface in which Sir E. Ray Lankester tells us gravely that, of course, everybody knows that metaphysics is nonsense. Mr. Elliot is the editor of "The Letters of John Stuart Mill," and his reflections upon the theory of science seem to have ceased at the point marked by Mill's Logic. His point of view is a perfect illustration of scientific dogmatism. His favorite mode of refuting Bergson is to roar out: "I fail to see it: produce your facts"—as if it were a question of fact rather than of the interpretation of fact. But only three of the seven chapters have any close relevance to Bergson. The other four are essays on the province and progress of philosophy, the learning for which was acquired from Lewes's "History of Philosophy" and Lange's "History of Materialism." The real "illusion" is that the book should be conceived to be the proper reply of science to Bergson.

For a book of its size, W. H. Jordan's "Principles of Human Nutrition" (Macmillan) is exceedingly good. The author, the director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, makes no pretence of authority or originality, but has drawn liberally and wisely from many good sources, and, quite unlike some writers on these topics, has used his material with excellent judgment. Wherever we have looked at the disputed questions, for example, the problem of the purin bodies and of vegetarianism, we have found the discussions illuminating, as well as full of judicious discrimination concerning what we know and what we guess at. The book is elementary in character, and is written for students who have not specialized in organic or biological chemistry. For such and for the general reader it may be highly recommended as a thoroughly good outline of practical dietetics. In the very rational chapter on milk, the point is well made that, while the public sale of milk is much safeguarded as between the milkman and the purchaser, the individual as the actual, in fact, the ultimate, consumer in the hotel or restaurant or boarding-house has little or no protection

We recently called attention in these columns to the appearance of an English translation of selected essays on insect life by the French philosopher-naturalist, J. H. Fabre. There is now at hand another volume of twenty-one essays by this remarkable observer, translated by Bernard Miall, under the title "Social Life in the Insect World" (Century). The selections treat the life-histories and habits of the cicada, the curious praying mantis, the golden scarabæus, crickets, the Sisyphus beetle, the bee-hunting Philanthus, the emperor and the banded moths, and various species of weevils. Especially detailed and valuable are the extended experiments on the alluring powers of females of certain moths. A single specimen of the giant peacock moth, kept under wire-gauze cover for eight nights, attracted a total of one hundred and fifty males, a stupendous number when the comparative rarity of the species in Fabre's neighborhood is considered. The odor emitted by the nubile female must be of extreme subtlety. Though it is imperceptible to our own olfactory sense-organs, a series of observations showed that when the wind had been blowing for a week from the north, the males hastening to the prisoner all entered the garden from that direction. In other words, "a powerful current of air, sweeping away all particles that might inform the sense of smell, does not prevent the moths arriving from a direction opposite to that taken by the effluvial stream, as we understand such matters." Like all of Fabre's writings, those here chosen abound in original observations, presented in a most vivacious manner. The translation, on the whole, is excellent, though one is struck by the use of *cigale* instead of the good English word "cicada," and the frequent use of the word "butterfly," in referring to the moths described, might better have been avoided. The legend of plate three has been confused, and "lob-worm" of plate seven and of the text, page 112, is not a lob-worm, but, as the original has it, "le ver de terre," the common earthworm. The plates are excellent, and the binding and whole make-up of the book are attractive. It should be welcomed by all lovers of nature, for in Fabre's writings we have combined keenness of observation and interpretation, a genial philosophy, and a polished and fascinating style.

D. C. Heath & Co. publish a "Text Book" and a "Laboratory Manual of Physics" for preparatory schools, by C. E. Linebarger of the Lake View High School, Chicago. Both of these books can be recommended. The textbook is unusually broad in treatment and accurate in statement. The discussion of abstract mechanics has been displaced, from its customary position at the beginning, by the experimental properties of matter. This is evidently done to arouse the interest of the student from the start, and to lead him gradually to the more thorny theory of mechanics. The laboratory manual has its pages perforated and punched so that they may be detached and filed in a loose-leaf note book. The exercises are well chosen and developed. Adverse criticism will probably be made, not on separate parts of these books, but rather on the treatment as a whole. It is a question whether preparatory textbooks should try to cover so large a subject as the whole range of physics. Certainly, the intellectual training would be attained better by putting emphasis on selected topics. But in this country, the secondary schools are engaged in teaching, for the most part, pupils whose education ends with them, and the schools aim to give facts rather than discipline.

Music and Drama

A revised edition of "The Music Lovers' Cyclopedia," by Rupert Hughes, will be issued in the autumn by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Oscar Hammerstein has never produced a work by Wolf-Ferrari; yet it is to Mr. Hammerstein that that half-German, half-Italian composer owes his present prominence. It was Hammerstein who proved that it pays to mount new operas. His success caused a diligent search for new operas all over Europe by both the Metropolitan and Mr. Dippel. It so happened that Wolf-Ferrari had several to offer. They were produced in New York and Chicago with success—rather more success, indeed, than they deserved; and now that composer has entered the race with Mascagni, Puccini, and Leoncavallo.

Unfortunately, Wolf-Ferrari seems to have made up his mind to rival Mascagni and Leoncavallo in productivity, a method of work that cannot but harm him in the long run. From Venice comes the news that he is at work on three new operas at once! One is a setting of Molière's "Le Malade imaginaire"; the second, "Miss Figaro," which is to have only one act; the third, a comic opera entitled "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Rumor is persistent, says the London *Times*, that "the last Handel festival has now been held, and for the most decisive, if not the best, reason that it is ceasing to pay." It urges, however, one more try.

Mahler's eighth symphony, which requires a thousand players and singers for performance, is not only being produced all over Germany and Austria, but will probably be heard in Paris and London next season with the same chorus that sang it in Berlin, and with the Philharmonic Orchestra of that city.

Mahler's ninth symphony had its first performance anywhere in Vienna during the musical festival of July. Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic Orchestra had rehearsed it carefully, and it was received with much enthusiasm. Like Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic," it ends with a slow movement. The first is an energetic allegro, the second a slow Austrian waltz (ländler), the third a rondo full of grim humor and burlesque details, amid which the euphony is not always preserved. On the whole, it made the impression on Dr. Moritz Scheyer of being head music rather than heart music like Mahler's eighth. He was struck by the feverish activity of the composer's brain in the working out of details. In the dissonantal orgies of the rondo Mahler may have had in mind his enemies as Strauss did, avowedly, in one part of his "Heldenleben." The concluding adagio symbolizes the resignation of the composer to his fate.

The Bach-Jahrbuch for 1911 has just been published by Breitkopf & Härtel. It contains articles on the history of Passion performances in Leipzig, the symbolism of keys in Bach's time, the St. Luke Passion, the use of the viola da gamba, and a list of the mediæval musical instruments in the Bach house at Eisenach.

While Brahms was always coy about writing letters, he nevertheless penned a considerable number in the course of his busy life. Seven volumes of them have already been published by the Deutsche Brahms Gesellschaft, in Berlin. The first two contain the letters to Herzogenberg and his wife; the third, his letters to Max Bruch, Carl Reinthaler, Ernst Rudorff, Bernhard and Luise Scholz, and others; the fourth, those addressed to J. O. Grimm. Joachim was the recipient of a sufficient number of letters from his bosom friend to fill, with the replies included, two volumes. The seventh volume, edited by Dr. Leopold Schmidt, contains the correspondence with Hermann Levi, Friedrich Gernsheim, and the families, Hecht and Fellinger. In each volume the answers of his friends are given, and usually they take up more space than Brahms's letters, who was seldom as diffuse as he is in his compositions.

Leoncavallo's latest move is to pose as a Viennese operetta composer. Having failed to duplicate the success of his "I Pagliacci," he has written a comic operetta entitled "La reginetta delle rose," which was well received at its recent production in Florence. The plot is concerned with the revolution in Portugal and the King's love affairs, and the music is said to sound a good deal as if the composer of "The Merry Widow" had written it.

Another English composer has been deemed worthy of attention in Germany. Berlin has undertaken to produce, in September, "König Harlequin," by George H. Chitsam.

Montreal will have a season of opera lasting twelve weeks. The same company will give three weeks to Toronto, one to Quebec, and one to Ottawa. By an arrangement with the Boston Opera Company the management will be able to present some of the operas, notably "Aïda" and "Thaïs," with exceptionally fine scenery. The repertory includes twelve French and eight Italian operas, as follows: French—"Louise," "Thaïs," "Hérodiade," "La Vivandière," "Cendrillon," "Le Jongleur," "Carmen," "Faust," "Romeo et Juliette,"

BURLINGA
PUBLIC
LIB.

"Lakmé," "Pêcheurs de Perles," "Zaza." Italian—"Aida," "Trovatore," "Tosca," "Bohême," "Butterfly," "Barbiere," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria."

The long and honorable services of W. Carew Hazlitt to literature as editor and antiquarian are well known, but from the point of view of the Shakespearean student we fail to see the *raison d'être* of the new issue of his "Shakespeare, Himself and His Work: A Biographical Study" (Bernard Quaritch), which is described on the title-page as "Fourth edition, entirely recast, with important additions." Anything more intolerably rambling and unsystematic it would be difficult to find in biographical literature. The ascertained facts of the poet's life are, of course, few enough, but Mr. Hazlitt makes up for the deficiency by a perfect deluge of fanciful hypotheses which are developed with an interminable discursiveness. The most pardonable, perhaps, are those which identify the rival poet of the sonnets with Bartholomew Griffin, author of "Fidessa, More Chaste Than Kind" (1596) and "the only begetter" of these poems, W. H., with a William Hammond of Nonnington, Kent, although neither is supported by evidence of any weight. If in the Fiftieth Sonnet Shakespeare speaks of riding horseback, this is taken as proof that he came to London in this way, when he began his career as a dramatist; or if the expression, "false gallop," occurs in "As You Like It," our author is inclined to imagine "that the treacherous step of his horse, on some occasion, led to a serious casualty." Mr. Hazlitt identifies Shakespeare with Hamlet and Yorick with Tarlton, the actor; so, as Hamlet says of Yorick, "He hath borne me on his back a thousand times," and as, on the other hand, there is no reason to believe that Tarlton was ever at Stratford, he jumps confidently to the conclusion that Shakespeare paid a visit to London in his boyhood. The Hathaways suffer especially at Mr. Hazlitt's hands. He does not believe that the poet ever saw his wife on his visits to Stratford or in any event ever stayed under the same roof with her. He even suggests the suspicion that she was living in a state of adultery. Mr. Hazlitt's animosity, however, extends also to Shakespeare's sister-in-law, Catherine Hathaway, of whom we know, of course, nothing whatever, and he advances the idea that the poet's dislike for this lady gave him an aversion even for her name.

In view of such biographical methods as these, it is, perhaps, a minor offence that our author should so often appropriate the results of recent research without acknowledgment to the scholars concerned. The omission, however, is particularly striking, inasmuch as Mr. Hazlitt is uncommonly profuse in references to his own productions. Among those who have reason to complain of such omissions are Dr. C. W. Wallace—whose name, to be sure, is mentioned, though not in connection with the most interesting of his discoveries, the Mountjoy affair—Sir Sidney Lee, Dr. W. W. Greg, and A. W. Pollard—the last two in the matter of the 1619 quartos with forged dates. Harold Fuller is more fortunate than most, inasmuch as in the notes on "Romeo and Juliet," though not named, he is at least referred to as "an American gentleman." The work has no merits of literary appreciation to offset the defects just commented on. The Sonnets, for instance, are condemned as "poor and weak." "The Tempest" is "quite long enough to have borne some curtailment." Mr. Hazlitt gives a measure of his critical capacity when he says that "the constituent parts of [Tennyson's] 'Maud' are susceptible of rearrangement or redistribution at pleasure." We find here repeated with the usual exaggeration the old reproach against the early eighteenth century of being indifferent to Shakespeare's work. But if this is true, what is the point of Pope's lines?

Shakespeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will.

One might cite, likewise, the encomiums of Fielding, never surpassed in their warmth, to say nothing of others. But even in the *Spectator* Shakespeare is frequently referred to and always as a standard classic. For our own part, when Addison says: "It shows a greater genius in Shakespeare to have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar; the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation," he evinces, in our judgment, both sympathy and discernment in a far higher degree than Mr. Hazlitt shows in the following gem of criticism: "This character [Caliban] is not an attractive one, and in some of the language which is put into his mouth, the revolting coarseness jars with the ideal simplicity and purity of Miranda. One can scarcely avoid regretting that a passage or two was not omitted."

Art

AT THE TATE GALLERY.

London, July 19.

Change is the order of the day in England, and it has reached even the national galleries and museums. There was a time when enterprise was about the last thing to be expected from them, and, as you left them on your last visit, so you found them on your next. But directors and curators are beginning to learn that their position has not been awarded to them as an agreeable retirement for their old age, and they are as a consequence making a surprising show of activity. This is especially the case at the Tate Gallery, where, for some months past, there has been a succession of loan exhibitions, Charles Aitken, the new director, no doubt, feeling the necessity of keeping up the reputation he earned at the Whitechapel Gallery as a purveyor of popular entertainment—a reputation to which he probably owes his present promotion from the East of London to the West. First, at the Tate, came the Alfred Stevens Show—the English Alfred Stevens; then the Pre-Raphaelites, the Birmingham Gallery in the moment of building having lent its celebrated and fairly complete collection; next followed Alphonse Legros, who is known, except to the few, so much less in his own work than in that of his pupils; and now Legros is succeeded by Whistler, just why it is not easy to explain.

This list might almost suggest that not chance but repentance had inspired the choice. It is, at least, a curious coincidence that so many of the artists represented are those who were officially slighted and overlooked in their own day. The case of Alfred Stevens was, some years after his death, worked up into a public scandal. The fate of the Pre-Raphaelites the world by this time knows to the most minute detail, into such an excellent advertisement was the world's first abuse of them quickly turned. Legros, obscure and virtually forgotten in his suburb, lived to see pupil after pupil recognized at the Royal Academy and in other official places, though he continued until the end an "outsider." The prejudice Whistler had to face all his life is now an old story.

Whistler, who was not given to turning the other cheek to the oppressor, resented this prejudice, and, in his resentment, expressed his desire that no picture of his should ever find a place in an English gallery. It is one of the little, or big, ironies of life that, hardly had death silenced his protests, before he received the distinction he so little coveted, or rather so strongly objected to; and his Old Battersea Bridge found a permanent place in a national collection, while within a very few years an exhibition of his work has been made the special attraction at the National Gallery of British Art. Nor does the show offer any obvious reason for this indifference to his wishes. The Memorial Exhibition, held seven years ago, was much more complete, much more important. It should seem almost as if there could have been no reason for getting together the present collection at the present moment, unless to prove how much, or how little, of his work remains in Great Britain since Americans, once they discovered it, began to buy it up. But if this were the reason, the result has not been entirely successful. Whistler's earliest period is represented by At the Piano, but then La Mère Gérard, which Swinburne owned, is still in England. Miss Alexander, whose beauty never fades, familiar as it has grown by reproduction, is the one large full-length portrait; but the Carlyle is still the property of Glasgow; the two memorable full-lengths of Lady Meux have not yet left the country, and I have not heard that the Mrs. Hutt and the beautiful, almost unknown, Mrs. Leyland have passed into American collections, though so much mystery attends some of these transactions that one can never be too sure; all are pictures, and there are others of perhaps lesser note, that would at the same time have strengthened the exhibition at the Tate, and given a better idea of the number of Whistlers that have not been drawn from out the hands of their British owners, across the Atlantic, by the irresistible force of the American collector's millions.

However, it is always a pleasure to see a collection of Whistlers, complete or incomplete—always a pleasure to see again the most splendid of his masterpieces; and some of his masterpieces are to be seen among the thirty-eight paintings, pastels, and water-colors that now fill Room V at the Tate, where, unfortunately, no space is left for any of his etchings or lithographs. It is well that the attention of Americans should be called to the exhibition, for, as it is to remain open until October, many who are coming abroad this year will have the opportunity of visiting it and of studying and enjoying pictures which are not likely to be exhibited in America soon, if, indeed, ever, again. Here are not only At the Piano and Miss Alexander, but The Little White Girl, as perfect as it is famous; the Valparaiso—Twilight on the Ocean, one of the long series in which Whistler revealed to a blind world the true loveliness of evening and twilight, of night and moonlight; others as memorable of the same series: Mr. Alexander's Nocturne and Mr. Studd's, and the beautiful Old Battersea Bridge from the permanent collection of the Tate Gallery; the early Battersea Bridge—Brown and Silver, that belongs to Edmund Davis, also has a place. And there are characteristic examples of the marvellous little seas and the studies of children he painted in his later years; there are several of those charming pastels of delicately draped figures; there are a few water-colors; and there is one very interesting study of three women in flowing drapery that I have never seen before, but the balcony where they are grouped, with the view beyond of the opposite shores of Battersea, suggests that it belongs to the period of the painting called The Balcony, one of the series known as his Japanese pictures.

I make no attempt to describe in detail these different works. The most important have been described many times; in fact, few old masters have been so honored—or dishonored—by description, as Whistler. But the occasion is too interesting to be passed altogether in silence, partly because of the belated official attempt at reparation which Whistler, foreseeing, protested against; partly because of the opportunity to study him in so many moods and phases, in so many mediums and manners. Certainly, it is interesting enough to make one regret the carelessness of the small catalogue that is given free to the visitor. If a fee for it would have entailed more care, I doubt if many people would have grudged the expense. It is hard to understand why some pictures, the best known, should be entered with elaborate notes, and others, the least known, with no notes at all, except that exact notes for all would have meant more research, which means more trouble. It is a distinct mistake to say that an American critic in 1867 wrote of The Little White Girl, exhibited in the Universal Exposition at Paris: "A powerful female with red hair and a vacant stare in her soulless eyes"; it was of The White Girl, a very different picture, hung in the American section of the Exposition, that this was written. The mistake already has been widely repeated by the art critics of the British press. It is thus by official carelessness that history is perverted. It is misleading to say of The Artist's Studio, lent by the Dublin Gallery, that "another version of this picture . . . was lent to the Memorial Exhibition organized by the International Society . . . in 1905." The other "version" referred to was the painting then in Douglas Freshfield's possession, now in the Chicago Art Institute, and it is perfectly well known that doubt has been cast—even by Whistler—upon the Dublin version. If mistakes can be made officially so soon after an artist's death, what faith can we put in the modern "expert" and his exact knowledge of masters dead centuries ago?

N. N.

John Alsop Paine, formerly curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, died on Wednesday of last week at the age of seventy-two. He wrote a number of handbooks and treatises on art, and was also interested in various Oriental and scientific subjects.

Finance

THE DECLINE OF SPECULATION.

Speculators in Wall Street keenly appreciated both the quality and manner of the retort made last week by a returning financier upon a newspaper reporter who bothered him with questions down the Bay. "Young man," the reporter said the financier said, "I don't know and I don't think." Though the speculators had long previously attained to that utter blankness of mind, they could not have believed a great financier to be in the same intellectual plight. On the contrary, they had been looking forward to his return as an event of some consequence to the stock market. On the day following, the tape offered nothing new, there was no increase in transactions, and people were in the same uncertainty as before whether to buy stocks on the fine crop prospects or to sell them on the "political situation." For three months there has been first one pretext and then another upon which to defer speculation, until the cumulative effects of Stock Exchange dulness are now becoming acute. Brokers lament the absence of business, speculators the absence of speculation, and bond dealers the absence of investment buying, all in terms so sweeping that one might think there was literally no business done in Wall Street.

It is then surprising to find from the record of a half-year's financing that new security issues in the six months to the end of June surpassed all previous half-year records, and exceeded the record of the corresponding half of 1911 by $327,000,000. As speculators complain most loudly of the present state of things, and as speculators deal principally in stocks, it is further surprising to find that of the increase of $327,000,000 in security issues in the six months ended June 30 above the corresponding six months of the preceding year, $185,000,000 represented an increased output of stocks.

By every measure save that of Stock Exchange activity, there has been more business in Wall Street since the first of the year than ever before. The Stock Exchange record furnishes a strong contrast. The number of shares dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange from the first of the year to the close of last week, and in the corresponding time of previous years, has been approximately as follows:

	Shares.		Shares.
1912......	76,000,000	1906......	158,088,197
1911......	57,901,925	1905......	147,182,995
1910......	106,891,609	1904......	60,732,084
1909......	107,982,244	1903......	94,057,898
1908......	90,452,764	1902......	98,823,522
1907......	124,880,744	1901......	187,299,850

Thus, Stock Exchange sales so far this year have been, with two exceptions, the smallest in twelve years. The excepted years were 1904, when the market was slowly recovering from the effects of the long 1903 decline, and last year, when the state of things was less unsatisfactory to speculators than now only in degree. The evidence is that, while Wall Street's work of producing and distributing securities has continually increased, reaching actually in the first six months of this year a new high record, Stock Exchange speculation, as expressed in terms of activity, has tended to decline. One explanation is that Stock Exchange speculation comes and goes, in eccentric cycles, and is not otherwise to be accounted for.

But it may be asked whether, in the decline of the ratio of Stock Exchange activity to the actual production and distribution of securities, there is not a reflection of a change in method. The methods of distribution have changed, to some extent, almost everywhere else in the last ten years. Conspicuous among the new flotations this year have been the shares of new industrial companies, representing the incorporation of old firms and trade-marks and legends, nearly always with a large addition for good will. Formerly flotations of that sort went directly to the Stock Exchange, and manipulators were engaged to distribute the shares to the public, with the assistance of professional speculators. The United States Steel Corporation's shares, for instance, were distributed to the public via the Stock Exchange, and that achievement helped greatly to swell the volume of 1901 Stock Exchange transactions. Nowadays it is differently done in very many cases. A syndicate is formed to underwrite the new securities, which are then offered to the public on subscription. Afterward, a New York Stock Exchange listing may or may not be applied for. Houses of issue place new securities either directly with investors or with dealers who reach the investor, and no assistance is required from speculators. In brief, it has been found possible on a pretty large scale to create and merchandise securities without the assistance of speculation, whereas formerly it was thought that it was not feasible to distribute securities, except by fomenting a speculation in them.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Asakawa, K. Some of the Contributions of Feudal Japan to the New Japan. (Reprint from the Journal of Race Development. Vol. 3.)

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Year Book for 1911. Washington.

Craies, Euterpe. Recipes from East and West. Dutton. $1 net.

Dall, W. H. New Species of Landshells from the Panama Canal Zone. Smithsonian Institution. Washington.

Day, Holman. The Red Lane. Harper. $1.35 net.

Demosthenes' Public Orations, translated by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. 2 vols. Frowde.

Edwardes, E. T., and Haité, G. C. Side-Lights of Nature in Quill and Crayon. Second edition. Dutton. $1 net.

Foster, William. The English Factories in India, 1637-1641. Frowde.

Halifax, R. The Borderland; Low Society. Dutton. $1.35 net, each.

Hall, G. S. Founders of Modern Psychology. Appleton. $2.50 net.

Haverfield, F. The Study of Ancient History in Oxford: A Lecture. Frowde.

Hegel's Doctrine of Formal Logic. Introduction and notes by H. S. Macran. Frowde.

Hill, G. F. Some Palestinian Cults in the Græco-Roman Age. Frowde.

Horace, The Odes of. Books I-IV. Translated into English Verse by W. S. Marris. Frowde.

Jack, A. F. An Introduction to the History of Life Assurance. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Lillie, Arthur. Râma and Homer. Dutton. $1.75 net.

Loeb, Jacques. The Mechanistic Conception of Life: Biological Essays. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Morris, Charles. History of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Mosher, E. M. Health and Happiness: A Message to Girls. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX, Sleep-Sniggle. Frowde. $1.25.

Oxford University Handbook. Revised to June, 1912. Frowde.

Page, L. W. Roads, Paths, and Bridges. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.

Palgrave, F. T. The Golden Treasury. Edited for the use of schools by W. P. Trent and J. Erskine. Boston: Ginn.

Pali Text Society publications. The Mahavamsa, or the Great Chronicle of Ceylon, translated into English by W. Geiger. Frowde.

Phillips, H. A. The Plot of the Short Story. Larchmont, N. Y.: Stanhope-Dodge Pub. Co. $1 net.

Robinson, Victor. An Essay on Hasheesh. Medical Review of Reviews. 50 cents.

Roccatagliata, R. Come si pagano le Imposte e le Tasse in Italia? Seconda edizione. Milan: Hoepli.

Stewart, M. M. Greyhound Fanny. Chicago: Donnelley & Sons.

Voltaire, Contes de. Edited by H. W. Preston. (Modern French Series.) Frowde.

Welles, F. C. Principles of Social Development. Second edition. Bucks, England: The Author.

"One needs to read a work such as this to get a real picture of the Middle Ages and of feudalism. . . Such conditions. . . seem like fiction. . . . The wonderful thirteenth century was wonderful in France as in other parts of Europe. The author does not neglect any side of the social life which he is portraying. We get in this book a living picture of the everyday life of the priest, student, canon, bishop, monk, noble, noble dame, the peasants and burghers." —*Boston Transcript.*

Luchaire's SOCIAL FRANCE

In the Time of Philip Augustus. Translated by Dr. E. B. Krehbiel. viii +441 pp. 8vo. $3.00 net; by mail $3.16.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.

DICTIONARIES TO FAMOUS AUTHORS
$3.00 net per volume

A DICKENS DICTIONARY
By ALEXANDER J. PHILIP
A THACKERAY DICTIONARY
By ISADORE G. MUDGE
A DICTIONARY of the WAVERLEY NOVELS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
By M. F. A. HUSBAND
A THOMAS HARDY DICTIONARY
with 2 Maps of Wessex
By F. SAXELBY
A KIPLING DICTIONARY
By W. ARTHUR YOUNG

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 West 23d Street NEW YORK

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC
Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

MADAME STEINHEIL'S MEMOIRS

A Mysterious and Absorbing Human Document.

These memoirs are interesting not merely as a brilliant and beautiful woman's *apologia* and autobiography. They are also enthralling as a picture of the elegant, daring, cynical, and cultivated Parisian society in which she moved, and they introduce familiarly many people of distinction in the social, artistic, and literary life of the French capital. Her relations with Pres. Faure throw strange sidelights upon contemporary French history. *Price* $3.00 *net; postpaid* $3.20. *Octavo. Fully Illustrated. Gilt Top, Boxed.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

ESTABLISHED SAN FRANCISCO BROKER
wishes agency for Eastern Mercantile or Manufacturing concern or Capitalist. First class connections in business and in other ways on the Pacific Coast, in Hawaii, and the Orient. Will travel if inducement offers. Box 716, care of *The Nation.*

LIBRARY RESEARCH
Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.
MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 5 Completing the Work

History of the People of the Netherlands

By Petrus Johannes Blok

Professor of Dutch History in the University of Leyden

Vol 5, 18th and 19th Centuries.
8vo. with Maps, $2.50 *net. By mail* $2.70.
Set 5 *vols.,* $12.50. *Vols. sold separately.*

The history covers the period from the earliest known times to the present, and many hitherto neglected portions of the early history of Netherlands are authoritatively presented.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

SOME THINGS WE HAVE REMEMBERED

(Samuel Thornton, Admiral, 1797-1859; Percy Melville Thornton, 1841-1911)

By PERCY MELVILLE THORNTON, LL.M., Ex-M.P., Clapham, 1892-1910. Author of "Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century," "Harrow School and its Surroundings," "The Stuart Dynasty," "Continental Rulers of the Nineteenth Century," etc., etc. With 7 Portraits and 4 Other Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. xii+337. $2.50 net.

". . . a most absorbing piece of writing on the homes of England filled with great traditions, on the gossip of the court, on the goings and comings at Westminster. There are enough detached sketches of great men and great incidents to make the reputation of any volume. . . ." —*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2458 THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 159 26 Dec 12

THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

By

Sir JOHN MURRAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., etc.
of the "Challenger" Expedition
and
Dr. JOHAN HJORT
Director of Norwegian Fisheries

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

Professors A. APPELLÖF, H. H. GRAN, and Dr. B. HELLAND-HANSEN

NOTE. — A general account of the modern science of **OCEANOGRAPHY** based largely on the scientific researches of the Norwegian steamer "**MICHAEL SARS**" in the North Atlantic during 1910.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Historical Review of Oceanographical Investigations — The Ship and Its Equipment — The Work and Cruises of the "Michael Sars" — Depths and Deposits of the Ocean — Physical Oceanography — Pelagic Plant Life — Fishes from the Sea-Bottom — Invertebrate Bottom Fauna of the Norwegian Sea and North Atlantic — Pelagic Animal Life — General Biology — Indexes

Large Octavo. 845 Pages. Decorated Covers. Gilt Top.

Handsomely Illustrated with Photographs, Plates, Maps, Charts of the Ocean Deeps, Etc.

$7.50 net; postpaid $7.84

SOLD AT ALL BOOK STORES

Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 113

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A Defective Crusader 116
Mr. Taft on the Issues 116
Overriding a Veto 117
The Stanley Committee's Report 118
British University Problems 119

A Vote's a Vote for a' That 120

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Andrew Lang's Genius 120
The Royal Society 121
Swiss Notes 121
News for Bibliophiles 122

CORRESPONDENCE:

Sentimental Borrowing 122
Lifeboats and Harbor Steamers 123
On Writing Good English 123
The Passing of Doubt 123
A Square Deal 124
A Correction 124

LITERATURE:

The Principle of Individuality and Value 124
Through the Postern Gate 125
The Sheriff of Badger 125
The Burgundian 126
The Street Called Straight 126
The Prison Without a Wall 126
The Fall Guy 126
Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy 126

NOTES 127

SCIENCE 129

DRAMA AND MUSIC:

Plight of the Amateur Playwright.... 130

ART 131

FINANCE:

"Prosperity" and the Presidential campaign 132

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 133

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

ÉCOLE LIBRE DES SCIENCES POLITIQUES

27, Rue Saint-Guillaume, à PARIS (quarante-deuxième année, 1912-1913).

FONDATEUR: Emile BOUTMY.

DIRECTEUR: **M. Anatole LEROY-BEAULIEU**, membre de l'Institut.

CORPS ENSEIGNANT:

MM **LYON-CAEN, RENAULT, A. LEROY-BEAULIEU, ESMEIN, CH. BENOIST, P. BEAUREGARD, DE FOVILLE, COLSON, RENE STOURM, VIDAL DE LA BLACHE, J. FLACH, A. LIESSE**, de l'Institut de France; **E. BOURGEOIS, LEVY-BRUHL**, professeurs à la Faculté des Lettres· **ROMIEU**, conseiller d'Etat; **TARDIEU, TESSIER**, maitres des requêtes hon au Conseil d'Etat; **ARNAUNE**, conseiller à la Cour des Comptes; **R.-G. LEVY; G. PAULET**, directeur au Ministère du Travail; **PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU**, député; **CHR. SCHEFER, D. ZOLLA, CH. DUPUIS, M. CAUDEL, RENE HENRY, P. DE ROUSIERS; D. BELLET**, secrétaire perpétuel de la Société d'Economie politique; **YOT**, chef de la comptabilité générale à la Banque de France; **E. HALEVY, G. BLONDEL, A. SIEGFRIED**, docteurs ès Lettres, etc.

TABLEAU SOMMAIRE DES COURS:

Economie politique.—Economie sociale.
Finances publiques.—Affaires de banque.—Finances étrangères.
Monnaie, crédit et change.—Circulation internationale.
Géographie commerciale et statistique.
Commerce extérieur et législation douanière.—Législation commerciale comparée.—Colonisation comparée.
Politique économique des principales puissances.
Les grandes industries modernes.—Législation ouvrière.
Technique industrielle.—Méthodes et procédés en statistique.
Questions agricoles au point de vue économique.—Valeurs mobilières.
Etude critique des comptes et bilans.—Les assurances.
Vie politique et organisation administrative en France et à l'Etranger.
Historie diplomatique.—Géographie générale.
Droit international conventionnel. — Droit des gens.
L'Europe contemporaine et les intérêts européens hors d'Europe.
Histoire de la politique intérieure des principaux Etats.
Historie parlementaire et législative de la France.
Histoire constitutionnelle européenne et américaine.
Histoire des idées politiques et de l'esprit public au XIXe siècle.
Ethnographie de l'Europe centrale et orientale.
Organisation militaire comparée.—Marine militaire.
L'Amérique contemporaine et les nouvelles sociétés anglo-saxonnes.—Questions politiques et économiques dans l'Asie Orientale.
Questions algériennes.—Questions tunisiennes.

RENSEIGNEMENTS GÉNÉRAUX

L'enseignement de l'Ecole des Sciences politiques est le couronnement naturel de toute éducation libérale. Chacune de ses grandes divisions constitue en outre une préparation complète aux carrières d'Etat (diplomatie, administration, finances), à la vie publique et aux grandes entreprises financières tant en France qu'à l'Etranger.

Les élèves sont admis sans examens, avec l'agrément du directeur et du Conseil de l'Ecole; ils n'ont à justifier d'aucun grade universitaire.

Uns conférences spéciale est résérvée aux élèves étrangers dans le but de faciliter leurs études.

La durée ordinaire des études, est de trois ans, toutefois, on peut la réduire à deux années. Un diplôme est délivré, en fin d'études, aux élèves qui ont subi avec succès les examens.

ANNEE SCOLAIRE 1912-1913.—L'année scolaire commencera le 11 novembre 1912 et finira le 7 juin 1913. On s'inscrira au Secrétariat à partir du 4 novembre 1912. **Inscription d'ensemble** donnant entrée à tous les cours et conférences réguliers et complémentaires et à la bibliothèque (environ 25,000 volumes et 160 revues et journaux francais et étrangers)....PAR ANNE 350 fr.

Une **Brochure spéciale** *donne des renseignements détaillés sur l'organization de l'Ecole et sur les carrières auxquelles elle prépare.*

S'addresser au Secrétaire Général de l'Ecole, **27 Rue Saint-Guillaume, PARIS.**

The Western Theological Seminary

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Founded by the General Assembly, 1825.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B.D. Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A. M. and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary. Exceptional library facilities—34,000 volumes. A new dormitory, equipped with latest modern improvements, including dining-room, gymnasium and social hall, is now ready for occupancy. Next term opens Sept. 17, 1912. For information apply to Pres. James A. Kelso. Ph.D., D.D.

THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARAtion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A.M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Just Published

A Two Years' Course in English Composition

By CHARLES LANE HANSON

90 cents

A reader of the manuscript says of Hanson's *Two Years' Course in Composition*: "Teachers should jump for it, for the wealth of material is just what we need and what we now have to supply at the cost of much labor."

The book contains more drill work than any other composition manual of its size. It provides an abundance of material for the first and second year of any high school. Every chapter will be found stimulating and practical.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pr[illegible]. Carnegie Foundation.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Drawer 5.

Lewisburg Seminary Preparatory and College courses for girls. Also Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Strong faculty of experienced specialists. Handsome, modern buildings, steam heat, etc. Gymnasium, basket ball, tennis. Invigorating mountain climate. Catalogue on request. R. C. Sommerville, Pres.

A YEAR OF STUDY IN FRANCE.

School for Americans of both sexes. Near Paris. Individual training. In a French family. Only French spoken. Credit given by Universities of Chicago and Illinois. Exceptional advantages. Address PROF. WILLIAMSON, University of Chicago.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address
Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, 174 Fulton St. Evening School, N. Y. City.**

"Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.

THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912.

The Week

We are in full accord with those Washington dispatches which describe the Lodge resolution as a new and greater Monroe Doctrine. For, whereas the original Monroe Doctrine had but one object, the prevention of European wars of conquest on American soil, the present declaration has no less than three objects in view: to safeguard the Panama Canal, to maintain inviolate the peace of the world, and to save Senator Lodge's face. Magdalena Bay is at the bottom of it all. Mr. Lodge and Capt. Hobson were in agreement that terrible things were going on in Magdalena Bay. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations took up the matter and found—nothing. It would have been more than human for Senator Lodge to bring in a report to that effect, especially if, by intuition, he knew that something must be wrong, even if the evidence was missing. He was like Montesquieu's philosopher, who could draw the right conclusions from the wrong data. If it wasn't Japan, then it must be Germany. If it is not a foreign Government that threatens the territorial integrity of the American continent, then it must be a foreign syndicate. Historians who love to trace the connection between epoch-making effects and insignificant causes have now another instance at hand. The world is to have a newer and greater Monroe Doctrine because Senator Lodge got himself into a hole.

It is, of course, quite unpardonable of Jane Addams, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, and Dr. J. E. Spingarn to do anything to break the force of Col. Roosevelt's expulsion of the negro delegates from the South by trying to commit the Progressive party to an expression of sympathy for the colored man. That they are all three directors in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is naturally no excuse. Miss Addams even went so far as to make an eloquent plea for the colored people, on the ground that this new party, which is to be dedicated to the workingman and woman, and is heartily in favor of the enfranchisement of women, cannot afford to turn its back upon ten millions of American people because of their color. This will irk the Colonel not a little. The friends of the negro and the negro himself should take their medicine like men—and women.

"Funds will be ample," is the glad news that comes from George W. Perkins, rocking the cradle of the Progressive party in Chicago. His message of good cheer conveys a double reassurance. All legitimate expenses of the Convention and the new party will be paid; and one infers that the word legitimate will be interpreted with genial elasticity. Furthermore, the Harvester Trust ally of Roosevelt has the reputation of being a reasonably thrifty citizen who does not like to throw good money after bad. If he paid out the large sums with which he has been credited in the effort to procure the Colonel's nomination by the Republicans, and now is willing to go deep into his jeans again to finance the third party, he must be hopeful of getting some return on his investment in politics. At any rate, he shows an accurate knowledge of the ways of the lavish Bull Moose campaigners when he hastens to assure them in advance that they will have plenty of money to handle. But suppose the moving spirit of an indicted Trust were thus flourishing his wealth in behalf of Taft—what howls would come up like thunder 'crost Oyster Bay!

Everybody at Washington is busily engaged in putting everybody in a hole. That is the seeming explanation of the general tariff tangle into which the two houses of Congress have fallen. The Democrats are anxious to embarrass the Republican Senate and the Republican President by sending them tariff bills which they will hate to take and dread to reject. On the other hand, the Senate wishes to make it awkward for the House. La Follette seeks to dish the regular Republicans; and hence wool and cotton and sugar and steel are knocked back and forth in the game of battledore and shuttlecock. All this is called making "political capital." Statesmen are exerting themselves to see if they can get the better of one another in the matter of party tariff strategy. It apparently occurs to no one that political capital could be made by uniting in a real measure of relief from needless tariff taxes, or that there is no better tactics than straightforward action in the interest of the whole country.

The significant feature of our record-breaking exportation of manufactures for the last fiscal year is not that for the first time they have crossed the billion-dollar mark, but that they are outstripping our exports of foodstuffs. Twenty years ago, they formed but 18 per cent. of our total exports, as against the 50 per cent. that foodstuffs made. Ten years later, the 18 per cent. had become 33, and the 50 per cent. had gone down to 38. To-day the proportions of 1892 are almost exactly reversed, manufactures comprising 47 per cent. of the exports, and foodstuffs but 20 per cent. What used to be said of business in this country as contrasted with scholarship is evidently increasingly true of manufactures and agriculture. Brains are going into the former rather than into the latter. The question that keeps rising is, how long can the process continue?

One murder a day during July is the record for Greater New York. In Manhattan and the Bronx, twenty-three murders have been committed, and the proportion of arrests is less than one out of every three. Commissioner Waldo is reported as welcoming the investigation of the Police Department, which now seems inevitable. As a preliminary he cites figures tending to show a higher degree of efficiency in the Department in 1912 than for the corresponding period in 1911. Mr. Waldo's figures deserve serious study. We are well aware that such a dreadful homicide record as the month just past has attained, sometimes needs correction in the light of statistics extending over a long stretch of time. But in Commissioner Waldo's own figures we observe that during the first six months of 1912 there were 140 complaints of homicide, as against 81 in the first half of 1911. An increase of 75 per cent. in the number of murders would be an alarming thing in itself, even if the earlier record did not reveal a swollen murder ratio, judged by European standards. It has been the manifest purpose of Gaynor's police régime to do away with petty arrests and petty tyrannies on the part of the police. The presumption was that the police would have more leisure for dealing with serious crime. Instead, we have—one murder a day and one arrest in every three cases

---

Lord Mersey's report on the loss of the Titanic is free from rhetoric, but there are times when a bit of honest indignation is not altogether out of place. The desire to let facts speak for themselves has served to make the British report err much more on the side of cautiousness than the findings of the William Alden Smith committee sinned on the side of oratorical vehemence. As it is, the excessively judicial tone of the Mersey report is a rather incongruous garment for the terrible array of facts it covers. The ship was "sufficiently and efficiently officered," but it was reckless navigation which brought about its destruction. "In the circumstances I am unable to blame Capt. Smith," but the desire to establish a record made the commander oblivious of the safety of his passengers. The conduct of the crew is praised, but it is "regretted" that members of the crew neglected to save life when they might easily have done so. A certain British passenger of distinguished lineage is exonerated from the charge that he bribed the crew of his life-boat to abstain from making rescues, but "if he had encouraged the men to return to where the Titanic had foundered, they probably would have made an effort to do so, and could have saved some lives." The judicial temper could hardly go further.

The Mersey report embodies a long list of useful recommendations. It calls upon the Board of Trade to investigate the practicability of an increase in the number of bulkheads, of a double "skin" above the waterline, and of water-tight decks. Lifeboat accommodation is to be based on passenger capacity instead of tonnage. Lifeboat equipment is to be improved. There should be frequent inspections and drills. The changes recommended are in many respects so far-reaching that they must continue to absorb the attention of the shipping world for years to come. It is a subject to which there will be frequent occasion to return. But one point may here be emphasized: it was the reckless speed at which the Titanic was being run that brought about her destruction, and it is in the prevention of such criminal conduct on the part of commanders in the future that the simplest and most efficacious way of avoiding similar disasters is to be found.

The cable brings the news that the White Star liner Gigantic is to be provided with an inner bottom at a cost of no less than $350,000, and the loss of 250,000 cubic feet of carrying capacity. Still another ship now being planned is also to be safeguarded in this manner. Thus one great lesson of the Titanic disaster has been learned, and by this action another step taken towards the day of the practically safe passenger steamship. Gratifying as this is, it remains a sorrowful thought that this change in construction was purchased by such a frightful waste of valuable human lives, particularly as other types of ships have long had these double bottoms—our own battleships, for instance.

Many of the 60,000,000 readers of the 16,000 small newspapers of this country must often have looked with awe upon the columns of matter, most of it printed on the inside pages, from Washington and London, Peking and the Azores, which their enterprising editors somehow manage to give them every week. A few have been in the secret of the "boiler-plate" and the "ready-print" which made such a feat not only possible, but ridiculously easy. The entire 60,000,000 will now be somewhat aghast to learn that they have been saved from becoming victims of a peculiarly vicious Trust only by the efforts of a watchful Government, which has obtained a decree against the various concerns engaged in supplying this matter, on the ground that they were about to form a combination that would "mould public opinion." A Trust in restraint of thought has been nipped in the bud. Since this immense quantity of words is sold without change to newspapers of all shades of political opinion, one would suppose that it must be pretty impartial. Indeed, most of it is not political at all, but is devoted to the latest fashions in dress, wonderful happenings in the way of accidents and discoveries, and, in general, anything that may interest, amuse, or thrill. But the Department of Justice foresees the misuse of this power over the human mind by those who would pay large sums for the opportunity of "instilling certain economic ideas in the minds of the public." This must not be, and the news associations proceeded against will have to go to the trouble of corrupting the nation singly instead of in combination.

It has been almost sixty-five years since gold was discovered in California, and the State is only just now to have a Hall of Fame. This long delay demands explanation, although we must remember that the custom of building a Hall of Fame first, and school and courthouses afterward, is recent. New York's record in this respect is far inferior to that of California. Not only did we wait until more than two centuries had dragged their slow length by, but we imposed the ridiculous condition that no one could be admitted to the society of the immortals until he had been dead ten years. Of course, with such a restriction, it is doubtful whether the Hall will ever be filled. They have been wiser in the West, and will include the living as well as those whose names have been forgotten because they were not promptly commemorated. The trouble in the past has been in a mistaken conception of the purpose of Halls of Fame. Our forefathers, so far as they had such things at all, established them in order that they and we might be reminded of the virtues of the illustrious dead, and be led to emulate them. The modern Hall of Fame, on the other hand, is founded in order to swell the repute of prominent personages who without such memorials might be overlooked by subsequent generations.

It is a pity that Franklin is not here just now to enjoy the reports of Premier Borden's visit to the mother country. The anxious waiting of the British Cabinet upon every word of the Canadian, the dawning recognition that he is silently proposing to demand first and to give afterwards—these things would delight the philosophical American as he reflected upon the change that has come over the English attitude towards provincials since 1765 or thereabouts. It must be admitted that the Premier's course is a wee bit vexing to Imperial Preference politicians, who expected him to announce something important as to what Canada would do in that slowly-moving matter. Instead of setting the pace for her sister-colonies in this respect, the Dominion, as represented by its Premier, keeps asking what Westminster is thinking of doing in the direction of an Imperial Parliament, in which Canada would have a prominent place. Downing Street was looking for the promise of four battleships, and it is somewhat disconcerting to be told, however indirectly, that British America has determined to receive, as well as to give, favors.

Simultaneously with the House of Commons debate on the atrocities in the Putumayo rubber country, our own House Committee on Foreign Relations has begun work on the question by calling on the State Department for all available information concerning conditions in the rubber forests of Peru. In the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey was inclined to lay stress on the diplomatic difficulties involved in forcing internal reforms upon a foreign Government. We hope that no such scruples will be allowed to prevent or postpone an honest attempt to make an end of the abominations which have been recorded in the Casement report.

It is odd that diplomatic propriety always comes to the front when it is a case of saving a hapless people from destruction. When it comes to extorting a railway or mining concession from a South American republic, there is no such tenderness on the part of Foreign Offices. What the Peruvian Government's feelings in the matter may be, is a secondary consideration. The primary fact is that an intolerable situation must be dealt with. "Our fathers," says Chesterton, "had a plain sort of pity. . . . When they saw something that in their eyes, such as they were, really violated their morality, such as it was then, they did not cry 'Investigate!' They did not cry 'Educate!' They did not cry 'Improve!' They did not cry 'Evolve!' Like Nicholas Nickleby, they cried 'Stop!' And it did stop." Congo atrocities or Putumayo atrocities are the sort of cases where "Stop!" must be said promptly.

Lloyd George's latest terror in England is a threatened campaign to "free the land." In one or two speeches he has said that his next step would be to attack the monopoly in land. At the recent bye-election at Crewe, it was stated by a Liberal M.P., Mr. Outhwaite, that "Mr. Lloyd George, with the support of the Prime Minister, will embark this autumn on a great campaign, which is to be continued right up to the next general election, to do something for the overthrow of the land monopoly." The matter has been made the subject of inquiries in Parliament. It was rumored that Mr. George would go in for the single land tax. This has been officially denied by Mr. Asquith. In the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, answering questions about the Government's "new land policy," rather made light of all the current stories. He did not know of any land monopoly, and did not understand what was meant by the talk of "overthrowing" it. Very likely, the Government might attempt to do something to "bring the land and the owners and occupiers of land into closer contact"; but this, as the Lord Chancellor pointed out, was only what the Conservative party had long professed to favor. Indeed, only the other day Lord Lansdowne made a long speech on the need of devising means to enlarge the ownership of land in England. Thus it looks very like the old story over again: the same measure is either wise and healing, or radical and incendiary, according as it is taken up by the Tories or the Liberals.

An Olympic Association has been formed in London for the purpose of sending an adequately trained and organized team to the Olympic Games at Berlin in 1916. There is even rumor that American training methods may be adopted. This bit of news would be more welcome if it were not accompanied by evidence showing that the spiteful and foolish anti-American spirit aroused by events at Stockholm is still alive. There is not very much sportsmanship in the ugly sneer attributed to Lord Desborough. "Kohlemainen did so well," said the noble lord, "that we should not be surprised to have him running for America at Berlin." Yet even such a temper is conceivable, if it were only consistent. Applaud if you like or growl if you like, but to growl at the sin and imitate the sinner is childish. If American training methods are to be imported into England, it might as well be done graciously. Any other procedure argues a muddled state of mind which is as inimical to good fellowship as it is to winning athletic contests.

Prussian military men are not blaming the Italian army and its leaders for their slow progress in Tripoli. Thus Lieut.-Gen. Metzler feels that both the troops and their generals are entitled to credit for what has been accomplished. But the comfort which he offers them will sound peculiarly cold even under the blazing Tripolitan sun. He bids them look at Algeria, and remember for how many decades, from 1830 on, the French army labored to subdue the Algerians. Mistakes, retreats, the bloodiest defeats, were by no means unknown to them—and, he might have added, terrible massacres by them as well. The Italian War Office, Gen. Metzler recalls, reports up to May last a loss of only 37 officers and 499 men. A mere trifle. Italy, he writes, "must make clear to itself what enormous sacrifices of blood, money, and energy must be expended by any nation to bring such an adventure to a *happy* conclusion." For Italy, the happy conclusion still seems far off, and the stubborn refusal of Turkey to yield is certainly increasing Italy's expenditures of money and energy, as well as of men. And as for the Algerians, what "happy" outcome has there been for them?

A German hygienist, Professor Flügge, attempts to cope, in the *Deutsche Revue*, with the problems of the summer heat in city houses. The solid walls of German buildings, while slow to absorb heat, retain it proportionately longer, and electric fans and other appliances, such as are used in this country, are too costly to be within the reach of the ordinary German household. Professor Flügge suggests, as the only practical relief measure, the construction of outer summer walls of wood, bamboo, matting, or, best of all, climbing plants, which would prevent the intense radiation of heat from the stone walls. His further suggestion of the establishment of "colonies" of small houses within the city, is in line with serious efforts now making in Berlin to provide an outlet for the population of the congested and unsanitary districts.

A DEFECTIVE CRUSADER.

Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Chicago on Tuesday was intolerably long and repetitions. And a large part of it came from him for the hundredth time. Some of his old ideas he utters with fresh emphasis; but it is evident that he has so frequently emptied himself of all he has to say that nothing remains wherewith he may burst upon a startled world. His new speech launching a new party is only what we have heard from him in wearisome iteration before.

To some, it is true, parts of his programme as indicated in this Chicago address will bring disquiet or alarm. He hints at several ambitious proposals which, if they were to be written down in concrete form and definitely pressed as legislation, would mean something like revolution. They would at least involve a sweeping away of established convictions and practices, and would involve an enormous increase in the burdens of taxation. But the careful reader will note that Mr. Roosevelt only hints at these things. He is vague and also hesitating. Not one of these radical doctrines does he fail to qualify, hedging characteristically at point after point; and not one of them would he delay in running away from if it should appear politically expedient to do so.

We challenge anybody to read in full what he says about the tariff, the Trusts, the high cost of living, the currency, and bring away a definite idea of what he thinks or intends. Take one test case. The need of recasting our currency and banking system is now universally admitted. But as to the best means of doing it there is sharp division of opinion. It is as sharp among the Progressives as among the Republicans or Democrats. One of Mr. Roosevelt's whole-hearted and heavy-pursed supporters, Mr. George Perkins, is strongly in favor of the Aldrich plan. But Dean Kirchwey, of the platform committee, declares that the Aldrich plan is the sum of villanies and cannot be approved except over his dead body. Now, what light does the Colonel throw upon the matter? He knows all about it, of course, and his judgments are true and righteous altogether, but what does he say? Why, he uses words that are ludicrously meaningless. They read like one of those burlesques of political platforms which have been published to show how politicians can dodge and hide. Let any business man try to get through this without grinning:

> The system to be adopted should have as its basic principles soundness and elasticity. The currency should flow forth readily at the demand of commercial activity, and retire as promptly when the demand diminishes. It should be automatically sufficient for all of the legitimate needs of business in any section of the country. Only by such means can the country be freed from the danger of recurring panics. The control should be lodged with the Government, and should be safeguarded against manipulation by Wall Street or the large interests. It should be made impossible to use the machinery or perquisites of the currency system for any speculative purposes. The country must be safeguarded against overexpansion or unjust contraction of either credit or circulating medium.

Such hollow generalities, however, such absolute lack of definiteness, we encounter in his entire speech. He turns from class to class, and section of the country after section, offering to each a kind of millennial happiness if it will only confide in his wisdom. But when you ask for distinct proposals you get only a fog-bank of words. Mr. Roosevelt talks emphatically of making all his political pledges take on the nature of a solemn "contract" with the people, but if anybody sought to reduce them to precise writing he would find them all escaping in vapor.

It is not, however, in the light of a speech-maker or platform-builder that Mr. Roosevelt asks the country to view him, but in that of a crusader. The phrase, "the spirit of a crusader," is often on his lips. He would have us think of him as a man driven by holy zeal to do what he is now setting about. His speeches may not be overpowering and his platform may not be perfect, but look at the man himself and his motives and his mission! Well, it is much easier to study Theodore Roosevelt as a crusader, than as a constructive statesman, and we think that there is no difficulty in showing that he is fully as defective in the former guise as in the latter. The real crusader must have a fanatic strain in him; but Mr. Roosevelt is wholly without it. He does not rush forth as one impelled by an inward revelation; he plots and calculates and poses. The true crusader is self-forgetful; his cry is let my name rot but let the thing itself be done. What a glutton of the limelight Theodore Roosevelt is, everybody now knows. A cause without himself at the front of it is to him unthinkable. The genuine sincere crusader, finally, is a man who has a certain austerity of bearing. He is not forever hobnobbing with people and clapping them on the shoulder. He moves among them, rather, as one whose lips had been touched by a live coal from off the altar. A jolly crusader is almost a contradiction in terms. But that is what Mr. Roosevelt essays to be. It is "fun" for him to fight grievous oppression. He thinks it "bully" to be in the political struggle. And his obvious love of excitement and joy in combat necessarily shake one's faith in his entire sincerity as a crusader. He repeats at Chicago his magnificent *blague* about Armageddon, but one all the while feels him capable of saying cynically, after it is all over, as Disraeli did on one occasion, "They call it the Battle of Armageddon—but let *us* go to lunch."

MR. TAFT ON THE ISSUES.

The country long since left off looking to President Taft for kindling public utterance, and it is not to be found in his speech of acceptance. He has many admirable qualities, but among them is not a gift for pungent writing. Even what he sees clearly and feels deeply he does not express in a way to go home to the business and bosoms of his fellow-citizens. No watchwords of debate fall from his pen. His is sometimes weighty but never piercing. His speeches often impress but do not thrill; and he is a stranger to those words that are half-battles. To-day, as he himself is fully aware and plainly states, his party is face to face with a great crisis, yet his speech does not reveal the man of resource, vigor, and skill, with a certain *élan* of leadership, whom the Republican situation cries out for. Hence there will inevitably be disappointment with his rather tame words at a juncture that demands an assured and moving deliverance.

This is not to deny that many things in Mr. Taft's speech are excellently conceived. His warning against the peddlers of panaceas is sound. Those who go about preaching an instant millennium are, when they are not self-deceived, public deceivers, whose proposals are both futile and chaotic. The President has a firm grasp of the true principles of progress, which he well understands must come about by slow and cautious experimentation, proving all things and holding fast that which is good, and never by hurricane methods. Thoroughly well-considered is also what Mr. Taft has to say about maintaining the fundamental guarantees of the Constitution, in all its scope and adaptability, and about the duty of resisting stoutly every attempt to undermine the independence and authority of the courts. In this last matter, he is guilty of unfairness in associating Woodrow Wilson with Theodore Roosevelt. He should have known that Mr. Wilson has expressed himself strongly against applying the "recall" to judges. And no one has ever charged that the Democratic candidate has a particle of sympathy with what President Taft properly calls Mr. Roosevelt's "grotesque" notions about the recall of judicial decisions.

The President speaks of "the issue" in this campaign, but does not make it entirely certain what he thinks the issue is. At one point he seems to make it the preservation of the Republican party. He refers to "the issue presented to the Convention," as one which constituted "a crisis in the party's life." This was forced by the attempt to violate the third-term tradition, and also to nominate a man who "would have committed the party to radical proposals involving dangerous changes in our present Constitutional form of representative government and our independent judiciary." In this view, the result of the struggle at Chicago was to "save" the Republican party for "future usefulness." This leads Mr. Taft to a long review of what that party has been and done, together with an account of the achievements of his own Administration. In all this we get little but the ordinary commonplaces of the campaign orator, though this time the "pointing with pride" is followed by a "viewing with alarm" of an unusual sort, for to-day the alarm is felt lest the Republican party may be, not merely defeated by its historic foe, but destroyed by internal factions.

Evidently, however, the President feels that this appeal to keep the Republican party alive is not enough by itself. That will do as against the Roosevelt deserters and traitors, but the campaign is also to be waged against Democrats, and therefore some missile must be found to hurl at them. This the President finds in the threat of tariff changes and the hoary old argument that the success of the Democratic party will mean panic and disaster. It seems hardly credible that Mr. Taft, after what he has sought to do, and still favors, in the way of pruning away the excesses and enormities of the protective tariff, should fall into this ancient vein of calamity-howling, but he does. Ohio blood will tell. Brought up in the tradition that the way to beat the Democrats is to accuse them of intending to close all the mills and ruin all the farmers, Mr. Taft reverts to it in his speech of acceptance. He attempts once more to identify the Republican party with "prosperity." Yet he betrays a highly uncertain and vacillating idea about prosperity. In one passage he informs us that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill has "gradually restored prosperity, since the panic of 1907." Only a little further on, however, he tells us that the acceptance of the Democratic tariff plan would "postpone indefinitely the coming of prosperity." Thus it appears that the restored prosperity is still to come. But at the end of his speech Mr. Taft points to a "prosperity which is just at our door," and, for a moment forgetful of the tariff, speaks of the need of discouraging "demagogic agitation," as the only thing which can prevent "the enjoyment by the whole people of the great prosperity which the *good crops* and the present conditions ought to bring us."

This, as George III said of Shakespeare, is "sad stuff." Yet no one should overlook the significance of it. It undoubtedly means that the Republican managers have decided to make one more dead set at the Presidency on the high-protection issue. The old arguments will be refurbished, the old cries revived, and the old collectors will be sent out to fry the fat out of the protected manufacturers. It is a choice of battle-ground which the Democrats ought to welcome.

OVERRIDING A VETO.

The action of the Senate last week in passing a bill over the President's head gave Mr. Taft a new experience. He has vetoed important tariff measures with impunity. Even his disapproval of the Arizona-New Mexico Statehood bill was sustained. But his refusal to sign "A bill for the relief of certain persons having supplied labor and materials for the prosecution of the work of constructing the Corbett Tunnel of the Shoshone irrigation project," a piece of legislation involving the disposition of the sum of $42,000, was too much. The second day's debate on the question resulted in the re-passage of the bill by a vote of 42 to 17, and its reference to the House of Representatives. The merits of the situation are not entirely clear. Justice-loving Senators found themselves on opposing sides, and the passing of this bill has only prepared the way for the introduction of another, of which formal notice was given in advance of the voting. Plain citizens will be at a loss to understand how so much smoke can arise from so little apparent fire, for there was no partisanship to complicate the discussion and make stubborn the legislators.

The facts behind the bill are neither numerous nor doubtful. A contractor, who had undertaken to construct the Corbett Tunnel for $750,000, was soon made aware that he had put in too low a bid. Accordingly, when he had completed about 16 per cent. of the work, he failed. Thereupon the Government finished the task, and proceeded to sue the defaulting contractor on his bond of $75,000. A cross bill was then filed by the concern that sold a portion of the equipment to the contractor, and a tentative agreement was reached that included the payment of $42,000 by the bondsmen to the Government. This, however, left unprotected the small tradesmen in Montana and Wyoming who had furnished supplies to the contractor and even cashed time-checks for his laborers. Their claims amounted to $42,000 also. Hence the bill, which gave these creditors priority over the Government in respect of their losses. But the ultimate loser, even so, would not be the Government. The last clause in the bill is a proviso "that no action prosecuted under this act shall involve the United States in any expense." What would happen would simply be the shifting of this threatened loss of $42,000, first from the trusting citizens who are now facing it to the Government, and then from the Government to future settlers on the tract of land served by the tunnel or on the total irrigable acreage of the Shoshone project. This would increase the charge for the land 33 or 91 cents an acre, according to the alternative adopted, and since the average holding is sixty acres, this would make his land cost the farmer $19.80 more at the least, and possibly $54.60.

Here are obviously several pretty problems. Is it right to saddle the losses of one set of men upon another set? Would the addition of $19.80 or $54.60 to the price of the land take away its attraction for practical farmers? Did not the tradesmen assume the risk in furnishing supplies and cashing time-checks? To this last question it is replied that they were relying on the Government, in case of any failure on the part of the contractor. They were not intimately acquainted with the technicalities, but "they knew they were dealing with a contractor with the United States." It was even asserted that the unlucky contractor himself had been misled by the representation of Government officials, and so was not altogether to blame for his impossible contract. President Taft, upon the advice of his Secretary of the Interior, vetoed the bill upon the ground that it was of retroactive character and imposed an additional burden upon certain of the settlers. Everybody agreed that the small tradesmen had suffered hardship. The President preferred to let them suffer it to imposing it upon the settlers. The Senate apparently prefers to let the settlers suffer it. And a bill is to be introduced relieving "the project," that is, the settlers, from the burden. If it passes, the kind-hearted Government will in the end bear this burden, as it bears so many others, and the matter will thus have happily progressed

> To where beyond these voices there is peace.

But before the Senate made up its mind to pass the bill over the veto, it indulged in some debate upon the veto power itself. Senator Cummins led off in this branch of the discussion with an observation that provoked unusually pointed comment. "I do not understand," he said, flatly, "that the veto power given by our Constitution to the President ought to be used in order to overthrow the will of Congress in respect to such a measure." He continued:

> I do not believe that the veto power in a free country is intended to authorize the Executive to veto every measure which he would have opposed had he been a member of the legislative tribunal which passed it. . . . I think we ought to pass this bill notwithstanding the veto of the President simply, if for no other reason, because Congress has determined that it shall become a law, and because it is not one of the cases in which a President ought to interpose his veto.

This position was at once challenged. "As I understand," remarked Senator Sutherland, "the alternative of the veto is the approval of a bill. Does the Senator think the President ought to approve a bill which he, in fact, does not approve?" But the Senator from Iowa was not to be caught. "I do, most emphatically," he replied. Senator Root then wanted to know upon what Mr. Cummins based his "extraordinary proposition," and cited Mr. Cleveland's vetoes of private pension bills, "separate and relatively insignificant measures," as also the practice of giving Governors the authority to veto items in appropriation bills. The answer of the Iowa Senator was not very specific, but for a few moments the debate took an enjoyable turn into the preserves of political philosophy.

THE STANLEY COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The so-called Stanley Committee of the House of Representatives was appointed in May of last year to investigate the United States Steel Corporation's history, with a view to throwing light on its alleged violations of the Anti-Trust law, and its relations with independent producers, with railways, with interlocking directorates, with Stock Exchange operations, with promoting syndicates, and with financial panics. It has conducted an exhaustive series of public hearings during the fifteen past months, in which much very frank testimony has been given by financiers connected with the corporation and with the steel industry, and it has now submitted its report.

The findings of the Committee's members, so far as regards the remedial legislation suggested for the evils which they believe to have been disclosed, are not unanimous; there is, in fact, so wide a divergence of opinion as to necessitate three distinct reports. But on the question of facts, and on the question of what those facts mean, there is surprisingly complete agreement. In only two essential considerations—the influence of the "Gary dinners" on arbitrary maintenance of prices and the culpability of President Roosevelt in agreeing not to block the Steel Corporation's purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company in 1907—do the majority and minority reports conflict. The minority believes that the dinner conferences of Trust and independent managers were "the shadow of price understandings rather than their substance"; but it considerably modifies the scope of this conclusion by saying that "there is complete accord as to prices" between the Trust and its rivals, and that "in general, the United States Steel Corporation sets the prices and the independents follow." As to the episode of 1907, the minority believes it to have "but little practical bearing on the serious issues of which we are treating," and dissents from the majority's conclusion without further comment.

The findings of fact on which there is complete agreement cover wide ground. They are not new discoveries; we pointed out, when the Committee began its work, that there could be little that had not, in one way or another, been brought already to public knowledge. But the hearings have at least had the effect, when taken along with the earlier hearings by the Industrial Commission, of giving to facts which were generally known the seal of expert testimony. Of these facts, the most essential are as follows: The great consolidations which culminated in the billion-dollar steel merger were intended by their authors, among other things, to restrict competition and maintain prices; and their stock was prodigiously and intentionally watered. The sum paid for promotion services was so excessive as to bear, even in the language of the minority report, "no relation whatever to the service rendered, the risk run, and the capital advanced." The steel industry itself, as well as the investing public, has suffered serious detriment from the "persistent and pernicious practice of stock manipulation and stock inflation by certain financiers who had secured the complete and absolute mastery of so large a part of this great business." The company possesses enormous control over other outside enterprises through the system of "interlocking directorates" and the use of the holding-company device.

The majority report holds that the "Gary dinners" were instituted as a means for notifying independent producers of what the Steel Corporation's attitude was, and for "impressing upon all concerned that it was the part of wisdom and prudence to govern themselves accordingly." It finds that the Tennessee Coal purchase of 1907 was in violation of the law; that President Roosevelt "had no right to condone or encourage its violation," that the purchase was not necessary to stop the panic, and did not stop it. In rejecting the absurdities which the Steel Trust financiers themselves have uttered regarding that purchase as the sole means of averting general financial ruin, the Committee, fortunately, refuses to endorse the other and greater absurdity, that the whole panic of 1907 was caused by the Steel Trust "insiders" in order to capture the Tennessee Coal.

The body of evidence supporting these various conclusions can hardly be ignored hereafter, in discussions of the general subject. The question of remedy is another matter. The Committee's majority advocates wide publicity, frequent reports on the company by the Commissioner of Corporations, and the prohibition of ownership of interstate railway enterprises by industrial concerns. It suggests amendments of the Anti-Trust law, whereby parties injuriously affected by trade combinations may bring suit under the law, equally with the official Government prosecutors; and it proposes that where restraint of trade shall have been established in the course of a suit, the burden of proving "reasonableness" shall rest on the party who contends that the restraint is reasonable.

It recommends a bill prohibiting directors in companies manufacturing railway steel or mining coal from serving on the boards of interstate railways. The minority report recommends an "Interstate Commission of Industry," which shall supervise interstate corporations and, in general, fix prices for the goods of such corporations when existing prices are "found to be unreasonable by some competent authority to be determined hereafter." This shadowy repetition of the notion thrown out in his evidence by Judge Gary, last year, the majority report positively disapproves, remarking that the real evils of the situation could not be cured by such an expedient, and that "such control, semi-Socialistic in its nature, is beyond the power vested by the Constitution in the Federal Congress." There can be little doubt that this last-mentioned proposal will be the focus of a good deal of controversy in the next few months. To people who have any doubt about the merits of the suggestion, it may be well to recall the plain and incisive comment of the veteran jurist and legislator, ex-Senator Edmunds, in his statement of last December:

> Such a commission, substituted for the courts of justice, necessarily implies that it is to exercise a discretion in granting or withholding privileges that are not defined by law; and it is clear, from human experience, that it would be in danger of becoming the victim of political influences.

BRITISH UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS.

To most Americans, the universities of Great Britain to-day are neither more nor fewer than they were fifty years ago, or than they will be fifty years hence. Oxford and Cambridge, and if one thinks a second time, Edinburgh, they have always been, and Oxford and Cambridge and Edinburgh they will continue to be. To think otherwise would be as difficult as to imagine direct primaries for members of Parliament. Yet the facts are far different. Within the last thirty-five years no less than seven universities have been founded in England, five of them since 1899; and the character of the University of London has been transformed. Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield, along with Wales, now boast institutions of learning which, if lacking the prestige that crowns their older rivals, have a freedom from the past and an ambition for the future that have already given them a special place in the world of scholarship. Nor has their appearance been without effect upon the ancient establishments. For their creation has been more than an evidence of local aspiration. It is a symptom of dissatisfaction with the rigid policy that has been followed so consistently at Oxford and Cambridge, which in consequence have felt compelled to admit modifications here and there.

This new and rapid development has brought novel problems in its wake, and these have just been the subject of consideration at a Congress of the Universities of the Empire. Some of these are parallel to problems of our own, one such being the question of division of work among universities. The new universities are much more narrowly limited in resources than the older universities. For this reason they cannot attempt to cover the entire field of knowledge. What, then, shall they do? The spirit of modern efficiency answers, Specialize, Divide, and Conquer. Why should every university have a School of Medicine or of Law? But there are obstacles. To those who argue for the establishment of some outside central authority which shall say to one institution, Do this, and to another, Do not do this, but do that, it is replied that only the endowment of such a body with omniscience could make its decrees safe. One speaker put the matter concretely:

> A great teacher arises in some subject—no one can foresee where it will be—he attracts students to hear him, draws to his lectures and laboratories men keen in the pursuit of learning and science, whose researches he will direct, encourage, and stimulate. A wise university will provide him with assistants, enlarge his laboratories, provide the equipment he needs, even when it involves serious strain on its resources. Private donors may then step in and aid the work. Sometimes, again, a private donor interested in a particular university may provide a handsome endowment for some special branch of work in it.

The teaching activity of our own Professor Gildersleeve was instanced as having "virtually marked an epoch. He has done something in America to revive the days of the great Heyne, who is said to have trained in Germany over one hundred professors of philology."

The same problem is discussed on its reverse side by William Lowe Bryan, president of the University of Indiana, in a recent number of *Science*. He calls attention, not to the limitations of the institution of modest resources, but to the peril that the richest university is in, "of so multiplying the lines of its work that all the lines of its work shall be lowered in quality." As a remedy, he suggests that heads of departments should resist the constant temptation to add courses of elementary collegiate grade, "in order, as the phase is, to cover the ground represented by the department"; that they should also consider well before offering new electives; that graduate professors should be equally careful in providing equipment for research over wide ranges of their fields, and that trustees should be slow to increase departments and schools. His warning is almost a confession that we have already been guilty of doing the things that these English educators are hoping to prevent. Certainly it is one more indication of the turning of the tide in the direction of quality rather than quantity. An approach towards the solution of the problem as it exists in England was made by a speaker who urged that there was a minimum of equipment for any university, including courses in certain languages and literatures, history and philosophy, mathematics and "the main science, physics and chemistry." What lay beyond these depended upon local conditions, geographical as well as financial.

Especially interesting to an American is the discussion of the doctor's degree for England. One speaker at the congress was so bold as to ask why the English universities should not offer the degree, and thus catch many Americans who now ignore Oxford and Cambridge for the German universities. The growth of graduate students in this country during recent years was characterized as one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of higher education among us. It was this very fact, however, that put these educators on their guard respecting the eagerly-sought symbol, for they recognized that "its popularity in the United States is too intimately connected with its financial value," and quoted President Butler upon the development of "a deplorable form of educational snobbery which insists that a candidate for appointment to a teaching position shall have gained the privilege of writing the letters Ph.D. after his name." If one were to generalize about British education on *a priori* grounds, one would be apt to argue that educators being by nature slow to move, and Britons being by nature devoted to standing still, British education must inevitably be the height of conservatism. If this was true once, the proceedings of the recent congress are enough to disprove it now.

A VOTE'S A VOTE FOR A' THAT.

(A Third Party Version.)

Is there a visionary wight
Who dreams reform an' a' that?
We'll humor him wi' promises;
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Utopian schemes, an' a' that,
Our platform will hold a' his whims;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

What though a malcontent he be,
A radical, an' a' that?
We're bound to win his sympathy;
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His red flag, an' a' that,
We'll make concessions to his kind;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

Wi' those who seek for patronage
Aspiring chiefs, an' a' that,
Wi' a' such we make common cause;
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Their sordid aims, an' a' that,
We've got to flatter their poor hopes;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

Aristocrats an' hoi polloi,
E'en suffragists, an' a' that,
We'll find a plank to please them a';
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Divergent views, an' a' that,
We'll win wi' our elastic clause;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

O. MORES.

ANDREW LANG'S GENIUS.

LONDON, July 26.

You have only to stretch out your hand in literature, and whatever it strikes you can support yourself upon—by making, say, three guineas out of it. Whether it be a cricket match at Lords, or a theological novel, or a big trout very nearly caught at the "nest," or a new theory of creation, matters nothing to you. Given the subject, you provide the "copy," and while you are putting a little water into your ink-bottle you decide whether it is to be a ballade, or a newspaper brochure, or a St. Andrew's lecture, or an article for the *Contemporary*. If it may be any of these, you prefer nowadays (alas!) to make it a newspaper "leader," because you can dash these off as easily as some smoke cigarettes.

Thus wrote, nearly twenty-five years ago, the anonymous author of an "open letter" to Andrew Lang. "We know not," said the same candid friend, "whether to call you a great poet, critic, essayist, novelist, scientist, journalist, or all those in one, or nearly all, but not quite any." At the time these words were written Mr. Lang had yet to make his first ventures in biography, history, and psychical research. Nor would the addition of these items complete the list of his achievements, for the writer of this appreciation had strangely overlooked one of his earliest claims to distinction—his scholarly and artistic work as a translator of ancient classics.

There is left to us no man of letters who runs the risk of receiving a similar compliment. Versatile men there remain, but nobody with quite the versatility of Andrew Lang. Take, for example, the anthropologists. It is curious to note how many of them have come to their research into primitive customs through their Greek studies. J. G. Frazer, F. B. Jevons, and more recently R. R. Marett, had all of them won distinction in pure classics before they began to investigate totems. But there is nobody nowadays who can turn from discussions of the meaning of myths to the concoction of Rhymes à la Mode or the compilation of Fairy Books of whatever color.

Journalism, too, employs scores of practitioners who first learned to write in Oxford classrooms. But nearly all of them have specialized in some particular type of article. Most of them have succumbed to the fascination of politics, and chastise the Government or the Opposition in daily or nightly editorials. A few, like Hilaire Belloc, have made their mark in the art of the literary causerie. Some, like Thomas Seccombe and J. C. Bailey, give themselves mainly to literary criticism proper. Several others, following the lead of the late G. W. Steevens, have magnified the office of the descriptive reporter. But we look in vain for any one who, even within journalism itself, can compass the gamut of Andrew Lang.

His death reminds us of a change that has been quietly passing over journalism itself. "For an Andrew Lang," as the *Guardian* acutely points out, "there must always be room in the newspapers, but in future it will probably be as the 'star' writer of signed articles rather than as the anonymous journalist who makes his daily or weekly contribution to the reputation of his paper." It is significant that in recent years Mr. Lang's own journalistic work mainly took the form of signed articles in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, whereas probably his best work in this line was done as an anonymous member of the regular staff of the *Daily News* in its palmy days. In the eighties that journal owed much of its success to the brilliant non-political articles that appeared day by day in its editorial columns, but it was not until selections of them were reprinted in a book of "Lost Leaders" that the general reader knew he was indebted for them to Andrew Lang. Nowadays editorial writing, except on political topics, has become so scrappy that, except in the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, the well-informed and brightly written leading article on general subjects is almost extinct. Even the old-established quarterlies have at last abandoned their tradition of anonymity. A few years ago the *Quarterly Review* began to admit signed contributions, and now the *Edinburgh Review* has followed suit under its new editor, Harold Cox.

The lighter side of Andrew Lang's output was really the recreation of an active mind that found in ballades and causeries a relief from more serious tasks. "He had always a big book or two on hand," says Richard Whiteing, a former colleague on the *Daily News*, "and his newspaper and magazine articles, his endless gossip on all the highways and byways of literature, came as mere chips from a scholar's workshop. The reading and thinking had been done elsewhere." This fulness of resources, plus his lightness of touch, gave him his remarkable facility. "I have seen him," continues Mr. Whiteing, "get his marching orders for a column leader, sit down at a table in a room full of chatter, and polish off his task within the hour. When it was done, he picked up the pieces from the floor, and without a second glance at them sent them up to the printer." H. W. H.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

London, July 20.

The celebration of the quarter-millennial of a great learned society is no ordinary event, and when that body is the Royal Society of London, than which no other has a more glorious history in the creation and promotion of scientific knowledge, the world may well take note, as it has done in the past week. In response to invitations issued last spring, there assembled at Burlington House on July 15 one hundred and thirty-two foreign and oversea delegates, representing universities and learned societies from all over the world, besides seventy-one delegates from the British Isles. The largest delegation was that from the United States, with twenty-three members, including nine members of the National Academy of Sciences and the presidents of Yale, Columbia, and the Carnegie Institution. Germany followed close with twenty-two, and France with fifteen. The handsome meeting rooms of the Society, adorned with portraits of its distinguished presidents from Sir Isaac Newton to Lord Rayleigh, and the grand library, furnished an excellent place for the exercises.

After an informal reception on Monday evening, at which the delegates met one another and the officers, the ceremonies opened at noon of Tuesday with a solemn service at Westminster Abbey, the delegates in the multi-colored academic robes of many countries filling the choir, while their ladies were placed in the transepts. After specially prepared prayers and music, the Dean delivered a short address of welcome, emphasizing the change in religious sentiment regarding science, and the fact that not long ago such a service would have been impossible. In the afternoon the formal reception of the delegates took place in the great library of the Royal Society, where an address of welcome was delivered by the president, Sir Archibald Geikie, to whom each delegate presented an address from his institution, short speeches of congratulation being pronounced by one representative of each country. That for the United States was appropriately spoken by Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton, as the representative of our oldest scientific society, the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, founded by Franklin, his ancestor, who was a valued member of the Royal Society, and whose portrait hangs in the meeting-room opposite Thomas Young's. Many of the delegates were greeted with applause, the most falling to Lord Rayleigh, the grand old man of British physics, who from his place as past president beside the president stepped, as chancellor of the University of Cambridge, into the line of delegates.

On Tuesday evening a banquet was held at the Guildhall, above five hundred being present. Probably that historic hall had never contained a more distinguished gathering, judged by the criterion of intellectual achievement. Toasts were proposed by the Prime Minister, Viscount Morley, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and responded to by a number of foreign delegates for the universities and learned societies of the world.

Each morning parties were conducted by guides to various points of interest in London, and several great houses opened their treasures of art to the delegates and their families. On Wednesday afternoon the Duke of Northumberland held a garden party at Syon House on the Thames. In the evening a *conversazione* was held at Burlington House, at which the ladies were present. Many interesting historical and modern scientific exhibits were inspected.

On Thursday the King and Queen graciously received the foreign delegates at Windsor Castle, shaking each one by the hand, while the ladies enjoyed the great garden party, at which their Majesties appeared and talked with their friends. Thus culminated a most auspicious celebration. But this was by no means all, for now British private hospitality, which had already provided dinners and receptions for the ladies when space had not permitted of their accompanying the delegates, was applied to all. Parties were invited to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and lavishly entertained by the Masters and Fellows of St. John's and Christ's Colleges at the former, and Wadham at the latter. Congregations were also held at which honorary degrees were conferred, Prof. E. B. Frost of the Yerkes Observatory being honored at Cambridge, and Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton at Oxford. At Cambridge, the undergraduates in the gallery conveyed their appreciation of the work of the physiologist, Professor Pavlov, by letting down a large stuffed dog as the procession passed out.

The whole celebration was admirably managed, the comfort and convenience of the delegates thoroughly looked after, while English hospitality produced the usual strain upon the capacity of the guests, to whom the whole occasion will forever be memorable. Those Britons who are so fortunate as to be able to write F.R.S. after their names may look with pride at having furnished a red-letter day in the intellectual calendar of the world. Arthur Gordon Webster.

SWISS NOTES.

Neuchâtel, July 10.

The Swiss are always ambitious to excel in the science and art of education. Next autumn will be opened at Geneva a carefully organized school of pedagogy, under the direction of Pierre Bovet, formerly professor of philosophy at Neuchâtel. The school is to be called "L'Institut Jean Jacques Rousseau." E. Claparède, professor of psychology at Geneva, who will take part in the undertaking, has published a pamphlet giving an account of the plans for the new institute, and discussing in general the education of the child.

The object of this school is twofold; first, to prepare teachers for their work, and, secondly, to study education in its various branches. It is the opinion of Professor Claparède that the principles of Rousseau have not been sufficiently observed; he upholds the theory in "Emile," that education should be conformed to the nature of the child, and that the child should not be made the victim of any absolute system of training. He further holds that in educating the young there are five principal groups of problems to be solved. (1) The development of the child; (2) individual psychology; differences of structure and temperament; (3) technique and economy of labor; (4) method of teaching; (5) the psychology of the teacher; what should be his qualities.

The new institute is to be a school, a centre of research, a centre of information, and a centre of propaganda.

A meeting, largely attended, of the "evangelical-social labor unions" has lately been held at Bâle. These societies represent a sort of Christian socialism; but it does not appear that their association is very successful. Their object is to influence the labor unions by means of the principles of the gospel. Meanwhile they are hostile to the Catholic Church, on the one hand, and to the non-religious socialists on the other. The movement was begun in Bâle in 1893, and such progress as it has made has been at Berne and Zürich.

In this day of many novels, it is worth while to direct attention to a new book by the Swiss novelist Porret, entitled "Mini Lalonet." The scene is laid at Lausanne. The style of the author is at once realistic and elegant, and as a student of character he appears to be a disciple of Balzac. The heroine is vividly portrayed as a person of great beauty, but with very little intelligence.

Professor Gaitschick of Zürich has published at Berlin a volume of about six hundred pages, entitled "Reality and Perfection, Thoughts on human knowledge and worldly truth." It is composed in an aphoristic style; and although the author does not follow Eucken, one is reminded of Eucken's rather loose philosophy. Gaitschick has been captivated by Pragmatism, and regards Intellectualism as an evil which leads to mental ossification, the suppression of moral life, to inner death. Only the psychical experience has any value. "True worldly wisdom depends on what has been lived, not on what has been thought." Applying this principle to religion, the author, as in his earlier books, while accepting Christianity, takes a very liberal view of creed and dogma. Although a professor at Zürich, Gaitschick is by birth a Russian. The lack of system in this his latest book renders his moralizing tiresome; and after reading it, one has the impression of having been overwhelmed with platitudes. He is spoken of in both Germany and Switzerland as the leader of a "new idealism." If this be true, one may perhaps be excused for preferring the old.

A meeting of "les philosophes de la Suisse romande" was held at Rolle the other day. Flournoy made a long and interesting address on "Intellectualism and Pragmatism." In the discussion which followed, professors from the faculties of theology and of natural science, as well as the "philosophers," took part. Among the opponents of Pragmatism who spoke were Naville, who belongs to a famous family of professors at Geneva, and A. Schinz of Bryn Mawr, whose study, "Anti-Pragmatism," is well known. Flournoy's book on the philosophy of William James, which has been already noticed in the *Nation*, is to be translated into English.

The most thoroughly Swiss university is that of Bâle. There are 911 students, of whom 666 are natives. This is quite different from Geneva, Zürich, Lausanne, Berne, and Neuchâtel, where the proportion of foreigners is very large.

The Reformation monument to be erected at Geneva has engaged the attention of the German Emperor. When the first stone was laid, he sent 10,000 marks to the Committee. In his letter, he praised Calvinism, and wrote with grateful remembrance of his "ancestors" Coligny, William of Orange, and Frederick William of Brandenburg.

A valuable addition to the observatory of Neuchâtel has been completed, owing to a legacy of Dr. Adolphe Hirsch, the first director, who died in 1901. A special annex has been built in which there is an equatorial telescope from the famous factory of Zeiss. In the building are the most modern arrangements for celestial photography and spectroscopic work. The architecture of this new building is excellent, and the surroundings are picturesque. The Observatory has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

At Lucerne there exists a school of a peculiar kind. It is called eine Hotelfachschule, and is intended to educate men and women in the hotel business. It is managed by the Union Helvetia. The institution seems to be successful, as there are 608 students, male and female. There are 218 in the cooking course, and 62 learning to be waiters and waitresses. Instruction is given in foreign languages to more than two hundred students. No course on the collection of *pourboires* is announced. Probably none is necessary.

The federal musical festival at Neuchâtel begins this week. The town has been elaborately decorated, and is crowded with strangers. The principal event is an "Ode lyrique" by a Swiss author and composer. Musical societies from all the cantons are assembling in great numbers to compete for prizes.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Club of Odd Volumes of Boston has recently published "Isaiah Thomas, Printer, Writer & Collector," by Dr. Charles L. Nichols of Worcester. This is the substance of a paper read before the Club a year ago, which is here expanded by the addition of a carefully compiled bibliography of books printed by Thomas. This latter part is a reprint, with additions, of a portion of Dr. Nichols's admirable "Bibliography of Worcester," printed privately by him twelve years ago. In the present volume, however, the Worcester bibliography is preceded by a description of books printed by Thomas in Boston before he was driven out of that city by the British in 1775.

Isaiah Thomas was apprenticed to Zechariah Fowle, owner of a single press and a few hundred pounds of type, when the lad was only seven years old, and he used to set type standing on a bench, in order that he might reach the cases, "though he knew then only the letters, and had not been taught to put them together and spell." When eight years of age, he tells us, he set the types from which were printed an edition of ten thousand copies of the "New England Primer," but no copy of Fowle's edition of this book is known. At the age of thirteen he had already become an engraver on wood, and in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society (of which he was the founder, and to which he gave his library) there is a copy of "The New Book of Knowledge," with a note in Thomas's handwriting: "Printed and Cuts engraved wholly by I. Thomas, then 13 years of age for Z. Fowle when I. T. was his apprentice."

Like Franklin, who had been apprenticed to his brother at the age of twelve, Thomas prospered. In 1771 he began a weekly newspaper, *The Massachusetts Spy*, and in 1779 started the series of Thomas's Almanack, which was issued annually, without a break, by Thomas and by his son, for more than forty years. Like Franklin, he furnished press and types to enable apprentices to set up printing shops in other cities, but Thomas's interest was more permanent, and his name appeared as partner in the various enterprises. There were establishments in Walpole, Brookfield, Portsmouth, Windsor, Newburyport, and other places. Franklin was the founder of the American Philosophical Society; Thomas of the American Antiquarian Society, whose purpose, in his words, was "to assist the researches of the future historians of our country," a purpose which the institution has ably carried out.

Franklin early gave up the personal management of his printing business, but he was a printer to the last, and his will begins: "I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer." Thomas transferred his business to his son in 1802, but in 1825, in his seventy-seventh year, he wrote, "Could I live my life over again and choose my employment, it would be that of a printer."

We wish that some one would give us as good a bibliography of books printed by Franklin as is this work of Dr. Nichols on Isaiah Thomas. The book has been printed by Mr. Updike, at the Merrymount Press, and the edition is limited to 110 copies.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

SENTIMENTAL BORROWING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your interesting essay on George Borrow (*Nation*, June 27), it may be worth while to point out that the famous episode of Mumpers' Dingle in "Lavengro" has been imitated, with variations, in two recent novels, one of which has attained wide popularity. In Nina Wilcox Putnam's "In Search of Arcady," a wandering Englishman of athletic tastes buys the outfit of a chair-peddler and camps in various romantic spots, with a beautiful girl, supposed a gypsy, who makes her living, as Isopel Berners did, by peddling "notions" in a cart. On the occasion of their first meeting the hero has a desperate fist-fight with a gigantic gypsy, who resembles Blazing Bosville both in appearance and in his mode of fighting. The hero gets the better of his enemy, as Lavengro does of the Flaming Tinman, only by taking advantage of the gypsy's slipping. Like Bosville, the gypsy is knocked senseless, but recovers and limps off.

In Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway," an itinerant athlete-scholar takes up his abode in a lonely and romantic dingle, and becomes a blacksmith, as Lavengro did. A beautiful and mysterious young woman arrives upon the scene, pursued by a powerful villain, whom the hero, by a lucky chance, bests in a rough-and-tumble fight. The girl then remains, and camps for some time with the hero. There is still another fist-fight, more closely resembling that with the Flaming Tinman. In the course of the idyllic life in the dingle, the hero torments the heroine with his learning, as Lavengro tormented poor Isopel with the lessons in Armenian.

In both stories the central events are those of the Mumpers' Dingle Episode: an innocent but unconventional camp in a romantic spot with a beautiful girl, and a bloody pugilistic encounter with a stalwart scoundrel. In both there are various minor resemblances to "Lavengro." There can be no question, I think, that both owe their origin to the word-master. Like Borrow's story as they are, however, in situation, they are at the opposite pole from it in style and tone. Instead of the square-cut sentences of Borrow, we find in the recent stories a somewhat mincing and elaborate affectation of style. The power of Borrow's story, as your essay suggests, lies in its extraordinary restraint. It is as free from sentimentality as a pamphlet of Swift's. Both the recent writers, on the other hand, sentimentalize the whole situation. In both cases the fights are to protect the heroines from violence; the heroines prove to be heiresses in disguise; the hero of one turns out to be a nobleman; of the other, a rich baronet. No better object-lesson in realism could be imagined than to read the story of Isopel Berners, and then one of the modern novels. Borrow's story remains in the reader's memory as if the experience it describes had been his own. The others are entertaining, but never real, and soon become confused and vague in memory.

"Lavengro" was pecuniarily a failure. It made its way very slowly, the first edition of three thousand copies lasting for twenty-one years. In the two years since the publication of "The Broad Highway" I am informed that it has sold in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand copies. But two generations hence? Sentimentality in the abstract is immortal, but in the concrete highly perishable; every age demands it, but scorns the sentimentality of the age before. Even a great genius like Dickens is suffering now from the very quality that in his own time contributed most to his popularity. And as for lesser lights—who now reads Charlotte Yonge?

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 20.

LIFEBOATS AND HARBOR STEAMERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of your recent comment on the Federal requirement of lifeboats sufficient for only 30 per cent. of all passengers on certain vessels, such as harbor steamers, between May 15 and September 15, may I ask whether a rule requiring boats sufficient for all on board would be any better? And further, whether it might not be best of all to lay stress on some other means of life-saving in the case of such craft?

Harbor steamers commonly do not run in stress of weather. If they should carry boats enough for all, it is unlikely that these would prove to be of much use in case of accident, owing to the congestion on such steamers in crowded seasons. To launch lifeboats, or fill them with passengers, would usually be a physical impossibility. Requiring boats for a third of the passengers could insure little more than a wild panic. And in all human probability more lives would be saved, or better, fewer would be lost, if it were understood that there were no boats at all, but ample and well-tested lifebelts for everybody on board. Those could be used, and it is probable that boats could not be. Immersion in a summer sea for the brief interval of, say, an hour would do infinitely less harm than a frantic scramble of several hundred persons for boats—and the ordinary harbor steamer could probably be beached in ten minutes from any point on her course.

I incline to believe, therefore, that the failure to require boats enough for all, in the case of harbor craft, is not "to neglect the solemn warning of such disasters as that to the Titanic and the Slocum." What is demanded by an ocean-going liner is not necessarily what is demanded by a steamer running to Coney Island only. Ocean liners are slow in sinking, as a rule, and their decks admit of assembling passengers for debarkation. Harbor steamers, if they sink, sink quickly; and if they burn, they burn like tinder. Their decks are likely to be thronged with excitable people whose one chance of escape is to go overboard with speed and await succor there.

This does not apply, of course, to coastwise steamers making long runs, and perhaps not to steamers in Long Island Sound. But to such craft as ply in harbors, like those of New York and Boston, the reasoning does, I think, apply with obvious force.

PHILIP S. MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., July 23.

ON WRITING GOOD ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From a letter printed in the correspondence columns of your issue of June 27 I have copied the following sentence:

> The student at once learns this when he undertakes to describe an experiment, as compared with the writing of an essay on some literary or historical theme.

I trust it will not convict me of snobbishness if I make a passing query as to the comparison implied in the words quoted. Is the "experiment" supposed to be compared with "the writing of an essay," and does the gentleman mean that a student learns something or other when he undertakes to describe a scientific experiment with regard to its likeness or unlikeness to a certain literary experiment? I cannot think that this is the thought your correspondent would convey. Quite seriously, I suppose the comparison had in mind, if not exactly mentioned, is between describing an experiment and writing a literary or historical essay. Doubtless, the writer could have expressed his meaning with formal clearness if he had thought it worth while to do so—and here we come to the point of what I feel moved to say.

Horace Greeley said that the way to resume specie payments was to resume. A very "'umble" person may be allowed to suggest that the way to remedy this notorious trouble about writing English is to write English. Righteousness exalteth a nation, undoubtedly; but no theory of righteousness, no method of teaching or of learning righteousness, will exalt a nation until men and women of light and leading, and men and women who follow, dimly groping, are righteous. Boys and girls in college or elsewhere may campaign with Cæsar, and thumb the Greek grammar, or they may dissect malodorous lobsters, count stamens and pistils, and rig private wireless nuisances—but they will not learn to write good English unless they try to write good English; and they are not likely to make the effort very seriously and persistently so long as their eminent elders continue to treat good English as something not worth the effort it would cost to achieve it.

My note-books are burdened with excellent illustrations of how not to do it—specimens of bad English taken, not from local weekly papers or yellow journals, but from serious books issued by good publishers and from periodicals of the better class. It chances that I have just been reading an historical work in four handsome volumes, written by an eminent author, lately deceased, and reprinted by an old and supposedly respectable Boston house. It is not merely that much of the proof-reading is such as our best dailies would be ashamed of, but behind the publisher is the author himself, with sentences here and there that would be unworthy of a sophomore. He may have deliberately preferred never to put the much-misused word *only* in its proper and logical place—if so, he has been commendably faithful to his own principle, or lack of it; but he could hardly have said with malice aforethought that "an electoral system constructed on these lofty principles would be sure to turn out exactly as the open voting system proved to be," or "The condition of public feeling was somewhat different from that of London," or ". . . as if we and the world in general had no right to be troubled with these American quarrels," or ". . . had either not seen the popular drama or had missed the point of its broadest joke."

More than one of our present aspirants for the Presidency has had literary ambitions, and has blackened much white paper. The candidate who rightly estimates "that faith in small confounding facts which is contempt for large reassuring principles" has written in golden words of "the incomparable music of perfected human speech." Do we of the present generation care for that music, or even think we ought to care for it? It is not out of place here to write of the music of speech; for, as Sidney Lanier has told us, not only the living voice, but the printed page, speaks to the ear. The printed page, giving our speech in a comparatively permanent form which admits of its being studied and appreciated, should be taken very seriously by every lover of good English, and everyone who cares for the choice of the best things.

JAMES P. KELLEY.

Chicago, July 20.

THE PASSING OF DOUBT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Robert Grant's last book, "The Convictions of a Grandfather," a visit to Grasmere, and the discovery there of a memorial tablet to Arthur Hugh Clough, in whom the young people of the party are frankly uninterested, are made the occasion of the following generalization:

> The young read Clough no more, so alluring to us because he epitomized the anguish of the soul which revolts with fervor, but reluctantly, from orthodoxy . . . The youth of half a century ago is constantly impressed with the subsidence of the torments of doubt. From such a different angle does the world approach polemics to-day that people either believe or they do not; and the failure to succumb to faith has in the main ceased to involve that poignancy of distress which bade us vindicate the bitter glory of the reproach.

That statement should challenge the attention of any whose business it is to try to understand the spiritual needs and moods of the youth of to-day. For a common mistake of the teacher and preacher is to speak into a psychological condition which no longer exists.

But is it true that the youth of to-day no longer doubts? Is it true even that the youth of to-day no longer reads Clough? Clough never had a wide circle of readers, and it may well be true that the son of the father who read Clough, and the son's immediate friends and associates, have never heard of "Dipsychus" and "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich"; and that the son of the father who endured the fruitful torments of doubt is serenely insensitive to the solicitations of spiritual hopes and fears. But there are other sons of other fathers. This impossibility of sharing with those of his own blood all of the spiritual inheritance which has strengthened and enriched himself, is a hard truth for the fond parent to assimilate.

Even supposing that Clough is not read by the youth of to-day, however, it by no means follows that there are no valleys of perplexing shadow in the path of the coming generations, or, at least, in the path of that little group of the coming generation who walk the ways of careful thought.

I remember when I was an undergraduate, and at the height of my enthusiastic devotion to Clough, I happened to express my enthusiasm in the presence of one of the older professors, who proceeded to shock me by confessing that he had never read Clough's writings, and never intended to read them. "It is no use," he said, "Clough is not my prophet, or the prophet of my generation. He does not speak the language of my province of time. But that which you experience through Clough and Arnold and Tennyson, I experience through Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley. It was they who lit the torch of the intellectual life for me when I was young, and in reading and rereading them I keep my soul alive."

Perhaps, then, all that is signified by the experience out of which Robert Grant has written the passage I have quoted is that in the last thirty or forty years the youth of the world has passed into another "province of time," where a different spiritual dialect is spoken. In that dialect, however, the vocabulary of distressing doubt and delicately balanced faith is by no means a lessening factor. Nietzsche and Maeterlinck, Bernard Shaw and Chesterton, have made no small contribution to such a vocabulary. Moreover, personally I have evidence of a young man here and there who still reads and relishes Clough.

At any rate, he who has occasion to deal with youth cannot yet venture to ignore the psychology of doubt.

AUGUSTUS M. LORD.

Providence, July 25.

A SQUARE DEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* has (and rightly) shown itself sensitive in political matters. In reading the current *Nations*, however, we discover that this admirable sensitiveness vanishes in matters of bias. Every move that a certain Colonel makes, for instance, is hounded and found odious by the sensitive *Nation*. But Taft's billingsgate, his meaningless speeches, the shameless political tactics he permits his managers to use in his behalf (and theirs), the coolness with which his advocates and their press discuss the plausibility of this or that unfair play to gain their end—to all this the *Nation* seems distressingly shock-proof; and this is much to be regretted.

EDWARD STAFFORD.

Boston, Mass., July 27.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the excellent review entitled "A Great English Diplomat" in the *Nation* for May 23, p. 514, I was interested to see a famous remark on the Schleswig-Holstein question, reproduced, by the way, in an abbreviated form, attributed to Lord John Russell. So far as I know, Lord Palmerston has always been regarded as the author. See, for instance, Spencer Walpole's "The History of Twenty-five Years," I, 407-408.

ARTHUR LYON CROSS.

University of Michigan, July 18.

Literature

BOSANQUET'S GIFFORD LECTURES.

The Principle of Individuality and Value. The Gifford Lectures for 1911 delivered in Edinburgh University. By B. Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Mr. Bosanquet's Gifford Lectures could hardly fail to be an important contribution to metaphysics, even though, as he modestly admits, they present no new fundamental ideas. The present volume contains the first of two series and develops the conception of individuality, or self-completeness, as the clue to reality and value, while the second series, to be given this year, will "apply these ideas to human (*i. e.*, finite) value and destiny." Even for the student of philosophy they are not altogether easy reading. The argument is sketched rather than worked out, in a series of difficult points for which the reader must supply the connections, and presupposes a special initiation into the dialectic of recent idealism—assuming, indeed, that there is a reader in mind. For the style is suggestive of meditations, or of private correspondence, rather than of lectures, and the sentences have an often perplexing informality of structure which, in a finished and skilful writer, would appear to indicate a special aversion for the conventional and obvious. Yet perhaps this is the price to pay for a work which is at every point solid thinking and which in its maturity and seriousness well reflects those "graver experiences" assumed to be the clue to reality. And if the type of philosophy is not new, the argument is fresh and specially relevant to present issues.

Mr. Bosanquet's attitude is one of steady conservatism along the lines marked out by the absolute idealism of T. H. Green and, of course, of Plato. Plato he quotes as the Christian quotes his Bible, with little patience for those who fail to find in him the text for any doctrine necessary to salvation. And for Mr. Bosanquet the essence of Platonism is rationalism, or, if you like, intellectualism, the doctrine, namely, that the logical is the true type of the real. The present volume, then, is a reaffirmation of intellectualism, chiefly against Bergson, incidentally against the pragmatists—who, however, are dismissed with a single paragraph—but also against certain heresies to be found in his own school, in Royce, MacTaggart, and even Taylor and Ward. In his view all of these writers are at some point tainted with what we should call romanticism, in that they undertake to procure meaning for the world and freedom for human life at the expense of law and order, to vindicate the efficiency of the mind by denying its dependence upon the body, and to justify intuition by belittling science and reason. His purpose is to show that freedom and law, intuition and reason, creativeness and logical determinateness, are absolutely continuous—in other words, that this whole set of contrasts is false. But part of the showing consists in a broader interpretation of the conception of logical order, the many interesting refinements of which we must unfortunately pass by, which not only extends the range of the logical but discovers its most characteristic features in the region beyond the narrowly "intellectual."

The dominant issue in present philosophy, and in some terms in all philosophy, is the status of natural science; in other words, the significance of the mechanical order and the assumed uniformity of nature. Bergson and pragmatists have reduced the uniformity of nature to a merely casual working-hypothesis, and most of the idealists have sought to discredit the principle in the interest of the supposed spontaneity of mind. Mr. Bosanquet's idealism is opposed to this tendency. Holding that mind, in the "true" (*i. e.*, absolute) sense, is the clue to reality, he nevertheless contends that the essence of mind is logical determinateness rather than a miraculous "spontaneity." The uniformity of nature is simply a demand for such determinateness. It means that reality must constitute a rational system. But, on the other hand, a rational system is a coherence of differences in a whole, and not a mere repetition of abstractly similar cases. Strictly speaking, repetition is never found in nature, and so far the principle of "uniformity" is falsely abstract. The truly scientific principle would be that of *relevancy.* Yet even the abstract uniformities are not wholly meaningless. "It is easy to show that the abstractions of the sciences which deal with things as in space are not everything; but it is a great mistake to suppose that they are nothing." "A shallower world does not give law to a deeper," but on the other hand, the deeper view is marked by its larger and finer determinateness. And this, again, is the very essence of individuality and freedom—not irrelevant "spontaneity," but depth and breadth of connectedness.

As a corollary to the doctrine of spontaneity, recent idealism has been marked by a revival of emphasis upon the contrast of teleology and mechanism. For the "commonplace" variety of teleology Mr. Bosanquet barely disguises his contempt. In his view it is a purely anthropomorphic notion derived from the situation of the "finite contriver," who is obliged to select from among various possible ends and unwillingly to accept certain lines of conduct as means. The conception of "purpose," with the implied alternations of want and satiety, can mean little for a being whose point of view is the whole. And the application to nature is mostly fallacious. The purposes of the lower organisms are not their own purposes. Little more are our purposes those of our finite human consciousness. The ideas implied in the structure and working of our bodies have obviously not been conceived by us, nor can we claim as our own the contributions that we inevitably make to the history of civilization. The "plan," in other words, is the working of the whole—which is a timeless whole. And upon a deeper view the apparent contradiction of teleology and mechanism is transformed into convergence. For in the attempt to conceive purposes coherently and in detail we see that every purpose must express itself in a determinate form of mechanism, while all attempts to banish meaning from the mechanical order presuppose that abstract "uniformity" which makes nature a repetition of similars.

The issue is brought to a point in the question of the mind's independence of the body. Here we must indeed sympathize with his criticism of those idealistic writers who persist in cherishing, in some form, the time-worn and flimsy idea that, while the mind cannot move the body in a mass, it may control the body through some small part, as the ship is steered by the rudder—as if in the magnitude or directness of the effect there were any difference of principle. According to Mr. Bosanquet, mind and body are a unity, and mind is throughout dependent upon body. Mind is, however, not the effect of the body, but its meaning; while the body furnishes the content, the meaning of which is to be developed, and without which consciousness would be utterly empty. Following Green, he holds that through our bodies our nature is "communicated" to us and in mind we develop our nature. And thus, though mind and body are a unity, mind is not parallel to body, but a "higher aspect" of the one reality. Yet, in the end, of a reality which is not so much ourselves as the Absolute. The function of our minds, it appears, is "to elicit, to represent in themselves, that special field of experience in which they are embodied."

The central idea of the work is thus the continuity of the real; the continuity of soul and body, of purpose and mechanism, of consciousness and nature. But when the continuity of these contrasted terms is established, it becomes a question (as Mr. Bosanquet sees clearly enough) whether idealism in fleeing from romanticism has not fallen into the arms of materialism. For where mind and body are one, the body tends to become the one, and it is not easy to see how the mind as a "communication" through the body differs from the mind as a mere reflection of the body. In reply, Mr. Bosanquet would doubtless point out that for him, as for other idealists, mind is reality at a higher level, and that he in particular is emphatic in asserting that the truest types of the real are communicated by the "graver experiences" of art and religion. "A judgment of color harmony, or of decorative or dramatic fitness, or of appropriate biological response to environment, or of morality, may, or rather must be, the proper background presupposed, as necessary as a geometrical axiom; and if equally necessary, it possesses, considering the greater fulness of its content, a considerably higher degree of truth." But the effect of such assertions seems to be weakened by his constant insistence upon the finite and fragmentary character of all human consciousness and its dependence upon the physical. For human experience, human individuality, and human ideals he shows a scant respect—so little, indeed, that it is difficult to escape the conclusion, at least from this first course of lectures, that for him the sole value of human life lies in the glimpse it affords of the Absolute, which, again, it rather unexpectedly appears, is the sole embodiment of "the principle of individuality and value."

It is not easy to do justice in a limited space to a work so maturely thoughtful, but it is clear where the centre of criticism must lie. For Mr. Bosanquet self-consciousness is the type of the real. Now, it is true, as he insists, that every case of consciousness presupposes, not merely an object, but at least a subject, in the form of something beyond consciousness which becomes conscious. A disembodied soul would be lacking in all the essentials of a point of view. Every state of consciousness is thus in some sense continuous with a reality beyond. But equally clear and equally characteristic is the fact that every state of consciousness completely alters the situation of that which has become conscious. The victim of a habit, an influence, of heredity or circumstances, is placed in a relation of independence towards the habit, or what not, so far as he clearly realizes that he is a victim. Now this is the aspect of consciousness upon which the romanticists, the humanists, and the individualists have based their case. Readers of Mr. Bosanquet can hardly escape the conviction that, while claiming to give it due weight, he really views it with contempt. Yet this is the aspect of consciousness which is needed to give distinctiveness to an idealistic metaphysics; and the question is, what is left when the significance for reality of the self as against the outer world has paled before its lack of significance in the presence of the Absolute? Mr. Bosanquet is unmistakably an idealist. But he can hardly complain if his absolute idealism seems to many only a sublimated materialism.

CURRENT FICTION.

Through the Postern Gate. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is safe to say that lovers of "The Rosary" will find in this story the traits they cherish. The beautiful lady of thirty-six with firm, white, soft, strong, capable hands is here; and the youth whom she calls "Boy dear"; the comic relief in old family servitors, the games of tennis, the cups of tea with sugar and cream and explosive buns in the garden. Moreover, the distant wings of an airship are heard to flutter as becomes the tale of the moment. The sentiment is no less honeyed than before; the lover is a little younger and more audacious, his lady a little older, relatively, and more maternal. "Boy dear" or "Little Boy Blue" sets out to win his fair senior in seven days, in the face of her motherly objections. She is Jericho and he the besieging army of Israel. Of course, there is a rival; of course, an intermeddler. And these ingredients are served in a sprinkling of humor and with sugar, honey, glucose, and saccharin in amounts bordering on the indigestible.

The Sheriff of Badger. By George Pattullo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here is a cowboy story which lacks a pretty and refined Eastern heroine and a perfect gentle knight in "chaps." In other words, its staple is plain human nature of the variety that occurs in the Southwest cattle country. Parts of the book have appeared in the form of magazine stories, and some of the incidents are of the kind commonly manufactured for Eastern consumption; but the characters and the setting are evidently drawn from life. Lafe Johnson, the hero—not a Swede, in spite of his name—is a fine fellow according to his lights; but when he goes to town with a friend who has made some money, he is not unlikely to find himself the next morning "lying under a pool-table in the 'Fashion,' lost in vague conjecture as to how he arrived there." The women, from Grace Hawes, who "bathes dishes" at the "Cowboys' Rest," to Mrs. Floyd, the pretty young wife of the boss of the "Lazy L," are primitive in their plainspokenness and their readiness to show their feelings. The heroine is a Chicago shopgirl who has come to the Southwest as a result of answering a marriage advertisement, and has been rescued from her worthless correspondent by the excellent sheriff. The interaction of characters and points of view is managed with skill and a good deal of humorous insight. There is not much plot, but there are plenty of interesting situations and lively sketches of customs along the Southwest border. The style is refreshingly breezy, and the dialogue expressive and racy of the soil. Some interesting snatches of cowboy song are quoted; for instance:

O bury me not on the lone prairee,
Where the wild ki-yotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind
blows free.

The Burgundian. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Co.

Rosemonde, daughter of a poor Provençal knight, went to Paris with the avowed intention of marrying a great man, and satisfying her unbounded ambition. Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, and Louis d'Orléans, brother of Charles VI, both fell in love with her, and by skilful manœuvring she brought Louis to the point of a proposal; unfortunately, Jean caused him to be murdered, as history relates, and Rosemonde was foiled. For reasons unexplained, Jean treated her with the utmost respect, though she was entirely in his power, living as she did in his palace as lady-in-waiting to the Duchess. Therefore, nothing prevented her eventually marrying the devoted young knight, Jean's former squire, who had loved her always, and whom she had always loved, in spite of her ambitions. The story is really an excuse—not a bad one—for a pseudo-historical sketch of Jean sans Peur. Why are such violent and bloody tales invariably written by women?

The Street Called Straight. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Bros.

The author of "The Inner Shrine" here makes a business-like attempt to follow up that notable success. The result is not happy. We should say that this writer has little or no story-telling impulse—that he has a good deal of ingenuity in construction, and a clever knack with words. But the whole thing is derivative. Auræ of Mr. Howells, of Mrs. Wharton, of Henry James, even, hang about these pages. A certain finesse of style, that is, is cultivated. But the substance is anything but subtle. Some of the dialogue is almost ludicrous in its inappositeness: the opening scene, for example, in which a number of supposably well-bred people discuss their most delicate affairs in the presence of a stranger. Mr. King's real affiliations are with Robert W. Chambers rather than with the finer chroniclers of the social episode whose manner he emulates.

The Prison Without a Wall. By Ralph Straus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the story of Sylvanus de Bohun, Fellow of St. Mary's College. The author says he wrote a "Social History of the Roman People" in four brilliant volumes, but this cannot be true, for Sylvanus gives no signs of human intelligence. He is even less alive than the other characters in the book. One of the latter, Aunt Anne, smokes cheroots, and Sylvanus "watches her place one into (*sic*) a holder." She says: "Tah! I draw the line somewhere. Must. Eh?" So do we, at this novel; it is artificial, badly written, and eminently dull.

The Fall Guy. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A wide and diversified field is embraced in this collection of stories. Several of them centre in a town in southern Ohio, which is evidently homeground to the author. It is safe to say that the circus under canvas tents came to Macochee in Mr. Whitlock's day, and that by open or secret ways he made acquaintance with it at a tender age. Odd old folk must have lived and died there. There court was held, and judge and lawyer figured large in the town eye. On the glorious "Bloody Sixty-Sixth" of Civil War times "we were all reared," says the Macochee boy. Its exploits enter into more than one of the fourteen stories here assembled. There are minor tales of holiday tours in Maine; portraits of town characters which may hardly be called stories, and drawings in detail of quaint episodes, as of an old woman watching a funeral across the road, that show what may be done with homely little happenings by the seeing eye and the discriminating pen. There are, besides, other and wider flights of no little impressiveness. Such are "The Fall Guy," the story of the man whose business was thieving; "The Field of Honor," a tale of a coward in the Civil War, and other stories of judgments passed on "grafter" and "loiterer." In these is revealed the most pronounced bent of the author's mind—sympathy for the under dog and a tenderly sharp eye for his readiness to make sacrifice for some other dog yet farther under. Mr. Whitlock goes still farther. In pitying his criminal he bitterly condemns the public, accusing it of making the criminal, and blaming it for exacting penalty. The fine imposed on "the girl that's down" for "loitering" is described as money "to buy society off, to bribe it not to take its revenge upon them." When the "grafting" alderman gets one year in prison, as a lenient sentence, Mr. Whitlock's comment is that one and ten years in prison are the same; that "society does not forgive or forget, or keep its bargain with its prisoners, but pursues them after they come out, to the end that all sentences to prison may be sentences for life." In the writer's social scheme there appears to be scant room for the law—a reform less needed than some others perhaps at this moment.

MARGARET OF SAVOY.

Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy. By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

Sixteenth-century France rejoiced, as Pater says, in "three royal Margarets, much praised pearls of three succeeding generations." The celebration of the author of the "Heptameron" and of the adventurous Queen Margot has never ceased, but the memory of the second Margaret, daughter of Francis I and wife of Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy, was swift to fade. In our own century, however, she has twice won the honor of biography, as Miss Stephens's book follows a monograph by Roger Peyre. It would be hazardous to assert, with Miss Stephens, that Margaret of Savoy was the most learned woman of the century, for she left no writings other than her simple letters, and the contemporary evidence of her attainments is not conclusive; and it is certainly an exaggeration to say that at the time of her marriage she held the peace of Europe in her hand; but her beneficent energy, both in letters and in politics, was very great nevertheless, and the writing of the two biographies is fully justified. Both are excellent. M. Peyre's consists of a series of special and somewhat isolated discussions, while Miss Stephens's more extensive work is a complete and coherent narrative.

Margaret first came into individual prominence as patroness of the Pléiade. It was through her active intervention, as Ronsard narrates, that the court was won to interest in the poems of the young writers, despite the scorn of Mellin de Saint-Gelais. She is constantly celebrated in their verse, either by her own name, with its obvious opportunities for allusions and superlatives, or as the Pallas of the Renaissance. As Pallas, too, with the classic attributes of that divinity, she appears in a contemporary enamel by Jehan de Court. Ronsard, Du Bellay, and Jodelle are the three who are most constant in poetic devotion. Their tributes show that her relation to them was a very personal one, vigorous in encouragement and warm with sympathy. Miss Stephens adopts the theory of Léon Séché, that

Margaret was the lady sung in Du Bellay's "Olive," but that theory is by no means established. The fourth and the twenty-fourth sonnets of the collection seem clearly to have been written to one who really bore the name "Olive"—to say nothing of the fact that Miss Stephens places the presentation of the poet to Margaret in June, 1549, while the "Olive" appeared in the spring of that same year.

Many others wrote in her honor and with her favor, in French, Italian, or Latin: Saint-Gelais, Desportes, Del Bene, Flaminio, Scaliger, Buchanan, l'Hospital. It was to her interest that l'Hospital owed his political advancement. She made him chancellor of her duchy of Berry, and after her marriage called him to Savoy, whence he returned to be the chancellor of France.

Margaret's administration in Berry gave notable proof of her executive ability and of her enthusiasm for learning. By wise and generous measures she checked the commercial decline of the territory, and she did much to confirm and increase the prestige of the University of Bourges.

Her marriage to Emmanuel Philibert, the "second founder of Savoy," which renders her of interest in our day as ancestress of the royal Italian line, brought her into a field of new opportunities, which she used with admirable skill. She was constantly her husband's welcome counsellor. Frenchmen and Spaniards, jealous of each other and loath to leave Savoy, still garrisoned several of the chief cities, and her tactful influence was one of the main forces in effecting their peaceable withdrawal. Her last years, marked now and again by intervention on behalf of the Waldenses, were devoted mainly to the education of her son, Charles Emmanuel.

Miss Stephens devotes many chapters to circumstances and events in which Margaret's part was less prominent: the various unsuccessful plans for her marriage, famous tournaments she witnessed, episodes of court life in Paris and in Turin. Sometimes the matter thus included has little to do with Margaret. The amount of space devoted to her youth is disproportionately large, and the chapter on the Duc de Nemours and Françoise de Rohan would better have been omitted altogether. Yet Miss Stephens has done well not to limit her narrative too strictly, and her book as it stands affords an interesting, varied, and trustworthy picture of French court life in the Renaissance.

The book is admirably illustrated from sixteenth-century portraits and frontispieces, and the bibliography and index are excellent. Very few errors of any sort occur in the body of the work, but the rather casual preface is marred by reference to the present King of Italy as "Humbert." The publisher's announcement, for which, of course, Miss Stephens is not responsible, locates the archives of Savoy at Tunis.

Notes

In "Boston New and Old," which Houghton Mifflin will issue in the autumn, T. Russell Sullivan will give a series of pen pictures, and Lester G. Hornby furnishes seventeen full-page drawings, headbands, tail-pieces, etc.

Scribners bring out this month "Majority Rule and the Judiciary: An Examination of Current Proposals for Constitutional Changes Affecting the Relation of the Courts to Legislation," by William L. Ransom, with an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt.

Earl Barnes's "Woman in Modern Society" is promised by Huebsch for this month.

Among the new books which Holt will issue in the autumn are: "Why Women Are So," by Mary Roberts Coolidge; "The Making of an American Business Woman," by Anne Shannon Monroe, and Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "The Montessori Mother," which is said to be an untechnical account of what the Montessori method is.

The Century Company announces: "English Fiction from the Fifth to the Twentieth Century," by Carl Holliday; "Source Book in Economics," by Frank A. Fetter; "English Composition and Style," by William T. Brewster, and S. E. Forman's "The American Republic."

Among the autumn announcements of Rand, McNally & Co. we note: "The Little King and Princess True," a series of nature stories by Mary Earle Hardy: "The Lovers," by Eden Philpotts; "Rowena's Happy Summer," by Celia Myrover Robinson; "When Were You Born," by "Cheiro"; "The Mermaid's Gift," by Julia Brown; "Modern Business Methods," by Teller & Brown; "Stories of the Pilgrims," by Margaret B. Humphrey; "A Christmas Party for Santa Claus," by Ida Huntington; "David Dunne," by Belle Maniates, and "The Story-Teller's Book," by Alice O'Grady.

Professor Gomperz has completed the fourth volume of his "Greek Thinkers," which will be issued by Murray next autumn in an English translation by G. G. Berry. The volume deals especially with Aristotle.

In a book to be published by Martin Secker, Lascelles Abercrombie reviews the work of Thomas Hardy, and makes a critical estimate of his place in English literature.

The announcements of Sampson Low, Marston & Co. include: "Dame Fashion," a history of feminine modes since 1786, by Julius M. Price; Kinglake's "Eothen," illustrated by Frank Brangwyn; an edition of "Lorna Doone," specially pictured by Christopher Clark; "Round the World for Gold," by Herbert W. L. Way; "Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay; "Rough Roads: The Reminiscences of a Wasted Life," by Dyke Wilkinson; a series of the best stories by the leading English and French authors, issued at a popular price under the general head, Masterpieces of Fiction; "An Amateur Gentleman," by Jeffery Farnol, and Mr. Farnol's "The Broad Highway," illustrated by C. E. Brock.

As a permanent memorial of the celebration of its 250th anniversary, the Royal Society has had printed, at the Oxford University Press, collotype fascimiles of all the signatures of the founders, patrons, and fellows of the Society recorded in its first journal book and the charter book from 1660 to the present time. The volume of signatures (which measures 18 by 14 inches) contains a photogravure portrait of Charles II, who gave the Society its charter, and a preface by Sir A. Geikie, the president. This memorial is now about to be issued by Henry Frowde, together with a third edition, entirely revised and rearranged, of "The Record of the Royal Society," originally edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. A. W. Rücker.

Dr. Edwin Post, head of the Latin department of De Pauw University, is at work on a critical edition of the "Satiricon" of Petronius. Mr. Post's bibliography of the subject is said to be the best that has yet been compiled.

A correspondent directs attention to a recent paper in our Bibliophile columns, wherein our contributor dealt with documents, newly come to light, relating to Edgar Allan Poe without giving credit to their discoverer. It is true that Dr. Killis Campbell described these documents in the *Sewanee Review* for April, and his paper was widely commented upon in the press. No doubt the publicity which it then received was our contributor's excuse for not mentioning it in further using the material. We regret if the *Nation* has seemed to do Dr. Campbell any injustice.

"Elizabethan Adventures Upon the Spanish Main" (Dutton), adapted from Hakluyt by Albert M. Hyamson, contains stirring tales about such worthies as Drake, Hawkins, Oxenham, Grenville; their hazardous voyages of plunder and discovery, and their fights for supremacy on the high seas. There is an account of the great Armada's destruction, for the author has not confined himself to the Spanish Main alone. He has modernized Hakluyt's spelling and elucidated involved passages, but has retained the original flavor of the narratives, in most instances written not by men of letters but by rough and ready mariners. The book should appeal to boys as well as their parents.

"New Auction and Dummy Play" (New York: A. W. Gleason), by John B. Gleason, is one of the most comprehensive books in the game yet printed. It is a complete treatise for beginners and advanced players, and should help both. Methods of bidding, common errors, information in bids, limits of bidding, and the many fine points that go to make up the game before the play are fully and clearly set forth.

Charles Thomas-Stanford is not an Orientalist, and knows it. He is an antiquary of the cultured, leisurely, old-fashioned kind, and so his "About Algeria" (Lane) has a flavor quite different from that of the ordinary tourist book. He frankly admits having read up Algeria before going there, but he digested his reading, and his own book can be read. Besides a good little sketch of the French conquest, there are suggestive bits on the colonizing and development of the country and on Roman life in Africa. The thirty-two illustrations, from drawings and photographs, have distinction. But with an index of only seventy-seven entry words, it was not well to remark on the generally indexless state of French books.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, an English army chaplain who achieved fame once by writing a book called "How to Be Happy Though Married," dedicates another venture, "The Unvarying East" (Scribner), to "Sunday-school teachers who would learn in order to teach." The volume consists of rambling notes on various customs in Chinese and Mohammedan Asia which the author has affixed by way of commentary to some seven hundred Bible texts. It has been a good man's labor of love and has, probably, done him no harm, but its effect upon those accepting it as a source of information illustrative of Scripture life cannot be dismissed so lightly. To be told that all Orientals are alike is only true in the sense that they are all human beings more or less highly civilized. They are not similar because they may happen to hold to customs which are only superficially alike. Mr. Hardy finds that "in the north of China where it is very cold in winter a whole family—parents, children, and sometimes even servants—sleep together on a sort of platform over a stove. This illustrates what the man in the parable said, 'the door is now shut and my children are with me in bed' (Luke xi 7)." If he means that Syrians sleep like the Chinese on *kangs* he is grossly incorrect. The brick bed is as unknown in Palestine as in New York. If he means that whole households sleep together on the floor in both countries, he could find the same in this or any other great city. In many instances his explanations are useless because they do not explain; sometimes—but rarely, it must be said—they are untrue. Baalzebub, the "Lord of Flies," was not "worshipped by the Philistines hoping to be saved from the annoyance which flies and mosquitoes caused them in that country, as they do now," but because in some mysterious way the carrion flies suggested or symbolized re-birth.

The Virginia Military Institute, situated at Lexington, was before the Civil War a good school for soldiers, and since then has been vigorously maintained. Its greatest tradition is that for ten years Stonewall Jackson was one of its instructors, but it has others which it cherishes. In May, 1864, its cadets, organized as a battalion, boys ranging in age from fourteen to twenty, formed part of the small army under Breckenridge which at New Market defeated Sigel, who with a superior force was marching up the Shenandoah Valley. Enthusiasm and good leadership won victory for the Confederates, among whom the young soldiers were conspicuously brave. The New Market campaign was only a small ripple in the ebb and flow of the mighty warfare of the year 1864. The world in general cares little about its minute details. To participants, however, and their descendants, particularly to the honorable school whose young sons did here such valiant service to their cause, the careful story will have interest. This is given in "The New Market Campaign" (Richmond: Whittet & Shepperson), by E. R. Turner, a Southern scholar and now professor of European history at Ann Arbor. The narrative is well studied and clear, and fair to the combatants on both sides.

The appearance of S. C. Woodhouse's "English-Greek Lexicon" (Dutton) is a pleasing indication that strict academic etiquette in England no longer requires the student to use time-wasting methods when he wishes to know the Greek equivalent of an English word that he can safely use in his "copy" of Greek verse or prose. The lack of such a handbook by a reputable scholar is due, in England, at any rate, to the same unyielding attitude that makes the Eton boy acquire his Greek from a grammar written in Latin, and has given rise to that unhappy phrase, "compulsory Greek." Of course, there existed inferior Lexicons of this kind, but in the English universities they were contraband, and, if seen, would have blackened the reputation of the owner, who was supposed to quarry the required word or phrase from the author in whose style he was composing. So in producing this solid and respectable work of above a thousand pages Mr. Woodhouse is breaking with a tradition, and will save the undergraduate many an hour. In this country, where Greek verse is not written, and no such proficiency in prose writing is demanded as in England, the boon will be less keenly appreciated, but many a teacher who sets and corrects Greek prose will welcome this trustworthy lexicon. If he does not need the word and phrase supplied here for the verse-writer, he will at least be warned what to avoid for pure prose. The author often gives whole phrases to illustrate a usage, and in all cases indicates by initials what writers have used a word. He confines his attention to the Attic language, but adds a useful vocabulary of proper names, and gives the Greek forms of a number of Latin and other names. This will be a great comfort to the English youth who has to write a prize poem and cannot find in a classical author the Greek for Lincoln or London, Sennacherib, the Kurds, or the Seine. The volume is well got up, and the printing is admirably clear.

In the volume entitled "Acts of the Apostles" (Clarendon Press; Frowde), Dr. W. M. Furneaux offers the reader who is acquainted only with the English language an elaborate and trustworthy commentary. In a brief introduction designed to set forth the presuppositions upon which the exposition rests, the Dean of Winchester frankly admits that all parts of the book are not of equal historical value; that some incidents may have been duplicated, and that others betray traces of legendary accretion. These historical difficulties, however, do not prevent the assumption that the author is Luke; but they do intimate rather strongly that the work was planned and written, not during the lifetime of Paul, but in the latter part of the first century. The commentary proper is furnished with an independent translation, which is itself an interpretation. The notes may be read consecutively without weariness. Though the editor has drawn from many authorities, all duly indexed, he is not a compiler, but an original and withal judicious commentator. The fact that he writes for readers who know only the English tongue explains the omission of references to such German commentaries, not translated into English, as Overbeck, Wendt, and Holtzmann.

The twelfth volume of the Camden Miscellany (Camden Society, 3d ser., Vol. XVIII, London, 1910) contains four groups of documents relating to English history. "Two London Chronicles," edited by C. L. Kingsford from the Stow MSS. in the British Museum, describe with laconic quaintness the penalties inflicted for "sellyng of Martyn Leuthar's bokes," for heresy, counterfeiting, murder, treason, and other common crimes of the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, as well as some sermons and other edifying public events. It is rather amusing to compare these chronicles with that of Stow himself and find that the famous author of the "Survey of London" was engaged in slavishly copying these identical chronicles at the very time when he was censuring Grafton for having made an unfair use of his own printed work. The second document is a confident seventeenth century eulogy of that so-called Hector Britannicus, Sir John Digby. Sir John is remembered not merely as the brother of Sir Kenelm, but as one of the ardent champions who fought and died for Charles I in the Civil Wars. This is followed by an Iter Bellicosum, an eight-page description of the Battle of Sedgmoor by an eye-witness; it includes an apparently accurate list of prisoners which the writer, a drummer, jotted down on the head of his drum. The volume closes with several valuable agrarian documents of the seventeenth century, edited by the veteran economic historian, Dr. William Cunningham. These report with vivid minuteness the customs and regulations which governed the mutual relations of copyholders and other persons entitled to share in the enjoyment of the common lands in a couple of villages near Cambridge, England. They illustrate the interesting system of collective management of commons which was once generally prevalent, but has now died out. Its democratic town-meeting machinery, however, was transplanted to Massachusetts, and in the new atmosphere and new surroundings came to play an important part in the constitutional and political history of the United States.

Volume XIX of the Camden Society (3d series, London, 1910) is devoted to Oscar Browning's edition of the dispatches sent home to England by the English Ambassador at Paris in the years 1788 to 1790. Before the advent of the electric telegraph, the submarine cable, and the modern newspaper, a foreign ambassador had, as these dispatches bear witness, a somewhat more important and independent position than his twentieth-century successor. The eighteenth-century ambassador also enjoyed more importance as a gatherer and transmitter of general news than is possible when he has to meet the competition of modern news-agencies. Thus, these dispatches from Paris, aside from their value as to the relations between France and England and European politics in general, give a good summary every few days of the great events in the early months of the French Revolution from the point of view of a detached and intelligent observer. Incidentally, they tend to show, as Mr. Rose has recently pointed out, that Pitt personally had a strong desire for friendship with France.

The "Essay on Hinduism, Its Formation and Future" (London: Luzac), by Shridhar V. Ketkar, which forms the second volume of his "History of Caste in India," is in all respects a most disappointing book. The common charge that the Hindu mind is devoid of the historic sense will only be confirmed by such productions as this, nor will the author's superficial views on sociology tend to mitigate the severity of this judgment—his chapter on the Theory of Social Evolution would be ludicrous, were it not pathetic. The very title of the book disguises the real purpose of its author, who is simply and solely polemizing on behalf of Vedantism, to hasten the day when, as he hopes, the entire world will accept this somewhat vapid pantheism. Thus all mankind will be Hinduized. The process is so simple! Mohammedans and Christians (the chief bugbears of Dr. Ketkar) will renounce their "theophraties," join some such body as the Arya or Brahmo Samaj, and adopt a few Hindu ideas, besides renouncing the hideous sins of eating meat and drinking wine. They will then declare themselves to be Hindus, and they will *ipso facto* be Hindus, provided no native-born Hindus are rude enough to contradict them. True, they will be only low-caste, but they ought to be thankful that they are any caste at all. These "theophraties," if we may believe Dr. Ketkar, are very bad, indeed.

> Once [the reviewer, and, perhaps, some others, would be very glad to know just when] the entire Hindu civilization was in process of spreading itself over the whole world, and was going to accomplish a unification of civilizations in the world. But this course was arrested by the rise of "religions," the great dividers of mankind. These two Semitic religions sharply differentiated themselves from each other and both from the rest of the world, and thus made mutual understanding of men more difficult (p. 157).

The "Future of Hinduism," as outlined by Dr. Ketkar, has all the attractiveness of sugared gruel, although the past history of India lends little support to this figment of his imagination. Equally superficial is his attitude towards religion. By an amusing series of quibbles, Dr. Ketkar demonstrates very conclusively (to his own mind) that the Hindus have no religion. The falsity of this is self-evident, and so little comprehension does he have of Hinduism itself that he regards as ignorance any effort to distinguish between it and animism. In fact, anything and everything is Hinduism to him which

> has not fallen from Hinduism; that is, taken up the membership of any community like Christian or Mohammedan, which is not considered as a Hindu community (p. 33), . . . and the one and only mark of heterodoxy is the "formation of new tribes with a separate social existence with some theological doctrine, wise or stupid, at the basis" (p. 104).

Happily, two chapters, on Internal Ties and on Modern Social Conditions, stand apart from the general level of the book. Yet the material given in them, where the author is stating actual present-day facts. and not theories and prophecies, is to be found equally well (and usually better), in almost any standard work on India and its religions, and is really a mere commonplace to all students of the subject.

As A. Hilliard Atteridge says in his "Joachim Murat, Marshal of France and King of Naples" (Brentano's), the career of this soldier-monarch "is one of the romances of history." One rereads the record of the events in which he figured, curiously alert to discover in the man himself some adequate explanation of his extraordinary rise from the rustic seminarist, wearing the soutane, and from the military ranks, to the highest dignities of the Empire, and to a royal crown. And again one is disappointed. Purely physical courage he had, and a certain personal magnetism which made him a leader on the field of battle. But outside of a limited administrative ability, this is about all. For the rest, it is clear that he owed everything to circumstances—and that he never recognized this fact. Fatuousness and vanity are, indeed, the dominant traits of his personality. They are seen to perfection in a veritably simian passion for finery. More than any one else in that bedizened epoch, he compromises the grandeur of the Napoleonic régime by a touch of the grotesque. Napoleon himself must have felt this on one occasion at least, when, at Tilsit, he told Murat that he looked like a circus rider and ordered him to go and put on a general's uniform. And yet it is impossible to deny that in Baron Gros's painting of the Battle of Eylau—a picture that Mr. La Farge called one of the great battle pictures of the world—the presence of Murat striding his steed in semi-oriental splendor is responsible for no small share of the imaginative strangeness or fantasy that pervades the scene. Transported thus to a world of dreams, Murat can have his theatrical effectiveness as a symbol. He stands, ideally, for certain elements of legend and history in the background of his master's revery of world-wide conquest and of an empire reminiscent of all empires that had ever existed from the dawn of time. It is only in the lowest sense that Murat can be regarded as a hero of any kind.

The Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, editor of several encyclopædias of religious knowledge, died just a week ago. He was born in 1851. As an author he is remembered especially for his "Huldreich Zwingli" in the Heroes of the Reformation series.

The Rev. Samuel Fitch Hotchkin, registrar of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, and a writer, died on Thursday of last week, at the age of seventy-nine. He was a graduate of Trinity College and of the General Theological Seminary. Among his books are: "The Unseen Christ," "The Living Saviour," and memoirs of Bishops Stevens and Otey.

Science

The intimate relations of geography to the state and the Church are very clearly shown by Lord Curzon, Mr. Asquith, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in addresses reported in the *Geographical Journal* for July. Lord Curzon emphasized the "absolute revolution" between the study of geography when he was a boy and what it is now. Dwelling upon its present significance, he said: "The time has long gone by when a Secretary of State for the Colonies—was it Lord Palmerston?—upon being appointed to the Colonial Office, had to ask the secretary to open an atlas to show him where those 'something' places were. It is no longer possible to sign away, or give away, great and splendid dominions like the island of Java through the gross ignorance or the culpable ineptitude of Downing Street. Our present administrators live in an atmosphere of maps, and if you go down to a public office you will see that the most important decorations are the portraits of the present incumbents' predecessors—which I believe they contemplate with a certain gloomy satisfaction—and the maps which hang upon the walls. I dare say that the Prime Minister spends more time in consulting large-scale maps than he does in reading the speeches—I was going to say of his opponents, but I think I will say of his colleagues."

In reply, Mr. Asquith dwelt on "the enormous services the Royal Geographical Society has rendered, both to the expansion of human knowledge and to the building up and consolidation of this great Empire." The Archbishop spoke particularly upon the simplification of the work of the Christian Church throughout the world through the investigations of the geographers.

"Cotton Growing in Egypt" is a report by Arno Schmidt, secretary of the International Cotton Federation, who was sent to Egypt to prepare an itinerary for a tour of investigation by members of the Federation. It contains much valuable information derived from personal interviews with the leading cotton experts in the country and from a careful inspection of some of the cotton fields, gins, and presses. It is interesting also to learn from it that the new Agricultural Department is seriously working to enlarge the crop and improve the quality, and that Lord Kitchener himself is taking a large personal interest in the matter. There are sixteen illustrations and three diagrams, including a map showing the percentages of the area under cotton cultivation.

Interesting experiments during early spring of the present year were made in California for protecting almond trees from frost. These trees (California "papershell"), being in blossom in February, were covered with weather-proof manila, left on for a day and night, or longer. In a ten-mile breeze it took three men an hour to cover one tree, and it was also shown that the cover could not be put on after dark. With a temperature of 19 degrees Fahrenheit outside, the thermometer showed 24 degrees within the cover, a difference not as great as was expected. In short, while the loss of heat was retarded by the cover, it was not sufficiently decreased to warrant extensive use of the method in its present form. Evidently the idea needs further study and development. Careful statistics have been compiled with reference to the danger point of peach buds, but there should seem to be no set of similar experiments relating to almonds. Temperature of the air is not always that of the tree, and varying heights above the ground may also give different results. The freezing point of water is not necessarily

22 degrees Fahrenheit, and it may not be the same in all plants. Re-warming after exposure is an important point, and it took place too rapidly in the experiments described. The cover must be improved to prevent a more effective insulation: Perhaps it should be a double cover with intervening air space.

George Massee, assistant keeper of the Herbarium at the Royal Gardens, Kew, Eng., has taken advantage of the new processes of color printing to publish forty plates of mushrooms and the like, with about eight figures of fungi on each plate. His book, entitled "British Fungi" (Dutton), has a general account of the larger fungi, with their classification and identification, and text descriptive of the species. It has also a short statement in regard to lichens. In general the photographic copies are good, and many of them are far above mediocrity. Only practical use of the volume in the field can show whether mushroom-lovers in this country will be able to match our species by the pictures of these British forms. The trial is well worth while.

A book presenting to the intelligent reader one of the most modern tendencies in biological science is Czapek's "Chemical Phenomena in Life," in Harper's Library of Living Thought. Professor of plant physiology in the University of Prague, a doctor of medicine as well as of philosophy, and a skilled chemist, Czapek carries the reader through a clear and stimulating exposition of the relations of biology and chemistry to the discussion of chemical phenomena in the living matter. How far all this is from the botany of our childhood! Not a flower "analyzed," not a plant named, not a specimen embalmed in a fragrant herbarium. Analysis, but of matter by reagent and balance; names of substances, of elements and compounds, of colloids, gels, and crystaloids, of solutions, suspensions, and enzyms; specimens, if any, in vials and chemically pure.

The "Elements of Statistical Method" (Macmillan), by Prof. W. I. King, reads like a romance of common sense, general reasoning, and elementary mathematics applied to the use of statistics. Every educated person ought to read at least one such book. Most works on statistical method are intelligible to none but experts.

G. W. Evans's "The Teaching of High School Mathematics" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Teaching of Primary Arithmetic" (Houghton Mifflin), by Henry Suzzallo, and "First Journeys in Numberland" (Scott, Foresman), by Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian M. Waldo, are all of them thoughtful and happy little essays belonging to the field of psychology, applied to teaching.

In "Junior Mathematics" (Frowde), by D. B. Mair, a course for beginners in algebra and geometry, one finds no list of definitions, no set of axioms or postulates, and no complete or formal demonstrations, the making or finding of these things being left for the pupil under guidance and suggestion; an excellent principle worked a bit too hard.

Dr. Maurice Howe Richardson, one of the foremost surgeons of this country, died at his home in Boston on Wednesday of last week. He was born in 1851, graduated from Harvard in 1877, was appointed demonstrator of anatomy in 1882, and since 1907 was Moseley professor of surgery. He contributed to "Park's Surgery by American Authors" and to "Dennis' System of Surgery."

Drama and Music

PLIGHT OF THE AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHT.

A recent court trial in New York, involving a well-known theatrical manager and an unknown writer of plays, has an interest other than that connected with the specific question at issue. Plagiarism is a difficult subject to deal with. It is hard to convict on the charge, even before the bar of public opinion. There is always the defence, and frequently it is a true defence, of simultaneous inspiration. The history of scientific discovery has famous instances of two men having hit upon the truth at the same time. There is no reason why this should not be true of imaginative literature, especially with the literature of the theatre, which is so much concerned with topics that are "in the air," and which has to deal with a fairly limited number of situations and devices. And even where plagiarism is proved, popular opinion has been educated to regard the crime as no crime at all, whatever the judges may say. The example of Shakespeare, of Molière, and of other men who were in the habit of taking their own wherever they found it, has served to establish the principle that literary peculation is justified by the use to which it is put. "Thou shalt not steal" does not hold in the history of the drama, if the stolen goods are converted into a product of higher merit.

Quite another phase of the dramatist's business is suggested by the law-suit to which we have alluded. The manager who is accused of borrowing an unknown contributor's ideas, has lost patience over the frequency with which such charges have been brought in connection with successful plays he has produced. No one, he complains, has ever gone to court to prove that he is the author of a play which has been a commercial failure. He has, therefore, determined to receive no more unsolicited manuscripts. The game is not worth the candle. The genius for whom we are all waiting to emerge from obscurity and create an American drama, refuses to appear. It is only a waste of time to plod through the thousands of manuscripts that pour into every theatrical manager's office, month in and month out. And, as the testimony in the present case shows, the manager in question has really been acting up to the decision he has just announced. Manuscripts that have never reached his hands are sent back by courteous secretaries, who regret that, after careful consideration, etc., the manager is forced to conclude that Mr. Smith's excellent play does not quite fall in with the requirements, etc. Thus the sheet of paper which the aspiring dramatist carries about with him, drawing consolation out of its vague politeness, is in reality a hoax and a delusion.

Now, even to such procedure there would be no reason for making serious objection, but for one thing. A man of business may reject a "proposition" on any terms he pleases. If an unwelcome book-agent besieges the office door, it is proper enough to make him go away, by any lawful means. But the unknown dramatists who flood the manager's offices with their manuscripts are, in a very important sense, not uninvited contributors. The cry of the theatrical manager for new plays continually echoes in the newspaper columns. When a play-producer yearns for a bit of publicity, he will usually take up the unknown dramatist. He will announce the most elaborate plans for the unearthing of hidden genius. He will speak of the army of professional readers whom he keeps busy on the hunt for new plays. In his most expansive moments, the manager will offer, or profess to offer, cash bonuses, free hearings, free trials, the free use of his theatres to any man of promise. He is willing to take even less than a play. Give him half a good play, and he will write the other half himself. Give him an idea with dramatic possibilities in it, and he will develop it himself. Fortunes are to be had for a good third act, for a good scenario, for a good single situation. Like the second-hand clothing dealers, there is no stock, of however little value, on which they are not prepared to make an offer.

All this is, of course, only skilful advertising. The wise do know it. But why blame the thousands of writers, bad and not so bad, hopeless and not so hopeless, who take all these fine professions seriously and hasten to enrich the United States Post Office? To turn round and sneer at this wistful army, as this particular play-producer has done, is unjust. It is a little more than unjust; it is misleading to spread abroad the impression that you will read everything that is sent to you, and then read nothing. This is quite aside, as we have said, from the question of plagiarism. In fact, if the practice of not reading plays is universal among managers, then the charge of plagiarism, of course, falls to the ground. If managers were really frank about this business of the unknown playwright; if, instead of dwelling on the amazing profits which await the successful author, they announced what the real chances are of an unsolicited manuscript's being accepted—the chance has been estimated as 1 in 10,000—they would do real good by effecting a notable reduction in the army of amateur playwrights whom the managers find so much of a nuisance and an expense.

David Bispham was one of the busiest of singers during the past season, putting to his credit no fewer than 170 appearances.

Caruso is studying the rôle of Wagner's Tannhauser, and hopes to sing it for the first time in Berlin next October. Lohengrin should seem more in his line; but he is a great enough artist, actor, as well as singer, to do justice to that extremely difficult rôle. His autumn tour in Germany begins on September 14 in Vienna, where he will appear three times. Munich and Stuttgart follow, and in October Berlin and Hamburg will have opportunities to hear him.

It will be easy sailing for Umberto Giordano if his opera, "Madame Sans Gêne," is produced at our Metropolitan next season, with a list of singers including Caruso, Farrar, and Amato. Giordano is not a great composer, but he is an Italian, and he is lucky. All Italian composers are thus favored at the Metropolitan. So are the German composers. The French are not. No great French singers are engaged at the Metropolitan, and French operas are given with inferior casts and conductors, for no other reason, apparently, than because two gentlemen from Milano do not, personally, like French opera. How much longer will the directors of the Metropolitan and the New York public tolerate this state of affairs?

Dr. Leopold Schmidt agrees with the Viennese critics that Mahler's ninth symphony is not the climax of his creative activity, as was the case with the ninth symphonies of Beethoven and Bruckner. It was Mahler's custom to file at his works till the day of the final rehearsal, and it is thought probable that he would have made some advantageous changes, especially in the second movement, the theme of which is rather commonplace. This movement, on account of its excessive length and comparative lack of interest, should be omitted altogether, or at least much shortened. It is not needed for the sake of contrast. The last movement was generally admired most.

As was to be expected, the renewed attempts of the Cosima-Wagnerites to persuade the German Parliament to make an exception to the copyright-expiration law and allow Bayreuth to retain its "Parsifal" monopoly, has called into existence a counter-agitation. By way of compromise it has been suggested most sensibly that, while that sublime work should be no longer withheld from the German nation at large, it should not be incorporated into the regular repertories, but given as festival performances on special occasions. That is what is done in New York, where "Parsifal" is never sung in the evening, but on certain holidays; and the plan has been found to work well.

Some years ago Finland's composer, Jan Sibelius, received a Government pension for life. It is now announced that the Czar has just made an addition to this of $500 a year. In the Scandinavian countries it has long been customary to aid composers in this way; among those who benefited by this wise policy were Gade in Denmark and Grieg in Norway.

Art

The Italians have explored a large necropolis at the ancient Roman town of Ola, near Tripoli, and have discovered twenty-one rock-hewn tombs containing many glass and bronze vases as well as earthenware cinerary urns.

At a recent meeting of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, Prof. M. Meurer read an important paper regarding the famous gold ornaments from the shaft graves at Mycenæ. He did not accept either the theory held by Schliemann that they were placed directly on the body of the dead, nor that advanced by Staïs that they were attached to the couches on which the dead were presumably placed; but made the interesting suggestion that they were used as decorations on anthropomorphic coffins, similar to those in use in Egypt. If his theory should prove right, we should here have another point of contact between the Egyptian and the "Mycenæan" civilization.

Interesting details of the discoveries made by Professor Garstang during his recent excavations in the Orient, at the head of the Hittite expedition of the University of Liverpool, have now been received. Work was resumed at Sakje-Geuzi, where excavations had been begun three years ago. A large mound, 160 feet high and 500 feet across, was found to be entirely artificial. Near the surface were unearthed splendid fortifications of Seleucid origin; lower down remains of the Roman and Greek periods; and at a depth of sixteen feet to twenty feet Hittite objects began to appear. Even forty feet below the surface Hittite buildings were discovered, these dating from about 1500 B. C., while those at a higher level belonged to the period of about 600 B. C. The Hittite houses of the eighteenth dynasty which were brought to light had been obviously destroyed by fire, suggesting that the place had been carried by assault, possibly by an expedition of the Pharaohs. Wooden verandas and roofs which had fallen between the still remaining walls and trenches could be traced. In a smaller mound near by was discovered a royal palace, where the local King-Priest lived; this palace was found in one corner of a regular enclosure, and was surrounded by a stout fortified stone wall. The chief result of the excavations was the recovery of the plan of the royal city and the discovery of some new sculptures. The expedition also explored the whole valley from Marash to beyond Antioch, and, among other things, located the royal cities of four or five petty kings.

The excavations carried on at Abydos by the Egypt Exploration Fund, under the direction of E. Naville, have led to some remarkable results. Work was concentrated on the "Osireion," a group of constructions originally discovered by Prof. Flinders Petrie. Here a passage was cleared, of which only the door had hitherto been known. It was found to have been cut in a mound of marl, the side walls being well preserved. The ceiling, which consisted of monolithic sandstone architraves about nine feet long, had been carried away almost entirely. On both sides were found chapters of the "Book of the Dead," with well-engraved vignettes. For a length of about fourteen metres the passage sloped downward, then it became horizontal again, and suddenly it came to an end. On both sides were wide openings which evidently were chambers, and in front a doorway with a huge monolithic lintel fifteen feet long. Behind this were two others of the same length and thickness, the whole forming a door in a stone wall of sandstone and red quartzite. Beyond this doorway seemed to be at least four more chambers, but only one could be traced and excavated. Except in the passage no sculptures appeared. On some painted scenes could be read the name of Meneptah. The excavators had hoped that the passage would lead to the Temple of Seti; the fact that it suddenly came to an end was therefore a surprise. At present no similar building is known in Egypt, and the questions raised by this discovery can only be answered when the work of clearing has gone further.

"Nature's Harmonic Unity" (Putnam), by Samuel Colman, N.A., edited by C. Arthur Coan, is an elaborate study of proportion in nature and in art. The method is geometrical. The demonstration of harmonic unity underlying plant and animal form, force, light, and sound vibrations, crystals and architecture is nothing more nor less than showing that all these phenomena may be graphically represented in their significant proportions by orderly derivation from the circle and the regular polygons. For example, the Parthenon front may be derived, as Jay Hambidge has shown, from the simple progressions of the circle and square. Mr. Colman plots it in several other forms. In fact, there could be no more striking proof of the fallacy of the method than that the Parthenon may or must result from any one of half a dozen elementary forms. An interesting diagram is that which derives the full face and profile of the Hermes of Praxiteles from a pentagon. The slightly heavier head of the Venus de Milo is born of a hexagon. All this sounds more absurd than it is. The geometrical webs are honestly made. Mr. Coan, the mathematical collaborator, vouches for the constructions and duly records in notes all slight errors, the greatest of which are artistically negligible. As to proving a geometrical basis for nature, this book merely shows graphically what is usually stated numerically. As a method of designing anything, these diagrams seem merely a confusing way of illustrating what is more simply expressed in numbers. For instance, Viollet le Duc's familiar statement that the cross section of the Cathedral of Amiens is based on a proportion of five to eight is far clearer than Mr. Colman's geometrical scheme. Returning to the Parthenon, it is evident that nothing really like it could be derived from the diagrams that contain it. These would conceivably establish the main proportions, but the great accents, the concealed curves in the columns and architrave—in short, all that makes the Parthenon what it is, could never be thus inferred. What this book offers is a graceful mathematical diversion, a method of saying elaborately to the eye what may often be said more plainly to the ear. The demonstrations are often ingenious, and may attract to the study of proportion some who might refuse the apparently, but not really more difficult, numerical approach.

The publishers of the well-known English periodical *Country Life* have, from time to time, collected and issued in separate volumes various series of articles on subjects connected with rural architecture and gardening. The most recent of these is a compilation entitled "The House and Its Equipment" (Scribner), made up of forty-four short papers on a variety of subjects relating to domestic architecture and gardening. Five of these articles are by the editor, Lawrence Weaver; the balance by various experts, among whom may be named Ernest Newton, Prof. Halsey Ricardo, J. A. Gotch, H. Inigo Triggs, C. H. B. Quenuell, Maurice Hird. The articles are non-technical and popular, too brief to be of particular service to architects, or to convey to the inquiring amateur any but the most elementary information on the subjects treated. These comprise such topics as Color, Plaster-work, Fireplaces, The Children's Attic, The Design of Grand Pianos, Sewage Disposal, Acetylene in the Country House, Garden Houses, and the like, arranged with no particular sequence or logical connection. The chief value of the book lies in its illustrations, which present and explain, far better than the text, the charm of much of the best modern English domestic architecture. Although some of the detail is peculiar to English practice and conditions, these illustrations are full of suggestions to the American architect and prospective house builder. They are beautifully reproduced and printed.

"John Lavery and his Work" (Dana Estes), by Walter Shaw-Sparrow, is a large octavo well illustrated both in color and monochrome. For the lack of variety in the work—Lavery is chiefly a fashionable portrayer of women—the author has offered a compensating vivacity, not to say flippancy. To the present writer the letter press was a considerable impediment to the enjoyment of the essential charm and rightness of the painting. Born in Ireland, fledged in Glasgow, eclectically trained in Paris, John Lavery has steadily and normally passed from honor to honor. All the desirable medals have come to him; his pictures are in thirty public galleries in five continents. This year the Carnegie Institute accords him an entire gallery at Pittsburgh. Nor can one grudge him his success. He has unaffectedly revived the straight tradition of British portraiture. To the obvious appeal of the grace of English womanhood his response is immediate and accurate. As Mr. Shaw-Sparrow rather tediously reiterates, Lavery is "chivalric" towards his fair sitters. Too much the gentleman to analyze them deeply, he is a sensitive appreciator of their moods and poses. One might say he has the gift of taking them at their best face value. The unfailing winsomeness of his work recalls his great predecessors of the eighteenth century. It would be absurd to admit that he has either the exquisiteness of Gainsborough or the stylistic authority of Sir Joshua, but Lavery does paint quite as Romney brought to date would have done. He is variously clever. His Morocco pictures, his decorations, his rare compositions, evince alertness and exceptional intelligence. But his portraits of women remain his most significant work. The rare merit is his of combining cleverness with simplicity. His dexterity seems never a self-assertion but a homage to the fascination of his sitter. A great popularity could hardly be more honestly grounded. We could wish a more sober and critical account of his career, but are glad to have, on any terms, so adequate a pictorial representation of a life work still actively in the making.

Finance

"PROSPERITY" AND THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

Regarded from a calm and judicial point of view, there ought to be nothing especially surprising in the cheerful opinions which have prevailed recently concerning the general outlook, except the fact that the cheerful people should seem to believe that they had made a discovery. The general drift of affairs in the direction of better things has been plainly enough evident since the beginning of the year. It was recognized by the experienced observer, in the early months of 1912, that a very thorough process of liquidation and readjustment had been carried out in this country, that business had been brought to a sound and conservative basis, that our position in international finance had become that of creditor rather than debtor, that we had abandoned a mass of extravagant and fantastic ideas which had been leading our markets into trouble, and that we were in a position to get the benefit of any really favorable turn in our commerce and agriculture which might fall to our lot. Since subsequent events have moved smoothly in such directions, it was reasonable to expect that this cheerful attitude would continue.

That it was so frequently reversed or abandoned, during the recent months, may doubtless be explained as a tribute to the traditions of politics. Nothing is more difficult to shake than the belief that business must be injured and prosperity arrested by a Presidential campaign. The record of steady improvement in such directions, presented by 1908 and 1904, is not accepted as anything conclusive; indeed, one seldom hears any reference to those occasions. A Presidential contest, *ipso facto*, must stand in the way of better times.

This popular view has an element of humor in it. Not only the American markets, but the markets of Europe which discuss American affairs, have been gravely setting forth, for months, the view that nothing of real improvement can occur in American business prosperity until after the Presidential vote; but that after the polls are closed and the result announced, the "boom" will begin at once. This prediction, it should be observed, makes no account of what that result may be. Taft, Wilson, or the third candidate may carry off the honors. No matter; all that business is waiting for is to have the vote counted.

To any one not familiar with the habits of financial prophets, there would be something naïve about this. At ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, November 6, Prosperity will suddenly appear on the scene, but until that hour the markets are not to behave as if it were coming. Financiers are to talk with one another, during August and September and October, as if nobody could be sure of the fundamentals of prosperity until he knew what the voters had done; but they are always to add that, whatever the voters eventually do, it will be greeted by enthusiastic forward movements in the markets.

This would not seem altogether in line with Wall Street's much-vaunted practice of "discounting" the future, and, in fact, it is open to considerable doubt whether Wall Street and the world of business have been in the habit of acting on such theories. This attitude of the prophets may be in line with the attitude always assumed by the political orators while the campaign is under way—with Mr. Taft's assurances that "political and economic revolution and business paralysis" would inevitably follow election of Mr. Wilson; with Mr. Roosevelt's even louder assurances that all hope of freedom for the American people must be laid aside unless he is chosen to look after its preservation. There will be people—say in the late weeks of October—who will wake up at night with dreams of business insolvency and of political fetters, and no doubt even Wall Street is affected by such popular imaginings; for the Stock Exchange, even when it is not frightened itself, will often take account of the possibility of fright among other people.

Yet it is never quite easy to find the man who is adjusting his personal affairs with a view to the coming catastrophe, and the story on such occasions usually is, that the Stock Exchange and the mercantile community go on doing, in the face of the campaign, exactly what they would have done in a political off-year, and continue to buy securities or merchandise in a good season, or to sell them in a bad one, even while observing across the counter, to the party of the second part, that no one can know whether to buy or sell until after election day. As a rule, the only tangible result of this performance is that when the electoral news has been at last announced, a belated public rushes in with the firm conviction that the whole economic outlook of the country has been changed. When that happens, one is also apt to see the people who had been making their bargains a month or two before election, reversing their own position and taking their profits as if all the predictions of a "post-election boom" had been unfounded. When asked to explain such action on their part (as in 1908 and 1904 and 1900) they will usually reply that trade and finance had not waited for the November vote to begin improvement and had not been disturbed by the political contest, and that the stock market had been paying just as much attention, and no more, to the "political argument."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blount, J. H. The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912. Putnam.

Browning Centenary Celebration at Westminster Abbey, May 7, 1912. Edited by Professor Knight. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Carrington, T. S. Fresh Air and How to Use It. National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. $1.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XIX, Simony-Tour. R. Appleton Co.

Dewey, Stoddard. Four French Adventurers. Thomas Nelson & Sons.

Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Edited by E. H. K. McComb. Holt.

Dougherty, J. H. Power of Federal Judiciary Over Legislation. Putnam.

English Essays (1600-1900). Selected by S. V. Makower and B. H. Blackwell. Frowde.

Gore, John. The Barmecide's Feast. Lane. 80 cents net.

Halévy, Élie. Histoire du Peuple Anglais au xixe Siècle. Paris: Hachette.

Hess, F. L. and E. Bibliography of the Geology and Mineralogy of Tin. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Hoffman, H. S. The Gift of Suffering. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.

How, W. W., and Wells, J. A. Commentary on Herodotus. 2 vols. Frowde.

Jacobs, C. E., and Read, E. E. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Jones, S. R., and others. The Village Homes of England. (International Studio.) Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Leavitt, F. M. Examples of Industrial Education. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.

Livingstone, R. W. The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us. Frowde.

Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences. Proceedings of the Fifth Annual Meeting. Minneapolis. $2.

Poole, Mrs. R. L. Catalogue of Oxford Portraits. Vol. I. Frowde.

Poole, R. L. The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century: The Ford Lectures, delivered 1911. Frowde.

Putnam, G. H. A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5. Putnam.

Report of the Commissioners of Education, for year ended June 30, 1911. Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Responsions Papers in Stated Subjects, with Answers to Questions, and Introduction by C. A. Marcon and F. G. Brabant. Frowde.

Selden Society Publications. Vol. XXVII, 1912. Year Books of Edward II, Vol. VII. London: Quaritch.

Shadwell, L. L. Enactments in Parliament, specially concerning the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. 4 vols. Frowde.

Shakespeare. Histories and Poems; Tragedies. Frowde.

Smith, C. A. The American Short Story. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.

Strachan-Davidson, J. L. Problems of the Roman Criminal Law. 2 vols. Frowde.

Synge, J. M. Complete Works. 4 vols. Boston: Luce & Co.

Thompson, A. H. Military Architecture in England During the Middle Ages. Frowde.

Van Someren, R. A. L., and V. G. L. Studies of Bird Life in Uganda. London: John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.

Walker, J. B. An Unsinkable Titanic. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Wedekind, Frank. Such Is Life: A Play in Five Acts. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. $1.25 net.

Werner-Spanhoofd, A. Elementarbuch der Deutschen Sprache. Boston: Heath.

Ziv, R. L. The Voice of Reason, and the Use and Abuse of the Title Dr. New York: The Author.

The
World's Leaders

Edited by W. P. TRENT. Per volume, with portraits, large 12mo, $1.75 net.

POETS. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe. B. H. W. BOYNTON, in one volume.

The Outlook: "Has historical as well as literary value. . . . Insight, sympathy, and just appreciation generally characterize his estimates, and the whole is presented in a clear and felicitous style."

PAINTERS. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt. By G. B. ROSE, in one volume.

Brooklyn Eagle: "Here are, for the first time in English, satisfactory biographies of these men. . . . Mr. Rose has not been content, either, to take what has been already written about his painters at its face value. . . . Valuable. . . . The result of ripe scholarship."

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.

On the Art of the Theatre
By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG
8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14
The most important book about the theatre published in years.
Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
By FREDERIC J HASKINS
O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

By G. E. Partridge, Ph.D.

**G. Stanley Hall's
GENETIC PHILOSOPHY
OF EDUCATION**

The first comprehensive résumé of Pres. Hall's philosophy. It summarizes the ideas of the dominant and progressive educational movement, and is a work of inspiring popularization addressed especially to teachers, educators, and parents. Pres. Hall provides the introduction. (12*mo. Cloth.* $1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.63.)

THE NERVOUS LIFE

A trustworthy, practical guide, telling the nervous, hard-worked man how to order his whole life—sleep, food, drink, exercise, work—so as to preserve good nerves or cure bad nerves. (12*mo. Cloth.* $1.00 *net, postpaid* $1.10.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth
By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

A PRISONER OF WAR IN VIRGINIA (1864-5)
By George Haven Putnam
Adj. and Bvt. Major, 176th N. Y. S. Vols.
Cr. 8vo. With 5 illustrations. 75 *cents net. By mail* 85 *cents.*

"It is rarely that the House of Putnam, which has a peculiarly wide and varied output, has given to the public so interesting a book. Major Putnam's experience was in itself unusual. There are now living few men who passed through one like it, and perhaps none who could recount it in so satisfying a manner. . . . The most striking feature of the Major's narrative is the humane spirit in which it is told. . . . It is well for the citizens of to-day, to whom the war for the Union is but a matter of written history, to realize that but for the service of men like Major Putnam there would have been no country such as ours now is in which to live in peace and security."—*N. Y. Times.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK **LONDON**

The Evolution of Sea Power
By P. A. SILBURN, D.S.O., Member of Parliament of the Union of South Africa, author of "The Colonies and Imperial Defence," "The Governance of Empire," etc. 8vo. $2.50 *net.*

The definite object proposed by the Author is an examination of the growth of Sea Power from that of the Phœnicians to that of the maritime nations of the present day, placing in relief the part Sea Power has taken in the delimitation of territory among the races of the world the determining influence it has exercised in the rise of Republics, Kingdoms and Empires; an attempt to show, where such is possible, the disaster which inevitably follows the neglect of the general principles of Sea Power.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

"AtMcCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each*, $1.25 *net*.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

Books by WOODROW WILSON

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book o' our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers. Boston

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT

OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

ESTABLISHED SAN FRANCISCO BROKER

wishes agency for Eastern Mercantile or Manufacturing concern or Capitalist. First class connections in business and in other ways on the Pacific Coast, in Hawaii, and the Orient. Will travel if inducement offers. Box 716, care of *The Nation*.

Columbia University Press

Constitutional Government in the United States

By WOODROW WILSON

12mo, cl., pp. vii+236. $1.50 *net, by mail*, $1.62.

The chapters are: What is Constitutional Government? The Place of the United States in Constitutional Development; The President of the United States; The House of Representatives; The Senate; The Courts; The States and the Federal Government; Party Government in the United States.

The book, according to the author in his preface, is not intended as a systematic discussion of the character and operation of the Government of the United States, but is a presentation of some of its salient features in the light of a fresh analysis of the character and operation of constitutional government. The hope is further expressed that, for this reason, the book will be found to be serviceable in the clarification of the public view as to policy and practice.

LEMCKE AND BUECHNER, Agents
30-32 W. 27TH ST. NEW YORK

Dynæmic Syllæbication
and the universal

'ælfə,gæm

World Romic notation used in **Dictionary of Hard Words** (postpaid $1.32), **Dictionary of Aviation** (postpaid $1.45), and **Ideofonic Texts for Acquiring Languages** (postpaid, cloth 60c, paper 31c).

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., N.Y.

THE STATE

ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full of ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents*.

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. WILLIAMS, 105 East 22nd St., New York.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

SAMPLE COPIES OF THE NATION

will be sent to any address for several weeks

WITHOUT CHARGE

The Nation
20 Vesey St., New York City

JohnBrown: ABiography Fifty Years After

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SOME TRIBUTES TO THIS REMARKABLE HISTORICAL WORK.

Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER. "A tremendous book, more thrilling than any book of fiction, powerful in its appeal, and which, while it is written soberly, as befits history, by the very nature of the narrative often rises to the highest dramatic level."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."

JOHN T. MORSE, Editor American Statesman Series, in ATLANTIC MONTHLY. "Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume, Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with a great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."

HORACE WHITE. "In my judgment a contribution to American literature to take rank with the very best historical writing of our time or any time. The only impartial history of the Kansas war."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY in the Brooklyn EAGLE. "A biography replete with facts and marked by courage and candor, learning and justice."

PORTLAND OREGONIAN. "The most valuable and comprehensive biography issued this season, and the best and most candid estimate of John Brown."

W. E. CONNELLEY in the Topeka CAPITAL. "The unprejudiced student and seeker for truth will herald the book as a great contribution to American history."

Des Moines CAPITAL. "More powerful in its appeal, more dramatic than any book of fiction, is this wonderful biography of John Brown."

The NORTH CAROLINA REVIEW. "In this biography Mr. Villard has touched high-water mark. The book is a delight to the reader for many reasons. Full of life and movement, . . . written in an attractive and scholarly style, full of sympathy, and yet without any loss in accurate presentation, it sets a new standard for biographical efforts."

Baltimore AMERICAN. "While the book has popular features in that it is entrancingly interesting, its scholarship is of the highest order and its style reminds one a little of Anthony Froude. . . . Mr. Villard has illustrated in this book the finest ideals of literary conception and execution."

London TIMES. "It is scarcely likely that any later writer will be able even to add anything of importance to Mr. Villard's collection of material or to better its interpretation of the whole story. . . . It at once becomes the standard, and probably the final authority on its theme."

Washington (D. C.) STAR. "Mr. Villard draws a compact, vivid, historic picture of the terrible focussing of this period upon our Civil War. Straight and clear in its literary way, this biography is a marvel of research and fair-mindedness."

HENRY WATTERSON in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL. "No fault may justly be found with Mr. Villard's telling of the story. It is minute and lucid, altogether fair and unvarnished."

Burlington (Iowa) HAWKEYE. "It is a book which will take a place in the library of every well established home in this part of the country."

Third Edition.

Fully illustrated with portraits and other illustrations. With copious notes and bibliography.
$5.00 *net*. *Postage* 26 *cents*.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK

The Nation

Free Library

VOL. XCV—NO. 2459 THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

JOHN BROWN: A BIOGRAPHY FIFTY YEARS AFTER

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Some Tributes to this Remarkable Historical Work

Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER. "A tremendous book; more thrilling than any book of fiction, powerful in its appeal, and which, while it is written soberly, as befits history, by the very nature of the narrative, often rises to the highest dramatic level."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."

JOHN T. MORSE, Editor American Statesmen Series, in ATLANTIC MONTHLY. "Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume, Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."

HORACE WHITE. "In my judgment a contribution to American literature to take rank with the very best historical writing of our time or any time. The only impartial history of the Kansas war."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY in the Brooklyn EAGLE. "A biography replete with facts and marked by courage and candor, learning and justice."

Portland OREGONIAN. "The most valuable and comprehensive biography issued this season, and the best and most candid estimate of John Brown."

W. E. CONNELLEY in the TOPEKA CAPITAL. "The unprejudiced student and seeker for truth will herald the book as a great contribution to American history."

Des Moines CAPITAL. "More powerful in its appeal, more dramatic than any book of fiction, is this wonderful biography of John Brown."

The NORTH CAROLINA REVIEW. "In this biography Mr. Villard has touched high-water mark. The book is a delight to the reader for many reasons. Full of life and movement, . . . written in an attractive and scholarly style, full of sympathy and yet without any loss in accurate presentation, it sets a new standard for biographical efforts."

Baltimore AMERICAN. "While the book has popular features in that it is entrancingly interesting, its scholarship is of the highest order and its style reminds one a little of Anthony Fronde. . . . Mr. Villard has illustrated in this hook the finest ideals of literary conception and execution."

London TIMES. "It is scarcely likely that any later writer will be able either to add anything of importance to Mr. Villard's collection of material or to better his interpretation of the whole story. . . . It at once becomes the standard, and probably the final authority on its theme."

Washington (D. C.) STAR. "Mr. Villard draws a compact, vivid, historic picture of the terrible focussing of this period upon our Civil War. Straight and clear in its literary way, this biography is a marvel of research and fair-mindedness."

HENRY WATTERSON in Lonisville COURIER-JOURNAL. "No fault may justly be found with Mr. Villard's telling of the story. It is minute and lucid, altogether fair and unvarnished."

Bnrlington (Iowa) HAWKEYE. "It is a book which will take a place in the library of every well established home in this part of the country."

THIRD EDITION

Fully illustrated with portraits and other illustrations. With copious notes and bibliography. $5.00 *net.* *Postage* 26 *cents.*

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY **New York**

September 12th

THE NATION

WILL PUBLISH AN

EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

Besides its regular circulation, 4,000 extra copies will be mailed to Professors in the Universities and Colleges throughout the United States.

Recent text-books will be reviewed.

Usual rates for advertising.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 135

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Relief Again Vetoed 138
Trade Revival and the Campaign.... 138
The Child in Court 139
Humanism 140
"Detectiveness" in Fiction........... 141

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Australasian Literature.............. 142
News for Bibliophiles 143

CORRESPONDENCE:

Professional Motives 143
The Panama Tolls 144
The Method of the Bull Moose...... 144
A Familiar Tariff Ostrich 144
Parties and the Constitution 144
Bishop Brooks's Mot 144

LITERATURE:

Personal Narrative and Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China 145
Over the Pass 147
Both Sides of the Shield 147
The Principal Girl 147
The Sins of the Father................ 147
A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5 147
The Story of the Zulus 148
The Making of Poetry 148
The Egyptian Conception of Immortality 149

NOTES 149

SCIENCE:

Congress of Eugenists 152

DRAMA AND MUSIC:

August Strindberg: Plays 153

ART 154

FINANCE:

The Governing Influence 154

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.................. 155

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

International Modern Language Series

Corneille's LE CID

Edited by COLBERT SEARLES, Associate Professor of Romanic Languages, Leland Stanford Junior University.

Just Published. **40 cents**

This edition aims to assist the student in an appreciation of the work as a piece of literature and as an historical and social document.

Following the text of the play is an account of the quarrel of the Cid as an introduction to the Examen which contains the poet's reply to his critics. The Introduction gives a short account of the poet's life; a discussion of the French drama before "Le Cid"; a summary of Guillen de Castro's Spanish original; and a brief description of the theatrical and social environment in which "Le Cid" was produced. The vocabulary is adequate. The notes are given up to the essential points in syntactical and literary historical comment.

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY

The Drama

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

CONTENTS:

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. By *Bayard Quincy Morgan.*
LIGHT-O'-LOVE (complete). A Drama in Three Acts, By *Arthur Schnitzler*, translated by *B. Q. Morgan.*
POST MORTEM: A Note on Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Modern English Theatre, by *Ashley Dukes.*
THE DRAMA LEAGUE CONVENTION. By *Elizabeth R. Hunt.*
THE PAST DRAMATIC SEASON IN AMERICA. By *Richard Burton.*
THE DRAMATIC YEAR IN PARIS. By *Benedict Papot.*
THE DRAMA OF INTELLECTUALISM. By *Thomas H. Dickenson.*
Etc., etc., etc.

Three dollars a year; 75 cts. a number.

THE DRAMA, 542 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—*London Morning Leader.*

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

THE STATE

ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT

OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

Educational

The Western Theological Seminary

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Founded by the General Assembly, 1825.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B.D. Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A. M. and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary. Exceptional library facilities—34,000 volumes. A new dormitory, equipped with latest modern improvements, including dining-room, gymnasium and social hall, is now ready for occupancy. Next term opens Sept. 17, 1912. For information apply to Pres. James A. Kelso, Ph.D., D.D.

*THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME-*School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York, also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students who wish to cancel College or High School conditions will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application. THE URSULINE ACADEMY.
Middletown, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School

Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics, outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3, 1912.

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address
Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal.
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, 174 Fulton St. Evening School, N. Y. City.**
"Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A.M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

GERMAN PROFESSOR, FOR MANY YEARS in the same position, contributor to journals and editor of text-books, desires a change. Subjects besides German: French (including Old French), Italian, Latin, Greek, Old English. Address M. N. O., care of *The Nation.*

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston	1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York	610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago	343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver	345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St. Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University

265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1912.

The Week

The Senate vote, 44 to 11, in favor of making the Panama Canal free of tolls to American vessels engaged in the coastwise trade, is a greater disgrace to this country than would have been a naval defeat in the waters off Colon. We say this, because it is our firm belief, and we think it was conclusively shown in the Senate by the speeches of Root and Burton, that this action is in clear violation of our treaty with Great Britain. It certainly is in flat disregard of the letter of that treaty, and it runs counter to its whole spirit. We induced England to surrender her right to joint control of the interoceanic canal by making to her certain promises, and one of these promises we now propose coolly to disregard. It is said that the matter will be referred to arbitration at The Hague. But the same vote that sanctioned the violation of the treaty will refuse to submit to arbitration the question whether we have violated it. To do that it would be only necessary to violate another treaty! We have agreed to submit to arbitration disputes involving the interpretation of a treaty, and we have besought the whole world to note our virtuous example and to follow it, but, of course, if we are now going to act as if treaties did not exist, no such covenants will bind us for a moment. This was made perfectly clear in the Senate debates. Senator after Senator bluntly asserted that the whole thing was a question of stark national power, and that we should not consent to arbitrate it, treaties or no treaties.

Gov. Wilson's speech of acceptance last week has been described by some as intensely radical; others think it unduly conservative. His description of the existing evils that cry aloud for remedy is clear and firm. The tariff as the *fons et origo* of special privilege; the Trusts as the destroyers of competition, and the arbitrary makers of prices to the consumer; the danger that what is called a "Money Trust" may unawares get its grip upon the nation's commerce and industry—all these things Gov. Wilson speaks of in strong and unsparing language. But there is nothing of the haste and rage of the leveller and remodeller about him. When he comes to speak of remedial measures, we hear the cool and sure-footed man of business, who knows that legislation takes time and must be born of something more than a theory. His definite goal is all the while there—and it is to cut away ultimately every form of privilege, every concealed right of the few to tax the many, whether under the disguise of a tariff or a combination in unlawful restraint of trade—but he is pressing forward with due consideration of everything involved, and never in a way to alarm or destroy.

The old superstition that men of letters cannot be men of affairs dies hard. John Morley gave it one buffet more in a speech which he made a few days ago. "I want to ask you," he said, "to banish from your minds the ridiculous idea that, because a man knows and writes books, he cannot know men, that he can not have the habits of public business, and cannot render useful service in Parliament, in Cabinets, and in the great departments of state." He went on to say that five or six of the last seven Prime Ministers of England had made a mark in the writing of books. Woodrow Wilson has also; but before anybody sneers at him as an amiable doctrinaire, it would be well to ask if he has not likewise made a mark for sagaciously judging men and events, and for displaying both political acumen and executive vigor. The Hon. Jim Smith of New Jersey had rather a patronizing opinion of "the Doc.," as he called him, until he discovered that the recluse from the shades of the academy was more than his match for initiative and determination even in the realm of practical politics. Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance is another proof that he can combine the charm and freshness of style that to some may seem academic with practical knowledge of affairs.

It would be unfair to deny that there was a certain impressiveness about the second Chicago Convention. Though a very haphazard body, the members of which were virtually self-elected, the very fact that so many people came together from all parts of the country testified to their earnestness and their faith. And then there was the considerable number of enthusiasts and idealists and social reformers who have been swept along by the third-party movement. In it they think they see their dreams coming true. Their broad social programme they imagine that they are already on the eve of realizing. This is pathetic, but it is not a thing to fling a scornful word at. These men and women eaten up of zeal for the cause of social reform are doubly misled. They are deceived, first of all, in thinking that the kingdom of heaven can be taken by violence, or that inveterate evils can be swept away in a night; and they are most of all deceived in pinning their faith to the greatest egotist and self-seeker of the age, in whom there is no truth or loyalty to cause or friend. What adds a poignant touch to the whole is the well-known fact that many of these dreamers about a new heaven and a new earth really have no confidence in Col. Roosevelt. They know him as capable of any betrayal which his ambition seems to dictate. Yet they think they can safely use him as a means of furthering their reforming projects, and then drop him when they like. This illusion of the social reformers who have gone with Roosevelt is more sorrowful than blameworthy—though it is plainly the latter—and is certain to be followed by a tragic awakening.

It is a trifle amusing to read that Gifford Pinchot is to take the stump for the Third Party on the specific ground that it alone can be trusted to stand up for the true doctrine of conservation. The joke of this lies in the fact that the conservation plank of the Bull Moosers is one of the most wishy-washy and facing-both-ways of any in their collection. Those who profess to be in the secret declare that Mr. Pinchot did, indeed, draft a most thorough-going conservation plank, calling in the stiffest way for centralized control at Washington of all our unusual national resources, but that the Colonel edited the life out of it. At all events, the form finally adopted is a sad departure from Mr. Pinchot's known ideas.

Evidently Mr Roosevelt was in one of his most "practical" moods when he rewrote this part of the platform, and decided to give way to his Western adherents who hate conservation, and desire to get their hands as quickly as possible upon the remaining forests and agricultural and mineral lands. Hence the high resolve of the platform to "protect the national forests without hindering their legitimate use"; to "open" to the "genuine settler" "agricultural lands in the national forests"; and to "lease the public grazing lands under equitable provisions." All this is obviously intended to mollify the impatient exploiters of the Northwest. The new Roosevelt conservation policy is also very tender of the rights of the States in this business. One passage is peculiarly significant. It speaks of "natural resources" still under "State control," and goes on to say that they can be more "wisely controlled and utilized if held"—how? By the national Government, as the argument clearly calls for, and as Mr. Pinchot is known to believe? Oh, no, but "held in the public hands"! That might mean anything, and was almost certainly put in by the Colonel to placate the mountaineers and grazers who demand that the States shall control.

This is the time to hit the civil service. Everybody is busy with politics; Congress has tired everybody out, and the various squabbles at Washington provide a good cover for all sorts of schemes. Hence, besides the vicious project for a seven-year tenure of office, Senator Pomerene has smuggled into the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill an appropriation of $300,000 for additional clerks to be appointed outside the Civil Service law. The plan is obvious enough: 250 temporary employees are to be put on the Government payrolls for a year—a nice little collection of jobs for the spoilsmen in the middle of this Presidential campaign. There is not the slightest excuse for this, for, as *Good Government* points out, the Federal Civil Service Commission is ready and able to supply eligible persons who have passed satisfactory examinations. But that is the last thing to concern a Senator. Temporary appointments of this character, outside the rules, in 1898, demonstrated in more departments than one their wastefulness and inefficiency.

Kansas and Oklahoma have chosen a strange method of celebrating the birth of a new party. In Gov. Stubbs's State there was a fine chance to hit a reactionary head on the shoulders of Senator Curtis, who was running for an endorsement for reëlection. Curtis is so lost to all sense of shame as to be the Taft leader in Kansas. Opposed to him was the patriotic Stubbs, seeking elevation from Topeka to Washington. One would have thought that there could be no question of the result of such a contest. Yet the armies of the Lord were beaten to a frazzle in the popular vote, and only the vote by legislative districts saved Stubbs from retirement to private life. The significant thing about the Kansas primary is its ominousness for November. If this were 1904, with Parker opposing Roosevelt, the Colonel could afford to give Taft half of his vote. But Bryan polled 161,000 to Taft's 197,000 four years ago. It does not require much figuring to find how small a portion of his vote in 1908 the President must hold this autumn in order to make the State Democratic.

"Pidgin" English has seen its best days, if we are to believe the *North China Herald*. The time was when this jargon was almost a language in itself, and one that it was not at all easy to learn. Now it approximates ordinary English. There are thousands of educated Chinese whom no one would dream of addressing in "pidgin," and even the number of house and office boys who can understand simple English is increasing. This is hardly to be wondered at, and hence the proposal is made to go the whole length, and abolish "pidgin" altogether. Unless linguistic changes are more expeditiously made in the Orient than among us, however, this will be a very difficult process. Moreover, why should it be regarded as necessary, seeing what a few decades have done in the direction of dropping it for the genuine English? This consideration is enforced by the attitude of the Chinese Government, which is more and more insisting upon courses in English for Chinese students. It looks, indeed, as if English were to be the business language of the future in China. French and German, its natural rivals, have come into the field too late to be serious competitors.

The services of William J. Burns in capturing criminals are insignificant in comparison with his services in feeding the imagination of a great people. Yesterday he was telling District Attorney Whitman all about the underworld in New York city. To-day he informs a State's Attorney of Maryland whom he should prosecute for a recent lynching. To-morrow he will lay before the Cabinet of Hayti a map showing the series of events that culminated in the burning of the palace and the death of the President. But this ubiquity is only one element in his appeal to the newspaper-reading public. Of even greater interest is his detachment from the ordinary and official forces to which we have committed our lives, our fortunes, and, as now appears, our sacred honor. The ludicrous contrast which the creator of Sherlock Holmes was always drawing between him and the representatives of Scotland Yard comes close to being true now and then, as between Burns and the local detectives. A Baltimore police captain, indeed, might well figure in Conan Doyle's next story of Holmes. This worthy actually penetrated the disguise of the Burns detectives, who politely declined his offer of assistance. But Burns's chief hold on the popular mind is his unvarying success. The mere suspicion that he had entered the Baltimore City Hall aroused consternation in every office situated there. He has revived the dying legend of the omniscient sleuth.

The action of the Rutgers faculty and trustees in reference to the master's degree is one more manifestation of the revival of the humanistic spirit in our educational world. This degree, as the report of the faculty committee recognizes, has lost its individuality. Sometimes it is merely the reward for the completion of work in law, medicine, or divinity. More often it marks a step towards the doctorate, or is turned into a consolation prize for those who fail to attain the higher degree. In many colleges, it is the symbol of the finishing of a year of graduate study. Rutgers proposes to rehabilitate it, and at the same time to strike a blow for liberal study. The degree will require two years of work instead of one. Moreover, it will be sharply contrasted with the doctor's degree by a distinction of purpose between them. It will be regarded at Rutgers "as a degree to be given after extended liberal study, and not, as in the case of the doctor's degree, after intense application to one subject and to original research," and the studies pursued by the candidate for it will "constitute a distinct course by themselves, as they would if he were studying law or divinity." More specifically, the character of these studies is not to differ essentially from that of the elective courses generally offered to seniors; that is, they are to be "elementary and liberal." This innovation, following the effort of Amherst to increase interest in Greek, will be watched closely.

The loss of a Liberal seat in the bye-election at Northwest Manchester was generally expected—though not by so large a majority, above 1,200—but it is none the less a severe blow to the Asquith Government. For ever since 1906 Manchester, as, indeed, all Lancashire, has been regarded as a Liberal stronghold, absolutely committed to free trade, upon which it was hopeless for the Conservatives, toying with protection, to make an assault. But now another seat even there has been wrested from the Liberals. The result plainly witnesses to much dissatisfaction within the party, for it was the falling off of the Liberal poll by more than a thousand which gave the Tories the victory. Moreover, the vacancy itself was created by the resignation of Sir George Kemp, who alleged business reasons, but who thinly veiled his real motive, which was strong disapproval of some of the Liberal policies, especially those advocated by Lloyd George. In fact, it is the intense dislike of the latter's workingman's insurance law which is supposed to account for the undoubted loss of popularity which the Ministry has incurred. There have been also serious internal troubles in the coalition party. The Liberals and their Labor allies have almost broken. In two recent bye-elections they have put up rival candidates. Despite this, the Liberals won Henley, but the divided vote lost them Crewe. Now comes Northwest Manchester to add to the feeling of depression. The Tory rejoicings are, of course, a little exaggerated. There remains a large coalition majority in the Commons, which will take a lot of hammering before it crumbles away. And these reverses may induce the Government to order Lloyd George not to attempt to reform everything at once. But there is no mistaking the present strong drift against the Liberals.

To our grandchildren, the funny columns of our newspapers may seem sad enough, but they will find sufficient to regale them in the serious items. Five Englishmen, for example, go on a yachting cruise. One of them is an artist, who lands at an inviting spot and takes some photographs. Shortly afterward, the party is placed under arrest by a German officer, who charges them with "espionage." Things do, indeed, look black for them. They have taken pictures of landscapes that struck their fancy, but as every keen-witted Government official is well aware, these are identical with "topographical records of the coast,' to make which is almost equivalent to a declaration of war. Among these pictures are some of actual warships, which, by all the rules of international law, may appear only in illustrated Sunday supplements and magazines. The facts that the yacht bore no name or number, and was operated by the five gentlemen instead of by a paid crew, complete the case against them. Solemn diplomatic negotiations, the details of which will be buried in the secret archives, are undertaken. In the end, the Englishmen who disturbed the peace of mind of a group of German officers in order to make a British holiday, are released from custody, with we know not what warnings of the fate that will fall upon a second offence. The doors of the temple of Janus happily remain closed. And all the participants in the affair keep their faces straight.

New Zealand as "the land without strikes" is rapidly coming to deserve to be known as the land that does not enforce the law against strikes without notification. The main feature and chief strength of the Act of 1894 lay in provisions designed to prevent labor unions from striking without due notice, or employers from locking out their men as the result of a dispute about wages or other conditions of work. Heavy fines were to be imposed on either for violations of the law. In 1908 the Minister of Labor, reviewing the operation of the Act, stated that of all the fines inflicted upon employers, 88 per cent. had been paid, and in the case of the workmen, 84 per cent. But since then there has been a great change for the worse. First of all, the teeth were drawn from the law, by amendments doing away with the power of imprisonment, and also annulling the liability of the individual worker. Thereupon the unions became more and more defiant, ordered strikes in distinct contravention of the law—*e. g.*, the street-car strike in Wellington, last January—and counted upon immunity from prosecution owing to the weakness of the Government and the timidity of judges. The net result is, as summed up at the end of a long review by a correspondent of the London *Times*, that "the law has but few terrors for the intending striker, and he is openly encouraged by the revolutionary Socialists, who have captured some of the labor organizations and proclaim their contempt for law of any kind."

In a most interesting article in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, Major August von Parseval, the inventor of the Parseval airship, summarizes the financial results of investments in the airship and aeroplane business in Germany. The Zeppelin Company started out with above a million dollars of capital, in addition to gifts to Count Zeppelin of a million and a half from the country at large. It has had, however, to face the loss of four of its great ships. Thus, while it has been able to perfect its system and its craft, it has made no money. The Parseval Company has also been unable to pay any dividends. At first it undertook to produce only small airships, but the competition of the aeroplane on the one side and the Zeppelin on the other cut the ground from under its feet, and it has had greatly to increase the size and speed of its vessels. At the same time, the Major feels that its prospects are not bad; that it ought to be able to compete with the Zeppelin Company. Both of them suffer from the fact that they cannot sell their product outside of Germany. As for aeroplanes, there are many companies manufacturing them; some are prosperous, but not the Wright Company, which began business with six hundred thousand marks capital ($150,000). It was doomed to failure in advance because of the excessive price exacted by the Wrights for the use of their patents—$100,000.

RELIEF AGAIN VETOED.

President Taft's veto, for the second time, of a bill reducing the duties on wool and woollen manufactures, is a proceeding hard to explain and still harder to justify. He may be acting from a sincere sense of duty, but it will be difficult to make the country believe it. People cannot have failed to notice the suggestive articles which have appeared in the Boston *Herald* and other protectionist newspapers, confidently predicting a Presidential veto of any bill altering the wool duties, and frankly connecting it with the exigencies of the campaign. The intimation was clear that the protected manufacturers demanded a veto as a condition precedent to campaign contributions. We do not say that this has been a motive with Mr. Taft, but it has obviously been such in the minds of his campaign managers. The veto will go before the country violently under suspicion that it was written for political effect.

The President, to be sure, gives his reasons, but they are far from convincing. Last year, when he vetoed substantially the same measure, he had at least one argument: the Tariff Board had not completed its investigation of the wool schedule. Until it had done so, President Taft affirmed, he would not depart from the principle that Congress must wait for expert guidance in reducing the tariff. It seemed at the time that he should have been willing to give the consuming public the benefit of the doubt, especially when it was a case of cutting down high duties which he himself had pronounced "indefensible." But he preferred to side with the beneficiaries of Schedule K. He told us that we could get no relief till the report of the Tariff Board was in hand. Well, it came at last, and when it did, left the Payne-Aldrich rates on wool not a leg to stand on. It showed how duty after duty levied in Schedule K was prohibitive or extortionate. Without recommending any specific reductions—that was not its function—it presented a mass of statistics and analyses which rendered it certain that large reductions could be made without harming anybody but monopolists, and greatly to the advantage of the purchasers of clothing and blankets and carpets These conclusions the President now accepts, as he could not avoid doing, but by some mysterious process of deduction, he seeks to show that the duties proposed in the vetoed bill are a shade or a fraction too low here and there, and hence would mean injury to the wool-growers and disaster to the woollen manufacturers.

A brief comparison of the figures will show on what slippery ground the President chooses to stand. He declares that the reduction in duties on raw wool ought not to exceed 20 per cent. A bill making such a cut he says he should promptly approve. But what is the amount of the reduction which he vetoes? The percentages, based on the actual importation of last year, were given to the Senate by Mr. La Follette. On clothing wool, the *ad valorem* rate under the existing tariff figures out at 44.5 per cent. The duty which the President vetoes is 29 per cent. But 20 per cent. off 44.5 would leave the rate at 35 per cent. How does Mr. Taft know that this would mean safety, while 29 per cent. would mean ruin? Especially how does he know it, in view of the fact that at least one-fifth of all the wool grown in this country is a by-product, the sheep being raised for the profit derived from mutton? The comparisons might be extended all up and down Schedule K. For example, on "Combed wool or tops and on wool or hair advanced in any manner beyond the washed or scoured condition," the Payne-Aldrich duties range from 73 to 252 per cent. Will Mr Taft seriously maintain that no more than 20 per cent. can be taken off those monstrous rates without, as he says, causing "irretrievable injury to the wool-growing industry"? The thing is absurd on its face. If a 20 per cent. reduction from 252 could be endured, it is certain that one of 25 or 30 or even 50 could be.

Another excuse which the President gives is that he was elected on a platform pledging him to "maintain a degree of protection necessary to offset the differences in cost of production here and abroad." But that little protectionist dodge of 1908 has now been completely discredited—so much so that the Republican platform of this year shamefacedly abandoned it entirely. And the one thing that did more than anything else to destroy the notion that you can frame a tariff on the basis of cost of production at home and abroad was precisely the wool report of the Tariff Board! Again and again in that document the admission was made that trustworthy figures showing the true cost of production could not be obtained. Thus in reference to wool by-products, noils, and the various wastes, the Board explicitly said: "No comparison as to the cost of production of such products can be made." Again and again in the report we find phrases about there being "fluctuating" elements and "the widest divergencies," which made anything like an accurate determination of the cost of production impossible. Yet the President in his veto leans upon this theory which skilled economists and experienced business men knew from the first to be hollow, and which his own Tariff Board was forced to admit to be a broken reed!

The force of inconsistency could hardly go further. President Taft, to be sure, asserts that he is anxious to procure reduced wool duties, and urges Congress to stay in session until it can frame a bill which he will sign. But there is a shorter way. The House has already passed the bill over his veto; let the Senate do the same.

TRADE REVIVAL AND THE CAMPAIGN.

In the history of American politics, many diverse influences have contributed to the turning of popular majorities to the one side or the other after the campaign was under way; and one of those influences is the condition of business. Good times in a Presidential year have always been helpful to the party in power and have frequently been a decisive campaign factor. All political experience goes to show that people who are prosperous are disposed to vote for continuance in office of the party under which prosperity prevailed, and that people confronted with hard times in their own affairs are apt to follow any party which proposes changes in legislation and promises restored good times as a result of them.

The election of 1908, when the party previously in power was continued in office notwithstanding the financial panic of the year before, might seem an exception; and in fact it was the only instance in our history when that result followed on just such an occasion. But recovery from financial depression had been unusually rapid in 1908; a weak

Democratic candidate, discredited by his attitude on the currency in 1896, ran against Mr. Taft, and probably, also, recollection of the immense prosperity under the Republican régime, a very few years before, did much to counterbalance resentment at the business distress with which 1908 began.

In another way, the election of 1896 might appear to be an exception to the rule; for the judgment of political history is that Bryan was defeated in that year largely through the return of good prices for an abundant harvest in the agricultural States, and yet the Democratic party, which had nominated Bryan, was the party in power before election. That, then, was apparently an occasion on which return of better times helped the opposition party. But the Bryan Democracy of 1896 had deliberately cut itself off from association with the Cleveland Democracy which was in office; it had denounced the policies and actions of the Administration, and had declared that conditions were such that prosperity could not return, to the farming districts especially, until those policies were reversed. It naturally followed that when something like prosperity did return in the two or three months before election, there was a drift of popular support away from Mr. Bryan.

The relation of the parties this year is not wholly unlike that of 1896. Mr. Taft, running against Mr. Wilson alone as he ran against Bryan four years ago, would be helped in his candidacy by the return of better times and hurt by continuance of business reaction. But Mr. Roosevelt and his third party stand this year in the same relation to business conditions as Bryan and the Democratic-Populist alliance did sixteen years ago. The Roosevelt platform appeals to discontent. It not only endeavors to take advantage of the demands for reform, in such directions as tariff schedules and corporation regulation, in which the great body of thinking citizens unite, and which both the other parties have incorporated in their platforms, but it assumes, explicitly or implicitly, that everything is wrong, and that our whole governmental and social system must be ripped wide open to bring back real prosperity.

Now, such an appeal as this would be most effectively reinforced by hard times. Conducted under such conditions as those of the autumn of 1907, or even those of a year ago, when the familiar reaction from a premature effort at after-panic trade revival was distinctly under way, it would have offered ideal opportunity for appealing to people angry, despondent, and discontented over the state of their own affairs. Business recovery, a profitable harvest, and increasing employment would equally be a heavy handicap. How is this influence likely to operate on the present occasion?

After a checkered and uncertain season, it is beginning to appear that the country will have this year one of the largest and most profitable harvests in its history. The wheat crop will probably be the largest, with one exception, in half a dozen years, and forty to fifty million bushels above 1911; the oats crop will surpass all precedent; the corn crop promises to run close to the largest of our past harvests, and prices for all these products are on a basis profitable to the farmers by reason of the deficient yield of all of them last year. There is little dissatisfaction over the cotton-crop outlook; the South will not duplicate the unprecedented harvest of last year, but, because of that fact, the planters' lately acute apprehension of non-remunerative prices is removed.

By all the larger tests, something like genuine business revival is at least fairly in sight. Labor is unusually well employed. The country's iron output for last month far exceeded the highest July record in our history, and the steel industry is supplied with advance orders running well into next year. This is ordinarily the most trustworthy of all indications regarding the tendency of business generally. The total amount drawn in checks on the banks of the country, another test of trade conditions, last month exceeded by 7 or 8 per cent. the highest figure ever previously reached at that time of year. Along with this, the condition of our money markets is unusually sound and strong.

In setting forth these known facts, we make no account of any such temporary and artificial reaction as sometimes occurs as a result of political misgiving itself; that influence is usually overestimated. Nor have we any idea of predicting what Wall Street calls a "boom." The essential fact is that we are not confronted by hard times, and that the voter is not likely to lend a ready ear to the professional agitator merely because of disturbance by trade depression. If these signs of the moment are pointing the way to good times generally in the autumn, there can be no great doubt as to whose candidacy will be hurt by them.

THE CHILD IN COURT.

So quickly do we become accustomed to a new order of things in our social arrangements that it is not easy to realize how recent is the system of treating an offending child according to other methods than those we have established for his erring elders. Yet it was not until July 1, 1899, that Illinois led the way in this respect by the founding of a separate court for children. Up to that time, children who were arrested were dealt with, so far as any provision of law recognized, in the same manner as adults. If unable to furnish bail, they were put into cells in the police station, tried by the police justice, and, if convicted, were fined and committed to the city prison. If the parents were unable or unwilling to pay the fine, it was "laid out" by these youthful criminals at the uniform rate of fifty cents a day. In Chicago, a fine of $500, which was sometimes imposed, was sufficient to keep a boy in the Bridewell for the greater part of a year, and did actually so confine a boy of fifteen just prior to the establishment of the juvenile court, while one of nine served between three and four months. As the payment of the fine reduced the limited resources of the family by just so much, its imposition presented a cruel problem to all concerned. Under these conditions, it is not strange that police justices often "let off" the children brought before them. A considerable number were pardoned by the Mayor. But discharge was no remedy. One-third of the boys committed to prison in the six months preceding the opening of the juvenile court had been committed before, some of them as many as six times.

The records of the Chicago Juvenile Court for the first decade of its existence have now been tabulated and studied, and the results published by the Russell Sage Foundation in a volume entitled "The Delinquent Child and the Home." In the introduction Miss Julia C. Lathrop, the chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, points out that the main consequence of the juvenile court system so far is not so much definite improvement in the condition of those from among whom juvenile offenders mainly come; still less is it a solution of the problem. Rather, it is a revelation of the situation, "the truth made public." The fundamental element in this revelation is the necessity of dealing with the children concerned, not as isolated units, but as organic parts of families and neighborhoods. Even less than his elders does the child live unto himself. He is deeply affected by the family fortunes, whether the unfortunate aspect of these is merely financial, or has relation to such darker phenomena as drunkenness, ill-treatment, and disregard for all that makes a real home.

The fact that has to be faced here is nothing less serious than the breakdown of the idea of the home. This situation has two sides. There is the home which is destroyed as a home by the indifference of those who are at the head of it, and there is the home which is adversely affected by circumstances, such as the death of the natural wage-earner, lack of work, illness, or desertion of one of the parents. None of this latter class is more common than the "home" of the mother who has no time to be anything to her children except a breadwinner. Little wonder that they "get ahead of her," and that she turns in despair to a mightier power than her own, however much of disgrace she feels in having to do with courts and probation officers. Of this group also is the family whose parents, with the best will in the world, are without control over their children. It has become a commonplace that the child of the immigrant, because he is Americanized so much faster than his parents, must be relied on by them in matters in which ordinarily this relation is reversed. He soon develops a sense of superiority towards them, therefore, that renders him difficult if not impossible of control. Of the home that is broken down through the indifference of the parents to their duties, an example is that in which the child's earning ability is exploited for the selfish benefit of his natural protectors. His pay envelope must be handed over to them every week unopened.

Intimately connected with this breakdown of the home is the rise of the "gang." There is no doubt that the more serious offences, and even some of the purely mischievous acts, are committed by boys in groups who would never have been guilty of the offence singly. So definitely localized are these "gangs" that occasionally the mere moving of the family to another street solves the problem of the "bad boy." But the "gang" spirit lies deeper than this would indicate, and it is evident that the way out in this respect lies in the direction, not of abolishing the "gang," but of elevating its motives. Somehow it must be led to care for play of a higher sort than taking what belongs to others. But the profounder question remains. Are we to attempt the salvation of this portion of society by substituting a court for the home? Such an outcome is unthinkable. The juvenile court is but a temporary help for the trouble. There is, and cannot but be, something grossly incongruous in the appearance of a child in court. Indeed, the authors of the work mentioned above say uncompromisingly, "the only way of curing delinquency is to prevent it." Justice Hoyt of this city, in discussing one phase of the matter, remarks: "The main work of a children's court should be to preserve as much as possible the family intact when misfortune overtakes it." To this we may add that every means must be resorted to for the purpose of building out of wrecks the real home that, however humble, is infinitely better for the child than all the judicial machinery that can be devised.

HUMANISM.

The title of the latest book from Oxford in support of the Classical propaganda is not without significance. Formerly it seemed sufficient to dwell on the æsthetic superiority of Greek art and literature, but of recent years that appeal has been reinforced by an attempt to set forth the ethical and practical value of Greek ideas for men to-day in the distraction of our own civilization. And so Mr. R. W. Livingstone calls his volume of essays "The Greek Genius and *Its Meaning to Us*." The change is well, and will have its effect in time, though at present the new appeal may seem to fall on deaf ears.

Mr. Livingstone is right also in seeing that the crux of the matter is in the sense to be attached to the word "humanism." "There are few more important problems than this," he declares; "is humanism right? Is it right to take a purely human attitude towards life, to assume that man is the measure of all things, and to believe that, even though the unseen may be there, still we can know our duty and live our life without reference to it? That is perhaps the biggest question of the present day." The real problem could not be stated more vigorously, and no one can read Mr. Livingstone's exposition of Greek humanism without pleasure and enlargement of mind. Yet in the end it is not quite plain that he has grasped the full force of the word. Certain writers, among whom not the least guilty is a philosophical Fellow of his own college, Corpus Christi, have deliberately clouded the meaning of "humanism" by confusing it with "humanitarianism," which is in fact its very opposite, and it is not clear that Mr. Livingstone has escaped entirely from this entanglement. His praise of the Sophists as the true exponents of humanism, his acceptance of Nietzsche's sharp distinction between the Dionysian and Apollonian aspects of Greek civilization, his emphasis of the exotic side of Plato, and his rejection of Sophocles as the norm of Athenian genius, are sufficient at least to raise a doubt in one's mind. "Man is the measure of all things"—no doubt that is humanism; it rejects the superhuman, and, in a sense, the supernatural, but he is far from understanding its full scope who supposes that it excludes also the higher, even the highest, elements of human nature itself. The error is not new. The Greeks gave us the sense of beauty, is the old saying, but they did so by limiting themselves to laws of harmony and proportion; the Middle Ages gave us the sense of the infinite. Renan made the notion popular by his Prayer on the Acropolis, in which, after praising the spotless and radiant beauty of Athena, he turned from her shrine to the vault of St. Sophia with the cry: "O abîme, tu es le Dieu unique!"

The notion is doubly false. The Greeks have had no monopoly of the sense of beauty on the one hand, and on the other hand their submission to the laws of harmony by no means excludes that religious exaltation which we call, for lack of a better name, the infinite. Their great creation, their unique contribution to the world, was just the union of beauty and religious exaltation in forms which remain normally human—that, indeed, is humanism in the highest meaning of the word. If a man doubts the uniqueness of this gift he can easily persuade himself by looking at the Elgin marbles and comparing them with what he may see elsewhere of art and religious decoration. It is a dull soul that can stand before those weather-worn blocks of stone, commonly called the Three Fates, and not feel, along with their wonder of sheer beauty, the strange lift and thrill of emotion, the mystery of deep opening within the heart to deep, which Renan professed to feel before the *abime*. There are infinite treasures of beauty that owe nothing to Greece, there are idols and temples which strike the beholder with awe, but this human sublimity will be found nowhere else in the world, or if found, whether in the Western Renaissance or in the Buddhistic art of the Far East, can be traced directly to the influence of Greece. Wherever this influence has not passed, you will find a divorce between measured human beauty and religious exaltation, and an attempt to express the infinite by symbols that are either exaggerated or grotesque or merely vague. The Hindu who wishes to image the divine wisdom will carve an idol with many heads, or if he wishes to set forth the divine power, will give to his god a hundred arms. The men of the Middle Ages knew well enough what is beautiful, but when they undertook to visualize the saint they made him meagre and unlovely. Even the cathedrals seek the impression of sublimity by spaces and lines that overwhelm the worshipper with the sense of his littleness; they may be beautiful, but they are not human. Goethe could create beauty, but when he thought of the power which speaks to us so humanly in the Three Fates he could only express it in the vague and grotesque symbolism of the mystic Mothers.

The true humanism, which speaks in the marble of the Parthenon, does not possess authority and saving power because the human is there regarded as excluding the divine, but the very contrary. The Elgin marbles merely put into visible form the philosophy of Plato, who was ready to follow as a god any man who knew how to combine in his conduct the law of the one and the law of the many; they express the same truth which Aristotle taught in his Ethics, that virtue is the golden mean of compromise rather than any excess of self-sacrifice, but that the golden mean is rightly known only to him who desires in contemplation to behold the unmoved, all-moving unity. If we forget this composite meaning of humanism, we shall confuse it either with the hard, dry formalism of the pseudo-classics, or with the sentiment of modern humanitarianism.

"DETECTIVENESS" IN FICTION.

Stories of crime and mystery form one of the streams of literature which show no signs of drying up. We do not mean shilling shockers, but the respectable novels of the season. Formerly these represented no particular fad, and the public found at least variety in them. Some years ago, when "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" appeared, it was generally assumed that nothing so good of its kind would be published for a long time to come. A detective story, in the popular estimation, was not to be rigged up out of hand, but required inspiration comparable to that of the poetic sort. But the past season has seen a somewhat changed attitude. There have appeared "The Mystery of the Second Shot," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," and other thoroughgoing detective stories, besides a number of books, like "The Ealing Miracle," which, though not belonging strictly to that class, have made use of what one critic has termed a certain "detectiveness," or zest for the professional manner of unravelling complicated episodes. We may hope that a most enjoyable type of fiction is not to be lost by being overdone or gradually merged into other sorts of tales.

For a good detective story affords a unique pleasure for certain moods. Precisely what its special virtue is can perhaps be best appreciated when the motive for a great crime, like the Rosenthal murder, is in the process of unfolding. Some people will have it that even the best detective story does not reflect actual conditions; that, as with Charles Lamb's well-known experience with Restoration drama, the reader is transported to a pleasant land of burglary and murder which is harmless because not real. But such a view is controverted by the attitude created by merely reading the newspapers these days. Interest is sharply centred upon the links of cause and effect leading to the conviction of the culprits; whereas the conditions of gambling in New York which have incidentally been laid bare, as well as outlying domestic tragedies connected with the crime, fall into the background. The public interest for the nonce has become relentlessly detective, with little sentiment to spare. A more complete picture of the crime will excite general interest only after the business of conviction is at an end.

For devotees the detective story sets a stirring mental exercise, with just enough of the complex background of life to distinguish it from a problem in mathematics. Whatever thrills of horror are excited come by way of the intellect, never starting directly in the emotions. The reader divests himself of sympathy, and applies to every situation the dry light of reason. It is only when one's reason is baffled, leaving the murder unexplained or the ghost at large, that one feels privileged to shudder. And such a shudder is remarkably different from a start that is unthinking. The detective story applies reason to some of the big half-mysteries of human conduct; and the result for the ordinary reader is not dissimilar to that felt by the philosopher when trying to square with his poor apparatus the secrets of Nature and Providence.

In the best detective stories, intellect is paramount. Characters, judged by other standards, may seem unreal without disturbing the reader's equanimity, provided the chain of causation is kept logically perfect. The disregard of this axiom has resulted in many failures. Gaboriau, not content to write a mere tale of mystery, tried to convert it into a well-rounded novel. But the most notable recent instance of the thing was the endeavor of Gaston Leroux in "The Perfume of the Lady in Black," the sequel of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." Without knowing quite why, readers found their interest in it flagging. In some respects it is the subtlest story of its kind. The shifting semi-tropical atmosphere is finely caught and ought *a priori* to add intensity to the central mystery of doubtful identity. The mystery itself is developed with rare psychological insight, and the relation between a mother and son is so acutely defined as to make a certain noticeable halt in the process of detection seem perfectly natural. Yet impatience with the story is inevitable. From habit the reader holds his attention in readiness for running down a crime—for that and nothing more—and his mind relaxes when outlying material is brought in.

There is another feature which writers of detective stories would do well not to throw overboard. Sir Conan Doyle understood its value. Every such tale should have its confronting detectives. That they must always be an amateur and a professional is not so necessary, and that the professional should sometimes win out would make a desirable climax; if he happened to be a member of the regular police force, not a Burns man, and was still successful, the climax would be greater yet, and, on occasion, probably not undeserved. In any case, the reader is best served when the ratiocination is carried on in the formal way thus offered. If it is not, he has not the necessary spur to reason out every situation for himself, which is really the best part of the game.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, Australia, July 6.

If "colonials" watch the personages and methods of the motherland with a keener eye than most Englishmen, it may happen that foreigners take a truer view of a colony than its own citizens. Dr. Marcus Herz has been touring in New Zealand, and, besides the usual description of the remarkable features of that picturesque country and some account of the surviving fragments of its indigenous race, has felt himself able to estimate its public policy and appraise its public men. Dr. Herz's judgment on the new legislative measures and administrative institutions peculiar to New Zealand is uncompromisingly adverse. All of these, he unhesitatingly asserts, or nearly all of them, are failures. The industrial arbitration system is even worse than a failure, he alleges; it has increased the antagonism between classes and fed the greed of the artisan. The old-age pension scheme, and indeed the whole industrial policy, have killed the spirit of self-reliance among the workers. Had such legislation and such institutions been more successful, they would still be unsuited for adoption by larger and more populous countries that are necessarily less self-sufficing.

Such criticisms would be deadly were they well founded, and there is certainly much to be said in their favor; but Dr. Herz has almost ignored the other side. The spirit of self-reliance cannot be quite destroyed in countries like New Zealand and Australia, where the investments of the working classes equal, if they do not exceed, those of the same classes in any other country. So far from being unsuited for exportation, the new institutions are actually passing to older lands. Twenty-five years ago England adopted from New Zealand county councils; she has lately adopted the public trust office; and compulsory industrial arbitration is looming in the distance. Italy, we may add, has just taken state life insurance from New Zealand, and she has gone further than New Zealand is yet prepared to go by conferring a monopoly on the state department; but New Zealand has now incorporated fire insurance with her life insurance, also without the monopoly that would alone justify either.

Dr. Herz has justly appraised Richard Seddon, the chief author or initiator of most of these measures. He was not a great man; he fell far short of greatness. His ideas were never original, but always borrowed; his function (is it not that of all statesmen?) was, with undaunted courage, to convert them into realities. He was only the speaking-tube of the masses, never their leader. He it was who taught them to see in the state a milch cow. He was the slave of Demos. Not great, assuredly; but only lucky.

The Maori people is probably the only indigenous race whose warriors have had biographies all to themselves. Three at least have been thus honored, and of the third, Te Rauparaha, a second biography has just been issued.* What had this brown-skinned savage done, the American reader may ask, to deserve such a distinction? He was the most talented member of an intelligent race that English officials encountered in New Zealand. He had gentlemanly manners and a taking address; he was a persuasive and impressive, nay, an eloquent and powerful speaker and a close reasoner. Though born a chief, he worked his way up to unquestioned ascendency by the exercise of faculties that would have won him a high place in any country, either as a civilian or as a warrior. As a fighting chief, he showed personal bravery, skilled tactics, and a genius for strategy, while his diplomacy before, during, and after a war was worthy of a statesman. About the time when Napoleon died at St. Helena this "Napoleon of the South" conducted a bold and daring migration of his tribe from its ancestral seats to a land of promise in the south of New Zealand, fighting his way inch by inch, inflicting a succession of defeats on the tribes that resisted his advance, and aiding his march by careful planning, discreet forethought, delicate negotiation, accurate calculation, and sagacious strategy. It was an epic expedition, almost as memorable in its kind as the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and by means of it the Maori chief almost realized his own wild dreams of building up a Maori kingdom along the shores of Cook's Straits. Then he came into collision with the English, who had just set foot in the land they were to convert into a new Britain at the antipodes, and the unconquered chief—as great in his own world as Pompeius and Cæsar were in theirs—fell before a conquering people. All this and much more is told in a unique biography, a masterpiece in its way, written by an ex-legislator who at one time promised to be "the John Bright of New Zealand." The glowing diction betrays its oratorical origin, but the eloquent style is based on exhaustive research, ample knowledge of the traditions that still linger among Rauparaha's tribesmen, personal acquaintance with men who knew the old warrior, and a complete mastery of the abundant literature relating to him and his race.

James Cowan's "Adventures of Kimble Bent" (Whitcombe & Tombs, 5s.) is a romance, but no fiction. It narrates, in words taken down from his own mouth, the story of an American, who was born in Maine, where his father, Waterman Bent, was a shipbuilder at Eastport, and his mother, Eliza Senter, had been a half-caste Indian girl of the Musqua tribe, whose villages stood on the banks of the Ste. Croix River. At Eastport Kimble was born on August 24, 1837. With his mother's roving blood in him he ran away from home and took ship on board the United States training frigate Martin, where he remained for three years, till he was paid off. He next booked his passage to Liverpool, where he enlisted in the British army in 1859. Escaping thence, he made himself a stowaway on an American ship, but was buffeted by heavy seas and landed at Glasgow. There he was detected as a deserter, and sent with his regiment, first to India and next to New Zealand. The restless Indian blood in him again prompted him to desert, and he fled to the Maoris, with whom the British were then waging an inglorious guerrilla war. He took an oath never to go back to the English, or he would have been burnt alive, and though he once made the attempt, he never again left the Maoris. He became one of them, lived as they did, and had three successive (not simultaneous) Maori wives. Though, in a photograph, he now appears clothed in European fashion, he was then dressed in a flax mat or a blanket, like his brown-skinned mates, eating their food, and made to toil like a slave, as indeed he was. He dwelt with the more savage tribes—those who had revolted against British rule and had forsaken the religion to which the missionaries had converted them. They had concocted a new religion largely from the Old Testament, though with loans from the New, and strangely blended with some of their own wild superstitions. They had even gone back to cannibalism. In all this, save cannibalism, Bent took part.

---

*_An Old New Zealander; or, Te Rauparaha, the Napoleon of the South._ By James Cowan. London and Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs. 10s. 6d.

His accounts of the tribe and its usages, as given to Mr. Cowan, are of eminent value. He tells of the council town or village and of the praying-house and council hall there, 120 feet in length. He portrays the founder of the new religion, its high-priest and prophet, whom he knew. He tells of the daily worship, the long prayers, night and morning; the morning hymns, the daily processions around the flagstaff. His history of the war is the first that has been given from the Maori side. He describes the secret war-rites of the Hau-Haus, which no living white man but himself has witnessed. He narrates the storming of the fort and the inability of the well-handled Maoris to resist the wild rush of the maddened troops. It was believed that in the course of the action he killed his old colonel, but he declares that he never fired a shot. After the war was over, he continued to live with the Maoris. In later years he has been a medicine-man and a *tohunga*, or priest. For he still lives, in his seventy-fifth year, and he sometimes yearns to return to the home of his boyhood on the coast of Maine.

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The memory of George Dyer is inseparably associated with that of Charles Lamb, who dearly loved the shy, awkward, and half-blind student. Writing to Moxon in February, 1832, he bears this, a final, testimony to G. D.:

> G. was born, I verily think, without original sin, but chooses to have a conscience, as every Christian gentleman should have; his dear old face is insusceptible of twist they call a sneer, yet he is apprehensive of being suspected of that ugly appearance. When he makes a compliment he thinks he has given an affront—a name is a personality.

Dyer loved Lamb with equal sincerity, and this will give interest to an obituary notice written by him which appears to have eluded the notice, so far as I remember, of the various biographers and bibliographers who have dealt with gentle Elia. Dyer, as is well known, became a Unitarian, and to the number for March, 1835, of the *Christian Reformer*—a periodical issued in the interests of that denomination—he contributed the following memorial notice:

> We now announce the decease of an amiable, benevolent, and ingenious man, Mr. Charles Lamb, who died at Edmonton, after a few days' illness, on Saturday, the 27th December last, in the 61st year of his age. Mr. Lamb was well known to the public as a man of literature, and the memoirs of men of literature are often to be traced in their writings. Thus, in the case of Mr. Lamb, we collect that he was descended from a family in Lincolnshire, but was born in London, and received his education in Christ's Hospital; that at an early period he became a clerk in the India House, where he was greatly esteemed for his good humor; that he removed from it, at length, with a handsome annuity (being placed on the superannuated list); and that he lived in intimacy with the first geniuses and poets of his time. The following is a list of his published works as correct as we can give them:
>
> A small volume of poems, in conjunction with his friends Charles Lloyd and S. T. Coleridge. 1795.
>
> Another small volume, entitled "Blank Verse," in conjunction with C. Lloyd. 1798.
>
> John Woodville, a Tragedy. 1802.
>
> Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets. 1808.
>
> Tales from Shakespeare. 2 vols. 1807; the 3rd edition of which was published in 1813.
>
> A Tale of Rosamond Grey and Old Blind Margaret.
>
> The Adventures of Ulysses. 2 vols.
>
> The Works of Charles Lamb. 2 vols. 1818.
>
> Elia, a Collection of Essays and Prose Papers. 1823. This may be termed his most popular work, and appeared originally in the *London Magazine*.
>
> A volume of Poetry, entitled "Album Verses." 1830. To which may be added, a Second Series of his "Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets," which appeared in Mr. Hone's "Every-Day Book," under the title of "The Garrick Papers, from works contained in the British Museum."
>
> A small poetic piece, entitled "Satan in Quest of a Wife." 1831.
>
> A volume comprising "The Last Essays of Elia." 1833.
>
> An afterpiece, under the title of "Mr. H."
>
> It is but justice to Mr. Lamb to say, that in the above works he has in general displayed as much literary taste as he has pathos and wit; his peculiar talent was humor, and his principal delineations are taken from private and domestic life; but he is always pleasing, and his style is rather after the manner of our old English masters, of which he was a professed admirer (although we do not consider him in the light of an imitator), rather than of those authors termed classical, on whom he was taught to put so high a value at [a] public school; and though he continued to read and admire the latter, he chose to be considered as an English writer of the old school.
>
> The above list will, we think, present a true picture of the late Mr. Charles Lamb; for, what he appears in his writings before the public, he was seen to be in his life and conversation among his friends. He was sociable in his manners, critical and exact in his taste, of a rich imagination, and a most sprightly wit; and as a man humane in his feelings and benevolent in his actions. His jokes, which were always kept within the bounds of decorum, never lost him a friend nor made him an enemy. To sum up the whole, we consider him to have been a person possessed of the finest qualities, both of head and heart.
>
> Mr. Lamb's amiable disposition eminently fitted him for domestic life, but he never was married; he lived forty years in a most tender friendship with an only sister; they were similar in their pursuits and studies, in their joys and sorrows, their affections and recreations, and may be referred to as the most perfect model of fraternal and sisterly love. Miss Lamb was the authoress of an excellent work, entitled "Mrs. Leycester's School," which was brought out under the superintendence of her brother.
>
> It does not appear from Mr. Lamb's writings that he intermeddled much in the political or theological disputes of the times; but to the estimation in which he held our old dramatic writers and poets, we must add the admiration which he always felt for the political works of Milton, Sydney, and other standard writers of the same class. Nor was he unacquainted with many of our best puritan authors, whom he respected for their earnestness, variety, and seriousness, and, above all, for their sincerity; and, being himself of a quiet, peaceable disposition, he was fervent in the praise of George Fox and the other founders of the Society of Friends, called Quakers, although he never joined their Society, and did not separate himself from the Church of England, to which he was trained at Christ's Hospital.
>
> Clifford's Inn. G. D.

This appreciation has that reticence which a friend writing immediately after Elia's death would feel to be most fitting. Underneath all the restraint there is clearly visible the close friendship, the generous esteem, and the warm admiration that George Dyer felt for Charles Lamb.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

PROFESSIONAL MOTIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let us labor under no fond delusion with regard to the motives that lead our young men to enter the learned professions. A bit of loose reasoning in your editorial comment of June 27 upon President Pritchard's introduction to Dr. Abraham Flexner's report on medical education in Europe, has helped to spread an error only too common in recent discussion of professional problems in America.

In the editorial in question, entitled "Professional Rewards," you not only subscribe to President Pritchard's contention that the desire for social service plays an important part in determining young men to enter a profession as poorly paid as that of medicine, but you also make the assertion that the same altruistic motive operates largely in the young man's choice of the other learned professions, viz., the law, the ministry, teaching, and letters, as well. You acknowledge, to be sure, that "there will be plenty of people to scoff at [President Pritchard's] idea," but you, nevertheless, go on to say that "the desire to serve remains an important factor in the man's own choice of his profession. It takes various forms It may be consciously altruistic, or it may be the joy of doing well what one likes best." "What calls one," you add, "is the desire to do well what one likes, and hopes to make useful."

Now, setting aside the pecuniary reward as too small to serve as an inducement, I am sure that you will agree with me that, while a certain few of our young men enter the learned professions—chiefly, perhaps, medicine and the ministry—from the "consciously altruistic desire to serve," by far the larger number of candidates for these professions are actuated principally by what you term "the joy of doing well what one likes best." In fact, your subjoined statement—"What calls one is the desire to do well what one likes"—sufficiently indicates that you believe this latter motive to have the greater prevalence.

But it is not with regard to the number actuated by this joy in one's work, but with regard to your diagnosis of this motive, that I am concerned. When you classify this sheer delight in the exercise of one's intellectual powers as an altruistic motive, directed, though unconsciously, to the good of society, and, again, just below, when you identify "what one likes" with what one "hopes to make useful," I must confess that, though a college professor myself, and therefore a member of one of the professions that your editorial seems intended to honor, I feel strongly tempted to turn scoffer on the spot. Indeed, I am convinced that I shall run no risk of casting aspersions upon this essentially laudable motive of choosing a profession from a pure love of the work therein involved, when I refuse to regard this motive as other than one of a purely egoistic character. It may, of course, and often, in fact, in accordance with a benevolent providence, does prove true that the man who enters upon a profession because he finds it intellectually congenial, succeeds thereby in conferring upon society the greatest benefit of which he is capable. Is this not, after all, but another way of expressing the familiar maxim that by serving self, one may often at the same time best serve society? But, unfortunately, in serving one's own intellectual appetites, one does not always at the same time serve society; and, even if one did, ought we not to distinguish carefully between the egoistic motive that prompts one to enter a profession and the altruistic result that may possibly accrue therefrom. I, for example, may take keen delight in proposing an emendation to a corrupt passage in the text of Bacchylides, and it may, of course, prove that by virtue of some "divine, far-off event," my emendation may redound to the benefit of humanity. I hope, to be sure, that it may. I may even be willing to go down on my hands and knees and pray that it may. But, since the emendation is at best but conjectural, and since, furthermore, were it otherwise, I can hardly myself detect any connection between my achievement and the good of the race, and, since, finally, even if I could, it would still be impossible for me, by any effort of the will, to deceive myself into the belief that I had undertaken the task with the benefit of society, even unconsciously, in view, must I not, forsooth, renounce my claim to the lofty and disinterested motive with which I am graciously accredited in your editorial?

I have, of course, not the slightest quarrel with the noble end of social service. But why not reserve that title for those to whom it legitimately belongs, and allow the professional classes, who must necessarily largely labor *con amore*, to rest satisfied with the humble, but at least frank, acknowledgment that they pretend to be nothing more than what they are, namely, essentially egotists—egotists of a somewhat enlightened species, if you will, but none the less egotists. Why try to measure the efforts of the intellect in terms of social service? Let us of the professional classes frankly acknowledge that, as benefactors of society, we can rarely hope to rival the too frequently disprized business man who gives a flat million to charity.

NATHANIEL E. GRIFFIN.

Milan, Italy, July 25.

THE PANAMA TOLLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is one political move, the proposal to pass American shipping through the Panama Canal, toll free, which is especially objectionable, on the ground that only a comparatively small part of our shipping will be benefited—that part which now has to make the passage round the Horn. The South American trade, the West Indian trade, the East Indian trade outward bound, the European trade, the African trade, of which there is still a considerable amount, none of these can be benefited by the remitting of the toll. There is danger that this particular special privilege may be obscured by the fact of England's objection to it. Many who are generally keen to scent the iniquity of such a thing may, on account of what they regard as England's interference, oppose any objection to this scheme. The *Nation* has already opposed the scheme, but the fact that it benefits only a small part of our trade I have nowhere seen exposed.

HENRY CHEQUER.

Somerville, Mass., August 1.

THE METHOD OF THE BULL MOOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The Crowd—A Study of the Popular Mind," by Gustave Le Bon, was first translated into English in 1896, and is now in the seventh edition of the English version. Chapter iii treats of The Leaders of Crowds and their Means of Persuasion. I quote from page 141 of that chapter:

> Affirmation pure and simple, kept free of all reasoning and all proof, is one of the surest means of making an idea enter the mind of crowds. The conciser an affirmation is, the more destitute of every appearance of proof and demonstration, the more weight it carries. . . . Statesmen called upon to defend a political cause, and commercial men pushing the sale of their products by means of advertising, are acquainted with the value of affirmation. Affirmation, however, has no real influence unless it be constantly repeated, and so far as possible in the same terms. . . . The thing affirmed comes by repetition to fix itself in the mind in such a way that it is accepted in the end as a demonstrated truth.

CHAS. B. WILBY.

Biddeford Pool, Me., August 6.

A FAMILIAR TARIFF OSTRICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have no sneer for the President's message; but one passage affords a text for a comment in crying need of expression, for it has been parroted and harped on by the defenders of the "protective" system ever since high prices began. This is, that tariffs have nothing to do with the rise, because this rise is seen also in unprotected articles and in the one free-trade country. The fact is true, the inference false. The rise they cause, or help and maintain, in their own field "jacks up" prices in other fields, since the victims have nothing and nowhere to run to. The rise is world-wide, we are told; so are tariffs, except for one country.

The principle is as simple as the water balance, and any one can verify it from his daily experience. The best cuts of meat go up; middling people turn to livers and hearts and corned beef and bottom rounds, and these go up to near where the others started; fish follows; we fall back on vegetables, and these are raised with the demand. And so on till every hole of refuge is stopped up. The tariff pushes prices up high in its own lines. Consumers try to escape into other and cheaper directions, but this new demand raises those well up to the tariff prices, because there is no escape back into the tariff lines; the fire cannot ever be much cooler than the frying pan. And this acts on English prices as on others, since English trade must get back what it has to pay outside.

In a word, the world-wide tariffs are one—in my judgment the greatest single—cause of the world-wide rise in prices, and the President seems to me to discredit either his perspicacity or his fairness in pretending they are not. I know the further argument that the tariffs existed long before the régime of high prices came, and therefore cannot be related to it. I answer that they have steadily increased in real incidence and severity of collection even where not in nominal volume (that, too, to a considerable extent), and still more, that gigantic combinations to take advantage of them and exact the pound of flesh have arisen and strengthened as never before—probably the chief proximate instrument of the rise. That the tariff is not the sole cause I admit; that it is none at all I deny.

REVENUE TARIFF.

Westbrook, Conn., August 2.

PARTIES AND THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "Laudator Temporis Acti" (*Nation*, July 25), calls attention to the indifference, on the part of the Progressives, to the distinctions on which the Republican and Democratic parties are founded.

In 1879, Alexander Johnson wrote the introduction to his "History of American Politics," which introduction concludes with the following paragraph:

> The question of a strict or loose construction of the Constitution has always been at the root of legitimate national party differences in the United States. All other pretended distinctions have been either local or temporary, or selfish and misleading, and the general acceptance of any such party difference would mark an unfortunate decline in the political intelligence of the people.

JAMES H. PERSHING.

Denver, Col., July 30.

BISHOP BROOKS'S MOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago I came across a story in the New York *Tribune* telling how Phillips Brooks taught his young men's Sunday school.

The topic was "White Lies." One scholar wished to know what Mr. Brooks would do in case he visited an artist who had labored long over a picture and who expected encouragement, although the picture was not good. Mr. Brooks was reported to have answered, "I would say as I do, when the fond mother shows me the first-born homely baby: 'Well, that is a baby.'"

After some satirical talk from the other artists about ministers, I concluded to write to Mr. Brooks about the matter. I said in substance that we half-dozen painters disliked to believe that a man as intelligent as he would countenance this sly refined manner of lying. I got a letter almost by return post from Mr. Brooks, in which he declared there was no truth in the story I had sent him. It is an old story, he said, and had been fitted on many shoulders, and finally on his. He thanked me, and wished I would not make his letter public.

Now, I at last break silence because I see the venerable old lie reappear in one of your editorials.

ROBERT B. BRANDEGEE,

Farmington, Conn., August 5.

Literature

RUINS OF DESERT CATHAY.

Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China. By M. Aurel Stein. With numerous illustrations, color plates, panoramas, and maps from original surveys. In two volumes. Vol. I, pp. xxxvii, 546; Vol. II, pp. xxi, 517. New York: The Macmillan Co. $12.50.

Dr. Stein's celebrated work on the explorations carried on by him in 1900 and 1901 and published under the title "Ancient Khotan" (see the *Nation*, April 9, 1908) had been preceded by a "Preliminary Report" (London, 1901), and a popular work called "Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan" (London, 1904). His second great journey in Central Asia, still more extensive and more successful, is described in two stout volumes, richly illustrated, which are to precede the main work forthcoming; they anticipate the chief results as did the "Preliminary Report," and furnish the public with a popular account as did "The Sand-Buried Ruins."

This second journey has covered a much larger field than the first. From Srinagar and Peshawar it took the traveller through the northeastern hills of Afghanistan and the Pamir to Koshgar, from whence he skirted the northern slope of the Nan-shan as far as Kan-chóu-fu in Kan-su, returning by the northern route to Aksu, from there crossing the desert to Khotan and through the Kun-lun back to India.

The present account of this important journey, which extended from the spring of 1906 to the autumn of 1908, deserves to be called an ideal book of travel, inasmuch as it combines a vivid description of personal adventures and of scenery, with the results of geographical as well as archæological research in the countries explored.

Geographers will find their science enriched by the exact investigations carried on by the traveller's faithful assistants, Ram Singh, who died, unfortunately, after losing his eyesight by glaucoma, and his successor, Lal Singh, native Indian experts in charge of triangulation and the surveying of unexplored mountain ranges, under the author's direction. Geological information of great value is given in regard to many of the territories traversed, and the methodical measurements taken of a dozen tribes, supported by lucid comment and well-chosen portraits of ethnographical types, will help to fill the storehouse of anthropologists.

Historical matters were not neglected. Dr. Stein's first great journey had already compelled him to make himself acquainted with the history of Central Asiatic nations as far as it can be derived from the ancient and mediæval literature of the several nations which came into contact with one another in the common meeting-ground of Eastern Turkestan. Special studies, based on his former experiences, must have preceded this second journey, for, from stage to stage, the author succeeds in identifying the track of former travellers, especially the great Chinese Buddhist Hüan-tsang, who traversed a similar route nearly thirteen hundred years ago. Copies of Dr. Legge's edition of Fa Hién's "Travels" of the Chinese pilgrims, who performed the same journey from China to India in 400 A. D., he left as souvenirs with his Chinese hosts in recognition of their hospitality. Dr. Stein was fortunate enough in the services of his Chinese secretary, Chiang Ssï-ye, who joined him at Kashgar. From him he learned to speak Chinese, not the orthodox Pekingese of our consular interpreters, indeed, but the dialect of Hunan, the secretary's native province. Mr. Chiang's great intelligence, with his local experience and familiarity with his native literature, must have been of great help, especially in the scrutiny of what forms so considerable a part of the archæological discoveries of the expedition, the Chinese documents written and printed. Mr. Chiang deserves particular praise on account of the critical self-distrust he exhibited when expressing his opinion in cases of which he did not feel quite certain. Collectors of antiquities, and especially the dealers in this profitable ware, are only too quick in guessing at dates. Dr. Stein's expert is of a different calibre, as shown on the discovery, among the remnants of an ancient Chinese frontier wall, of a carefully cut piece of hardwood bearing on its flat side some Chinese characters, which Dr. Stein thought must belong to the Han period. "But my devoted helpmate," the author remarks, "modest in spite of his learning, confessed that palæography had not been his special field of study, and would commit himself only to the cautious statement that the characters looked decidedly older than those used under the Sung dynasty in the tenth to the twelfth centuries A. D." To draw conclusions as to age from the mere appearance of Chinese writing calls for as much preparation as is needed in the problems of Greek or Latin palæography.

The archæological discoveries resulting from this expedition are simply overwhelming, both in their number and in the historical interest attaching to them. To them is largely due the immense progress in our knowledge of Central Asia and of its interesting culture made within less than a quarter of a century. The discoveries of this second journey of Dr. Stein's outnumber those of the first as described in his "Ancient Khotan," and are perhaps more important; they certainly place England on a level with Germany, France, Russia, and Japan in this field of study.

By far the most important of all these "finds"—for such they were, indeed, the greater part being excavations from the sand or rediscoveries in forgotten cellas, and not purchases from dealers—are the documents of ancient script and language, which, in connection with the discoveries coming from other expeditions in that newly discovered "officina gentium," the Tarim Basin, and its eastern outlet, are the sensation of Orientalists at the present day. Among the scripts which have been, or can be, deciphered, we find documents written apparently by natives coming from all parts of Asia to this general meeting-ground. Eastern Turkestan must have been a much more cheerful country in years gone by than it is now, and, though under Chinese suzerainty, a home for temporary settlements from everywhere. Missionary zeal and commercial interests must have been the chief inducements for immigration, unless the soil offered attractions we look in vain for at present. Buddhism, with its tendency to expand, had its roots in India. Thus the oases in the margins of the Tarim desert became the bridge by which it spread northward to the Turks and eastward to the Chinese. India sent her missionaries to China by sea and overland, and Chinese Buddhists went to India in search of sacred books. We need not wonder, therefore, at finding monasteries on the beaten track; religious hostelries as it were. The result is that, apart from Chinese, the government or business language of the country, most of the documents are Indian. Sanskrit, Karoshthi, Brahmi texts have been found in many of the places visited, chiefly in the southern oases and in that great temple library of the "Thousand Buddhas" near Tun-huang in Western Kan-su. Rival religions followed Buddhism with isolated settlements, chiefly on the northern margin of the Basin, and of these religions also we find documents, confirming recent theories of the existence of Nestorian and Manichean colonies in Central Asia. Dr. Stein's discoveries comprise manuscripts in Aramaic, Tibetan, Uiguric, Runic Turki (*i. e.*, the so-called "Old Turkish," or "Kök-turkish," inscriptions, first discovered by Russian travellers and deciphered by Vilhelm Thomsen, the Danish scholar, and translated by Radloff and Vambéry), and Arabic sgraffiti. Certain specimens of an unknown language may bring new surprises, like the discovery by Prof. F. W. K. Müller in Berlin of the ancient Sogdian language, specimens of which were also found by Dr. Stein in Aramaic and Uiguric writing. The richest crop of these literary treasures comes from the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas." Dr. Stein's attention had been drawn to this eldorado of Asiatic art and literature by Professor de Loczy of Budapest, who had visited the place in 1879 as a member of Count Szechenyi's expedition. Its site had been visited by the French traveller, C. E. Bonin, in 1899, but apart from certain inscriptions, copies of which were brought to Europe, nothing but the glowing accounts of these few eyewitnesses were known before Dr. Stein's arrival. Since then many thousands of curious manuscripts have been brought to Paris by a French expedition under Prof. Paul Pelliot, subsequently appointed to the newly created chair at the Collège de France for "the geography and archæology of Central Asia."

One of the chief triumphs of Central-Asiatic exploration is the light it throws on the history and development of exotic art. Many of the sand-buried ruins visited by Dr. Stein furnish proof of the refined artistic taste of their former inhabitants, but two sites have quite particularly excelled in this respect: the Temple of Miran, about twenty-five miles southeast of Lop, and facing the Lop-nor in the South, and the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas" in Kan-su. The treasures laid open at these newly discovered sites in the shape of architectural, pictorial, and sculptural monuments and fragments, added to the specimens already in the Museums of London, Berlin, and Paris, reveal to us the existence of a great art, which received its impulse from India and Persia, with its Iranian dependencies, and through these channels from Greece, with occasional indications of Egyptian influence.

Many of these magnificent works had to be left behind for obvious reasons; but we have in Dr. Stein's volumes really fascinating pictures of such works of architecture as stupas, arches, domes, temple-cellas, architraves, and balusters. Wall-paintings, too, have been photographed so successfully that even without color the reproduction gives us an idea of the artistic spirit that created them. It may be said without exaggeration that these works impress us as far superior to the religious art practiced in Europe at the same time. Their only contemporary rivals were the works of such Chinese masters as Ku K'ai-chï, Wang Weï, and Wu Tau-tzï. To prove this, there needs only a glance at the photographic reproductions of the frescoes of Miran, with its angels and Bodhisattvas, its beautiful girls suggesting the Circassian type and the early Greek portraits of Egyptian provenance which created such a sensation at the time of their discovery, and the magnificent fresco compositions devoted to the Buddha and the life of his saints. Even then we must remember the words of the author, one of the very few Europeans who have beheld these wonders with their own eyes:

> No photographs could convey an impression of the charm which these compositions derive from their rich and harmoniously blended coloring. In the design and grouping of the figures, in their drapery and general iconography, most of what is presented to us by these panels is a direct inheritance from Graeco-Buddhist art as developed in Central-Asia. But when we come to examine the technique, the difference in treatment is striking. Everywhere the free sweep of the brush so characteristic of the Chinese pictorial art endeavors to assert itself over the delicate outline drawing which the same figures display in the frescoes and panels of Ancient Khȯtan.

There can be no doubt that ancient Khotan and what may be called its cultural dependency, the entire Tarim Basin, with the centres of Buddhism in northwestern China, were the seat of dominating art schools which strongly influenced religious art in China herself. Chinese records show that some of her most influential masters were natives of Khotan, whose kings by the name of Weï-chï (or Uetchï, possibly a transcription of Turkish *ülchï*, *i. e.*, "people's leader," "king," or "prince") had on several occasions sent their princes to the court of China, where they were honored by the bestowal of high posts in the Emperor's bodyguard. Dr. Stein refers to this somewhere in his book. He might have gone a little further and said that the greatest representative of the Khotanese school, whose name and life have been preserved in Chinese art history as one of the classics of the T'ang dynasty, Weï-chï I-shöng, must have been one of those princes, since he was a native of Khotan, bore the King's family name, Weï-chï, and held a post in the Chinese Imperial bodyguard, with the rank of a duke, an honor not usually accorded to artists pure and simple. Weï-chï I-shöng, Chinese art historians further inform us, cultivated his own style, which differed widely from what the Chinese of his time were accustomed to see, and this must have been the style represented in those wonderful cellas of Miran and the Buddha Caves. Who knows whether they do not contain originals by one of the Weï-chï's? For the great man's father and brother were also artists, the latter having remained behind in Khotan or one of its oases at the beginning of the seventh century. Weï-chï I-shöng's style, we further learn from Chinese records, was much admired and imitated in Korea, especially his representations of Avalokitesvara, the Kuan-yin of the Chinese; and from the Koreans of the seventh century many elements of Khotanese Buddhistic art may have been introduced into the beginnings of Japanese art. Greek elements in their Græco-Buddhistic form may thus be accounted for in the earliest Japanese paintings; it is not likely that they reached Japan by sea.

It is quite impossible to do justice to a book like Dr. Stein's in a short review. The information it contains throws the most important light on the entire Central-Asiatic civilization of former centuries, the historical reconstruction of which will occupy generations of scholars to come. Relics were discovered at the various sites dating from the very beginning of human life, such as the stone-age relics and implements of flint-stone in the Lop-nor region and numerous prehistoric weapons, such as arrow-heads and celts of jade and bronze, down to ancient and mediæval domestic implements, such as hand-made pottery, glass fragments, musical instruments, seals, dies, brooms, spoons, eating sticks, weaving instruments, textures and embroideries of every kind, fishing nets, shoes, and even mouse-traps. Of coins the discoveries reveal a great variety. Chinese cash of the Han dynasty was found at Lop-nor, and specimens of the T'ang and Sung periods were particularly frequent in several places.

Much of the value of this collection of literary, art, and cultural treasures has depended, and will depend, on the coöperation of dozens of specialists, whose names we cannot here enumerate, though they represent the first authorities of each of the many branches of Oriental, geographical, and historical study, such as Professors Chavannes and Pelliot for Chinese, the literature which may be said to be more than all others concerned in the elucidation of historical problems of Central Asia. Dr. Stein had behind him a phalanx of excellent workers for Indian, Tibetan, Iranian, and Semitic problems when describing the results of his first great journey. We find the same great names among his recent authorities.

As to the spelling of Chinese names, it is to be regretted that the dialect of Peking, a mere Manchuism, which ought to be banished from purely scientific works, has been made the basis of transcriptions. This way of spelling is not compatible with tradition in Europe. We would not tolerate a map of China which spells "Nan-ching" for Nan-king, or "Chiu-chiang" for Kiu-kiang. Such spelling is particularly out of place in historical names. The author may have felt that himself, when he tried to correct his "Chü-shê period," corresponding to the year 8 A. D., on p. 95, Vol. II, into "Kü Sheh period" in the Index, although, to be consistent with Wade's spelling, elsewhere adopted, the period ought to have been called Ch'u-shih.

Not enough praise can be bestowed on the excellent photographs, color plates, and panoramas, forming the more than three hundred illustrations of the two volumes. Nearly every one of these makes a perfect picture. To select the point from which to take the best view of a group of hills, or indeed a landscape of any kind, an architectural view or an ordinary object for purposes of illustration, is an art claiming artistic taste and much more than mere photographic skill, and of this art the author's long experience and familiarity with Central-Asiatic surroundings have educated him to be a past-master. His assistant, Ram Sing, was in charge of the developing, and to judge from the results, there seem to have been no failures. All readers will be thankful for these magnificent illustrations.

CURRENT FICTION.

Over the Pass. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Readers who enjoy stage villains will be hard to please if they are not satisfied with this story, for it contains three of the most popular villanous types. There is the old stand-by, smooth-tongued, dishonest, and cowardly; there is the Western bad man who says, "Damn you, I'll get you yet!" and who has six notches in the butt of his revolver to keep green in his memory the number of men he has killed; and, finally, there is the self-centred and unscrupulous captain of industry. All of these are leagued against the hero, the wicked millionaire having the unfair advantage of being his father. As against these powers of darkness there is set a sort of beloved vagabond, a jaunty and whimsical Don Quixote, who, however, can shoot extremely straight, and who conceals under his irresponsible exterior a will and nerves of iron. There is, too, a beautiful and high-spirited heroine, and an ideally faithful and plucky Indian servant. We must not forget the "Eternal Painter," who always provides a gorgeous setting of dawn or sunset over desert cañons for the great scenes, and who earns his title by becoming rather a nuisance before the end of the story. The background and the hero are fanciful, the other characters are conventional, and the style is deliberately mannered; but the plot does not lack interest, and is unfolded with some skill. An exception must be made of the "gun-fights," which violate all plausibility. For his style and his hero the author is considerably indebted to the novels of W. J. Locke; but he has not Mr. Locke's ease and lightness of touch.

Both Sides of the Shield. By Major Archibald W. Butt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This little story was written some years ago, and Major Butt's death would seem to have liberated it from some vague publisher's limbo, in which it had been suffered, not surprisingly, to linger. For it is a rather crude and feeble story. The idea is commonplace. A Northern man goes South on a journalistic assignment, and falls in with a war-impoverished planter and his family of stalwart son and beautiful daughter. There is no manner of doubt from the outset that the Northerner is going to marry the daughter—he does, after a suitable amount of misunderstanding; and there is nothing more to say, unless that, thanks to the generosity of the author, the Northerner is a man of fortune, and so able to restore the old plantation to its early glories. The tale is interesting, as the efforts of youth and simplicity are always interesting. Major Butt was not very young when he wrote it, and the ingenuousness which gives it an engaging quality was evidently a characteristic of the man. This is made clear by Mr. Taft's affectionate introduction—a touchingly simple and earnest tribute to an exceptionally simple and loyal nature.

The Principal Girl. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

If you are unwary enough to take this writer heavily, it is possible to be impatient and even indignant with him. Certain readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, we understand, have endured the present story as it has appeared in those staid pages with a restiveness only equalled in the days of "The Helpmate." Clearly, it hasn't a leg to stand on as a piece of "serious" fiction; and as a work of humor it is disconcerting not because it is flippant, but because it is flippant in unexpected places. We know a paradox when we see one: Mr. Chesterton has taken care of that, if it needed to be taken care of. No variety of humor follows more trustworthy rules. But you never can tell what Mr. Snaith will do. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells are household pets beside him. The only safe course, in taking up one of his books, is to expect nothing in particular—for that you are sure of getting. "The Principal Girl" cannot safely be docketed as social satire, or literary satire, or romance, or even extravaganza, though it takes on one or another of these tints, with chameleon-like ease, when there is nothing better to do. At times it seems to be approaching a burlesque of the Neo-Victorian school. At other times it flings a cheerful challenge to the Last Word in fiction. The heroine, thereafter admitted to be in all ways charming, is introduced as "a rather plain young woman suffering from a cold in the head." But her creator and sponsor is prompt to assert that he has called her plain "as much out of deference to Mr. G-lsw-r-thy and Mr. H. G. W-lls and Mr. Arnold B-nn-tt, as any other reason we can think of." Other transparent hyphenations are to be found in later pages, attesting the story-teller's perfect irresponsibility towards his fellow-tradesmen. The story itself is slight enough. The "principal girl" is a queen of pantomime, and her predestined young man is "heir to a barony," according to the oldest traditions. She is a charming and clever girl, and he is a stupid and good-hearted young man; and after the natural difficulties involved in such a match, they are made happy, even unto twins. But you will not read the book as a story so much as an amusing monologue.

The Sins of the Father. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Dixon's ideas have been given such wide publicity in earlier books that it is hardly necessary to recapitulate them here. He is a hot defender of the white man's right to supremacy in the South, a violent opponent of each and every attempt to educate or elevate the negro, because it will defer the day of complete separation between the races, in which alone he sees safety for the white American. To let the negro alone is not enough. In the long chain between such a policy and the final complete extinction of national character by mixture of races he sees no broken link. His hero in this novel, in planning a process which in two hundred years shall effect complete separation, proposes disfranchisement and the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution as the first steps. He deplores the reappearance of the carpetbagger in the still more dangerous guise of the philanthropist; he reviles the black educator and the white millionaire who supplies educational funds, and he closes his story with a description of an ideal Southern household, where a negro has never been allowed to cross the threshold or enter the gates. He has drawn a terrible picture of a white man's intrigue with a negress, with a cloud of tragic consequences which may be expected to become general unless politics comes to the rescue. As a novel, the book pays the penalty of being immeasurably more a pamphlet. The opening chapters show the Ku Klux Klan having "a little fun." Follow private horrors and their results, which are not made less horrible by being frequently smothered in sweets of rhetoric and imagery.

CONFEDERATE PRISONS.

A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.

Major Putnam has rendered a genuine service in recounting in this clear, straightforward, unvarnished narrative his own terrible experiences in Libby and other prisons of the Confederacy. We have reached that stage in our national development when we are trying hard to smooth over, if not to misrepresent, the horrors of that struggle—to the point of erecting a statue to one of the cruel jailors of the South. Even Gov. Woodrow Wilson in his history of the nation dismisses the murders in those apologies for prisons with the superficial statement that the death rate in Northern jails was about as high, and that after all the Northern prisoners in the South were not much worse off than Lee's soldiers in the final years of the struggle. Now, it may be the duty of politicians to pour further balm upon these sectional wounds of 1861-65, but it is the duty of history to tell the truth. The historian must in this case rely chiefly upon the narratives of survivors, and when one of these is written fifty years after by a man of Major Putnam's literary powers and high standing, after all feeling of personal resentment is at an end, it becomes at once authoritative and unimpeachable. If there are any other prison survivors who can record their recollections they should pattern after this excellent volume.

But no one can lay it down without a shudder and a wonder that a mere slip of a boy, such as Major Putnam then was, could have survived such inhuman treatment, could have lived for months in rags, covered with vermin, sleeping on the bare floor in the dead of winter, starving on a handful of cornbread a day, and carrying out the dead every morning. There were epidemics and unsanitary conditions in the Northern prisons, but there were no starved and frozen, half-naked men, nor anything comparable to Belle Isle and the Andersonville stockade, where men dug in the earth to exist, no better off than the swine of the farm, and not as well cared for. These facts history cannot and will not gloss over. Particularly is Major Putnam's book valuable in that it destroys once and for all the theory that these inhumanities were unavoidable. He testifies to finding, in the course of his duty as exchange officer on parole in Richmond in the last days of the Confederacy, remnants of thousands of packages addressed to Northern soldiers in Libby and other prisons by their relatives in the North, which had never been delivered. The death agony of the Confederacy was never so intense that these packages, with the clothing, food, and trinkets and messages of love that might have prolonged the life of many a starving, homesick, hopeless soldier, could not have been delivered, had humanity and not inhumanity ruled in Richmond in the department of military prisons.

Again, if the Confederacy could not have afforded blankets and the actual decencies of life, the Federal Government, as was well known in Richmond, would have freely supplied all that was needed. Why could this not have been accepted? It would not have diminished the injury to the Union armies in the loss of the services of those poor prisoners. As it is, the stain of these horrors must be forever borne by all Americans North and South. Nothing can ever blot it out.

The Story of the Zulus. By J. Y. Gibson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Among all the native races of Africa—that paradise of unknown peoples—few present as fascinating problems to the ethnographist as do the Abantu. Alone, or almost alone, among negroid races, they have evinced an aptitude for constructive statesmanship and, under a dynasty of great rulers, in the House of Zulu, evolved a military empire in some ways curiously reminiscent of modern Germany, which, had it not come into contact with an irresistible external power, might have changed the history of Africa.

The title of Mr. Gibson's volume is in some degree misleading; more truly it might be called a chapter of Zulu history—the more so because, like a chapter, it begins and closes with an abruptness almost disconcerting. The author has attempted nothing so ambitious as has Sir Harry Johnston in his "Colonization of Africa." Instead he merely quotes from that work that the Abantu came from the north of the Continent "under three thousand years ago," describes a few ruins, and then commits himself to the very doubtful statement that, until the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, the Abantu were one of those happy peoples that have no history. This, curiously enough, he later himself controverts, when dealing with the famous chief Tschaka—consolidator of the Zulu power—by pointing out that he was the descendant of a line of noted rulers, one of them—third of the dynasty—so eminent for his prowess that his personal name, Zulu, was adopted as that of his subject-tribe and has ever since been retained.

However that may be, Mr. Gibson prefers to date the commencement of Zulu history from the exile of Dingiswayo, son of a chief of the Umtetwas. Exiled by his father, he visited the Cape, where for the first time he saw European soldiers drilling. Returning home in due course, he profited by the lesson, set about dividing his people into regiments, and thereafter to conquering his neighbors, with gratifying results. When, in due course, Tschaka entered, of course by conquest, into the heritage prepared for him, he turned the screw of discipline several degrees tighter by adding certain cruelties of his own invention, such as the infliction of summary death upon all "cowards," which word he interpreted according to his whim of the moment. He it was who first came into political contact with those Europeans who were finally to crush the Zulu power, his first cession of land in what is now Natal having been made to Lieut. Farewell in 1824. Murdered later by his brother, as was the amiable family custom, Tschaka gave place to Dingaan—or, as Mr. Gibson prefers to call him, "Dingana." This is doubtless the more correct form, though as "Dingaan's Day"—the anniversary of his defeat by the Boers—is as such familiar to every Afrikander, a plea might be made for the more popular spelling. So again Mr. Gibson's rendering of "Cetshwayo" is no doubt nearer the correct pronunciation than is the more familiar "Cetewayo."

It is, in fact, upon the pitiless superiority of Mr. Gibson's knowledge that the weakness of his book is founded. Formerly a magistrate in Zululand, he is so familiar with the names of people and places whereof he deals that he overlooks their possible effect upon even the best-intentioned readers. When he traces with meticulous care the long tragedy of Umpande's and later of Cetshwayo's intercourse with Boers and British, he peppers his narrative with a discouraging number of tongue-torturing names of unimportant chiefs and kraals. Nor has he the gift of narrative; he provides innumerable facts, but very little flavoring. The effect upon the ordinary reader will be, it is to be feared, very much what would be that of a rather dry, old-fashioned account of the Wars of the Roses upon an intelligent Zulu. For the student who desires only facts, on the other hand, or for one who is able to see the forest through the innumerable tree-trunks, the "Story of the Zulus" is a valuable contribution towards the study of that true tragedy—the downfall of a brave nation.

The Making of Poetry. By Arthur H. R. Fairchild. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

One may admit that the plan of Professor Fairchild's book begins well. After showing in an introductory chapter that it is profitless to attempt a precise definition of poetry, which for the most part refers the facts of life to intangible human feelings, he enters upon a discussion of the most elementary material out of which poetry is constructed. This, like Aristotle, he finds to be the mental image. But at this point there arises a confusion. Aristotle was careful to distinguish between the mental image which is only the recollection of an object and that which has been developed by the mind into a type. Two processes are involved. The mind, which is not a camera, slightly colors the objects which it recalls, through the bias of feeling, sometimes through sheer inattention. At this stage the poet differs in no great degree from ordinary mortals. His special province lies in the further process of fashioning "universals."

Aristotle furnished examples of his theory from his own day, and we should have been pleased if Mr. Fairchild had filled out the same plan with modern instances. For undoubtedly much remains to be learned from a study of such poetic minutiæ. The mental image (ιδύλλιον) is at the bottom of imagery, and without imagery poetry can hardly be. Mr. Fairchild's investigation amounts merely to an exhibit. For Aristotle's subtle, æsthetic considerations he substitutes manifold examples of the obvious truth that the poet more than the layman reads his own feelings into surrounding objects. "Personalising," the process is awkwardly termed. The examples, however, are well selected and illustrate the multitude of ways at the poet's disposal for voicing impressions which in ordinary persons are at best only dumbly present. The writer avoids the very necessary question, To what extent may a piece appeal to the intellect and yet be poetry? Pope's works, in this respect, cause as much disagreement as ever, and Mr. Fairchild's study was headed in a direction to throw new light on them. Do Pope's figures of speech differ greatly from Milton's? Do Milton's project themselves further? How do both men succeed in bestowing a certain poetic afflatus upon passages which by themselves look prosaic? These are a few of the questions which must be faced by any thorough examination of poetic elements.

From individual lines our author proceeds to large compositions, lumping roughly together stanzas, whole poems, and plays. "The second process in the making of poetry," he asserts, "is the combining of images." The vagueness of the statement must be evident from what we have said of his neglect to define "image." If it means the mental recollection of an object, wherein does a poem differ from ordinary speech, which is based upon such symbols? If it signifies symbols "personalised," what is the method of combining? The author supposes that he answers the question by restating certain laws of psychology, especially those of suggestion by means of contiguity, similarity, contrast, etc., whereas, of course, all human consciousness is controlled by them. Somewhat helplessly he remarks that a poem must present life which lies within the range of human aspirations, and that its unity is derived from the poet's personality, which is a unit.

Subsequent chapters deal with Versifying, The Nature of Poetry, and The Need and Value of Poetry. Here anything like a thesis is abandoned and the pages are given over, often to platitudes, but at times to a not unpleasant vagueness. Taken by itself, the summary: "Poetry as a form of pleasureable and unified self-realization must represent either something new that is valued; or, if not something new, something known and wished for, but not consistently obtained in feeling, thought, or action," piques one to test its worth. But the chapter which it concludes really contains nothing new or very stimulating. Withal, this book is sure to impress the reader with the author's unaffected love of poetry and with his wide reading.

The Egyptian Conception of Immortality. By George Andrew Reisner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 85 cents net.

The author of this volume, which contains the Ingersoll Lecture for 1911, is connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and with Harvard University. He is a skilled excavator and is learned in his special lines. His reputation rests on solid grounds, but they are not in the line of the present work.

At the foundation of a discussion like this lies the Egyptian belief as to the component parts of the human personality, and their distribution at death. There are certain traditional views and statements as to these parts, most of which will be found reproduced in this volume, and some of which the latest investigation has shown to be erroneous. Many of the statements are too technical to be of general interest, but some may be briefly stated. The results of the latest study of the earliest religious texts show that the Egyptian notion of personality made it a combination of two elements, the visible body and the invisible intelligence. The soul has usually been included as a part of personality, but it is now seen that the "soul," *ba*, was believed not to come into existence till death. The *ka*, "genius," "double," has also been included, but it was really conceived as a guardian being, distinct from the man himself and not a component part of him. This is shown by the phrase used of a deceased person, who by dying is said to have "gone to his *ka*."

The earliest religious texts are those found in the smaller pyramids of Saqqarah, dating from the fifth and sixth dynasties and embracing a period of 150 years. The earlier pyramids of Gizeh were huge, and were expected to preserve the remains of the dead king by reason of their immense size and solidity. Those that are inscribed were much more vulnerable in this respect, but by reason of their texts were believed to be rendered quite safe. The magical formulæ appearing in them were believed to be even more effective than massive masonry. But in both cases the object was the same: to make the mortal remains of the deceased king permanent till the time when the return of the intelligence and the reacquisition of the other faculties should result in a process of revivification. The notion of "death" was one against which most vehement protest was made in iterated phrase by the early funerary pyramid priests.

Whether the Egyptians believed in "immortality" depends upon the definition of the word. They believed in a continued existence of the body, because they took such solicitous care to preserve it, though after a fashion which, by removing the vital organs and even the brain, effectually made a revivification impossible. The soul, which first appears at death, dwelt in or near the tomb and was aided to find the dead by means of portrait statues which were placed in a convenient receptable inside of the tomb. These statues were not "*ka*-statues," as the author repeats, but represented the man himself. That which the Egyptians clung to was a belief in revivification, not in what we mean by the phrase "the immortality of the soul."

It is quite true that this future, which was one of bliss, was conceived at first as belonging to the king alone, but it was gradually extended to include wider and wider circles till at length all looked forward to ultimate felicity. This change was accompanied by new conceptions of moral values, with the introduction of the future judgment to which the king as well as the private person was subject. Only such as successfully withstood this judgment might hope. This process of evolution and development was a long one and was connected with a corresponding change in theological attitude into which it is quite impossible to go here. Suffice it to say that the author has treated this branch of his subject inadequately.

Notes

The Blake Society of England, recently founded, is preparing to publish for its members a bibliography of William Blake, a Blake concordance, and other similar works.

Towards the end of this month Henry Holt & Co. will begin the publication of their autumn list. It includes in fiction: "The Collectors: Being Cases mostly under the Ninth and Tenth Commandments," by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.; "The Soul of a Tenor," by W. J. Henderson; "The Flight of Faviel," by R. E. Vernede; "Martha By-the-day," by Julie M. Lippmann; "Phœbe, Ernest, and Cupid," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, and "Making a Business Woman," by Anne Shannon Monroe.—Gift books: "The Home Book of Verse, American and English, 1580-1911," selected and arranged by Burton

Stevenson; "Bill the Minder," written and illustrated by W. Heith Robinson, and "Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag," illustrated in color and line by P. A. Staynes.—Juvenile: "Partners for Fair," by Alice Calhoun Haines; "Sir Walter Raleigh," by John Buchan; "Saints and Heroes, since the Middle Ages," by Dean Hodges; "Betty-Bide-at-Home," by Beulah Marie Dix, and "The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill," by Charles Pierce Burton.—Miscellaneous: "A Montessori Mother," by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; "Why Women Are So," by Mary Roberts Coolidge; "Socialism and Democracy in Europe," by Samuel P. Orth; "On Some of Life's Ideals," by William James; "Village Life in America (1852-1872)," by Caroline Cowles Richards; "Some English Story-Tellers: A Book of the Younger Novelists," by Frederick Taber Cooper, and "The World's Leading Conquerors," by W. L. Bevan.

The Century Co.'s autumn list of juveniles will include: A new Ralph Henry Barbour book, "Crofton Chums"; "The Lucky Sixpence," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe; Rupert Sargent Holland's "The Knights of the Golden Spur"; Frederick Orin Bartlett's "The Lady of the Lane," and a story of schoolgirl life, "Sue Jane," by Maria T. Daviess.

J. B. Lippincott Co. announces: "The Advance of Woman," by Mrs. [illegible] J. Christie, and "The Flowing Road," in which Caspar Whitney recounts his experiences in South America.

The Cambridge University Press (Putnam) has arranged to publish in two volumes a collection of "The Political Writings of Rousseau," edited by Prof. C. E. Vaughan of Leeds. The work will consist of a revision of the text of Rousseau after manuscripts in the libraries of Neuchâtel and Geneva; or, in the absence of manuscripts, after first editions. The manuscripts will include the first draft of the "Economie Politique," the "Lettres écrites de la Montagne (vii-ix)," and various fragments, all hitherto unknown; together with the first draft of the "Contrat Social" (books i and ii), the "Projet de Constitution pour la Corse," and more fragments; and finally the autograph text of the "Considerations sur le gouvernement de Pologne," containing a large number of readings altered either by Rousseau himself or by his editors before the posthumous publication of the work. An introduction will attempt to correct current opinions as to the bearing of Rousseau's work in this field and its importance in the history of political philosophy.

Arthur George Sedgwick is bringing out, through the Scribners, "The Democratic Mistake," in which he argues that the cardinal error in our political history has been the attempt to procure responsibility in public officials by popular election at short intervals.

Rodin, the sculptor, is the author of a prose rhapsody addressed to the Venus of Milo. An authorized translation of it, which has been made by Dorothy Dudley, will be published by Huebsch as a small book next autumn.

The total number of students in German universities, 59,560, shows an increase of about 2,300 above that of last year. About 5,000 are foreign students; 56,602 are men.

Canon H. D. Rawnsley has reissued his gracious "Memories of the Tennysons," the first edition of which was published by the Macmillans in 1901 and duly noticed in the *Nation*. To this second edition there has been added an account of the Tennyson celebration at Somersby in August of last year, with the text of the principal addresses.

"Dombey and Son" has come to us from the press of Henry Frowde, in a volume attractively put together. The print is not too small, and does not show through. There are forty colored illustrations by "Phiz."

R. J. Hart's "Chronos: A Handbook of Comparative Chronology" (Macmillan) provides notes on history, art, and literature from 8000 B. C. to 1700 A. D. The book is designed "for the use of travellers." Whatever advantages it may have above such a work as Plötz's "Epitome of Universal History" obviously consist in its portable compass of 300 pages and in the fact that only those events are selected which the traveller, as opposed to the scholar, will require. Why the book should be chopped off at the year 1700 is not clear.

H. M. Rideout has written an interesting tribute to "Dr. William Jones," the young ethnologist, who gave his life for science in the Philippines, where he was murdered by natives. Ordinarily, a man of Dr. Jones's comparatively brief career would not seem to merit a memoir, for he was but thirty-eight at his death, and it cannot be said that his achievements had really made him conspicuous. Throughout his life, however, there ran a tragic note, for he was born an Indian, and lived with his tribe until about ten years of age. Then, taken from these associations, he lived the life of the white West and of the cowboy until he went to Hampton Institute in 1889. Thence he found his way to Andover, and from Andover to Harvard, from which he graduated in the class of 1900. At Harvard, he was neither one of the best known nor the most popular in his class; but those who were admitted to the circle of his friendship were devoted to him, for they found that the combination of the Indian, cowboy, and Eastern college student made an exceedingly attractive, if rather reserved, character. On graduation, he naturally drifted into ethnological work, being affiliated for a time with Harvard and Columbia, taking his degree of doctor of philosophy at Columbia June 8, 1904, spending summers at first, and later winters, also, in studying the ethnology of certain Indians whom he could estimate and appreciate as almost no one else. The Field Museum of Chicago then sent him on a scientific expedition to the Philippines, where his tragic death only emphasized the minor tones of a life which was probably never without its shadows. Mr. Rideout has done well to bring out the story, and has written it with true feeling and excellent taste, though he has printed some letters with all their college slang, which were obviously never intended for print. Certainly, no one can lay down the book without a genuine feeling that here was a life of unusual romance and pathos, filled with promise of great usefulness. The book is published by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Dr. Alfred J. Morrison, the compiler and editor of "The College of Hampden-Sidney Calendar of Board Minutes" (Richmond: The Hermitage Press), has told the story of the development of the struggling academy of 1776 into the vigorous and useful college of 1876 by a judicious selection of excerpts from the minutes of the Board of Trustees. The body of the book is followed by an appendix of fifteen pages containing the names and brief records of the trustees of 1775-1876; this is followed by a topical index, the whole being a volume of 186 pages. The value of the volume is much enhanced by thirty cuts of portraits of some of the distinguished men who have served as members of the board.

An attractive volume is Mabel Loomis Todd's "Tripoli the Mysterious" (Small, Maynard), which is based on a residence of several months in that city while assisting her husband in the observations of total eclipses of the sun in 1900 and 1905. The book is evidently written *con amore*, and the vivid descriptions of the city and its manifold life give her work a distinct charm. Though heartily enthusiastic, her appreciation of the beautiful never degenerates into sentimentality. Even the non-technical reader can enjoy her descriptions of the eclipses, and no side of Tripolitan life seems to have escaped her notice. Oriental music, which few Occidentals can appreciate, receives a special chapter; she is perfectly right when she says (p. 145):

> There is more in it than mere sound. I have been myself transported bodily into the depths of Sahara by these monotonously chanted tales. I have felt the free winds blow in my face as the racing dromedary bore me on to strange scenes over moonlit sands.

By virtue of her sex, Mrs. Todd was privileged to see much of the feminine life in Tripoli, and for this reason her account of the bride's side of Mohammedan weddings (pp. 92-112) is of permanent value. In her sketch of the history of Tripoli (chap. vi) Mrs. Todd might perhaps have referred to the injury wrought to the city in the fourth century by the Libyan Ausuriani (Ammianus Marcellinus, xxvi, 6), and in the chapter on The British Consulate-General it would have been interesting to note that Hakluyt's "Voyages" includes a record of the appointment of John Tipton as her Majesty's "Consul of the English in Algier, Tunis, and Tripolis of Barberie" in 1585, as well as Sanders's story of the Tripolitan seizure of the English ship Jesus in 1583, which resulted in a sharp controversy between Queen Elizabeth and Sultan Murad III. Mrs. Todd is incorrect in supposing (p. 160) that idolatry had only recently been introduced among the Arabs in Mohammed's time, for it is merely necessary to glance at the pages of Herodotus to see the character of early Arab paganism. On p. 166 she refers to a very interesting bit of folk-belief in connection with the sinking of bowls in the grave-blocks of the more wealthy citizens:

> These receptacles, however, were not for flowers, as one might imagine, but to hold water for birds. . . . The birds are said to bring good fortune, so their drinking basins were not provided for wholly philanthropic reasons.

It may be suggested that these birds are really held to contain the souls of the deceased, who thus visit the graves where their bodies lie, and that they also come to receive refreshment from the water in the bowls. We should here, accordingly, have another instance of the widespread Mohammedan belief in the abiding of the souls of the righteous in birds, to which Goldziher called attention in 1903 (*Globus*, lxxxiii, 301-304). We cannot but wish that Mrs. Todd had included among her excellent photographs one of a doorless, windowless, probably pre-Mohammedan ruin, which she briefly describes in her visit to Ghirgaresh (p. 76), as well as pictures of some of the prehistoric *senams*, or trilithic dolmens of dressed stone, which are found in the vicinity of Tripoli itself (p. 71).

By mutual agreement between the publishers of "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" (Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson & Co.) and the "Annual Library Index" (New York: Office of Publishers' Weekly), arrangements have been made to prevent duplication of work and to assign exclusive lines of effort for each in the library field. Under this agreement the Wilson Company gives up to the Office of Publishers' Weekly its index to current events, which has been a feature for the past two years, and the latter gives over to the Wilson Company its index to current periodicals, which it has been publishing since 1892. As by this arrangement the "Annual Library Index" loses what has heretofore been its main feature (covering, in 1911, 364 of its 475 pages) and gains only a few pages in its enlarged index of current events, it was necessary, either that it should be greatly reduced in size and importance, or that it should be enriched by the inclusion of new features and functions. The latter alternative has been chosen, and the old series of indexes has now been merged into what is virtually a new work, under the title "American Library Annual." Features of the old series which are retained in the new are: list of bibliographies published during the year; annual necrology of writers; list of libraries in United States and Canada; list of private book collectors in the United States. New features added are: alphabetical directory by places of booksellers in the United States and Canada (88 pages); directory of publishers in United States, with number of titles issued by each during the year (14 pages); directory, with names of officers, of national, State, and local library and book-trade organizations throughout the world (13 pages); list of library and book-trade periodicals of all countries (8 pages); statistics of leading foreign libraries (8 pages); and a detailed statistical and critical survey of the year in books (19 pages), including statistics by classes of books published in different countries, report of the Register of Copyrights, enumeration and discussion of the "best sellers" of the year, and a brief critical estimate of the leading issues of the year in their various fields. While entitled a library annual, it will prove quite as useful in the book trade as in library work.

By reprinting two papers by Simon Sterne under the title, "Railways in the United States, Their History, Their Relation to the State, and an Analysis of the Legislation in Regard to Their Control," G. P. Putnam's Sons have placed students of transportation problems under obligation to them; at least to the extent that the papers will serve to warn other writers not to express with too great emphasis predictions as to any future solution of an economic problem. Mr. Sterne will be remembered for his forty years of association in speech and print with corporate problems, and particularly as the chief instigator of the Hepburn committee investigation in New York in 1879. In the first of these papers, published originally in 1883, in the Cyclopædia of Political Science, while anticipating accurately the legislation that four years later created the Interstate Commerce Commission, he finds the eventual solution of the problem to lie in government ownership. In the second paper, published twelve years later, he declares it to have become generally recognized that "a State administration of the railways, by an actual acquisition of the system, must be relegated in the United States to the limbo of discarded ideas, probably never to be urged again." He declares the true development of governmental control to lie in the direction of strengthening the Interstate Commerce Commission as a tribunal. Such strengthening having been accomplished during the seventeen years since Mr. Sterne wrote his final word, we are, in spite of his emphatic predictions to the contrary, again hearing, and with increasing persistence, demands for the public ownership and operation of our transportation system.

A suggestive comparison of the movement of wholesale prices, chiefly in the nineteenth century, and the production of gold is made by Walter T. Layton in "An Introduction to the Study of Prices" (Macmillan). From 1820 to 1849, when falling prices coincided with a decline in the annual output of gold, there was a rapid increase in the productivity of industry, at the same time that the English working classes, partly because of general labor disorganization and partly because of the tariff, received no benefit from the price decline. From 1849 to 1874 the influx of new gold from California and Australia was attended, towards the end of the period, by a rise of prices, wages, and profits, while labor benefited from the fact that food rose less in price than other commodities. Thereafter, until 1896, prices again fell, with a decreased gold production, as before, but also with an expansion of other forms of currency, which, by adding to floating capital, but not to the volume of money in consumers' hands, increased the productivity of industry at the same time that it depressed prices. Since 1896 both prices and gold output have been rising. Mr. Layton's conclusion is that gold, as a standard of value, is "not behaving in the most desirable way," since it is at present steadily declining in value in relation to commodities in general; and that steadiness must be sought either in devising a method, such as a wider use of index numbers in adjusting wage or long-time contracts, by which incomes and price movements may be harmonized more readily than at present; or else by attempting to control the value of gold in currency, as proposed by Prof. Irving Fisher. There are some useful statistical tables, and a chart showing the movement of wholesale prices since 1800 in comparison with the world's production of gold.

Many will welcome Sir Frederick Pollock's new book, "The Genius of the Common Law," being the Carpentier Lectures delivered in 1911 in Columbia University (Columbia University Press: Lemcke & Buechner). To profound knowledge of the subject, on its practical and historical sides, he adds a thorough acquaintance with the civil law and with the modern systems which are to a greater or lesser extent based on it. Sir Frederick Pollock, assuming that his audience was familiar with the general lines of the topic, proposed to examine the processes of the common law, its general characteristics and guiding principles, and what may be learned for our profit from its success or failure. Of such failures many are recorded. The present system of pleading, the law of real property, the regulation of economic relations, in particular the relation between master and servant, are not only of statutory origin, but are to a considerable extent opposed to the common law's original doctrines. It is true that, in many instances and on many subjects, the practical sense of judges succeeded in finding solutions in harmony with modern needs, and that in the main the greatest work of the common law has been towards a spirit of freedom; but the lyrical outbursts of the author seem forced. His criticisms are too many and too sweeping for one who "does homage to Our Lady of the Common Law, and is her man of life and limb and earthly worship." The author compares our body of law to the new German Civil Code, which, he says, "resembles ours in being both composite and original; but differs from it in being the product of a systematic design deliberately worked out with the best learning and skill available." Although our attempts at codification up to the present time have not been made in a scientific spirit, it is to be hoped that with the development of the study of jurisprudence as a science, the Anglo-Saxon race will succeed in evolving a body of law which, in the words of Professor Jhering (when speaking of the spirit in which Roman law should be studied) shall make use of the common law but go beyond it.

Lewis Orsmond Brastow, until 1907 professor of practical theology in the Yale Divinity School, died in New Haven on Saturday, aged seventy-eight. Besides several magazine articles and short treatises on religious subjects, be published "Representative Modern Preachers" and "The Modern Pulpit."

Isaac Nelson Ford, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* since 1895, died in London on Friday. He was born in Buffalo in 1848 and joined the staff of the *Tribune* in 1870. He was the author of one book, "Tropical America."

Alfred Ludwig, professor of Sanskrit at the University of Prague, is dead. He was in his eightieth year. He was a man of marvellous learning on the one hand, and of such extraordinary originality on the other that his views of thirty-odd years ago evoked the most vigorous opposition of his colleagues. His monumental work, a complete translation of the Rig-Veda, with an elaborate commentary, despite the idiosyncracies of its external form, shows such keenness and ingenuity of interpretation and such knowledge of the native Hindu opining, that it will long remain an authority with which all students of the Vedas must reckon. His library is rich in works on the literature and antiquities of India and Persia, and the Semitic peoples, and his sister would like to sell it *en bloc*. Her address is Miss Ludwig, No 40 Kramerius-Gasse, Konigliche Weinberge, Prague, Bohemia.

Science

CONGRESS OF EUGENISTS.

London, July 31.

So many alarmist cries have been heard of late years that you have to shout "Wolf!" very loudly indeed to make the British public turn its head. Perhaps that is why the first meeting of the International Engenics Congress has been received in London with such equanimity. Its official prospectus was enough to make the hair of a nervous person stand on end. In all civilized societies, so we were warned, there has arisen a process of selection of the less fit, which is "a grave and growing danger to the future of the human race." The inevitable result must be "a racial degeneration rendering progress impossible and threatening civilization with destruction."

The same "scare-head" note was struck by the president of the Congress, Major Leonard Darwin, in his speech at the inaugural dinner. Whether our civilization was to be progressive or retrograde, depended, he said, on the success or failure of the eugenic movement. That the Congress itself was believed to be of tremendous importance appeared from a preliminary interview with one of its principal organizers, Dr. A. F. Tredgold, who prophesied that its sessions would "mark an epoch in the history of civilization."

It has certainly demonstrated the intense conviction and enthusiasm of the eugenists themselves. The Congress has brought together men and women of distinction from all parts of the world. They have been at the pains of preparing, as a basis for their discussions, statistics and reports that occupy nearly 500 printed pages. The members of the Congress have attended well, and have followed the proceedings with keen interest.

Only a diligent student of the official volume, "Problems in Eugenics," could fully estimate the value of the preparatory researches. In the expert opinion of Dr. C. W. Saleeby, "few of the papers add anything to our thought and knowledge." But at least they bring to light many interesting facts not generally known. For instance, there is Dr. Adams Woods's study of the portraits of royal, noble, and other historical personages, with the conclusion that the bony framework of the face has changed since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Similar points of interest emerge from Dr. Soren Hansen's paper on the recent increase of stature in the Scandinavian populations.

The discussion of most practical service was probably that in which Prof. Vernon Kellogg of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University called attention to a neglected factor in the peace question. Militarism, he pointed out, was eugenically disastrous through the direct selection for war purposes of the most sturdy individuals in the community. At the close of the Napoleonic wars, when the families of France were no longer drained of a great part of their able-bodied males, a new type of children began to be born, with a stature of an inch greater than that of the earlier generations born in war-time.

This attack on militarism provoked the dissent of a German general and two English colonels, who argued that militarism was eugenic because of the wholesome effect of its discipline upon the health of the recruits. The German general paid a high compliment to the "physical strength and high spirits" of the young soldiers he had seen marching through the streets of London.

Those outsiders who have watched the Congress with more than a superficial interest have been most concerned to know what help it would give in solving the problems of legislation. Many prominent eugenists in various countries have been calling for increased powers of state action to improve the human breed, or at any rate to prevent its deterioration. What impetus has the Congress given to the movement for the permission of marriage to those persons only who can produce satisfactory eugenic certificates?

None at all. On the contrary, it has strengthened the case of those who look with suspicion upon the claims of eugenists to inspire and direct Parliamentary action. It has done so by revealing in what a rudimentary stage the so-called science of eugenics finds itself at present. With all his glowing forecasts of the results of the Congress, Dr. Tredgold had to admit the two weighty objections "first, that our knowledge regarding the diseases which are transmissible and likely to produce racial deterioration is as yet incomplete, and, secondly, that we do not know enough about people's family histories." In his candid and critical speech at the dinner Mr. Balfour reminded his hearers that "probably there is more difference of opinion at this moment among many scientific men with regard to certain fundamental principles lying at the root of heredity than there was, for example, in the seventies or eighties of the last century." And in one of the discussions Prince Kropotkin declared bluntly that eugenics, so far from being a science, was simply a few ideas, generalities, and desires that had been expressed by a certain number of people.

H. W. H.

"The Living Plants," by William F. Ganong, is a title in Holt's autumn list.

Prof. Wm. M. Davis of Harvard, after finishing his course of lectures at the Sorbonne last winter, led the eighth inter-university excursion to study the forms of the earth in the "Bassin de Paris." The fourth day was spent in the valley of the Armançon, and in the *Annales de Géographie* for July is given his explanatory description of its surface, structure, and especially of the processes of erosion in its formation. The "prodigious powers" of erosion in the region of the Barron and Russell Rivers in Queensland are described by Prof. J. V. Danes of the University of Prague. There is also an interesting account, by Ph. Arbos, of the change in a French Alpine region from an agricultural to a pastoral life. The change has increased the activity of the people and has added to their wealth without taking from them the traits which have distinguished them for centuries. L. Gallois contributes an explanation of the growth of cities, taking for his examples Vienna, Grenoble, and Dijon. In some notes accompanying a remarkable colored chart of the coral reefs between Australia, China, and Japan Prof. L. Joubin pays an enthusiastic tribute to the work of Prof. Alexander Agassiz and the Prince of Monaco.

During the past two years the Mount Weather Observatory has conducted four series of "sounding balloon" ascensions, a method of investigating the upper air first extensively used by the late Prof. Lawrence Rotch, founder and director of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory. At two places in the first series ascensions were made simultaneously; all the balloons in the others were sent up from a single spot. The thin rubber, of which the balloons of the second series were composed, burst quite uniformly (with one exception) at low altitudes. The others, of similar material, but thicker and newer, did better. The ascension of September 1, 1910 (third series), is the highest aerial sounding of which a complete record was returned by the instrument. Hydrogen gas was employed. In making a summary of results, the data obtained by the Blue Hill Observatory in several series of free-balloon ascensions were combined with those of the Mount Weather Observatory. Increasing the number of observations from 79 to 138 added material help to the seasonal distribution. Data are given as to details of instruments, temperature, humidity, wind distribution, and velocity, the upper or permanent inversion of temperature, and other points. Of course, the absorption and radiation of heat by the atmosphere itself holds an important place. But as observatories with improved apparatus increase and are extended to other elements, early opinions may be more or less modified. Taken, however, in connection with cloud observations, they seem to give evidence of a comparatively deep upper condensation layer in the summer season, and of lower minimum temperatures at higher altitudes in summer than in winter. The effect is probably more pronounced in the long and warm summers of low latitudes.

In general, peculiarities in the temperature gradient, up to and including the upper (permanent) inversion, probably owe their existence to the influence of convection on the distribution of constituents in the atmosphere.

Prof. John Craig, head of the department of horticulture in the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, which is a part of Cornell University, died on Monday at Siasconset, Mass., aged forty-eight. He was the author of "Practical Agriculture" and other scientific works.

Drama and Music

August Strindberg: Plays. "The Father," "Countess Julie," "The Outlaw," "The Stronger." Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

These four plays, added to other recent translations by Edwin Björkman, place in the hands of English readers a considerable body of Strindberg's dramatic work. One of the plays in the present volume, "The Father," was produced in New York last season, and its central problem has been stated in these columns. But the piece requires a careful reading if one would see how characteristic it is of both Strindberg's best and worst. It embodies his fixed idea of woman's baneful influence upon man. A wife seeking to get absolute control of her child gradually convinces her husband, though falsely, that he is not the father, and brings him in the end to madness. Having fulfilled his function of father and breadwinner, he is no longer necessary to her. If one will calmly accept the fact that every spark of feeling between the two has died out before the play begins, one may admit that the portrayal is a subtle bit of diabolical plotting. The wife is no more human than Iago, whom it is known that Strindberg carefully studied, and the stages through which the father passes before believing himself wronged also suggest Othello's helpless but well-meant self-testing.

The resemblance to Shakespeare is a matter of some importance. Cleverness unhampered by human feeling, which is impersonated on several occasions in Shakespeare, most notably by Iago, but also by Richard the Third, and Margaret, strongly attracted Strindberg. It offered a good chance to indulge his skill in specious logic, and has thus produced much incisive dialogue. But whereas Shakespeare by poetic heightening gives adequate motive to, and for the moment glorifies, the diabolical, Strindberg's treatment results in little more than an inhuman contest of wits.

The "Countess Julie," the next play, might be supposed to correct this impression, for its action begins earlier, that is, while natural feeling still operates. The Countess Julie, a hoyden of twenty-five, becomes infatuated with her father's valet, Jean, having just dismissed her betrothed, who rebelled at jumping over her whip, like a dog, more than twice in succession. The temptation to abandon restraint receives a certain justification from the time of the action, which is Midsummer Eve when the whole countryside is junketing. The scene is laid in the kitchen, where Julie is coquetting with Jean. Manifestly, she is merely playing with fire, and is the victim of no strong impulse; yet before long she gives herself to him when they have fled to his bedroom to escape being seen together in the kitchen. This point marks the beginning of the real problem. Jean, inflated by his easy conquest, despises her, and she, naturally, hates herself and him. There is a resumption of Strindberg's typical method. It is a question which can wrest self-advantage from the catastrophe. The talk is of his marrying her and starting a hotel in Switzerland with the money that she can scrape together. He draws a hopeless picture of the plan in the working to discourage her, but she determines nevertheless to start out, taking with her only a pet canary. Whereupon Jean cuts off the bird's head with a butcher's knife. The upshot of the matter is that Julie leaves the stage fortified by Jean to cut her throat.

Throughout his life Strindberg was much impressed by dramatic moments in early Scandinavian history, and wrote plays around Olaus Petri, Gustavus Adolphus, and other such figures; they offer a pleasant relief from his preoccupation with modern sex problems. Readers will therefore be pleased to find included in the present volume "The Outlaw," a piece dealing with Iceland in the period of the Crusades. Thorfinn, Earl of that country, clings with heroic obstinacy to the old gods. Gunlod, his daughter, has been secretly converted to Christianity by a Crusader. Valgerd, the wife, is less obvious, the problem of her soul being somewhat overshadowed by her husband's coldness of heart towards her. The action begins on a stormy night when the Earl is returning home by sea. In a hut, where the scene is laid, the daughter and wife await him, the mother uncertain whether to place the beacon in a position where it will rescue or where it will destroy. Her passions are primitive, but she yields to the good. With the entry of the Earl the treatment of the main theme moves rapidly. In his heart he knows that the old religion does not satisfy him, and he suspects the women of still greater weakness. Sharpness is given to the problem by an attack on the Earl's domains which threatens destruction. The Earl holds in solution the destinies of the three. The wife, without further thought of religion, determines to die in the hut; Gunlod, to whom peace of soul and the joy of marriage are held forth, remains first of all her father's daughter. Just before the Earl capitulates to a greater God than his, his sense of loneliness and impotence is expressed by Strindberg in terms which again suggest Shakespeare, namely, the soliloquy of Richard the Third after seeing the ghosts:

> *Thorfinn:* What do I fear? Yes, loneliness. What is loneliness? It is I, myself! Who am I then to fear myself? etc.
>
> *Richard the Third:* What! do I fear myself? there is none else by, etc.

The juggling with two personalities is elaborated in both cases in much the same fashion. The end is at hand. Thorfinn yields to Christianity, to learn that material assistance has arrived from Gunnar, the Crusader and Gunlod's lover.

The fourth piece in this book is a scrap of dialogue between two actresses over the husband of one of them, the other woman being his mistress. The wife demonstrates that her influence on the man is "The Stronger"—such is the title.

Leoncavallo, having tried every possible style and method in the effort to win another success like that of his "I Pagliacci," has now conceived the brilliant idea of making prominent use of a new instrument which he provisionally calls the "contra-violin." It combines the notes of the violin with those of the violoncello, and even some of those of the double bass, and in his forthcoming opera, "Gypsies," it frequently carries the melody.

Not long ago, it will be remembered, Leoncavallo produced a work which was very much in the style of the "Merry Widow." He has now returned, he says, to his original passionate style as employed in "I Pagliacci." "Gypsies" contains, he further declares, his real self; he has followed simply his own temperament and inspiration. The scene of the first act is a gypsy camp on the banks of the Danube, while the second is built around an old village church. The first performance of the new opera will be at the London Hippodrome on September 16. If it succeeds, it will be taken on tour in England and later in America. The interruption caused by "Gypsies" has delayed the completing of another novelty, "The Marble Forest," which Leoncavallo has had in hand for some time for the Scala in Milan. He has also planned a one-act opera, to be called "Œdipus."

Twenty-three portraits of Richard Wagner are included in this year's Bayreuth guide, "Der Wegweiser für Besucher der Bayreuther Festspiele," the tenth issue of this useful little book. Like its predecessors it gives a complete description of Bayreuth, past and present. Among the articles specially written for this issue are the following (in German): "Wagner in France," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain; "Ernestine Schumann-Heink," by M. G. Conrad; "Countess D'Agoult," by C. F. Glasenapp; "Wagner's Portraits," by Professor Goether; "The Creation of 'Die Meistersinger,'" by Professor Prüfer; "Parzival and Parsifal," by Hans von Wolzogen.

The Dresden Opera House, after being subjected to a thorough overhauling, will be reopened on September 10 with a performance of Wagner's "Meistersinger," which is intended as a celebration of the fortieth year of Generalmusikdirektor Schuch's connection with that institution.

Statistics given out by the music publishers of Germany show that, while the trade on the whole is flourishing, there is an increasing output of trivial compositions. Does this indicate that musical culture in Germany is not holding its own?

The German Emperor is interested in the monumental complete edition of Joseph Haydn's compositions to be issued in Leipzig by Breitkopf & Hartel. He has ordered a number of copies and written his name in the subscription book, leaving the first page for the Austrian Emperor. Time was when the music publishers relied on subscriptions by members of the nobility for the issuing of a single symphony or choral work (see the letters of Beethoven *passim*). That is no longer so, but it was doubtless deemed necessary in the case of Haydn. He wrote a vast number of pieces, vocal and instrumental, which have never been printed. The majority are of little more than historic or biographic significance; yet it will be interesting to have them all accessible.

An interesting detail of the coming season of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra will be the performance of the "Peer Gynt" suite. It will be rehearsed with the care which it deserves. Always applauded, even when simply reeled off as a popular piece, it will, when thus presented, doubtless create a sensation equal to that made by the playing last season of Grieg's wonderfully expressive and melodious orchestrated song, "The Last Spring."

More than a dozen years have elapsed since Clara Butt was last heard in this country. She will return next January for a series of concerts with her husband, Kennerly Rumford, who is a baritone. In England, Mme. Butt made her début in 1892, in Sullivan's "Golden Legend." To-day she is among the popular idols, no great festival being thought complete without her services. She is a very large woman, and equally big is her voice, a contralto, with a curious tenor quality. One of her specialties is Schubert's song. "Death and the Maiden."

Julien-Emile-Frédéric Massenet died at his home in Paris on Tuesday. He had suffered for a long time from cancer, but his death was sudden and unexpected. Born at St. Etienne in 1842, he was destined, both by his talents and his parents' desires, for a musical career. When barely nine he was a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire, with Laurent, Reber, and Ambroise Thomas as his teachers. In 1862 he won the Prix de Rome. The two years which he spent in that city he has described as perhaps the most memorable of his life. On his return from Italy, his "Grand'tante," through the influence of Ambroise Thomas, was produced at the Opéra Comique. But it was not until after the Franco-Prussian war that he took first rank among French composers, by the production of the comic opera "Don César de Bazan," incidental music to the tragedy "Les Erinnyes," and an oratorio "Marie Magdeleine." Then followed in 1875 "Eve," an oratorio; later, certain "Suites d'Orchestre," "Ouverture de Concert," and the opera "Le Roi de Lahore"; in 1881 "Hérodiade," two years later "Manon"; "Le Cid" in 1885, and then "Esclarmonde," "Thaïs," "La Navarraise," "Sapho," "Cendrillon," "Griselidis," "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," "Ariane," and "Thérèse." Massenet was a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1876 was appointed both a member of the Institute and a teacher in the Conservatoire.

Art

Holt has in press "American Graphic Art," by F. Weitenkampf, curator of prints, New York Public Library.

E. Gurney Salter has chosen a capital subject in "Nature in Italian Art" (Black-Macmillan, $2.75 net. illustrated), but has done the theme less than justice in the working out. What we have is virtually an inventory or chronological catalogue of the landscape preferences of about a hundred painters. No adequate attempt is made to trace general tendencies; ideas of any sort are painfully rare. In short, this is a collection of material rather than a book, and, except in the case of the greater artists, rather for consultation than for reading. The survey closes with Tintoretto. The Bolognese eclectics might well have been included both for their intrinsic quality and for their influence on early landscape painting in the North.

The qualities of intelligent arrangement, logical treatment, and a clear and simple literary style, which so often characterize the products of French scholarship, are conspicuous in "L'Architecture Antiquité," by Prof. François Benoit of the University of Lille, recently published by Laurens of Paris, as one of a series of Manuels d'histoire de l'art, edited by Henri Marcel. It forms the first of two volumes in which it is proposed to cover the entire history of architecture; but it is evident that the scale of the present volume cannot be maintained in the second, which will have to be far less detailed and complete than the first, unless it is to be of inordinate size. M. Benoit's manual is by far the most complete of recent general handbooks on ancient architecture, not only in the discussion of certain styles and periods which the others pass over somewhat lightly, but in the number of monuments described, the statistical information furnished, and the detailed analysis of structural methods and devices. Prehistoric architecture, the architecture of the Ægean culture, Hittite, Syrian, Phœnician, and Etruscan architecture, are all reviewed with unusual care and detail, considering the scale of the whole treatise; while the skill with which analysis, synthesis, description, and criticism are combined is remarkable.

Each division of Professor Benoit's work begins with a section entitled *La Commande*, in which the general problem, conditions, and requirements of the style or period are briefly but luminously set forth, with a succinct chronology of its developments and monuments. This is followed by the analysis of its methods and processes of construction, and this in turn by a discussion of "the effect" (*l'effet*)—that is, of the æsthetics of the style, composition, scale, proportion, details, and decoration. All these discussions are accompanied by illustrations—maps, diagrams, plans, sections, elevations, details—for the most part original drawings of small size, conveniently adjacent to the text they illustrate. There are few photographic views or restorations of entire buildings, and this lack is the chief defect of the work, as it leaves the reader without means of judging the total effect either of the architecture of a people or of a period as a whole, or of its great monuments. Moreover, in spite of the ingenuity and intelligence shown in the drawings, especially the comparative diagrams, these are often misleading, from the lack of scales of dimensions—*e. g.*, in Figs. 28, 29, and 33, showing plans of various Egyptian temples all drawn to different scales; while in Fig. 30 two of the temples are mislabelled, and in Fig. 45 a blunder in the scale has led the author into a wholly erroneous comparison of the dimensions of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris with the Hypostyle Hall at Karnak. For the most part, however, the statistical data are correct and illuminating. But M. Benoit's application of circles and triangles to the discussion of proportion in Persian and Greek buildings is not convincing. As in many modern treatises, the discussion of Roman architecture is less complete and thorough than that of the Egyptian and Greek styles, but it is on the whole intelligent and fair, and the italicized statements of its fundamental principles, aims, and conditions are keen and cogent. A bibliography occupying eighteen pages closes the text of the book. This bibliography is remarkably full, comprising works in French, English, German, and Italian. As in most French works, the foreign titles are often misspelled, but the proportion of these errors is smaller than usual. The indexes at the end are very complete and detailed.

Finance

THE GOVERNING INFLUENCE.

The notion is entertained, by some philosophic observers of the past week's events financial, that the stock market would have broken violently on the political occurrences, had it not been for the news of agricultural prosperity, and that it would have advanced enthusiastically on the crop and business information, had it not been for politics. The theory is plausible, and it is one of those theories which are impossible to disprove. It would naturally involve as corollary the assumption that the adverse influence of the political confusion is exactly equal to the beneficial influence of the harvest outlook; for the net result, in the week of the Third Party convention declarations, was a virtually motionless market. The main difficulty with the argument is that nobody knows what the stock market will do next, any more than he knows what will happen next in our present chapter of political history.

There is at least this much to be said—that while political tendencies are surrounded by almost complete uncertainty, harvest results are very nearly assured. They are most remarkable; they belong, indeed, all things considered, in the category of what may be called dramatic agricultural episodes. The great American wheat crops, coincident with a European famine, which came in 1879 and 1897, at exactly the moment when exactly that result was needed to lift the country from adversity to prosperity and thereby indirectly settle a critical struggle over the standard of value, were in this group of episodes. So, in the opposite direction, was the famous corn crop failure of 1894, when the resultant hardship and discontent in the agricultural West gave the impetus to the Populist propaganda which made possible its capture of the Democratic National Convention two years later. In yet a different way, the cotton crop of 1911 was one of these dramatic incidents; for we had had a series of short crops, supplies were on a famine basis, cotton prices were in the clouds, we had been told that the Southern planters and speculators had the world's spinners by the throat, cotton mills were closing throughout the world, and the experts were demonstrating how the fertility of the cotton belt was exhausted; when, in the very next season, an American crop 6 per cent. larger than the previous maximum was harvested, and the entire cotton-producing community engaged in a movement to restrict the acreage which, in their view, had swamped the cotton markets of the world.

Something at least of this dramatic element attaches to the promised harvests of 1912. There have been varying theories as to why last year was so distressing and disturbed a period. Some people laid the blame on the Trust prosecutions of the Taft Administration; some on reaction from overspeculation and overstrain on capital; some on the danger of war between France and Germany or Germany and England.

But once in a while, and with much emphasis, the harvest disappointments of 1911 would be mentioned, and it would be recalled that the American wheat and corn crops of the year were much the smallest since 1904, that small grains and fodder crops were so deficient in their yield as to create actual scarcity and to derange both our farming industries and our cereal export trade, and that even such a crop as hay, supremely important in agricultural activities, turned out less in amount by 20 per cent. than in any of the sixteen past years. When the country's industrial balance-sheet of the year was cast, and the causes for the disappointing railway business, for the diminished purchasing power of the West, and for the business depression generally, were sought, a very large share of responsibility was ascribed to the fact that, with cotton alone excepted, 1911 had been all but a disastrous agricultural year.

On such a situation, and after a season of much more than ordinary uncertainties and misgivings, there now comes at harvest time the brilliant picture which lies before us. A wheat crop which, as a whole, has been seldom matched in magnitude, and which is most bountiful in the States where the need of such a crop was greatest, a promise for corn with few parallels in our agricultural history, and the largest harvest ever gathered of barley, rye, oats, and hay—in fact, the total and complete reversal of last year's adverse conditions, along with profitable prices on which the farmers may sell their produce—these are the underlying facts of the present situation, confirmed by last Friday's Government crop report.

One or two crops are still somewhat dependent, for their total out-turn, on the weather conditions of the next two or three weeks. But even so, there can no longer be any doubt that we shall enter the autumn season under the auspices of one of the greatest harvests of our history, and not only does this agricultural windfall follow a season of dearth, which ensures a profitable market, but the quickening of trade and industry which should naturally follow such enhancement of the community's buying power comes in sequence to a year whose characteristic policies were close economy, pruning-down of unsold supplies, and careful use of credit. It is on these conditions that expectations for the next chapter in American business history will properly be based.

To what extent, if at all, such governing influence will be superseded by political disturbance and misgiving, is now, as always, a question for debate. The campaign is unusually late in opening. In recent Presidential years the trend of things has usually begun to grow plain about this time. It was certainly so in 1908, in 1904, and in 1900, on each of which occasions experienced political observers had made up their minds, before the 10th of August, who would be elected. In 1896, the feeling of doubt and consternation over Bryan's campaign was probably at its height at just this time, but it began to be allayed when Bryan's Madison-Square-Garden speech on August 12 turned out a political fiasco; and although apprehension rose to a high pitch again in the week before election day, the politicians had positively made up their minds as to his defeat by the middle of September.

But expert conclusions do not always bring conviction to the people at large or confidence to financial markets. Even in such a year as 1908, when Taft won the election by 1,269,000 plurality, there was a "political scare" on the Stock Exchange as late as the middle of September. Sometimes, too, the experts themselves find it difficult to discover how the political tide is moving. In 1872, when Grant's November plurality over Greeley was by far the largest ever polled for any candidate until 1904, some of the oldest hands at political prediction were in doubt up to the early autumn, and in August, political mercenaries were drifting from the Republican to the opposition camp because they believed the Greeley movement irresistible. In 1864, a year when the voters reëlected President Lincoln by a flat majority of 407,000 over McClellan, Lincoln himself, the shrewdest political observer of his period, made on August 23 a private memorandum to the effect that "this morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reëlected."

So that the Stock Exchange, like everybody else, will quite possibly have its spasms of misgiving this year, even with the cheerfulness created by reviving trade. Whether resumption of trade activity can be checked by such uncertainties, is a different question.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adcock, A. St. J. Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Baedeker's Southern Italy and Sicily, 1912. Scribner. $1.80.

Balch, W. M. Christianity and the Labor Movement. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Betz, W., and Webb, H. E. Plane Geometry. Boston: Ginn. $1.

Bigelow, John. The Bible That Was Lost and Is Found. New-Church Board of Publication.

Bianchi, M. G. D. The Sin of Angels. Duffield. $1.30 net.

Charles, R. H. The Book of Enoch. Second edition. Frowde.

Currey, J. S. The Story of Old Fort Dearborn. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Dawson, J. L. A Race's Redemption. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

Denny, Edward. Papalism. London: Rivingtons.

Dix, B. M. The Gate of Horn. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Draper, A. S. Weaknesses of Universities. An Address. Syracuse: Bardeen.

Drinkwater, John. Poems of Love and Earth. London: David Nutt.

Durham. Lord Durham's Report on the Affairs of British North America. Edited by C. P. Lucas. 3 vols. Frowde.

Faust, A. B. Das Deutschtum in den Vereinigten Staaten. Stechert. $2.50.

Gorki, Maxim. The Lower Depths: A Play in Four Acts. Translated by L. Irving. Duffield.

Haggard, H. Rider. Marie. Longmans. $1.35 net.

Hanson, C. L. Two Years' Course in English Composition. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Harrington, G. W. The Garden of Unrest: A Second Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Harry, J. E. Studies in Sophocles. University of Cincinnati. 50 cents.

Hasse, A. R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the U. S. Ohio, 1784-1904. Two parts. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Haverfield, F. The Romanization of Roman Britain. New edition. Frowde.

PUBLIC
LIB.

Hazard, D. L. Observations at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory at Vieques, Porto Rico, 1909 and 1910. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Hunt, H. E. The Psychology of Auto-Education. Syracuse: Bardeen.

Infant Mortality and Milk Stations. Special Report of the New York Milk Committee. $1.

Jackson, F. H. Rambles in the Pyrenees. Dutton. $6 net.

Janku, Ferdinand. Adelaide Anne Proctor, Ihr Leben und Ihre Werke. Vienna: Braumüller.

Jubainville, H. d'Arbois de. Enlèvement du Taureau Divin. Three Livraisons. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion.

Kinsley, W. W. Was Christ Divine? Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Lutonsky, Paula. Arthur Hugh Clough. Vienna: Braumüller.

Mather, F. J., jr. Homer Martin, Poet in Landscape. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $12.50.

O'Grady, A., and Throop, F. The Story Teller's Book. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents net.

Olmstead, Florence. Mrs. Eli and Policy Ann. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.

Pawlowska, Yoi. A Year of Strangers. Duffield.

Peattie, E. W. Azalea. Chicago. Reilly & Britton. $1.

Peddie, R. A. The British Museum Reading Room: A Handbook for Students. London: Grafton & Co.

Pechl, J. A. Land of Our Dreams and Other Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Pollard, R. S. Althea. Boston: Sherman, French. 75 cents net.

Pyle, Katharine. Fairy Tales from Many Lands. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Raymond, G. L. Suggestions for the Spiritual Life. College Chapel Talks. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.40 net.

Report of the Joint Committee of the Legislature on the Conservation of Water, 1912. Albany, N. Y.: State Department.

Root, J. C. Edward Irving, Man, Preacher, Prophet. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 Earth. London: David Nutt.

Ross, Janet. The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences. Scribner.

Shakespeare Classics. Rich's Apolonius and Silla, an Original of Twelfth Night, edited by M. Luce; The Menaechmi: The Original of the Comedy of Errors: Latin Text with the Elizabethan Translation. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Duffield.

Sharp, William. Studies and Appreciations. Selected by Mrs. Sharp. Duffield.

Shirley, William. Correspondence. Edited by C. H. Lincoln. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5 net.

Staley, Edgcumbe. King René d'Anjou and His Seven Queens. Scribner.

Summerbell, J. J. Mountains of the Bible. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Teller, W. P. and Brown, H. E. Modern Business Methods. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents net.

Wentworth, G., and Smith, D. E. Work and Play with Numbers. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Williams, A., and Tweedy, E. F. Commercial Engineering for Central Stations. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $2.50 net.

Work, M. N. Negro Year Book. Tuskegee Institute (Ala.): The Author. 25 cents net.

3rd American and 2nd English edition of a notable novel,

Dorothy Canfield's

THE SQUIRREL-CAGE $1.35 net; By mail, $1.45.

The story of the struggle of an American wife and mother to call her soul her own.

Bookman—"Admirably done."

Dial—"Its truthfulness is beyond question."

Sun—"Admirable work . . . true art."

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.

THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM MORRIS

By J. W. Mackail, M.A., LL.D.

New Edition. 2 Vols. (Longmans' Pocket Library). Fcap. 8vo, Gilt top. Vol. I. With Portrait of William Morris. Pp. xii+387. Vol. II. With Frontispiece. Pp. vi+380.

Cloth, $1.50 *net; Leather*, $2.00 *net.*

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each*, $1.25 *net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

By G. E. Partridge, Ph.D.

G. Stanley Hall's GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

The first comprehensive résumé of Pres. Hall's philosophy. It summarizes the ideas of the dominant and progressive educational movement, and is a work of inspiring popularization addressed especially to teachers, educators, and parents. Pres. Hall provides the introduction. (12*mo. Cloth.* $1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.63.)

THE NERVOUS LIFE

A trustworthy, practical guide, telling the nervous, hard-worked man how to order his whole life—sleep, food, drink, exercise, work—so as to preserve good nerves or cure bad nerves. (12*mo. Cloth*, $1.00 *net, postpaid* $1.10.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

READ

MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.

Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full of ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

"A compound of history, biography, and campaign documents, and contains much that is not only informing but dramatic."—New York Evening Post.

WOODROW WILSON

His Career, His Statesmanship, and His Public Policies

By HESTER E. HOSFORD

Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged

With a Preface by Thomas P. Gore, U. S. Senator from Oklahoma

Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 260 Pages. 16 Illustrations. $1.00 net; by mail, $1.10.

"A thoroughly well digested and eloquently written book. It should be read by every one who wishes to have an adequate comprehension of what Woodrow Wilson actually is and what he represents in a world-wide movement towards a liberalization and improvement of all human conditions."—*Hon. John W. Wescott*, Camden, N.J.

Send for Circular.

New York **G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS** London

The Story of the Famous Donner Party

THE EXPEDITION OF THE DONNER PARTY AND ITS TRAGIC FATE

By ELIZA P. HOUGHTON

With pictures from rare photographs, $2.00 net.
At All Bookstores.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, **Chicago**

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 East 22nd St., New York.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2460 THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 26 Dec 12

$2.50 a year 25 cents a copy

THE FORUM

A Monthly Magazine. Unique and of Rare Quality

FOUNDED ORIGINALLY IN MARCH, 1886, AND ISSUED REGULARLY EVER SINCE

THE CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER (128 pp.) INCLUDE

PARTY PRINCIPLES AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT. By Allen Kline
A CASE OF PREVISION. By J. D. Beresford
MOONLIGHT (Poem). By John Hall Wheelock
CONDEMNED (Poem). By Lyman Bryson
SENTENCE (Poem). By Witter Bynner
PRACTICAL SOCIALISM. By Hugh H. Lusk
THE RECALL OF THE JUDGES. By Edwin Maxey
WHAT THE SCHOOLS DO NOT TEACH. By Edward M. Weyer
OUR FACILE MASTERY OF ENGLISH. By F. B. R. Hellems
IN DEFENCE OF MUSICAL COMEDY. By Hoffman Nickerson
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, THEOLOGIAN. By Edward M. Chapman
FACTORS IN THE REMAKING OF COUNTRY LIFE. By E. E. Miller
PRESENT-DAY ASPECTS OF CREMATION. By Albert Hardy
PIERRE LOTI. By Benjamin De Casseres
EDITORIAL NOTES

THE FORUM has existed for over twenty-five years. It has always been and it will always be open to the intelligent discussion of all vital topics, without bias, fear or favor.

THE FORUM always has and always will contain contributions, essays and criticisms from the master-minds of the times, both of men and women, on Science, Literature, Poetry, Drama, Art, Religion, Government, Law, Education, Labor, Anarchism, Economics, Banking, Agriculture, Political Economy, Politics, Philosophy, and all other subjects dealing with problems and principles of enduring importance.

Trial Subscription for Three Months to Any Address for Fifty Cents

MITCHELL KENNERLEY Publisher New York

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 157

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A Justified Veto 160
The Facts About the Trusts 160
The Krupp Centenary 161
The Air of Quiet Study 162
The Two Athletic Standards 163
The Flight of Romance 164

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Horace Howard Furness 165
News for Bibliophiles 167

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Candidates 168
Conservatism and Conservation 168
Roosevelt the Crusader 168
Funds for Roosevelt 169
Pepys and the Royal Society 169

LITERATURE:

Mystics of the Renaissance and Their Relation to Modern Thought 169
The Touchstone of Fortune—Queen of the Guarded Mounts—The Just and the Unjust 170
Chronicles of Avonlea 171
The Loss of the Titanic—An Unsinkable Titanic 171
English Apprenticeship and Child Labour: A History 172

NOTES 172

SCIENCE 173

DRAMA AND MUSIC:

Henrik Ibsen 174

ART 175

FINANCE:

Good and Bad Influences 176

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 177

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Drawer 5.
Lewisburg Seminary Preparatory and College courses for girls. Also Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Strong faculty of experienced specialists. Handsome, modern buildings, steam heat, etc. Gymnasium, basket ball, tennis. Invigorating mountain climate. Catalogue on request. R. C. Sommerville, Pres.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS
A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address
Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, 174 Fulton St. Evening School. N. Y. City.** "Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARATION for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A.M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing
A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.
Over one hundred Home Study Courses under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and leading colleges.
250-page catalog free. Write to-day.
The Home Correspondence School, Dept 284, Springfield, Mass

Just Published!
Elementary Entomology
By E. DWIGHT SANDERSON
Dean of the College of Agriculture, West Virginia University, and
C. F. JACKSON, *Professor of Zoölogy in New Hampshire College*
$2.00

An excellent general course for anyone interested in entomology.

The aim throughout has been to keep the text as untechnical as possible. Species of economic importance have been given special consideration.

The illustrations are abundant and excellent in quality and will aid much in identifying the species and understanding their habits.

The laboratory directions are given in the form of concise outlines of study of the habits, anatomy, life histories, and classification of insects. There are keys by which the more common insects may be traced, and full directions for the collection and preservation of insects.

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)
IDEOFONIC
Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 60c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON
Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.
Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.
D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents*.
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Printing

How often we see it treated as a matter of routine, a mere detail of the business! And yet it is doubtful whether there is anything of greater importance to the average business establishment.

Think of the value of the first impression which your stationery and other printed matter creates—

Consider Its Importance

—and then ask us for suggestions and advice

The Nation Press
The Evening Post Building
NOTE THE ADDRESS 20 Vesey Street
NEW YORK
Telephone 83 Cortlandt

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1912.

The Week

It can hardly be said that President Taft's special message on the Panama Canal bill is of a sort either to influence Congress or to strengthen his own position. He virtually asks Congress to do something which he at the same time makes it clear that he personally does not believe to be necessary. That is, he states it as his opinion that the free-tolls provision does not violate the treaty. If so, why hesitate to sign the bill? The reason he gives is that many eminent lawyers hold another view, and that he thinks it desirable, by way of abundant precaution, to provide for a test of the matter in our own courts. But Congress is not in a mood to do things out of abundant precaution. If it is persuaded that the President will, in the end, sign the bill as it stands, we may be sure that it will make no alterations in it, nor pass a joint resolution solemnly declaring that it had no intention of violating the treaty. Mr. Taft betrays a certain sensitiveness about bringing a reproach upon the nation, but it is too hesitating and flabby to make an impression upon Congress. The only way in which he can safeguard "our standing before the world," about which he says he is solicitous, is to veto the bill; but of a resolute purpose to do that, he gives no sign.

The Republican Campaign Committee has unearthed a highly confusing state of things in what might be called the world of political accident insurance. To begin with, it is stated that manufacturers in this country have taken out English policies, at Lloyd's, insuring them against losses which they may incur through the election of Gov. Wilson to the Presidency. This of itself is interesting; applied on a sufficiently liberal scale, the arrangement should not only rob of all its terrors the familiar "campaign scare" (usually due about the middle of October), but should also remove anxiety from the merchant's mind regarding all other vicissitudes of the season's trade. But the guarantee of home manufacturers' profits is not all; it appears by the statement that English manufacturers also are applying for similar insurance against loss, if Mr. Wilson is elected. That is to say, Lloyd's are guaranteeing the Americans against such losses as are expected by them to follow removal of protection against European competition, and at the same time are guaranteeing the European competitor against losses which the same policy would inflict on him. This, on first thought, would look like a disingenuous "hedge" by Lloyd's, in which that sagacious body of underwriters balance the English exporter's premiums against those of the home manufacturer. But on second thought, it begins to appear that Lloyd's are making certain a loss to the underwriters; that, in short, they are pledging an indemnity if the house burns down, and then pledging another if it does not. Is it possible that the crafty men of Lloyd's do not believe that any one, here or in England, will be hurt by "revision of the tariff downward"? Or is it possible that the Republican Campaign Committee is the victim of a hoax?

There is much evidence that the colossal straddle on the negro question has not helped Mr. Roosevelt. Those white Southerners who want an all-white party are satisfied with the Democracy, and look with suspicion upon one which faces one way in the North and another in the South. Nor will the typical moral obscurity of the *Outlook* on this issue help matters. It declares in its wisdom that the "passion for humanity" makes desirable the admission of negro delegates from West Virginia and undesirable those from Alabama. But the colored press shows no sign of being taken in by all this moral confusion. Those papers that are still sticking to Roosevelt are in obvious distress. Some of the leaders of the race like the Rev. R. C. Ransom have left Roosevelt, and influential journals like the Boston *Guardian* are driving home the nature of Mr. Roosevelt's treachery, which not only excluded Southern delegates, but left out of his platform of social justice all reference to disfranchisement, the denial of civil and political rights, and the wholesale lynchings, while putting in a plea for immigrants from abroad, and a plank approving the granting of pensions to the Confederate veterans who tried to destroy this Union.

Gov. Hadley's full statement of his reasons for refusing to go with the Roosevelt party contains little that is new but much that is effective. It is so particularly as coming from the man who led the fight for Roosevelt at the Republican Convention, and who was then hailed by the Colonel's followers as the very type of an honest man in politics and a true Progressive. Now, of course, he becomes at once a crook and a tool of the corrupt interests. However, in what he has to say on one point there is undeniable force. Gov. Hadley takes up the argument that it is time for a new party because the Republican party has become "sectional," and observes with truth that this would have been valid for the past forty years. Republicanism was just as much sectional during all the time that Roosevelt led the party and gloried in it as it is today when he leaves it and attempts to destroy it on the ground that it has no votes in the South. What a pure afterthought this is, Gov. Hadley makes it perfectly clear.

The repassage in the House, by more than the requisite two-thirds majority, of the reduced steel-tariff bill vetoed by President Taft, is the second instance in our history where a tariff-reduction measure has had that experience; the first being that of the wool bill. Its fate in the Senate is problematical. The bill, with one or two irrelevant amendments which were subsequently abandoned, passed the Senate on May 30 by a vote of 35 to 22, all but one of the Republican Senators voting against it. That majority was three votes short of two-thirds of the total vote cast; but a considerable body of Republican Senators absented themselves, during the vote, with a view to throwing on President Taft the responsibility of defeating the bill. It is a reasonable probability that they will now, either by voting against its repassage or by refraining from voting, sustain Mr. Taft's veto. On the other hand, it is to be observed that in the recent vote on the cotton-goods tariff bill, eight Republicans joined the Democrats in support of the measure, which was thereby passed by 36 to 19, virtually two-thirds of the vote cast. The case of those who support the veto of the steel bill is politically awkward, because, however Congressmen may dispute over the "difference in labor cost at home and abroad," and however they may contend that reduction of the average duty to 22 per cent. would fail to provide for such difference, there are on record the views of practical steel manufacturers on the subject which show that the proposed lower duty is abundantly adequate, even for purposes of protection.

Few people know how rapidly the navy is being increased in other directions besides battleships. Into the Naval Appropriations bill of this year there has been slipped a provision for 4,000 additional seamen, which will bring the total enlisted force up to 42,000 men. The last large increase was in 1908 and was obtained from Congress largely through the excitement attending the around-the-world cruise of the battleships. That increase was 6,000. Prior to the war with Spain the strength of the navy was not 10,000 men. To-day we are withdrawing more than four times that number from productive employments, in addition to the 75,000 taken by the army. This is a more serious drawing off of able-bodied men from industrial life than most people realize, but it will be much more keenly felt if Congress should pass a law restricting immigration by requiring that only those who speak and write the English language shall be admitted. This would be so serious a blow to the large mining and manufacturing industries that we are surprised not to have heard many complaints at this suggestion, for the dearth of men is growing worse every day in certain lines of employment, particularly in view of the competition which the big Western crops are beginning to furnish.

Mayor Gaynor is beginning to find his voice in reference to the most serious and alarming series of occurrences that has befallen New York during his Administration. He speaks out, as every one was sure he would when he got round to speaking, on the right side, but it must be acknowledged that, in addition to the tardiness of his words, he dipped his pen very lightly in the black ink with which he has so often pointed it. He makes the rather inopportune observation that he and his Commissioner have to a very large extent succeeded in removing the grafting that had infected the Department for forty years. He must further have his fling at those who have not always given him the help that he had a right to expect from them. Such irrelevant, if characteristic, remarks mar his confession that the great object is to have a thorough investigation, and weaken his admonition to the Corporation Counsel that there be "no lack of harmony, if possible," in working with the counsel chosen by the Aldermen's Committee.

A census bulletin, just issued, shows that the total value of the crops in this country made the immense increase from $2,999,000,000 in 1899 to $5,487,000,000 in 1909, or 83 per cent. We do not need the further information that the acreage of crops with acreage reports increased but 9.9 per cent. to know that "a large part of the extraordinary increase in the total value of farm crops between 1899 and 1909 is attributable to higher prices." Cereals, for example, increased in production only 1.7 per cent., but their value rose by 79.8 per cent. Their increase in price was thus no less than forty-seven times their increase in quantity. The production of hay and forage was much more in 1909 than in 1899, the percentage of increase being 23. The increase in value, however, reached 70.2 per cent. Of cotton, the production increased 11.7 per cent., while the increase in value was ten times as much, or 117.3 per cent. The average percentage of increase in prices during the decade was 66.6. Had the prices of 1899 prevailed in 1909, the value of the crops in the latter year would have been only 10 per cent. above what it was in the former. This 10 per cent., accordingly, represents the increase in quantity in the ten years, and may be compared with the 21 per cent. increase in population in the same period. Other statistics have demonstrated the truth of the bulletin's conclusion: "It is only by reason of a great reduction in the exportation of agricultural products that the increasing consumption of the country has been supplied."

One of those combinations of sentiment and business, as beautiful as they are rare, must be put to the credit of the National Association of Jewellers. For a long time, it appears, there has been dissatisfaction with the traditional list of birthstones. Some of these were so unattractive that there was little sale for them, in spite of their romantic appeal. Others were so moderate in price as to arouse no enthusiasm among dealers. All have now been subjected to a searching examination into their merits, and the list has been, so to speak, revised upward. Hereafter, accordingly, the public can be sure that its birthstones are of the first water, sentimentally and otherwise, for, oddly enough, in every instance where a change was made for sentimental reasons, a more expensive stone was found indispensable. This happy union of the romantic and the commercial should find prompt echo in other lines of trade. How many centuries has it been, for instance, since the language of flowers was revised?

The average of Ph.D.'s given by American universities is now more than one a day. Ten years ago, as *Science* points out in connection with its annual tabulation of this industry, less than half as many was the rule. Even so, we are still so far behind the Germans in this respect that, allowing for the difference in population between the two countries, we shall have to increase our degrees six-fold in order to be on a level with our Teutonic rivals. The exact figures are 492 this year for us, and 1,703 two years ago for them. Of these latter, 32 were conferred upon Americans. Three-fifths of all the Ph.D. degrees given in this country during the last fifteen years have been won at seven universities, namely, Columbia, Chicago, Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, and Cornell, in the order in which they are named. Columbia's lead for the entire period is due to her sudden advance in the last two years, the number of Ph.D.'s conferred by her rising from 44 in 1910 to 75 in 1911 and 81 in 1912. A marked distinction between Germany and the United States is in the field of study most favored by degree-winners. There more degrees are conferred in the humanities than in the sciences, while here the latter have been gaining until in Ph.D.'s given they now outnumber all other departments combined.

Cuba, too, has a President who declared that under no circumstances would he seek or accept another election, but who easily translates that language into meaning under the first circumstances that come along. A great flutter has been caused among politicians in Havana by the remarks which President Gomez addressed to the Mayors of several cities who urged him to permit his candidacy for another term to be announced, in order to preserve "the unity of the Liberal party." Gen. Gomez said to them that any candidate whom the highest interest of the party demanded, ought to accept; and he added: "If I am so designated, I am inclined to accept, since I owe all that I am to the party." This public declaration will confirm the suspicion which has been current in Cuba, that the recent "race" rebellion was taken advantage of by President Gomez, if not secretly fomented by him, in order to make him appear "the indispensable man." But both the other announced Liberal candidates, Zayas and Asbert, as also the candidate of the Conservatives, Menocal, are as certain as Gomez is that Cuba will be ruined unless they accede to the Presidency.

Rumors persist that Mr. Lloyd George is to resign, or be forced to resign, from the Cabinet. Such reports are common enough about any Government, particularly in the case of some individual whose personality and policies kindle an exceptional amount of partisan heat, and usually they can be disregarded. In the present instance, while it is improbable that Lloyd George is meditating a *coup d'état*, the speculations as to what he might do are at least interesting. There is little doubt that his popularity in the country has suffered since the Insurance Act came into operation, and on the question of general policy his position in the Cabinet is becoming more and more isolated. Winston Churchill has adopted the big-navy policy, which is anathema to Lloyd George, and enjoys the support of his colleagues. Differences of opinion between the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are indeed the principal basis for the rumors that are now current, the argument being that there is not room in the same Ministry for these two young and ambitious men. The theory is that Lloyd George will emulate our own Colonel and put himself at the head of a new progressive party, which would include Labor members, Socialists, and the more advanced Radicals. Such a move, it is asserted, would drive the Whig element of the Liberals into the arms of the Unionists, and there would be a general realignment of parties. It is a pretty idea, but the best that can be said for it is that it is not absolutely impossible. Mr. Lloyd George will do well to postpone setting up for himself until he has seen how the Colonel fares.

It is unlikely that the withdrawal of Great Britain from the Brussels Sugar Convention on September 1, 1913, notice of which has been officially given, will have a marked effect upon the sugar trade of the world. England's reasons grow out of her own needs. She seeks cheaper sugar and desires to be assured of an adequate supply in years when the central European sugar-beet crops are short. At such times Russia may have a huge surplus, which is not available for British consumption only because of the terms of the Brussels Convention of 1907. Under this the total export of beet sugar from Russia to European markets was limited to 1,000,000 tons during the next five years. An effort was made by Great Britain, in September, 1911, to permit Russia to export 500,000 tons in the year 1911-12, but this was blocked by Germany, and all that England was able to obtain was 150,000 in addition to the regular 200,000 tons for that year, and a further 50,000 additional tons for each of the two succeeding years. Having withdrawn from the Convention, Great Britain will now be able to treat independently with Russia for a supply of sugar, and it is already reported that Russia, also, intends to do as England has done. Whether others of the signatories will follow, and the Convention come to an end, is an open question. It seems, indeed, to have outlived its usefulness, for the system of heavy bounties on export sugar, which it was called into being to check, is unlikely to be revived.

A new law requires men teachers in Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Germany, to ask permission of the school authorities before they may marry, and permission will be denied in case of "obvious inability of the teacher to support a family." This may seem like tyranny, but it probably works no greater hardship than the practice in such matters in this country. Here college presidents have been known to advise members of their faculties to marry rich wives, and the married teacher receives, as a rule, more than the bachelor of equal ability. In one respect the German law may accomplish good. It may possibly help decide the old question on how little a teacher with a growing family can live and maintain the atmosphere of culture expected of them. Incidentally, it must irk Germany, anxious about her birth-rate and England, to oppose in any way the increase of little citizens and future soldiers.

A leader of the Ruthenians in Austria has issued a stirring manifesto, as a counterblast to the present agitation in St. Petersburg in favor of the "Russians" in Galicia and Bukowina. Until the year 1907 no one in these Austrian provinces thought of calling himself a Russian, although a few Old-Ruthenians sympathized with the efforts of the Russian Pan-Slavists. As a matter of fact, the Ruthenians—the second largest Slavic race—who as long ago as the eleventh century formed a powerful state, differ from the Russians in their language and traditions, and for political purposes their leaders in Austria have assumed the name of Ukrainists, in order to distinguish themselves from the Ruthenians of Russia. In 1907 there appeared for the first time five Old-Ruthenians from Galicia in the Vienna Reichsrat. Though elected as Ruthenians, two of them made their *début* in Parliament in the Russian language and styled themselves representatives of the "Russians" of Galicia. Since then Russian agents have been active in stirring up pro-Russian sentiment throughout Galicia and Bukowina. In September, 1908, a well-known agitator, Count Bobrinski, made a missionary journey through these provinces, and he went so far in his zeal as to cause the Austrian Government to take stringent measures against him. Galicia and Bukowina are now being flooded with Russian newspapers, and Russian private schools are being established there.

A JUSTIFIED VETO.

We have had occasion to criticise President Taft for his tariff vetoes, which have seemed to us a grievous mistake, but he deserves hearty commendation for his refusal to sign the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill in the form in which it was presented to him. Upon it Congress had fastened two "riders," one for the indirect abolition of the Commerce Court, the other to establish a seven-year tenure of office in the Federal civil service. Either would have invited a veto: together they so vitiated the entire measure that the President could not conscientiously give it his approval. His returning it to Congress unsigned is a public service.

It will help, for one thing, to fix attention upon the bad legislative practice of attaching radical changes in the law to money bills. This is a matter which cannot be too jealously guarded. It is not merely a question of the amendments not being "germane" to the appropriation bill. Our parliamentary rules are not so rigid as the English in this respect, and a little skilful log-rolling can get almost any sort of "rider" through. The real vice of the affair consists in mixing up things that ought to be kept separate. Substantive legislation has no place in a routine bill for paying salaries. The Commerce Court was deliberately erected by special enactment. If it is to be abolished, the thing should be done with equal directness and openness. To seek to starve a court to death by refusing to appropriate money to pay the judges, is a proceeding both covert and cowardly. Similarly with the amendment aiming to upset the present law by decreeing a tenure of office of seven years: whether that step be wise or unwise, it is concededly one of great importance, and should not be taken except after full discussion, and the deliberate expression of the judgment of Congress on the measure *per se*. To sneak a change of such moment into a money bill is reprehensible. The President's words in condemnation are none too strong. He rightly resents and withstands the attempt to compel Executive approval of proposals which otherwise could not get it, by embodying them in an appropriation bill, a veto of which temporarily leaves the Government without money.

No President has taken a more advanced position about rescuing the civil service from politics than Mr. Taft, and he could not consistently put his name to a bill virtually legislating all Federal employees out of office after seven years. The hollow pretence that this would be a good way of weeding out incompetents, and dodging the need of setting up a system of retiring pensions, deceives no one. What was really aimed at was the placing of the whole body of civil servants at the mercy of the politicians. The plan would permit the spoils system to creep back through the window after being kicked out at the door. At first, the proposal was to make the tenure of office five years. The opposition to this was so strong in the House that it was beaten. But the Senate put the amendment back, despite the earnest protests of Senators who saw its harmful trickery, and made the term seven years. The scheme has now been disposed of by Presidential veto. The nefarious project was at once dropped by Congress. For his firm and decided course in the matter Mr. Taft will receive the thanks of all civil-service reformers.

As to the merits of the controversy about the Commerce Court, opinion will be more divided. That tribunal has been in some ways unlucky. A part of its personnel was of a sort to create prejudice against it; and the serious charges made concerning Judge Archbald, leading to his formal impeachment, deepened the bad impression. But the existence of one suspected judge should not destroy confidence in the entire court: a Cardozo or Barnard found on the bench did not lead to the abolition of the Supreme Court of New York. It is true that a few of the decisions of the Commerce Court seemed to be too strongly against the shippers; and it has been accused both of hampering the Interstate Commerce Commission and of exceeding its own jurisdiction. But this last matter has been fully cleared up by the recent decision of the Supreme Court; and the way appeared open for a fuller display of the real utility of the Commerce Court. Congress, however, would choose this moment to strangle it to death.

In the midst of all the controversy about the Commerce Court, it is well to consider such a dispassionate study of the actual record as was contributed to the *Public Ledger* by a member of the Philadelphia bar, Henry S. Drinker, jr. Basing his review upon the transcript of cases, before both the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Commerce Court, he makes out an excellent justification for the latter. It has greatly expedited final decision. The average time, under the old plan, between filing a complaint and getting final adjudication, was two years and one month; this has been cut by the Commerce Court to less than a year. Even in the matters of upholding the rights of shippers and reversals by the Supreme Court, Mr. Drinker shows that the Commerce Court compares favorably with the old method. It is at least plain that here was a case, not for jumping at conclusions, and cutting off heads with the impatience of the Queen in Wonderland, but for considering the matter in all its bearings and proceeding in a deliberate and orderly manner.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE TRUSTS.

Our modern Alcibiades, too, goes through the streets mutilating the national statues. Mr. Roosevelt's habit of hurling angry epithets at the men whom the country has delighted to honor has now become chronic. Anybody, no matter with how high a reputation, who ventures to differ with him becomes at once the object of the Colonel's blackguarding. President Taft is a "pickpocket." Mr. Choate is a "pettifogger." Senator Root is a tool of the interests. And now the venerable ex-Senator Edmunds is arraigned as the defender and servant of "every great and crooked corporation in Wall Street and outside of Wall Street." All this because the author of the Anti-Trust act, and the great authority on it, had dared to praise President Taft's strict enforcement of it, and to comment upon the way in which Mr. Roosevelt as President had either ignored it or made it the instrument of his whim. This is a fine beginning of Roosevelt's campaign in Senator Edmunds's own State. He is no longer an active force in Vermont, but he represents that even more dangerous thing to attack—a great tradition. Personally, he has, of course, no reason to notice Mr. Roosevelt's loose railing at him. No might or greatness in mortality shall 'scape the censure of the Colonel's reckless and scornful tongue. As Jeffrey was said to have spoken disrespectfully of the Equator, as well as damned the North Pole, so, it is whispered, Mr. Roosevelt has been known to pour his vitriol even over men prominent in the *Outlook* office. Who is Mr. Edmunds that he should be exempt?

We do not care to dwell upon this unpleasant aspect of the incident; but something should be said on one or two particular assertions in Mr. Roosevelt's retort, which he has frequently repeated and which will probably be often heard again in the course of the campaign. After declaring that "all the big Trusts, all the corporation lawyers representing big Trusts, and every public man who now represents or has represented the cause of reaction and privilege in public life have rallied to the defence of the present Administration's method of enforcing the Anti-Trust law"—a statement whose grotesque extravagance will be nowhere more fully recognized than in Wall Street—Mr. Roosevelt proceeds to say:

> The enforcement of the Anti-Trust law by Messrs. Taft and Wickersham against the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts has resulted in an enormous rise in the value of the stock held by Mr. Rockefeller and his allies and the Tobacco people, while the price of the commodities to the consumer has slightly gone up and the competing concerns are left wholly at the mercy of the two Trusts.
>
> Mr. Edmunds must know that while the Supreme Court has unsparingly condemned the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust people, yet that the only result of the suit has been to add to the already swollen and ill-gotten gains of the offenders, and still further to deny justice to the general public.

We are quite aware that in this insistent declaration Mr. Roosevelt has made use, with his usual political adroitness, of a notion which had gained considerable vogue in the public mind. We found it necessary to set forth the truth of the matter at the time of the Tobacco Trust decree of the Circuit Court, last October. It is entirely true that, since the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust, the combined market valuation of the stock of the separate companies into which that Trust has been divided has reached a higher figure than had been previously attained by the shares of the old Trust before its dissolution. But there was not the slightest reason to be surprised at that result. Some influence in that direction was no doubt exerted by what were called the "concealed equities" of the companies—assets of great value, which were not known to the investing public in the old days of a secret consolidated management reporting to nobody, but which had to be disclosed when the subsidiary concerns were reorganized. But far surpassing this influence, in our judgment, is the well-known fact that the investor purchasing the old Standard Oil Trust shares was, in the market's language, "buying into a litigation."

Every business man must know what that means. Mr. Roosevelt's Attorney-General of 1904 could probably remind him that the shares of the Northern Securities combination were affected by precisely the same influence, and that after the combination had been dissolved, the shares of the railway companies sold at higher prices than before they had been combined. If, as Mr. Roosevelt now intimates, "it is too preposterous to discuss the question" whether the results of the dissolution of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Trusts "represent anything even moderately satisfactory," the same conclusion must be drawn from his own Administration's Northern Securities decision.

But Mr. Roosevelt further states, as a clincher to his argument, that "the price of the commodities to the consumer has slightly gone up and the competing concerns are left wholly at the mercy of the two Trusts." This remark, we should say, contains one doubtful inference and one false statement. The inference is that, if prices of the commodities in question are higher now than before, it is because of monopolistic practices and because of nothing else. We are not willing to approach the question in that off-hand way, for there is such a thing as the law of supply and demand, which operates even under open competition.

But the assertion that in this adjustment of prices competitors are "left wholly at the mercy of the Trusts" is more important. Does Mr. Roosevelt seriously believe—to use his own form of expression—that the new corporations, formed through the dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts, are left with unrestrained power to continue their old monopolistic practices, with the approval of the courts? If so, he can never have read the Court's decree in the Tobacco Trust dissolution, which is sweeping and continuous in its application, and of which Mr. Taft has said, without dispute from anywhere, that its "inhibitions are set forth with a detail and comprehensiveness unexampled in the history of equity jurisprudence."

That is to say, the remedy for any act such as Mr. Roosevelt loosely asserts to be the governing policy of the disintegrated corporations is immediate and the penalty severe. As an alternative to this strict supervision of the companies in the field, Mr. Roosevelt informs us that "the Progressive platform is explicit" in its declarations on the question and that "every sincere man who has studied the subject will join with us" in that platform's conclusions.

We beg to rejoin that the Progressive platform on Trust regulation, advocating a Federal commission which must "attack unfair competition, false capitalization, and special privilege, and by continuous trained watchfulness keep open equally to all the highways of American commerce," is about as inexplicit as any declaration of the sort that we have ever heard. It must "attack"—what it is to do next, we are to imagine for ourselves. It is of a piece with Mr. Roosevelt's own assertion, last October, that the Tobacco Trust decree was a "miscarriage of justice" because the Trust "should be absolutely disbanded." Whether that meant reducing it to single competing mills or shutting down the mills entirely, the public was left to guess.

THE KRUPP CENTENARY.

The hundredth anniversary of the founding of the great firm of Friedrich Krupp has been celebrated in Germany much as if it were a branch of the Government, as in a sense it is. The Kaiser himself took part in the celebration, together with the Prussian Minister of Commerce, and many decorations were distributed among the leading employees. The firm divided $3,500,000 among its army of workmen. The newspapers devoted column upon column to the history of this great enterprise, the rise of which is so bound up with that of the German Empire itself. Indeed, the century that has passed since the first Friedrich Krupp started in business marks the modern development of this greatest of the Continental nations. A hundred years ago Germany was just beginning to throw off the Napoleonic yoke; she had begun to feel the first stirrings of that national life which was to flower at Versailles in 1871, and to that flowering the Krupps of that period contributed enormously in the munitions of war which they had produced for the wars of 1866 and 1870. Germany has proportionately grown not more than the company which is to-day, as for decades past, the greatest maker of war materials the world over.

The founder of the firm, the first Friedrich Krupp, began the iron and steel business with a handful of men, imitating English methods and practices. Of a family already well-to-do for that period, he would none the less have failed but for the aid and counsel of his grandmother—women have played a distinguished part in the story of this vast concern. The founder himself died in 1826, before achieving any material success. Indeed, the firm was insolvent when his widow, Therese Krupp, with her fourteen-year-old son Alfred, undertook to carry it on. But Therese Krupp's determination was speedily reinforced by the discovery of her son's remarkable scientific and business talents. Shouldering while still a boy the great cares and responsibilities which were his sole heritage, he had by 1837 an establishment of 55 workmen, with receipts of approximately $25,000 in that year. Gradually he forced his way into the field of high-grade machinery, and in 1847, a year before he bought out the other members of his family, he sent to the military authorities a 3-pounder, breech-loading cannon, which was the beginning of his connection with the military affairs of Germany. Not long thereafter he obtained the existing monopoly of supplying munitions of war, for the German Government has never built arsenals or ordnance works to compete with him. In return the Krupp firm has never stood still; their improved cannon of 1865 not only helped to subdue Austria, but gave to the German artillery a distinct superiority over the French in 1870.

To-day every German military or naval cannon is a product of the Essen works, and the Krupp devices and system have been adopted by Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia as the basis of their artillery. Up to 1902 alone the Krupps had sold 40,000 cannon to no less than thirty states—enough to make them great believers in the necessity of armed peace! But guns were not their only product. Steel rails and all sorts of railway and machinery materials have been turned out in great quantities; every invention in the steel or iron industries has been promptly adopted, and often improved upon. Nowhere else has the union of applied science and industry been more marked or more serviceable. In the perfectly equipped Krupp chemical and physical laboratories 500,000 analyses are made annually in direct connection with orders and routine business, quite aside from any experimenting. With the tremendous expansion of his work, Alfred Krupp gradually began to buy coal and iron mines, notably in the north of Spain. And as the German navy and mercantile fleet developed, the company, not content with furnishing the armor and guns, established the great German shipbuilding yards at Kiel to compete for vessels of war directly, and also bought ship-repair works at Rotterdam. Its foundries and iron works and mines are scattered all over South Germany, all operated on a capital of 40 millions of dollars. In 1903-04, the first year of operation as a stock company, the net profits were nearly three millions of dollars, after paying taxes of $800,000 and contributing $1,300,000 to the insurance fund of the more than 71,000 employees, or to benevolent and philanthropic undertakings on behalf of the workmen.

Such was the achievement of Alfred Krupp's genius. He died in 1887, and was succeeded by his son Friedrich Alfred, to whom the present Kaiser, his intimate friend, has erected a monument. For Friedrich Alfred Krupp died in Essen in 1902 and left his vast fortune to his daughter Bertha, whose husband, von Bohlen-Halbach, is the real director of the enterprise, or rather the head of the cabinet which now guides the works. But the influence of the real owner is visible in the steady extension of the philanthropic undertakings of the firm; their men are well housed in 4,342 model dwellings, and for their families there are schools and kindergartens, and institutions of every kind for the sick, the invalided, and the orphaned. Certainly it is no exaggeration to say that all Germany prides itself on the Krupp establishment. Yet even in Essen strikes have been known, and the Socialist vote is tremendous. The Kaiser once solemnly proclaimed in Essen to the workmen that to vote for a Socialist was to commit treason to the state—whereupon the Socialists promptly carried the district.

THE AIR OF QUIET STUDY.

The law of compensation rules in the scholar's world, as everywhere else, and he must pay the price for all that has been done to ease his life. There was a time when to write, about Shakespeare, let us say, all a man needed to do was to read Shakespeare and the available literature of Shakespeare's day, and then to depend on mother wit to clear up obscurities. Now the scholar must approach his author through an ever-thickening cloud of commentators. No doubt he has his profit in this. Much that baffled his predecessors is for him a commonplace; he is carried to an eminence, so to speak, on the shoulders of others. But there are disadvantages, too. Folly and conceit have been industrious in raising as many barriers as modest wisdom has levelled paths, and the scholar finds that half his time must be given to reading treatises that only obscure the truth.

Scholarship thus grows daily more specialized and mechanical. Scholars become more professional, and are drawn into the universities as into a kind of factory where the machinery for their work is already established. Such a life has its allurements and rewards. There is a certain inspiration in the very feeling that one belongs to a great corporation of learning, and that one's energies help to feed so imposing an engine of erudition. But there is an accompanying loss. The old life of the independent scholar, whose library was to him a university, has lost something of its prestige and attracts fewer and fewer men. The very word amateur as applied to such free spirits has become lowered, and suggests less the lover of letters than the trifler with books. One observes among our professional investigators a growing tone of condescension towards the unattached student, a feeling made up half of jealousy and half of contempt.

Yet withal, the old idea of the gentleman and scholar, as exemplified in Gibbon and a host of other great names, has not entirely vanished, and even in America we could name untitled men, still living, who have produced works in history and philosophy which command the respect of their less fortunate brothers. For in a way those are the less fortunate who are obliged by the *res angusta* or by some other cause to surrender learned leisure for academic routine, and the happiness of such a career as that of Dr. Furness, now brought to an honored end, is a lesson in wise living that will not soon be forgotten. It is an astonishing thing that more of those who are blessed with independence and who seek after pleasure in a kind of bewildered ignorance of their needs, do not see the joy of an intellectual purpose steadily followed year after year, binding day to day in orderly interest, and leaving no approach to the ravaging attacks of ennui.

We have not in mind the frantic pursuit of learning such as we read about in the giants of an older age—a Casaubon, for instance, by whom family and civic appeals were merely tolerated as an unworthy interruption, and who, only after a long day from early morning to late night spent in deciphering some crabbed manuscript, would write in his Journal, *hodie vixi*. We do not mean the sullen recluse,

> Covered with dust
> Of dreaming study and pedantic rust—

though there is, too, a sufficient reward for pedantic pains. The life so beautifully commended by the example of Dr. Furness is rather that which fulfils the Aristotelian precept, "We toil that we may enjoy leisure," or, better yet, which unites toil and leisure in so perfect a bond as to make them scarcely distinguishable one from the other.

Such a life is not debarred from the accomplishment of other duties. In its even, unhasting course it leaves time for the obligations of family and state; it may further bring to these the large outlook and sane tolerance of an intellect purged by sweet association with the wise and great, and steadied by the influence of a long-cherished, unselfish purpose. Nor does such a life deny the just relaxations of amusement; it may rather add to them a new zest; but its great and unique pleasure is that which comes to the man each morning as, returning to his study, "*perfumed* with many such days before," he sees before him the familiar implements and, with free heart and unhampered energy, enters once more upon that mental pursuit which has become a part of his very being.

Not every one—very few persons, indeed—has the means, or perhaps the endowments, to take up that noble career of lettered ease. Those who are able so to choose their path may well say, as Drummond of Hawthornden once wrote to a friend, "That I now live, that I enjoy a dear idleness, sweet solitariness, I have of Him, and not from man." But the wonder remains that so few who have the ability, and even the mental equipment, for such a life, are wise enough to select it. To quote Drummond again, whose "solitariness" was but a retirement into the neighborhood of Edinburgh, not unlike that of our Shakespearean scholar at Wallingford:

> Swift is your mortal race,
> And glassy is the field;
> Vast are desires not limited by grace;
> Life a weak taper is;
> Then, while it light doth yield,
> Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.

THE TWO ATHLETIC STANDARDS.

It is both curious and amusing to observe the change which is coming over the spirit of English athletics. It is a direct result, apparently, of American competition in the Olympic games. That there is such a change is the only inference to be drawn from reading the comments in the English press on the results at Stockholm. The dignified newspapers, more in sorrow than in anger, regret that English supremacy in the field of sport is not only threatened but already gone, and search about for remedies for what appears to them to be a very lamentable state of affairs. The less restrained section of the press frankly upbraids the unfortunate English contestants for shirking the rigid training which has made the American athletes successful, and does not hesitate to use the expression "national disgrace" in connection with the indifferent performances of the British competitors at Stockholm.

These patriotic convulsions, simply because the representatives of one country have been beaten in fair and open competition by the representatives of another, are plainly a bit theatrical, but they illustrate the new attitude which the Englishman seems to be adopting towards the whole question of athletics. Hitherto, despite the reputation fastened upon him by his Gallic neighbor of "taking his pleasures sadly," the Englishman, while takings his sports earnestly and zealously, has not taken them over-seriously. He has always drawn a clear line between what is his sport and what is his profession. He has had a genuine horror of anything approaching "professionalism" in sport. Athletics to him have been an absorbing pastime, giving opportunity to gentlemen to engage in friendly rivalry in tests of physical strength and endurance. In order to attain a high standard of proficiency in such tests he has been willing to submit himself to the discipline of training so long as it did not interfere too seriously with the ordinary affairs of life. He would leave off smoking for three weeks. For a fortnight before a race he would keep good hours and seek to make himself fit. Further than that he has not been willing to go. Nor has he thought it quite becoming to a gentleman, competing as an amateur, to expend on his preparation for an athletic event all that scorning of delights and living of laborious days under the severe eye of a trainer which is the rule with American athletes.

Right or wrong, wise or foolish, that about describes the historic attitude of Englishmen towards their sports. So long as international competition was limited in scope, they were able, with no more rigid discipline than that referred to above, to hold their own in athletic contests. But with the introduction of the Olympic games, the rivalry between nations assumed a new phase, and gradually, and very unwillingly, the Englishman has been forced to reconsider his position. For long slightly contemptuous and resentful of American methods of training and the immense pains taken in preparation on this side of the Atlantic, he has at last been compelled to face the alternative of adopting the methods about which he feels a little uncomfortable as being tinged with "professionalism," or of resigning any hope of regaining his old prestige in the world of sport.

Before the next Olympic games are held, the Englishman will have made his choice, and it seems likely, judging from the general tone of the discussion in England to-day, that he will have made it in favor of adopting the American style of training. There are those who will view this change of tactics with regret. It is not because this means keener competition for our athletes to face, but because athletic success may be bought at too high a price. There is an element of truth in the charge made by other nations against the spirit of American athleticism, that it is a spirit of "win at all costs." It tends to displace too rudely the old conception of "friendly rivalry between gentlemen." At Oxford the combination of a "blue" and a first in "Greats" is by no means an uncommon one, and among the English judges and bishops are men who were as distinguished in their time on the river as in the classroom. In our own colleges the development of brain and brawn does not easily go together—though there are exceptions, and their number seems happily to be increasing. If a man is to win distinction in athletics, he must be an athlete first, last, and all the time, and he is finally turned out into the world an athlete, who finds it difficult to become known as anything else. The British had fondly thought that theirs was the more excellent way. But they are now apparently about to abandon it, under the stern command: "Do anything necessary to win!"

THE FLIGHT OF ROMANCE.

Lovers of the brave days of old will be more pained than surprised to learn of the undoing of romance in China, following the establishment of the Great Republic. Almost any one, indeed, must be somewhat shocked upon hearing that the Ministry of Agriculture proposes to convert the Temple of Earth into a horse-breeding place, the Temple of Agriculture—although this is less revolutionary—into an experimental station for forestry, and the Temple of Heaven into a model farm. This last is enough to warrant intervention, and protests are already arising against it. Of all that Peking contains that is picturesque or impressive, declares a Shanghai journal, there is nothing to compare with the beauty and majesty of this temple and its attendant altar. Other temples in China may offend by their grotesque and even terrifying images, but the Temple of Heaven appeals by its pure emptiness, its seclusion, and its associations. Chief among the associations is the custom of the former Emperors of doing sacrifice at certain seasons of the year, thus making atonement for the people. The Emperors are gone, and now their successors are meditating the impious project of turning one of their most sacred spots into a model farm! If the Chinese are half as worshipful of the past as they are represented to be, the carrying out of this design will only render model farming the most unpopular of all the innovations of the foreign devils.

But China is not alone in this sacrifice of romance to utility. In India, complains a British journal, the English destroyed a large part of Shah Jehan's fairylike palace at Delhi after the Mutiny in order to make room for barracks. The old dainty and delicate Japan is fast passing. Ancient distinctions of costume are being ironed out by the steam-roller of civilization, so that half of the charm of travel is vanishing. The latest blow has been struck at Rugby, where the silk hat hitherto worn by the boys has been officially doomed; and even Eton may follow suit. After this, anything is possible. As a consequence, holidays, in Europe at least, are rapidly becoming a mad rush for a final glimpse of what is left of all the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. A few more years, and what a halo will be that of him who can tell of seeing the Jungfrau before it was merely a railway station, or Stratford in the distant days when it was something more than a post-card emporium and the headquarters of the Stratford Shakespeare Society, or the Zuyder Zee previous to the time when it had become a bore in moving-pictures.

There is, however, an odd selfishness in this devotion to romance. Every nation demands that every other preserve, protect, and defend, at whatever cost, all that is picturesque or historic in its scenery, its structures, or its ruins. Yet every nation also feels itself under the necessity of doing whatever it deems wise in the direction of utilizing for the present generation every square foot of its soil, regardless of the effect upon the work of former ages, or of nature. An apparent exception to this policy is the care that is expended in keeping unscathed regions or edifices that have an appeal for tourists. The motive in this kind of activity is sufficient proof that it constitutes no real exception to the general utilitarian trend. Parallel to this Pharisee-like calling of nation upon nation to look after the portion of romance that has been committed to it, is our loud denunciation of the past for not taking better care of itself for our sakes. Even in the threatened Temple of Heaven at Peking, the courtyards are described as overgrown with weeds, the roofs and terraces as marred with grass and shrubs, "a witness," in the accusing words of an English writer, "to the strange carelessness of the Chinese for preserving in beauty what they have made in the first place so beautiful." And every one has been stirred to indignation at some time and place or another over the stupid shortsightedness of some ancient or mediæval people that was too indifferent to his interests to leave more relics of its civilization than barely enough to provoke curiosity.

All this seems to point to a gloomy future for romance. If we destroy, however slowly, the treasures that have been bequeathed to us by the storied past, and fashion none for ourselves, the end of the picturesque and the historic is but a problem in mathematics. But there is another aspect to the question. The romance that so promptly gathered about the telegraph, and particularly the wireless, is no less romance for being of a new pattern. No age is romantic to itself. We are no more modern in our own conceit than the Egyptians were in theirs. Romance attaches to the dying day rather than to the dawn. All those differences in costume, therefore, concerning which travellers are becoming solicitous, are of little moment compared with the great mass of what for us is romantic. Indeed, when we stop to look at it, we find that this treasure is, for the most part, not contained in earthen vessels. Is the Coliseum, for all its visible aggregate of marble, richer in romance for us than the vanished tournaments that no Queen of Love and Beauty will ever witness more? Will any one exchange the story of Helen for the site of Troy? Is there not far greater romance for us in the tales of the Round Table than there could have been for Arthur and his knights, or than there could be for ourselves in the actual discovery of Excalibur? How interesting it would be to revisit America in the thirtieth century and to listen to the general regret that it is so barren of the romance in which the twentieth was so rich! That at least would make us feel at home.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

On Tuesday, August 13, Dr. Furness, the eminent Shakespeare scholar and editor of the "New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare," died at his home, Lindenshade, Wallingford, Pa. His illness lasted scarcely twenty-four hours, and he died, as he had wished that he might, passing away in sleep. Had he lived to November 2 next, Doctor Furness would have reached his seventy-ninth birthday; and although, as human life goes, it is a goodly thing so nearly to approach four-score, Dr. Furness's uniform good health and the remarkable longevity of his father, whom many of us remember in the enjoyment of the full vigor of faculties at ninety, caused this sudden death to come an unexpected blow to his many friends.

In the death of Dr. Furness the world suffers the loss of the greatest authority on Shakespeare. It is customary to speak of world-wide reputations and to dwell otherwise on superlatives when death has taken from among us one who has stood somewhat above his fellows. Here superlatives can barely reach the truth, and the eminence of Dr. Furness in the scholarship of his chosen field was not merely that of survivorship; with names even such as those of Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, and the late Dr. Furnivall the American scholar might hold his own as in many respects the most notable authority on the plays of Shakespeare of our time. But it is not of this that we who knew him now think and speak. It is rather of the loss of a man whom to know even casually was to feel one's self distinguished; to know well was to be truly among the elect.

Dr. Furness, as is well known, came of literary stock. His father, Dr. William Henry Furness, was a writer of distinction, a personal friend of Emerson, and a leader among the Unitarians whose ministry he graced. Transplanted from his native New England, he lived for years in Philadelphia, radiating the influence of an unaffected piety and spirituality of ideals that made for unmixed good. The sister, too, of Dr. Horace Howard Furness enjoyed a deserved literary reputation as a translator, chiefly of fiction, from the German. Nor have his children failed to carry on the family tradition, one son, H. H. Furness, jr., having for years assisted his father in his work on the "Variorum Shakespeare," another, Dr. W. H. Furness, jr., having written several acceptable volumes of travel and exploration.

Horace Howard Furness was born in Philadelphia November 2, 1833, and, after receiving his preparatory training there, entered Harvard, graduating with the class of 1854. He subsequently studied law in Philadelphia, and would have practiced his profession but for the early development of deafness, which subsequently defeated also his desire to serve his country actively on the field in the time of the Civil War. The years 1855 and 1856 Dr. Furness spent in foreign travel, and in 1859 he married Miss Helen Kate Rogers of Philadelphia. Circumstances may be said to have conspired to make Dr. Furness a scholar, his infirmity, deafness which early developed, cutting him off from an active career, sufficient means making it possible for him to go through the necessary period of preparation and to await the gradual approach of that slow success which is likely, in pure scholarship, at least, to be the most lasting. It has been remarked that Dr. Furness was one of the last of that fortunate type of scholar who, in place of going out to seek his material, gathers it about him and makes his own library his workshop. Like his friend and fellow-townsman, the late Henry C. Lea, the historian, in a very different field, Dr. Furness was a collector, and to need a book was to add it, at some time sooner or later, to his collection. But unlike our contemporary book-hunter who collects volumes as one might gather together curiosities, Dr. Furness's collections had ever the scholar's purpose, and the result is a library of Shakespeare text and commentary, aside from the mere rarity of certain items, absolutely unparalleled alike for choiceness and, where imperative, for completeness.

The idea of editing a "New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare" was a gradual growth in the projector's mind. As early as 1850 Dr. Furness's interest in the tragedy of "Hamlet" had induced him to read the earlier commentators on that play and to make up, for his own use, a copy of "Hamlet" in which he incorporated not only the earlier notes collected by Malone and Boswell in what is known as the "third variorum edition of 1821," but likewise as much comment, the work of later editors, as was accessible to him at that time. Dr. Furness had long been sensible of the fact that it was only upon the foundation of what had preceded him that any editor of Shakespeare could hope to build any new fabric of his own; and, with a recognition of the amount and value of what had gone before, there gradually arose in him a determination to perform the great and needed service of the editor of a varioum Shakespeare, and to perform this service thoroughly and completely. Some years passed after this determination was formed, years of study and devotion, and with the mistrust which is born of knowledge, Dr. Furness chose as his first volume not "Hamlet," on which he had already worked and which first of Shakespeare's plays had claimed his scholarly attention, but "Romeo and Juliet," a choice, on his own confession, made from a sheer love of the glorious poetry of that most passionate of the dramas of love.

The first volume of "A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare" appeared in 1871. The need of such a work was apparent in contemplation of the great mass and valuable content of the comment on Shakespeare which had accumulated since the days of Malone, its inaccessibility to the average student, scattered as it was in hundreds of volumes and pamphlets, in various tongues, inedited and unindexed. With a due acknowledgment of the critical and textual value of the "Cambridge Shakespeare" of 1863, which had given "a thorough and minute collation of the quartos and folios and a majority of the the *variæ lectiones* of many modern editors, together with many conjectural emendations," Dr. Furness set forth his own plan. This included, first, "a complete collation of the four folios, four out of the five quartos of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the texts of thirty-five editions," and secondly, the collection and abridgment, "after the manner of a Variorum," of all the comments and emendations of critics of this play, "and the presenting of them, on the same page, in a condensed form, in connection with the difficulties which they explain." In the text of this first volume the editor followed, "as a general rule, . . . the reading of a majority of the ablest editors, but not always." This rule, which involved the making of an independent text, was adhered to in the earlier volumes. With the appearance of "King Lear," in 1880, Dr. Furness reverted to the text of the First Folio, and to that text he adhered ever after. In this he did an incalculable service to Shakespeare scholarship and turned back the rising tide of conjecture and unwise emendation into safer and more conservative channels.

The "New Variorum Shakespeare" includes, as Dr. Furness has left it, fourteen plays. Only those who have dipped into the strong current of Shakespeare criticism with its dangerous hidden rocks and its undertow that means annihilation can conceive of the strength of thew, the steadiness of head, and the soundness of heart that alone can sustain the hardy swimmer in these troubled waters. Dr. Furness displayed great dexterity in the avoidance of prolixity and repetition among the commentators, and he diligently sifted the huge rubbish heaps of unintelligent Shakespeare criticism for the pearls that have occasionally been lost therein. But it cannot be said that he misrepresented in any particular the huge fabric of Shakespeare comment, which is, in many respects, the most surprising, fertile, interesting, and at times subtle and invaluable structure which men have reared to the perpetuation of their mingled wisdom and folly.

Dr. Furness's work is technically the fourth variorum. An edition of Shakespeare furnished "with select notes from all the commentators" was projected by Edmund Malone as early as 1783. The first edition of Malone's Shakespeare appeared in 1790; but it was not in any real sense a variorum edition, and is never so called. "The 'first variorum' is the name bestowed on the edition of Johnson and Steevens, edited by Isaac Reed in 1803; and the 'second variorum' is that bestowed on the revision of Isaac Reed's work, issued in 1813." The revision of Malone's second edition of Shakespeare, by James Boswell, a son of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, is the "third variorum," which is thus the final outcome of Malone's original plan of 1783. This excellent work appeared in 1821 in twenty-two volumes under the title: "The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare, with Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators: Comprehending a Life of the Poet and an Enlarged History of the Stage." Boswell takes a very modest share of this work to himself, and strikes the note of the variorum editor in the remark: "According to the plan laid down by Mr. Malone, I have inserted all the notes of his predecessors, although I am ready to admit that some of them might well have been spared. And again here I request it may be understood that my passing them over in silence is not to be considered as acquiescing in their propriety." The prolegomena of Boswell's edition contain reprints of the prefaces, introductions, and "proposals" of the previous editions of Shakespeare from Rowe, Pope, and Theobald to Steevens and Reed, with a general gathering of material bearing on the life and times of Shakespeare, the contemporary drama, and contributory forms of literature, criticism, and other matter. The variorum feature exhibits the various readings and emendations of the text in footnotes on the same page, ascribing each to its editor.

From the year 1783, in which, as we have seen, Malone first conceived his plan, to 1821, thirty-eight years had elapsed, and this had sufficed to complete a work which adequately represented the then fabric of Shakespeare criticism in its mass and in its detail. With the fifty years which had passed between the "third variorum" and the appearance of the first volume of Dr. Furness's "New Variorum," the material to be included had much more than doubled. In England Shakespeare comment had taken a new and highly important departure in the æsthetic criticism of Coleridge; and that fine, instinctive sympathy with the inner springs and niceties of poetic thought and expression, which defies analysis and takes to itself wings where other criticism painfully measures its way and crawls, had found its choicest exponent in lovable Charles Lamb. Malone had England alone to reckon with; by the time that Dr. Furness came to his task not only had America contributed her respectable quota of comment written in Shakespeare's own tongue, but critics, writing in foreign tongues, had swelled the chorus of Shakespeare praise and explanation to an orchestral tumult in which were many new, melodious, and insistent notes, not wholly referable to foreign idiom. The intellectual activity of Germany in this as in all subjects—be it said to her credit—has continued in an ever-increasing ratio, until not to know the language of the Fatherland is as hopeless a bar to sound and thorough scholarship in Shakespeare as in anything else.

With all this in view it was a daring thing for a man scarcely more than thirty, measurably removed from the literary treasure-houses of the world (which means so much in an undertaking of this kind), to conceive of a plan so stupendous. And the restraint and unselfish fidelity to high ideals with which the work has been carried out is even more surprising. The temptation to press on to completion must to some natures have proved irresistible. The allurements which beset the editor in the prosecution of such a work are legion. How fond men are of the expression of an opinion or of the turning of a quibble when Shakespeare is in question, these volumes of the "Variorum Shakespeare" abundantly attest. But through all the sage yet kindly judge preserves the fine decorum of a court of equity, suffering the tedious man to be heard and the fool to convict himself in his folly. Dr. Furness recognized no aristocracy in criticism and allowed neither the tongue nor the temper of those whom he cited to interfere with their testimony or to ruffle his own patient and courteous hearing. As he put it himself: "Those who read and study these volumes may be safely trusted to discover for themselves the wisdom or the folly of the critics, and the Editor gladly foregoes the pleasure of displaying how much wiser he is than those whom he cites." For the decision of each case we have words sufficient and no more; and only too rare are the occasions on which the judge is betrayed into those choice *obiter dicta* which, while they may determine no immediate issue, have often a significance of wider and weightier import. However, no one who reads the delightful prefaces and appendices to these volumes of the "Variorum Shakespeare" need remain in doubt as to the attitude which the editor consistently maintained in the essential matters of Shakespeare criticism. For example, Dr. Furness deals with the much mooted question of the chronology of Shakespeare's plays, in all its vexatious details, with honest and painstaking fidelity; but he also displays his own attitude to the question:

> No commentary on a play of Shakespeare's is nowadays complete without a discussion of the date of its composition. Could we be content with dry, prosaic facts, this discussion in the present play would be brief. Meres mentions "A Midsummer Night's Dream," among others, in 1598. This is all we know. But in a discussion over any subject connected with Shakespeare, who ever heard of resting content with what we know? It is what we do not know that fills our volumes.

Of some of the theories "fixing dates," the editor remarks that "they are apparently founded on two premises. First, that although Shakespeare's vocation was the writing of plays, yet his resources were so restricted that his chief avocation lay in conveying lines and ideas from his more original and vigorous contemporaries. And secondly, that although Shakespeare could show us a bank whereon the wild thyme grows and fill our ears with Philomel's sweet melody, yet he could not so depict a season of wet weather that his audience would recognize the picture unless they were still chattering with untimely frosts."

On verbal criticism we have the wise words: "We do not go to Shakespeare to study grammar or scanning, but we study his grammar that we may understand him, and arrange the scansion, that every charm which rhythm can yield may be his, as of right."

The Variorum edition was not long in receiving the recognition which was its due, although Dr. Furness used to delight in telling the story of its refusal by cautious publishers and how he had undertaken the whole venture from the first at his own risk. As far back as 1877 his own *alma mater*, Harvard, recognized the undertaking with an honorary degree, and later the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Harvard once more honored themselves in thus honoring him. Abroad Dr. Furness received honorary degrees from the University of Halle and was made President of the German Shakespeare Society. He was among the earliest members of the American Institute and Academy of Arts and Letters, to say nothing of other learned societies. Finally, in 1899, he received the degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of Cambridge, England.

Among many activities, none of which were allowed to interfere with his great task, Dr. Furness gave years of service to the counsels of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, occupying himself especially in the needs of the library wherein his solicitude and advice bore fortunate fruit. Too rare a speaker, yet peculiarly happy in substance and charm of manner, whatever his subject, it was always an event in Philadelphia when Dr. Furness could be induced to read Shakespeare. This he did latterly only on rare occasions, for charity or for the favored few whose happy fortune it was to be near him. Possibly the last semi-public reading of Dr. Furness was at the annual dinner of the "Shakspere Society" of Philadelphia, last April, when he read to less than a score of us one of his favorite plays, "The Winter's Tale." Those who were present will remember that he seemed never in better voice, never in happier vein than when he read and at times half chanted, in a beautiful art now lost to us who remain, the rollicking songs of Autolycus. Yet there was ever about Dr. Furness in these latter years an undertone of sadness. His bereavements had been many, and while he suffered them never to interfere with the cheerfulness of those about him, to which his ready wit, his prodigious memory and happy agility of thought constantly contributed, it was plain to those who knew him best that sorrow had left its mark upon him.

Horace Howard Furness was an old-fashioned scholar and an old-fashioned man. He recalled at all times that leisure is an essential of sound scholarship, not leisure to dawdle, but leisure to do what is to be done wholly and completely no matter what the time involved, leisure to read, to know, to be infinitely more than the narrow specialist, digging one ditch in oblivion of the world about and the skies above. His was the old-fashioned courtesy that has time to remember trifles and to be kindly to unconsidered persons. His generosity to young scholars was abounding. Time and again did he spread the treasures of his library and the more precious treasures of his time for their faltering acceptance, and his modesty alone exceeded this bounty. I remember how to inquiries after his health he would respond with a sigh: "Vulgarly healthy, my boy, vulgarly healthy"; and speak in careless tones of his work as "serving excellently to keep an old fellow out of mischief." I have never seen him angry save where some act of oppression or ungenerosity was in question and then his indignation knew no bounds. For the arrogance of petty scholarship he had an amused smile; for even small, if genuine accomplishment an ungrudging and instant recognition. His affections were always on the side of justice. Verily here the man was even greater than his work; though we who have now lost him have, as has the world, in the "Variorum Shakespeare," a precious monument of efficient scholarship, ingenious criticism, and just appraisement of the work of other men.

FELIX E. SCHELLING.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the Horace Collection, recently presented to the Library of Princeton University by R. W. Patterson of Pittsburgh, is a book which bears interesting traces of ownership by the poet Gray. It is a copy of the "Vita di Orazio" published in Venice in 1760, which, according to an autograph note on the title page, was given to Gray by the author, Count Francesco Algarotti, in February, 1763. That the scholar-poet read the little volume with critical thoroughness is evinced by nearly a hundred marginal comments in his delicate chirography. These notes shed no new light, perhaps, on the recluse of Stoke Poges and Cambridge; but as evidences of his quiet habit of scholarly acquisition and of his nice sense for language many of them seem worthy of quotation.

At least an epistolary acquaintance existed between Gray and Count Algarotti, and it is on record that each publicly expressed a considerable degree of admiration for the work of the other. (Gray's Works, ed. by Gosse, London, 1884, Vol. III, pp. 147, 155, 159, 298.) The Italian *littérateur*, who was within a year of his death when the "Vita di Orazio" was presented to Gray, had at this time become well known among literary and court circles in Europe. Lord Byron, writing from Venice to the publisher, Murray, in 1818 (Byron's "Letters and Journals," ed. by Prothero, London, 1900, Vol. IV, p. 223) mentions a collection of manuscript letters addressed to Algarotti by Lord Hervey, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Gray, Mason, Garrick, Lord Chatham, David Hume, and others. Voltaire had affectionately dubbed Algarotti "Le cher cygne de Padove," and he had become a favorite with King Augustus III of Poland and with Frederick the Great. The former had appointed him a Councillor, and Frederick not only made him a Count of Prussia and a Court Chamberlain, but after Algarotti's death erected to his memory the tombstone which stands on the south side of the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was while coursing through the career of Frederick that Carlyle's impatient pen fell afoul of this "young Venetian gentleman of elegance, in dusky skin, in very white linen and frills, with his fervid black eyes"—and paused for the few strokes of characterization (Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," book x, chap. 7; book xi, chap. 3), which have probably succeeded better in making the learned Italian dilettante and his "Poesies" and "Classical Scholarships" rememberable to English readers than all the voluminous commendations of polite admirers. It is of interest that the virile criticisms of Carlyle are not without support from these private comments in the book which belonged to Gray.

Of these marginal notes in the "Vita di Orazio," some were evidently intended merely as a sort of irregular brief analysis of the contents. For example:

> Political cause of 3d Ode of 3d Book of Horace.
> False taste in language in Horace's time.
> Examples from Italian of word-coining.
> Character of Horace's works.
> Horace's Irony against himself.

There are other notes which, as might be expected, exhibit Gray's own somewhat pedantic knowledge of literature and history. His familiarity with Horace is indicated by several cases in which he skilfully detected quotations from the Latin poet which Algarotti had assimilated into his own Italian. The range is wider than Horace: references to Cicero, Ovid, Homer, Dante, Racine, Leo the Tenth, Vitruvius, Sperone Speroni, and as many others, were carefully noted in the margin. On one page Gray discovered that an expression used by Algarotti was "the motto of the Cruscan Accademy at Florence." Other comments are:

> This Influence of civil causes in forming the characters of Catullus', Ovid's and Horace's Muse is just and ingenius.
>
> this remark of Ariosto's want of knowledge with the polite world is just.
>
> Character of Plautus just.
>
> a just valuation of the work of the Augustan age.

To another passage, which discusses the popularity of the theatre over undramatic poetry, he added:

> natural enough as the greatest part of an audience even in the polite ages is illiterate and more prone to feed their eyes than their ears.

And in connection with Algarotti's estimate of Horace himself Gray queried:

> how far may these sententious passages of our Poet tend to give us a real notion of his *true* character? Should they not be parallel'd with the character given of him by other authors.

But a large proportion of these private annotations are criticisms of style. In a letter written to Count Algarotti a few months after he received this book (September 9, 1763), Gray apologized for his use of English by saying: "Forgive me if I make my acknowledgments in my native tongue, as I see it is perfectly familiar to you, and I (though not unacquainted with the writings of Italy) should from disuse speak its language with an ill grace, and with still more constraint to one who possesses it in all its strength and purity." (Gray's Works, ed. by Gosse, London, 1884; Vol. III, page 155; Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Vol. IV, Oct. 1818, p. 38.) Yet these marginal comments reveal no hesitation on Gray's part to express the most specific criticisms of Algarotti's Italian. Curiously enough, many of the notes are addressed directly at Algarotti, as if Gray were a college instructor blue-pencilling a theme. He was some four years younger than the Italian. But as the fruit of above twenty years of writing, the author of the "Elegy" had up to this time permitted only eight of his poems to be printed; and to whatever cause this frugality was due, it is evident that his own severe apprenticeship had given him the confidence of a master in language.

Not all this criticism is adverse. We find such comments as "elegant expression," "excellent use of the word here," "this is a happy term and used by you very apropos." With these, however, are not only such brief strictures as "too affected a term," "Why not the common term?" "energetick but affected term," "I do not like this expression," "a little affected obscurity here," but also a series of fuller criticisms which sufficiently indicate Gray's conclusions concerning the style of the Italian writer:

> Avoid affectation in the use of certain uncommon terms.
>
> avoid prosing Horace's scraps too often.
>
> beware of affecting certain singularities and uncommon forms of diction.
>
> a friend of mine says you have ingenuity but that your works want to be translated into Italian.
>
> beware of borrowing the more trite images from the fine arts wch custom is unbecoming your refined genius.
>
> In transposition of words beware of uncommon peculiarities.
>
> why this continued affectation of *il* instead of *lo* the common expression.
>
> never generalize, but in the esponsal of sentiments or doctrines above the vulgar.
>
> avoid affecting the quotations of our English Poets: wch are sometimes too frequent in your Essays.

I do not at all approve of these sentimental quotations—except those from Horace's own text.

beware of too much Italianizing certain Latin terms of Horace.

I cannot help observing some affectation in your metaphorical expressions, something too recherchée.

I think you are too figurative in your common stile.

do not play so much with your Pen.

All this, as I have said, offers no discovery concerning Thomas Gray; but it unquestionably affords us a familiar glimpse behind the "oak" of the scholar's study.

HARRY CLEMONS.

Correspondence

THE CANDIDATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this day of vituperative utterance, I wonder whether a concise expression of opinion concerning the several leading men in public life, made from an attempted dispassionate standpoint, might beg for room in your columns. I proceed with the sketches:

Roosevelt.—The Sage of Sagamore Hill has been viewed from so many augles so exhaustively that even the slightest comment entails repetition. One phase of his character which largely explains the driving force behind his activity, may not have been sufficiently emphasized. I refer to the idea of manifest destiny which seems to inspire his movements. "It is manifest destiny; I am the instrument," appears to be the controlling thought which rings in his mind. He is a profound student of history and evidently a believer in Hegel's idea that the universal spirit cbooses, for its unfolding, certain extraordinary men, called by Hegel "World Historical Characters," and uses them as instruments. This belief may have had its germination or an apparent substantiation in such favoring circumstances of fortune as Czolgocz's bullet and San Juan Hill.

I do not believe that Col. Roosevelt is now ambitious in the narrow personal sense, although it may have been otberwise in his earlier political career. His egotism has taken the peculiar form spoken of above. His place in history was already secure before he entered the race for the Presidential renomination, and he is surely clever enough to see that be is risking too much for the sake of gratification of a mere personal ambition.

I concede that he is fearless, determined, shrewdly courageous in matters in which he is able to win approbation, morally honest, democratic, a vigorous thinker, electrified and energetic, and I am inclined to believe thoroughly sincere in the ends for which he is working. On the other hand, he is unscrupulous in his use of men and means, ruthless, oftimes unkind, overactive, apt to be superficial, supremely arbitrary and dictatorial. There is a strange moral obliquity in the man.

It would be unwise to give him further political office, not so much because he might use it unwisely, although his impulsiveness makes that not unthinkable, but because arbitrariness, even when wisely used, may set dangerous precedents. Furthermore, a popular and energetic dictator, possessing a dramatic power of appealing to the imagination of the people, may, by mere distortion of office, set bad standards in a constitutional democracy such as ours.

Taft.—The President is the most misrepresented and the least understood man in public life to-day. His record, when viewed in the perspective of time, will show up admirably. Legislation under his régimo has been sane and progressive, and most of it is traceable to his instigation. His detractors unfairly debit him with all the mistakes of policy, appointment, and legislation, holding him responsible for the bad, while they refuse to concede to him any credit for the good. When driven to admit his sponsorship, they assert that the advocacy was forced on him against his will. Men who, at the outset of his term dubbed him in friendliness "Big Bill," now refer to him, apparently out of a barrenness of real criticism, as large and fat. He is said to be the creature of others without a mind of his own. A closer examination reveals him to be a big, muscular, courageous, and independent man, and a fine type of gentleman with sincere regard for the dignity of his office and the welfare of the people.

An examination of Mr. Taft's public career shows that his advancement up to the time of his Presidency was through political appointment. He is the product of party organization. To organization and party regularity is due bis political existence. His reverence for the organization is such that he holds it political sacrilege to think of disruption. Yet all organizations of whatever nature become hidebound and boss-ridden in time. They require purging. I believe that Mr. Taft had no desire, before he was forced into it, to stand with the bosses. In his regard for the party organization, he accepted them as a necessary evil. But as things now are, it is out of his power for practical purposes to effect reform in the organization. The bosses have taken advantage of his predicament, and without thought of the welfare of Mr. Taft are shielding themselves behind him and are using his position as a means of perpetuating their power in the organization. Mr. Taft thus finds himself the sad though seemingly inevitable creature of conditions.

I believe, therefore, that a vote for him would not dislodge the bosses, and would simply make their position more invulnerable, because he would be unable to extricate himself from his connection with them.

Wilson.—The Governor of New Jersey possesses such an intimate acquaintanceship with our political and economic history that the knowledge which most of those in political life must gain by experience is his through a minute study of the experience of others.

The fact that he has come late into the political arena leaves his opponents without opportunity to rake up early political mistakes. A man of such thorough thought and mature judgment should make no serious campaign mistakes. His soundness of judgment should satisfy most conservatives, and his progressiveness the majority of those in the vanguard of political thought. Moreover, he is independent, decisive, and patient, and, on the whole, eminently fitted for the position for which he is running.

Bryan.—I should feel that this letter were incomplete without a word concerning Mr. Bryan's great influence in our national life. Accused years ago of being visionary and an idealist, he is recognized to-day as a man of vision and of ideals. Accused of plotting for his own nomination at Baltimore, he has been vindicated by events as entirely unselfish. Accused of being unprincipled, he stands out as a man eminently courageous for principle. He is a wonderful preacher and teacher. Ahead of the ranks of the great army of political thought, stalwartly and consistently refusing to recede, he has educated, with the help of his great disciple, Theodore Roosevelt, the public up to his ideas. Mr. Bryan's place is secure in history. He is, in a sense, too great to be President. It is questionable whether he would succeed in that office. His place and usefulness lie in his remaining the great tribune of the people, the reiterator of the ideals of democracy. JAMES H. WOLFE.

Salt Lake City, July 28.

CONSERVATISM AND CONSERVATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Conservationist is nowadays a much more popular term than conservative, though the two words mean very much the same thing. The only difference is that the conservationist is bent on conserving certain features of our physical geography, while the conservative is trying to conserve certain features of our social system. Which is the more important policy would be difficult to decide off hand. It is true that some conservatives are moved by selfish, others by sentimental reasons, to work for the conservation of certain institutions which have only a sentimental or an historical interest, just as there are conservationists who are working for the preservation of the Palisades and Niagara Falls, thus putting æsthetic and historical interests ahead of practical and utilitarian. But there are also conservatives who are working for the preservation of such valuable features of our social system as the independence of the judiciary. They are quite as valuable members of society as those conservationists who are working for the preservation of our forests. T. N. CARVER.

Cambridge, Mass., August 13.

ROOSEVELT THE CRUSADER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has not the heat of your zeal in opposing Mr. Roosevelt led you (in an editorial of August 8) into a confusion of the Crusader with the Pilgrim Father? To the ordinary man, brought up more or less on historical romances, the typical crusader is probably Richard Cœur de Lion, who certainly was not lacking in hunger either for personal distinction or for "delight of battle with his peers." In fact, the more one contemplates the curiously mixed character of "Richard Yea and Nay"—his meanness and his generosity, his shrewdness and his reckless daring, his assumption of the troubadour (the man of letters of his time), his arbitrariness, his exceeding vainglory, his perfectly genuine and even humble enthusiasm for a cause greater than himself, his power of exciting unlimited devotion among his followers, and almost amusing terror and hatred among his foes (Philip's dispatch, "Take heed to yourself, for the devil is unloosed!" might have been sent by Barnes to Penrose), above all, perhaps, his inexhaustible *joie de vivre*—the more plainly one sees them, Richard and Theodore, riding down the devious ways of history, two Eternal Boys together.

L. W. HOPKINSON.

Chocorua, August 13.

FUNDS FOR ROOSEVELT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Progressive party" will have no difficulty in obtaining funds from its rank and file. It is a people's movement, not a politicians'.

Heretofore we have been willing that the tariff beneficiaries should finance campaigns, but on this occasion the call for funds is not so much an appeal as an opportunity, to which we gladly respond. So far as I have been able to observe, the obligation to meet necessary expenses is taken seriously.

CHARLES ENFIELD.

Jefferson, Ia., August 10.

PEPYS AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the account in the *Nation* (August 8) of the quarter-millennial of the Royal Society, with a reception for ladies at Burlington House, and a display of scientific exhibits, it may interest some of your readers to hear what Pepys thought of such visits in the early days of the Society, and what sort of experiments it was thought worth while to show.

Under date of May 30, 1667, he writes:

> After dinner walked to Arundell House, . . . where I found very much company in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was; after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. . . . The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors; among others, of one that did while she was there turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare.

Well it might be!

ELINOR M. BUCKINGHAM.

Cambridge, Mass., August 13.

Literature

A STUDY OF MYSTICISM.

Mystics of the Renaissance and their Relation to Modern Thought. By Rudolf Steiner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Here is an excellent little work excellently translated by a competent English mystic, Bertram Keightley. It puts in brief compass and in popular form the scattered schools from Meister Eckhart to Boehme and Silesius; it gives clear and simple expositions of that which has not been accounted clear and simple. Avoiding the problems of remote sources or over-technical explanations, the author, by his sympathetic insight, has made friends even with that difficult trio—the Friends of God, Tauler, Suso, and Ruysbroeck. An engaging feature of the book is the endeavor to make mysticism a living doctrine. The problems raised by the men of the interior or hidden life are shown to be those of present and somewhat public discussion. Such are the problems of panpsychism, of the evolution of spirit, of the subjectivity of sensations, of the validity of inferential knowledge.

In this connection Steiner takes a unique position: he hopes that one may be a faithful adherent of the scientific conception of the world and yet be able to seek out those paths to the soul along which mysticism, rationally understood, must lead. Previous to these lectures, delivered at the Theosophical Library in Berlin, he had described his view of the world, which had no thought of driving out the spirit because it beholds nature as Darwin and Haeckel beheld it. There lies no contradiction, he explains, in the fact of saturating one's self with the knowledge of the most recent natural science, and at the same time treading the path which Jacob Boehme and Angelus Silesius have sought.

Is this conclusion valid? Is there no contradiction between mysticism and modernism? The first problem attacked is that of panpsychism, or the vitalizing of nature. Here it is held to be false to ascribe to a plant a soul which is supposed to be only remotely analogous to that of man, for man does not grasp nature by peopling it from within himself with arbitrarily assumed entities, but by accepting and valuing it as it is, as nature. This is a definite thesis. But it may be asked whether panpsychism is not a supplement, or rather an intermediate step to mystic pantheism. By analogy the modern thinker infers a logical possibility of an ensouling of all nature; the mystic assumes this by the direct awareness of the inner light. Panpsychism admits a dualism, matter infused with spirit; mysticism favors a monism, spurns matter, shuts its eye to the physical. Now, if panpsychism be a logical inference or supplement to the physical, there arise three steps or stages in knowledge—physical, logical, mystical. As Tauler has put it: "Man is just as if he were three men—his animal man as he is according to the senses, then his rational man, and lastly his highest, godlike man. The one is the outer, animal, sensuous man; the other is the inner, understanding man, with his understanding and reasoning powers; the third man is spirit." The master is here clearer and more comprehensive than the interpreter. The third man is above the first, but the second is not thereby precluded. Steiner, however, constantly disparages the second stage because the inferred panpsychism leads to the conceit of anthropomorphism, since, as he asserts, the false materialists and the false idealists confuse the sensibly-natural with the spiritual.

We take this criticism to mean that panpsychism runs the risk of blocking the advance into the truly spiritual. As the ensouling of nature it gives rise to two groups of thinkers, both over-satisfied with the position they have attained. There are no longer mere materialists, for they have more or less idealized matter. Nor are there pure idealists, for the physical universe is necessary for the embodiment of the spirit—without matter there can be no incarnation of form. In a word, panpsychism may be a half-way house to mysticism, but it has become so comfortably furnished, so filled with modern improvements, that it tempts many to linger there. To the true pilgrim on the path of pure spirituality there is the harder road, the *via negativa* of asceticism and renunciation, seldom travelled by the modernist.

And panpsychism runs the further risk of anthropomorphizing nature, of injecting into it a purposiveness conceived after human notions of design. In this point Steiner should agree with a panpsychist like Paulsen, who expressly disavows cosmic design after the manner of man, and suggests that nature has a life of its own, running alongside human life, yet not to be expressed in terms of the latter. The author at this juncture is evidently attacking an older type of thought, the Fichtean philosophy, which would inject into nature the creative ideas of the individual. The discussion raised is extremely interesting to the irenecist, for the difference between the two interpretations seems largely one of emphasis. Steiner emphasizes the subjective, and easily shows that the individual's self-inspired teleology is false. Paulsen emphasizes the objective, and from Haeckel himself offers illuminating inferences as to the existence of a world-soul in even the lowest forms of matter.

This reconciliation does not occur to the author. He holds that nature is entirely material, and that spirit is to be found only in man; this is the entity that connects us with the entire world, this the inner illumination that lights up all reality at once. For the evolution of this spirit he points for corroboration to nineteenth-century thought. Eckhart and Tauler, Boehme and Silesius, he explains, would needs feel the deepest satisfaction in contemplating this natural science which no longer sees in nature any being that is like unto the human soul, that no longer makes the organic forms to be created by a man-like God, but follows up their development in the sense-world according to "purely natural forms." If this be mysticism, it is unlike the mysticism alleged to exist in recent expositions of creative evolution. Steiner denies that any creative thought ruled in the forthcoming of the spirit in the organism, and yet admits that spirit as perceivable is a result of evolution, and that upon lower levels of evolution such spirit must not be sought for. It is difficult to see how such an evolution took place unless one call in the aid of some vital impetus, some psychic factor. Steiner's exposition may accord with the crude dualism of primitive Darwinism, where nature was regarded as purely material and man as its intellectual observer; it hardly accords with the Neo-Aristotelianism of the Bergsonians with their appeal to the internal perfecting principle. Indeed, this entire work gives an unusual, if not an unwarranted, exposition of mysticism. That doctrine has generally been thought of as tending towards monism, "the unfoldment of the Root-Being" as leading to a unitary view of the cosmos. But if that unfoldment be confined to man, and nature be put to one side as barely material, the resulting system is an ill-balanced dualism. It is the fallacy of taking the part for the whole to say that, if we experience the spirit in ourselves, then we have no need of such in external nature.

This haling of the world-soul out of the body of nature is our chief criticism of this stimulating work. Minor criticisms concern including among the mystics of the Renaissance such an early writer as Eckhart. Again, it is somewhat forced to assert that Paracelsus in his "astral" phenomena recognizes an intermediate stage between the purely physical and the properly spiritual or soul-phenomena, and thus anticipates the scientific conceptions of the sub-conscious. This is an aberration of the so-called New Thought, a false hypostatizing of the dream life, as if it were a separate existence and not a state of partial decentralization. In this connection the writer inadvertently contradicts his previous view of nature as merely material, man as solely spiritual. Connecting with this "astral" region all the phenomena belonging to hypnotism and suggestion, he asks if in the latter we are not compelled to recognize an interaction between human beings, which points to some connection or relation between beings in nature, which is normally hidden by the higher activity of the mind. From this starting-point one may indeed reach an understanding of what Paracelsus meant by the "astral" body, but such an interpretation is that of a discredited disciple of Paracelsus—Mesmer, that believer in "beamy spirits which stream forth invisibly." We have not space to discuss other anticipations of modern thought discovered among these worthies, but there are interesting expositions of such topics as the subjectivity of sensation under Valentine Weigel, and the validity of inferential knowledge under Nicholas of Cusa.

THREE FIGMENTS.

The Touchstone of Fortune. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Queen of the Guarded Mounts. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Co.

The Just and the Unjust. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Strictly speaking, all fictions are figments, things feigned or invented, but it might be convenient to use the second derivative for novels which are inventions in the minor sense. That, after all, is the main point of distinction between story and story. Differences of theme and range, style and method, "realism" and "romanticism," are interesting enough, but they do not touch the main issue between novels of the higher order and novels of the lower. It is a pity we have no better word than "fiction" or "novel" to reserve for works of true creative imagination which take the form of prose narrative.

The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which scored a double success as novel and play, is an accomplished manipulator of the past. One of his merits is that he does not strive to be quaint. That strange gibberish adopted, as if by some deadly consensus, by most of our current historical-romancers, is refreshingly absent from the present volume. The flavor of an older vernacular is suggested, but the pages are not lumbered with archaisms: we do not recall encountering a "thee" or a "thou" in the course of the whole narrative. A Pepysian simplicity is striven for, not without success, and here and there a turn of phrase pleasantly and not too obviously recalls the ingenuous Samuel. The scene is laid in the time of the Restoration. Charles himself plays an ignominious part in the action, a figure without glamour or dignity. The supposed narrator is a certain Baron Clyde, "who lived, thrived, and fell in the doleful reign of the so-called Merry Monarch." He is a courtier of the better sort, as better might be understood in that day. His chronicle is concerned chiefly with the adventures of Mistress Frances Jennings, elder sister of Sarah, the future Duchess of Marlborough. She was maid of honor to the Duchess of York, and is mentioned both in Pepys and the "Mémoires de Grammont" as heroine of a "mad freak" involving the disguise of an orange wench. She really married the George Hamilton who, according to the present story, turned from the vices of Charles's court for her sake, and carried her off in the nick of time from the clutches of the libidinous King. The incidents which precede and accompany that event are neither more nor less credible than swashbuckling tradition demands. With a good deal of spirit and ingenuity to its credit, and a general fidelity to the flavor of the period, the story is a mere confection, to be tasted and forgotten.

John Oxenham is a more experienced, but not more skilful, "restaurateur"—to use the Carlylean term. When a man has produced some thirty novels of the romantic-adventurous type, he is in danger of taking his work with increasing nonchalance. The public—his public—is so easily satisfied by that time, if it survives at all. It asks nothing more than the familiar and characteristic condiment—the sauce Oxenham, for example—which may have first given the purveyor his vogue. Even the great original restaurateur made sad work of his latest bills of fare: his shade still begs forgiveness for "Count Robert of Paris." We are not familiar enough with the work of Mr. Oxenham to judge whether this story and its immediate predecessor ("The High Adventure") are up to his possible level or not. They are of much the same quality, though one of them is modern and the other historical. "The High Adventure" recorded the preposterous experiences of two quite impossible young persons. "Queen of the Guarded Mounts" does the same thing in a different way. That is to say, the function of popular romance is successfully discharged in both instances. The "guarded mounts" are the two mounts of St. Michael on opposite shores of the Channel. The heroine, daughter of a French noble, has been reared up to the outbreak of the Revolution of '93 on Brittany's Mont St. Michel, and takes refuge upon the twin mount in Cornwall. Here she is cherished and properly fallen in love with by two Englishmen, nephew and uncle. For her sake they involve themselves in the struggle of the Vendeans, and plenty of scuffling (*quâ* heroism) ensues. When the author judges there has been enough of it, the lady is encouraged to reward one of the gentlemen with her hand, and betakes herself with him to the Cornish mount, to live happy ever after. Filet au sang, sauce Oxenham! What more would you have?

"The Just and the Unjust," by the late Vaughan Kester, though different in externals from the above-mentioned romances, is similar in kind. The setting happens to be an American town, the time is supposed to be the present. The plot deals with love, murder, gambling, circumstantial evidence which nearly hangs the wrong man, and so on. A beautiful maiden, daughter of a leading citizen, is provided to be in love with the accused man. Her devotion, and the extraordinary complaisance of her truly American parent, are powerless to protect the victim of the law; but he is, of course, quite safe in the hands of his author, and all is well in the end. The story does not lack touches of merit, as in the grotesque character of "Fightin' Shrimplin"; but as a whole it is machine-made, a contraption without life or savor.

Chronicles of Avonlea. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Miss Montgomery continues to follow up the vein she opened in "Anne of Green Gables." These stories are all of Spencervale or Avonlea. Anne herself —or what we hope to be a caricature of her—appears on the cover, and is mentioned now and again within. But she is not the leading figure in any of the tales, which might have been called "Romances of Middle Age," so strongly does a single motive dominate them. Ten out of the dozen stories deal with belated love-affairs, or with the pathetic devotion of age for youth. Perhaps this is why the group as a whole reminds one of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester Tales" —this and certain resemblances of style which are probably not due altogether to accident. The resemblance does not go very deep. The essential difference between the two chroniclers is the difference between sentiment and sentimentality, restraint and exuberance. Mrs. Deland looks upon her Old Chester scene with an eye both keen and affectionate; it lies peopled in her imagination, a thing real and complete. She is incapable of inventing pretty stories about these people. Miss Montgomery's Avonlea, on the other hand, is a place which furnishes types about which pretty stories may be invented. This writer has that fatal gift of neatness which is ready to sacrifice everything else to finish of plot. So she does not balk at the absurdity of a twelve-year-old boy who has never been taught to fiddle improvising masterpieces on the slightest provocation. This is a pity, because Miss Montgomery has certainly the story-teller's instinct, genuine humor, and a sentiment altogether clear of sentimentality—when she chooses to keep it so.

THE TITANIC.

The Loss of the Titanic. By Lawrence Beesley, One of the Survivors. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.20 net.

An Unsinkable Titanic. By J. Bernard Walker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

When the Carpathia arrived in New York the best and calmest narrative presented to the reporters was that of Lawrence Beesley. He had composed it on the rescue-ship under the greatest difficulties in order that a straightforward unvarnished tale of this frightful tragedy might be available, rendering thereby a service not easily over-estimated. American friends induced him to elaborate it into this readable volume, in which self-restraint is again visible together with a deeply religious feeling which may well account in some degree for the composure of spirit. Moreover, the style is excellent, as befits the holder of a Cambridge first class, his descriptions are often vivid, and his scientific training doubtless explains also why he, who was making his first ocean voyage, should be one of the most valuable witnesses, if not the best, among the survivors.

At the same time it must be frankly said that Mr. Beesley adds but little to our knowledge or understanding of the tragedy. He does make clearer the psychological reasons which made possible that amazing calmness among the 1,500 souls who faced inevitable death. The wonderful quiet of all nature at the moment of the tragedy, the steadfast belief to the last that the Titanic could not sink, and the compelling sense of the necessity of obedience to duty—these are the familiar reasons he gives. Mr. Beesley also insists that this wonderful heroism was "largely unconscious, temperamental, not a definite choice between two ways of acting," and rejoices to know that heroism is an unconscious race quality instead of a conscious effort. History is also much indebted to the author for his picture of conditions on the Carpathia which he sets forth without the slightest effort to color the dramatic or the tragic. It is good to learn, for instance, that instead of terrible scenes of uncontrolled grief as pictured by the sensational press, even the women so suddenly bereaved "met their sorrow with sublimest courage, came on deck, and talked with their fellow-men and women face to face." Throughout the women were as heroic as the men.

In drawing the lesson of the disaster and analyzing the causes Mr. Beesley is not quite as happy as he might be, just as he does not seem to be aware that the unusually excited attitude of the press was due to the failure of the Carpathia to send a brief, clear narrative of what had taken place—a trained newspaper man was sadly lacking among the survivors!—while at least one highly sensational wireless came from the ship, distorted, perhaps, on its way to New York. In his effort to be judicial he is if anything too kind to the White Star Company and its officers. He does not realize, for instance, that in the disaster to the Republic the line had a prophetic warning of what was to happen to the Titanic. It was clearly brought out then that if the rescuing Baltic had not come in the nick of time there would have been a horrible loss of life. A far-sighted company would have realized this. Instead, the Republic accident did much harm by making people feel that the wireless had ended all danger of loss of life. Every company went on content to save money on boats and to live up only to the letter of the law.

Mr. Beesley makes the mistake, too, of awarding to the public virtually all the blame for the speed of the fastest vessels through fog and ice. Some of the companies were glad to raise this cry about the present-day speed mania in order to conceal their own shortcomings That there are a few travellers —Mr. Beesley cites one—who grumble if ships are late and desire more speed, may be true, but the fallacy of this argument is shown by the fact that the Hamburg-American Line, which owns more steamers than any other single company in the world, has not a single fast ship in its fleet—nothing to compare in speed with the Titanic or the Mauretania. It has found that its best policy is to cater to those who desire reasonably fast passages and lower rates. Hence it builds ships from seventeen to twenty-one knots, and has not had the reputation of driving them at any cost under all conditions.

Finally, Mr. Beesley does not attach sufficient importance to the grave structural defects of the Titanic, although he had, before writing, seen J. Bernard Walker's article on these in the *Scientific American*, which Mr. Walker has expanded into the volume that lies before us. In this Mr. Walker shows how the Great Eastern of 1858 was vastly superior to the Titanie of 1912 and points out many serious defects, the gravest of which were the failure to carry the transverse Titanie bulkheads high enough up, the failure to keep whole, and unbroken by openings, the bulkhead deck, and the lack of those longitudinal bulkheads which permitted the Great Eastern to come safely into port after ripping out her outer bottom on the rocks of Montauk. Mr. Walker, it seems to us, proves his case, which is that the unsinkable Titanic must be built on the plans of the Great Eastern, that ship of genius of fifty-four years ago. The White Star Line at least has seen the light, for it is to spend a million dollars to rebuild the Olympic along these lines and $250,000 to give the Gigantic a real double-bottom.

But if Mr. Beesley wrote too soon to realize all this, we would repeat that his clear, touching, and self-restrained narrative of the tragedy was well worth while. It will probably always stand as the best contemporary narrative by one who survived the tragedy, the frightful guilt of which rests primarily on official heads on both sides of the ocean—a pleasant thought for those who believe in a world completely controlled and regulated in its uttermost detail by myriads of official law-enforcers.

Notes

"Germany and the German Emperor" is the title of a book by G. H. Perris, which Holt will publish shortly.

The Harpers have in hand: "The Moth," a new novel by William Dana Orcutt; "May Iverson Tackles Life," by Elizabeth Jordan, and "The Montessori System in Theory and Practice," by Dr. Theodate L. Smith.

Dr. Maria Montessori's latest book, "Anthropologia Pedagogica," which furnishes the scientific basis of her theories, will be issued within a few months by Stokes, in a translation by Frederic Taber Cooper.

The autumn fiction list of this house includes: "Between Two Thieves," a story of the Crimean War, by Richard Dehan (Clotilde Graves); "From the Wreck I Rise," by Beatrice Harraden; "The Whistling Woman," by the English author, Robert Halifax; "The Bride's Hero," by M. P. Revere; "King-Errant," a novel of the Orient, by Flora Annie Steel; "Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff," by Elizabeth Neff, and "The Long Portage," by Harold Bindloss.

Margaret Sangster's posthumous work, "Eastover Parish," is announced by Revell for publication early in September.

Putnams bring out this week: "Outlines of the History of German Literature," by J. G. Robertson; "The Gates of Knowledge," by Rudolf Steiner; "Pharisaism, its Aim and its Method," by R. Travers Herford, and "The Hoosac Valley, its Legends and its History," by Grace Greylock Niles.

Other forthcoming books in Putnams' list are: "Chinese Fairy Tales," by Adele M. Fielde; "Forty Famous Fairy Tales"; "Two-and Four-Footed Friends," stories by Anua Sewell, H. Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Ernest Ingersoll, Charles Dudley Warner, Hezekiah Butterworth, etc., and "How to Find Happyland," by Jasmine Van Dresser, popular edition.

Dutton will shortly add forty volumes to Everyman's Library. Many readers will be interested to learn that included in this number is the old "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with the Original Introduction and Glossarial Index."

A child's story, by Anatole France, entitled "Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs," is promised by Dent in an English translation by Peter Wright.

The same house has in press "Dante and the Mystics," by Edmund G. Gardner.

"Railway Economics, a Collective Catalogue of Books in Fourteen American Libraries" (University of Chicago Press) has been issued by the Bureau of Railway Economics, Washington, under the editorship of its librarian, R. H. Johnston. It undertakes to record the contents of the principal collections of railway economic literature in the United States, and contains nearly twenty thousand entries representing probably fifty thousand volumes. Its value is increased by a very comprehensive table of contents and a complete author index. Of all these invaluable aids to the student which the librarians of the country are producing, this is the most exhaustive and workmanlike of any that has been issued in the economic field. Its peculiar value lies in the fact that railway literature is widely scattered and much of it impossible to duplicate.

Clayton Sedgwick Cooper is the author of "Why Go to College," which the Century Co. announces for autumn.

In "My Friends at Brook Farm," John Van Der Zee Sears sets forth the life of that interesting coöperative association, in which he himself participated. The book will be published by Desmond Fitzgerald in September.

"Atlantis," Gerhart Hauptmann's forthcoming novel (Huebsch), is said to be devoted largely to American life.

The autumn list of Sturgis & Walton includes: "Boy Scout Stories," by John Fleming Wilson; "The Cat," the first in Our Animal Friends series, edited by Agnes Repplier; "Heroines of Modern Progress," by Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunham Foster; "Hidden Anagrams," anonymous; "Story-telling in School and Home," by Emelyn Newcomb Partridge and G. E Partridge.

Yoshio Markino, author of "Miss John Bull," is bringing out, through Houghton Mifflin, "When I was Young."

Included also in Houghton Mifflin's autumn list are: "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare," being the Ingersoll lecture this year at Harvard, by George Herbert Palmer; "Charles Eliot Norton," two addresses on Professor Norton delivered before the Archæological Institute of America by Dr. Edward W. Emerson and William F. Harris; "The Children of Light," a new novel by Florence Converse, and two volumes of verse—"Villa Mirafiore" by Frederic Crowninshield, and "Poems by Frederic and Mary Palmer."

Percy H. Browne, secretary of the Putumayo Mission Fund, No. 257 Finsbury Pavement House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E. C., requests the use of our columns to seek aid for the Indians in the Putumayo district of the Amazon. Sixty thousand dollars will put the undertaking on a sound financial basis, and promises for some $10,000 have been received. Mr. Browne will be pleased to supply any information which is desired concerning the mission fund, and will acknowledge all subscriptions sent either by cable or letter.

The July number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, contains at least three papers of marked value: Senator Root's, on "The Real Significance of the Declaration of London"; Richard Olney's, on "General Arbitration Treaties," and William Cullen Dennis's, on "The Arbitration Treaties and the Senate Amendments." George Scelle's paper on "Bulgarian Independence" touches a Lower Danubian topic, and Mr. King's second paper on the "French Spoliation Claims" deals with a century-old question. The Declaration of London, 1909, discussed by Mr. Root, became almost immediately after its promulgation a topic of warm controversy in England, as it related to the laws of naval warfare. The Declaration was comprehensive, however, and it is interesting to note how closely related it was to our own war-time topic of 1861-5, the Trent affair. Surprisingly enough, the Declaration confirmed the American doctrine of continuous voyages, as applied to absolute, but not to conditional, contraband; it limited the widely extended list of contraband articles promulgated by Japan during her war with Russia, and as a condition of right to seize, required proof of intention to use for the benefit of the other belligerent. The distinguishing feature of the Declaration was that it embodied a provision for a general judicial court, to hear and determine all matters of international dispute, thus closely approaching the completeness reached in the Hague Convention for an International Prize Court. So obvious was the relation of the project of the Prize Court to that of a general Judicial Arbitral Court that Secretary Knox, who has seconded President Taft's humane international purposes, has proposed to the other Powers the enlargement of the jurisdiction of the Prize Court, so that any question between the signatory Powers may be heard and determined by the judges of that Court. In England, while the House of Commons unqualifiedly approved, the House of Lords rejected, the Prize bill, thus furnishing an analogy to our own Senate, which refused to ratify the arbitration treaties with France and England except encumbered with embarrassing conditions. Happily, our Senate approved the Declaration which the House of Lords rejected. Mr. Olney discusses in a broad and statesmanlike way the international arbitration question; concluding that the practical problem is to lessen the force of the obstacles, and determine on what lines treaties may be drawn that shall as nearly as possible approach one covering all differences. Mr. Dennis's conclusion concerning the two arbitration treaties which the Senate so radically amended, is, that to ratify them as thus amended, would, on the whole, rather hinder than help the cause of peace through justice.

Henry Frowde has just issued "The Tragedies of Shakespeare" and "The Histories and Poems of Shakespeare," completing the popular Oxford edition, of which the "Comedies" appeared not long since. The text is that prepared by W. J. Craig, and the introductory studies of the several plays are by Edward Dowden.

Two Chinese candidates for the degree of doctor of philosophy at Columbia have made contributions of rather unusual value for an understanding of the principles of Chinese statecraft in monographs recently published in the Columbia University Studies in Political Science (Vols. XL, XLV, and XLVI; Longmans). The first, Dr. Hawkling L. Yen, in "A Survey of Constitutional Development in China," supplies the Western reader with the only account of the political philosophy of ancient China and its development in the feudal period which is to be found in English. Brief as it is, this monograph on a great subject ought, when read in connection with a good history of China, to inform students of political science of the original character of Chinese institutions and their importance in the study of governmental systems. The formative period of the Chinese state culminated in the permanent establishment of a centralized empire by the Han Dynasty, in the second century, B. C., when the political principles of the Confucian school were incorporated in an accepted system of public law that has withstood the changes of two thousand years. Dr. Yen is disposed to ignore the work of the philosophers of the Sung Dynasty in recasting the theory of the state as the instrument of *tao*, or eternal Reason; but, from the standpoint of practical politics, his contention is substantially correct that the fundamental features of Chinese absolutism have remained unaltered until contact with the West aroused them to the necessity of remodelling their institutions.

The second thesis, Dr. H. C. Chen's "Economic Principles of Confucius and His School" (2 vols.), is a more elaborate examination of economic theory and history in ancient China. It is a treatise developed systematically in terms of a modern textbook on political economy, but only those acquainted with the so-called Confucian classics will comprehend the prodigious labor involved in discovering and collating the stray passages where these statements are found. The author, a former pupil of the reformer, Kang Yu-Wei, remains, like his master, a thorough believer in Confucian principles, though convinced of the necessity of rehabilitating his country by the introduction of Occidental methods. His work is incidentally interesting as revealing the intention of a typical classicist to revert to ancient Chinese ideals in reorganizing the state. The factors of production, distribution, and consumption are discussed with abundant references to the social status of antiquity which are likely to prove a mine of information to students in search of such data in a digested form. Confucius, they may be surprised to learn, advocated monogamy, though he allowed wives in moderation to the upper classes, and Dr. Chen is of the opinion that New China will allow her sons only one wife apiece. Among the peculiar institutions of the ancient régime in China was the *tsing tien* system of land division, under which eight families were grouped about a common well, or *tsing*, and allotted equal parts of a specified tract to cultivate, the return to the Government being a tithe, or the produce of one-tenth worked by all the *tsing tien* in common. The story of this combination of socialism and individualism, which was abolished by the tyrant Chin Chi-Hwang-Ti in the third century, B. C., is of considerable interest, as it passed from China to Japan and Annam and constitutes one of the most original contributions of eastern Asia to the economic systems of the human race.

"Biblical Quotations in Middle English Literature Before 1350," by Mary W. Smyth, is a doctoral thesis published as No. 41 of the Yale Studies in English (Henry Holt & Co.). It is to a certain degree a continuation of Prof. A. S. Cook's "Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers," but it includes, also, poetical texts, and, on the other hand, the corresponding passages from the Vulgate are not given at the bottom of the page. It is difficult to attain completeness in such matters, and doubtless there are lacunæ in this collection, as proved to be the case with Professor Cook's first series. In beginning the quotations with one from an entry in a certain recension of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under the date 1067, the writer is straining the application of the term, "Middle English" to its utmost limit, for the words in question are good Anglo-Saxon, as, indeed, it is not customary to date the beginning of the Middle English period with the Battle of Hastings, but rather from 1100, or even later. The quotations are arranged in chronological order, so far as this can be determined, and it is interesting to note that all but five books of the Bible are represented in the list, the Gospels and Psalms, as might be expected, most frequently. The passages seem translated for the nonce, and are probably in no case derived from earlier versions. Only a few expressions which have survived even into our Authorized Version appear already in the Middle English period to have been fixed in form, *e. g.*, "in the twinkling of an eye," I Corinthians xv, 52, and "the quick and the dead," II Timothy, iv, 1. The Introduction is rather slight, and in the historical survey of early English translations of the Bible is dependent on Professor Cook and Miss Paues. The longest section is devoted to Ways of Using the Bible, which do not appear to have differed very much from those that are familiar to more recent times. In this connection we may remark that Miss Smyth is mistaken in regarding as containing direct reminiscences of the Bible the passage in the fourteenth century romance, "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," where Gawain consoles himself for having been the victim of a woman's trick by recalling the fate of Adam, Solomon, Samson, and David. Although probably derived in the first instance from homiletic literature, these Biblical illustrations of a favorite mediæval theme had long been a commonplace of the French romances on one of which the English poem was doubtless based, so, for instance, in the episode of the "Grand Saint Graal" recounting how Hippocrates, the Greek sage, was tricked, and in the "Mort Artu," where Bors complains of Guinevere's conduct to Lancelot. Miss Smyth's work concludes with various appendices and an index of Biblical passages represented in the Middle English quotations.

Scant praise can be given to Joseph King Goodrich's "Africa of To-day" (McClurg). The book is a superficial compilation from secondary sources, and is doubly useless in view of Keane's two volumes on Africa in Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel," the second edition of which appeared in 1904. The treatment of the various topics, which include Africa of Fable, Northern Africa, Egypt and the Nile (three chapters), Central, Eastern, Western, and South Africa (one chapter each), America's Relations with Africa, and "Cape to Cairo," is so cursory as to be unsatisfactory from whatever standpoint. That Mr. Goodrich has not taken the trouble to keep in touch with scholarship is shown, for instance, by his criticism (p. 55) of Latham's theory that the Aryans were of European origin, for that hypothesis is the very one which is maintained by investigators of the rank of Hermann Hirt.

Mr. Goodrich informs us (p. 112) that the sphinx symbolizes "the time when the sun passes through the constellations Virgo and Leo," but these designations for the zodiacal signs, which are Babylonian in origin, are not likely to have been current in Egypt in the fourth dynasty (about 3000 B. C.), when the Sphinx of Ghizeh was probably constructed, and the theory also breaks down in the case of temple-guarding sphinxes (which the Sphinx of Ghizeh really is), as well as in the case of those sphinxes which have the head of a ram, hawk, or the reigning monarch. Again, although Mr. Goodrich mentions (p. 101) Petrie's discovery of the "Israel Stele," he dates this in the reign of Sety I (1326-1300 B. C.), whereas it was really carved by Meren-Ptah (1234-1214), and the passage referring to Israel is not to be translated "The people of Israel is spoilt: it hath no seed" (which Mr. Goodrich takes to mean that the Israelites had proved untrustworthy allies to the Egyptians!), but, as Petrie himself renders it ("History of Egypt," III, 114), "The people of Israel is laid waste—their crops are not." Neither is there any basis for Mr. Goodrich's allegation that the Jews of North Africa are "said to be looked upon by their orthodox co-religionists as almost apostate" (p. 58), for, on the contrary, this region has been for centuries a seat of Jewish learning of unimpeachable orthodoxy. Plainly the author did not include the "Jewish Encyclopedia" in his working library. The most interesting portion of the book is the account of railway development. The volume concludes with a bibliography quite of a piece with the other sections of the work.

The death is reported from Scotland, at the age of forty-seven, of the Rev. George Henderson, who did much for Celtic scholarship in that country. Besides several articles on the dialects of the Highlands, he transliterated in "Leabhar nan Gleann" a large part of the Book of Fernaig, edited the Irish saga, entitled "Bricriu's Feast," collected and edited the poems of the blacksmith-poet, John Morison, and in the last two years published "The Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland" and "Survivals in Belief Among the Celts."

Dr. Isaac Hull Platt, a close friend and neighbor of Dr. Furness, is dead at his home in Wallingford, near Philadelphia. Like Dr. Furness, Dr. Platt had for years devoted the greater part of his time to a study of Shakespeare. Besides editing several Shakespearean plays, he wrote "Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare and Other Studies" and an article on Walt Whitman in the Beacon Biographies series. He was born in 1853 and for several years practiced medicine.

Science

"Microbes and Toxins in Nature," by Dr. Etienne Burnet, with an introduction by Elie Metchnikoff, is promised for this week by Putnams.

As agents of the Cambridge University Press the Putnams announce: "Electromagnetic Radiation and the Mechanical Reactions Arising from It," by G. A. Schott; "Higher Algebra for Colleges and Secondary Schools," by Charles Davison; "Experimental Science, II, Chemistry," by S. E. Brown, and "The Stories of Our Trees," by Margaret M. Gregson.

"Gas Engine Principles," by Roger B. Whitman, is in Appleton's list.

Percy R. Lowe, the author of "A Naturalist on Desert Islands" (Scribner), had the good fortune to be a guest of Sir Frederic Johnstone on six yachting cruises in the Caribbean Sea, in the course of which many little-known, more or less desert, islands were visited. Three of these islands are here dealt with—Swan, Blanquilla, and Los Hermanos. We are not bothered with statistics, nor excess of personalities; now and then a scrap of history creeps into the account, but only as an echo of the doings of early discoverers and buccaneers, softened by time into romance. The theme is the fascination and beauty of desert islands for what they are in themselves, and what they contain of beast and bird, of rocks and land-flowers, of sea-flowers and coral-gardens. One finds some of the most elementary facts concerning shells and crabs, corals and lizards, yet so freshened by new points of view that the facts themselves seem new. Slips are few. The most noticeable is the author's confusion of the sexes of the man-o'-war bird. The little island folk are set forth with great vividness and with much information that is new and valuable. Light dull-finished paper, excellent half-tones, and a thorough index add to the worth of the book.

The scientific and practical outcome of Capt. A. H. W. Haywood's wanderings in Africa ("Through Timbuctu and Across the Great Sahara": Lippincott) is not very important, but as a straightforward account of hardships bravely endured, mainly for the sake of sport, the story is well worth reading. All told, he travelled 3,758 miles across Africa, 1,560 of which were through the Sahara, from Gao to Biskra. He bears enthusiastic testimony to the almost bird-like instinct of the native guides, who lead the caravans unerringly from well to well through the desert, sometimes hundreds of miles apart. As compared with such accuracy, the compass sinks into insignificance. Capt. Haywood tells us enough of the native fauna and flora, as well as of the habits of the people, to show that he is an observant traveller. He has nothing but praise for French enterprise, administrative skill, and individual self-denial in Upper Senegal and the Niger Colony. Bamako, the capital, is planned on the lines of a town in France, "with wide boulevards and solidly built stone houses." But, as elsewhere in West Africa, the liquor problem in French Guinea is becoming troublesome. How so much European liquor finds its way into these regions is a mystery. The author speaks guardedly of the results of the French Cotton-Growing Association's effort to introduce the cultivation of Egyptian and American cotton. The soil seems to be suitable enough, but the natives are too lazy to plant the cotton. Capt. Haywood thinks it worth while to print in an appendix a list of the principal game shot by him. He is a passionate hunter, but has qualms of conscience occasionally, when close to unalarmed game. "It makes one feel a brute to shoot it," he says, justly enough. The book has good illustrations and an excellent map.

Few men are better equipped to present the subject of the relations of plant-life to evolution than Prof. Douglas H. Campbell of Leland Stanford University. He is not only familiar at first hand with the early and later stages of development in the lower and higher plants, but he knows how to describe in untechnical language what he has seen. Therefore his little treatise, "Plant-Life and Evolution" (Holt), is a distinct contribution to sound popular science. The author does not disguise the fact that the whole question is one of extreme difficulty. But he brings to the subject all the light of recent investigations, and constructs from the materials at his command a satisfactory sketch of the probable sequence in which plants appeared upon our earth. The last decade has witnessed remarkable activity in two parts of the field of botany, namely, that which deals with the character of fossils and that which concerns itself with the behavior of varieties. The students of fossil plants have removed the last barrier which separated the flowering from the flowerless plants, and it is now customary in many botanical circles to use some of the terms taken from the grammar of flowerless plants in the description of flowering plants. There are many botanists now living who can remember when it was quite the other way. It is not an easy task to give an impartial history of a revolution, or to state in a perfectly fair manner the results which have been obtained by a study of the formerly despised variety. But Professor Campbell has succeeded in stating the case without prejudice, even at points where there are opportunities for very pretty quarrels. The use of this book should not be confined to teachers, although it will prove a mine of valuable illustration in the preparation of lectures, but it should be widely known to all readers who wish to keep abreast of the times in philosophic thought. We think that Professor Campbell has been wise in giving prominence to the recent discovery that certain bacteria have the remarkable power of assimilating carbonic acid even in the dark, whereas it has been heretofore confidently stated that this power belongs only to green plants in the light. To extend the range of constructive processes is to widen the outlook as to origin and early stages. But this is only one of the many surprises which Professor Campbell gives his readers.

Drama and Music

Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems. By Otto Heller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Mr. Heller's work, on its own lines, is a scholarly, sane, and vigorous book. These lines, however, are definitely restricted and require to be specified. What interests Mr. Heller is the work rather than the author, the social rather than the romantic or the historical dramas, and the social dramas in their ethical and technical bearings rather than as appeals to the sympathies or the taste. Three things touch Mr. Heller nearly: the social problems handled in the plays, the innovations in technique which are likewise part of Ibsen's wrestle with his time, and that relation between Ibsen and his public which constitutes almost as real and typical an Ibsen drama as any listed in the schedule of his works. Outside of these limits, Mr. Heller is silent or meagre.

The Ibsen cult has reached proportions which justify a partition of the field, and Mr. Heller's right to specialize in the social dramas may be unhesitatingly conceded. The principle once admitted, it would be captious to object to the assignment (at first, a little startling) of twenty-eight pages to "Ghosts" over against thirty-one pages allotted to "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" together. Such a method has, however, the incidental drawback of retrenching some of the data which give life and interest to Ibsen's personality. The Ibsen of the social plays, with his dry tenacity, his sardonic calm, his phlegmatic audacity, and his unimpassioned truculence, is a quite manageable problem; what is elusive and perplexing is the witchcraft which domesticated him in the same body with the author of "Brand" and "Love's Comedy." Mr. Heller's picture of the later Ibsen's character is just and clear, though it lacks novelty, and is kept subsidiary to the works. His admiration is intense, but wholesome even in its excess; too secure to be haggling or worrying or contentious, too spacious to deny houseroom, or even hospitality, to censures. Indeed, Mr. Heller would find it hard to forego the defects of his subject, very much as the lover of a great metropolis might be sorry to see its picturesque variety impaired by the elimination of its crooks and beggars. He uses Ibsen with the affectionate roughness of a Kiplingesque soldier, plying him with such phrases as "crabbed taciturnity," "exactingly and exasperatingly unsocial creature," "eremitical old grumbler," by way of pure endearment.

A significant comment and an incisive criticism on Ibsen are latent in the inability of his commentators to find anything in the plays themselves but criticism—criticism enlivened, it is true, by an exhibition of craftsmanship. The emphatic and eager declaration on the part of Ibsen and his critics alike that the dramas are primarily dramatic must be viewed as the last despairing resistance to an undertow sweeping them back to an exclusive concentration on his teaching and his technique. Mr. Heller shares in these limitations: the word "beautiful" scarcely occurs in the work: and the test of pleasure or enjoyment is all but absent from his criticism.

Apart from these qualifications, Mr. Heller's performance is highly competent and satisfactory. Eagerly observant and keenly critical of life, strongly radical but with a judgment less radical than his temper, idealist in the final reckoning but diverging towards idealism only at the end of a long pilgrimage in which cynicism has been his comrade and his guide, in all these points he is akin to Ibsen and fitted to be his sympathetic exponent. The plays appeal to Mr. Heller as observed realities would appeal, not to an artist, but to a warm-blooded and virile sociologist. He has assimilated Ibsen, and his book has a salt and zest, a healthy human glow and color, which rarely—in America at least—find themselves associating, on equal terms, with ripeness of scholarship and sanity of judgment. Absolute novelties are rare—they are rare in most good work—but the book touches nothing which it does not refresh.

Mr. Heller's judgment of artistic values in character is fallible: he gives the primacy among Ibsen's creations to Mrs. Alving, that official, accredited, forensic personage, Ibsen's certificated and medalled pet pupil, with Engstrand and Regina in the immediate vicinity to suggest the fallaciousness of such a preference. But his analyses and paraphrases of leading characters, which fill a large space in the book, are among his most trenchant, penetrative, and illuminative work; their accuracy is nearly unfailing, and they convey a breath of actual life seldom found in the criticism of idealities.

The interpretations of the plays are in the main trustworthy, and the estimates of relative excellence are commonly just. Mr. Heller has the sanity and courage to call "Peer Gynt" a minor work; he perceives the transitional and ambiguous quality of "Pillars of Society," raises "Ghosts" to its just eminence, realizes the high claims of "The Wild Duck," regards "Rosmersholm" as Ibsen's first clear departure from the ultra-individual standpoint, is alive to the treachery of symbolism, makes the needed discounts from the overvalued "Master Builder," and, in a sound reaction from the depreciation of "John Gabriel Borkman," awards that play rather more honor than it deserves. The handling of technique, apart from some failure to catch the finenesses of logical texture, is judicious and able. The philosophical classifications of Ibsen's work (pages 110 and 238-9) impress one as oblique to the truth rather than as clearly wrong or right. Again, it is hard to believe that Ibsen regarded "An Enemy of the People," apparently the most impulsive of all his plays, as an artful circuit or by-path by which he passed from the standpoint of "A Doll's House" to the ground taken in "The Wild Duck"; and surely only the application of the "third degree" to "Little Eyolf" could extort from that well-meaning play the dogma that marriage, to be wise and happy, must be childless.

We cite a few examples of Mr. Heller's critical sagacity. "On the stage it is the total impression which decides" (p. 172); "A stage play must be completely intelligible and enjoyable in itself, as a work of art, apart from its philosophical connotation" (p. 271); "Tragedy is not meant for weaklings, triflers, and prudes. It is meant for serious minds and valiant nerves" (p. 171). The excellent comment on Mrs. Alving's outbreak against law and order (p. 164) is too long for citation.

Many years of residence in America have not sufficed to render Mr. Heller's idiom impeccable, though they have bestowed upon him a vocabulary of remarkable—not to say, portentous—amplitude. The diction is polyglot and polychrome, ranging from "rampage" and "hullabaloo" to "de-transcendentalize" and "de-Scandinavianization," and all but passing into that sheer collectorship of words which is the bane of recent styles. He delights in the big and buxom phrase, and his sentence-structure, though vigorous in its massive way, is of that type which flourishes between the Rhine and the Vistula. That he has written a readable book, in spite of these drawbacks, is notable testimony to the vigor, vivacity, and humorous incisiveness of his mind.

A few errors may be noted in a book that is commonly exact. On page 116 Stensgaard is referred to "Love's Comedy"; on the same page, Mortensgaard, in an inscrutable parenthesis, is assigned both to "Love's Comedy" and to "Rosmersholm." On page 117 Krogstad is included in a class of persons described as "lame ducks" that flap idly about in their puddles. Hauptmann's "Der arme Heinrich" is cited as "Meister Heinrich" (p. 26); Norwegian scenery is attributed to the entire fourth act of "Peer Gynt" (p. 14). See also the curious difference between the accounts of Allmers on pages 115 and 295.

Doubleday, Page & Co. plan to bring out in the autumn several more volumes of the Ben Greet Shakespeare for Young Readers and Amateur Players. The next volumes will be "Julius Cæsar" and "The Comedy of Errors."

Miss E. M. Spearing is bringing out, through W. Heffer & Sons, of Cambridge, England, "The Elizabethan Translations of Seneca's Tragedies." Based upon an examination of the editions of 1559-66, it attempts to define more accurately than has been done heretofore Seneca's influence on Elizabethan drama.

The authorized translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays, which is announced by Huebsch, is in preparation by Ludwig Lewisohn. The first volume, shortly to be published, contains four dramas besides Mr. Lewisohn's general introduction.

The addition this autumn of seven new volumes to Crowell's edition of the First Folio of Shakespeare will bring this undertaking to completion

Reports from Bayreuth indicate that, as usual at the Wagner festivals, everything has been excellent this summer, except the singers.

Charlottenburg (a part of Greater Berlin) will soon have a circulating library at which it will be possible to take out sheet music and music books free of charge. It is believed that this Institution will counteract the tendency to buy cheap and trashy music.

A complete edition of the letters of Weber is being prepared by Dr. Georg Kaiser of Dresden. Weber was as interesting a letter-writer as Schumann and Wagner.

The Berlin critic, Dr. Leopold Schmidt, has produced a new operetta, "The Return of Ulysses," the music of which is made up of airs taken from works by Offenbach which have disappeared from the stage.

Salsburg, the proud birthplace of Mozart, will soon have a Mozarthaus. Two years ago a prize was offered for the best plans for a building in his honor; it was won by Professor Berndl of Munich. The house is now in course of erection. When completed, it will have a large hall for orchestral concerts and a smaller one for chamber music. It will be the home of the "Mozarteum" music school, and will contain, in fireproof rooms, a number of valuable documents and relics.

Probably no other country has so large a number of popular dance tunes as Austria. Lower Austria alone will be represented by 7,000 such tunes in the monumental work, "Das Volkslied in Oesterreich," now being issued under the auspices of the Austrian Kultusministerium.

Under the title of "Lauslusävelmiä" ("Worldly Songmelodies"), Dr. Ilmari Krohn of the University of Helsingfors has issued twelve volumes of Finnish folksongs. Other volumes will follow, the total number of melodies to be published being about 4,000. Another collection of Finnish folkmusic has been issued by Dr. Armas Launis of Helsingfors; it is called "Runsävelmiä" ("Rune melodies"). The collection includes 940 numbers, many of which were recorded with the aid of the phonograph.

In Berlin, the number of public concerts held between the first of October and the last of April was 1,800, or about five times the number given in New York. After a careful examination of the situation, the Berlin *Tageblatt* has come to the conclusion that, of those 1,800 concerts, only 150 yielded a profit. About 600 barely pay their expenses, while the remaining thousand or more cost the musicians who give them from $125 to $350 each.

Art

Charles H. Caffin will add a volume this autumn to the Century Company's Story of Painting series—"The Story of British Painting."

It is reported that Dr. Bode will retire from his post of director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, and will give his time entirely to his duties as general director of galleries and art museums. Professors Koetschau and Friedländer are announced as his successors.

The special spring number of the *International Studio* is devoted to "The Village Homes of England" (Lane). Text and most of the illustrations are by Sydney R. Jones. Additional color sketches, several of interiors, are contributed by Wilfrid Ball and John Fullwood. What distinguishes these unpretentious houses is the sensible and often beautiful use of local materials. Especially charming is the mixed brick and flint construction of Wiltshire. The little cut-stone houses of Yorkshire sometimes attain an imposing and piquant monumentality. More familiar are the half-timbered houses of the Midland counties, flimsy imitations of which are everywhere common among us. On the whole, the appeal is to the antiquarian and sentimental traveller. Architects also will admire the charming textures and patterns of these old walls, to imitate which, however, would be vain, for the old race of masons has vanished. Some attention is given to metal work and wood work in household furniture, and here the hope of a revival seems better.

Cyril Davenport's interest in English heraldic book-stamps, attested by his book on the subject published three years ago, has quite naturally led him further afield, with the result that we now have a fairly typical collection of the embossed book-stamps which adorn the leather bindings of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries ("Cameo Book-Stamps, figured and described"; Longmans.) These stamps are here reproduced in outline drawings, and arranged alphabetically according to their subjects, with a minute description under each design. Mr. Davenport makes no claim to an exhaustive catalogue, acknowledging in fact that, except for a few specimens found in English private libraries, his entire collection is drawn from the British Museum. From this single source, however, he is able to produce a hundred and fifty variant designs, dealing with almost as many different subjects, which range from incidents of Biblical story and pictures of the Saints to portraits of noted men and women, both ancient and modern. Only a small proportion of these stamps, moreover, are of English design, more than half of the collection being of German origin, while Italy, France, and the Netherlands are about equally well represented. English book-stamps are chiefly heraldic; the German are notable for the large number of finely engraved portraits; Italian stamps, earliest in date and now rare, are always small and often colored; while the French designs are distinguished by their large size and their beauty of workmanship.

Mr. Davenport believes that all these stamps will in time to come be highly esteemed, not only as having an art and an antiquarian value of their own, but also as forming a hitherto unrecognized and important development of the art of the diesinker. The author fails to mention what might be considered of even wider significance—their appeal to the book collector and the lover of fine bindings. So far as the art of die-sinking is concerned, Mr. Davenport's book unfortunately can give no adequate conception of the beauty of workmanship of these designs, in their actual relief, whether "blind" or colored, owing to his method of reproduction by mere outlines. While it is unquestionably true that photography would have been impracticable in many instances, some of the best stamps in the collection could easily have been reproduced in this way in addition to the outlines, so as to give some impression of their superb craftsmanship.

In "Concrete and Stucco Houses" (McBride, Nast), Oswald C. Hering brings out, with the help of more than a hundred illustrations, the need of a clearer comprehension of the use and abuse of concrete and stucco, especially in the construction of country homes. One of the most interesting features of the book is the attention that has been given to the question of outside decoration. Many striking illustrations prove that monotony of solid walls can be softened and relieved by providing agreeable variations in color.

Finance

GOOD AND BAD INFLUENCES.

It has been a matter of frequent remark, since the cheerful prospects for the country's autumn harvests and autumn trade defined themselves, that the Stock Exchange responded slowly and hesitatingly. It is admitted that values have been creeping up, and that shares of no less than fifty companies touched last week the highest prices of the year. But the absence of an enthusiastic speculation for the rise, of heavy purchases by the outside public, and of such a sensational upward sweep of prices as used to accompany the beginning of an "industrial boom," is equally manifest.

Occasionally, when one has recited in the financial district the admittedly strong points in the present outlook—the crops; the high-record midsummer iron output; the increase in orders on the steel trade's books (unprecedentedly rapid, when comparison is made for twelve months back); the news of quickening trade, reflected even in the more or less apprehensive talk of railway men about a coming freight-car shortage—one will encounter somebody who has a word or two to say on the other side. This person will usually begin by stating that his adverse arguments are not new and therefore are less captivating than unexpectedly large harvests or unexpected large steel orders, but that they may be fundamental nevertheless.

He will usually point first to the condition of the railways. Admitting that most of the roads have got through a trying fiscal year better than had been predicted, and that they are earning good dividends, he will cite the increasing taxation, cost of materials, and demands of labor. In particular, he will recall that the Arbitration Board has not yet settled the question of the Eastern engineers' wage schedules, whose decision in favor of the employees would add $7,500,000, or 18½ per cent., to that item of labor cost and would probably start similar demands by other classes of railway laborers.

The next consideration cited will probably be the high and increasing cost of living, as it applies both to individuals and corporations. Its result in the case of corporations, he will show is increasing difficulty in maintaining favorable net earnings, while in the case of individuals it curtails the annual surplus income and therefore impairs the purchasing power on the security markets. Finally, he will be likely to refer to the popular unrest and the consequent political unsettlement, more or less manifest in every party, which, in his view, threatens disturbance to business peace of mind, no matter which party wins in November. The Money Trust inquiry, conducted a few months ago in a spirit of something like vindictive attack upon all financial organizations, will undoubtedly be referred to as a clincher for that argument.

The inferred problem in his mind is, whether even abundant harvests can smooth the road for financial confidence when exactly these obstacles blockade it. In other words, is it not possible that good harvests and improving activity in trade are serving merely to neutralize temporarily certain other influences which, but for the season's good fortune in agriculture, might have given us a distressing chapter in midsummer finance?

Such questions are always impossible to answer convincingly, because, in the nature of the case, there can be no proof except the action of the market, and that may always be accounted for on some other theory. As a mere hypothesis, the assertion that expectation of trade prosperity is counterbalanced by these other and older considerations is no more plausible than the assertion that it is offset by doubt as to November electoral results. Sometimes the case is not wholly cleared up, even in the longer sequel. There are people who believe that abuse of credit did not cause the panic of 1907, but that Roosevelt's speeches caused it. There were oracles who explained the financial disorder of 1903, not by undigested securities, but by the Circuit Court's decision against the great railway merger. No doubt some part of the Stock Exchange liquidation and of the withdrawal of financial support was occasioned by these non-economic influences.

But the most that can be said with assurance, on the basis of past experience, is that the influence of such things as a country's harvest yield, or of a wise or unwise past employment of capital and credit, is usually more positive and always more enduring than the influence of political misgivings. When, indeed, one examines our financial history for a long series of years, one is likely to be impressed with the fact that there was always something afloat in politics which suggested apprehension on the markets. One will also, however, discover in nine cases out of ten, either that the catastrophe continued perpetually on the horizon and never actually arrived; or else that, even if the political events predicted by despondent financiers actually occurred, they were al-ferent from what had been predicted, both in character and consequence.

There have been very few occasions in that history when Wall Street was perfectly satisfied with the outlook for legislation, and one of the most singular facts on the record is that, even in the year's which heralded genuine revival of prosperity, the markets were still reciting the political unpleasantnesses which would stand in the way of it. At the beginning of the two most celebrated epochs of financial expansion in our history, in 1879 and 1897, it was similarly argued that Congress, the courts, and the popular agitation were bound to obstruct the movement of prosperity, unless they abandoned policies which they had in hand. The markets consequently hesitated; the policies were not abandoned; but prosperity pursued its course as if it had never heard of them. As a rule, the stock market follows suit; but its action is apt to be modified, as the action of trade at large is not, by such considerations as the extent of previous "discounting" and the extent to which it has to bid against outside trade for money.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Harrison. The Pioneer Boys of the Ohio. Boston: Page. $1.25.

Austin, Mary. A Woman of Genius. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

Brockway, Z. R. Fifty Years of Prison Service: An Autobiography. Charities Pub. Com. $2.

Boggs, Robert. The Idyli of Lucinda Pearl: A Poem. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Bourdeïlle, P. de, and C.-A. Saint-Beuve. Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings. Trans. by K. P. Wormeley. Lamb Pub. Co. $3 net.

Berchet, Giovanni. Opere. Volume Secondo. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Baretti, Giuseppe. Le Scelta delle Lettere Familiari. Bari: Laterza & Figli.

Brown, B. M. Health in Home and Town. Boston: Heath. 60 cents.

Craig, A. A. T. The Dramatic Festival: The Lyrical Method as a Factor in Preparatory Education. Putnam.

Ffoulkes, Charles. European Arms and Armour in the University of Oxford. Frowde.

Fisher, H. A. L. The Republican Tradition in Europe (Lowell Lectures, 1910). Putnam.

Griffin, Watson. An Irish Evolution. Toronto, Canada: Ontario Press, Limited.

Gillan, S. Y., and Hewitt, W. C. Essentials of Civil Government. Milwaukee: S. Y. Gillan & Co.

Hutchison, P. A. British Poems, from "Canterbury Tales" to "Recessional." Scribner.

Jordan, Elizabeth. May Iverson Tackles Life. Harper. $1.25 net.

Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc. Mary Pechell. Scribner. $1.30 net.

McLaughlin, A. C. The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Michaut, G. Sur les Tréteaux latins. Paris: Fontemoing & Cie.

Mount Holyoke Book of Prose and Verse. Edited by E. C. Porter and F. L. Warner. To be obtained from Miss Irmagarde Schneider, South Hadley, Mass. $1.35.

Moore, E. C. History of Christian Thought Since Kant. Scribner. 75 cents net.

Nubia: Karanog, by F. Ll Griffith. Philadelphia.

Orcutt, W. D. The Moth. Harper. $1.30 net.

Paine, Thomas. Common Sense; The American Crisis, 1776-1783. Reprint. Putnam.

Poiteau, Emile. La Meilleure Part. Deuxième Édition. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Ransom, W. L. Majority Rule and the Judiciary. Scribner. 60 cents net.

Sonnenschein, E. A. A New French Grammar; a New Latin Grammar. Frowde.

Strindberg, A. Miss Julia; The Stronger. Trans. by E. Björkman. Scribner. 75 cents net.

Supercern, Seymour. Truth Will Out. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Taggart, M. A. Nancy Porter's Opportunity. Boston: Page. $1.

The Ruin of a Princess. Translated by K. P. Wormeley. Lamb Pub. Co. $3 net.

Towne, L. M. Letters and Diary. (1862-1884). Privately printed.

Twitchell, R. E. The Leading Facts of New Mexican History. Vol. II. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.

University of Pennsylvania publications. Vol. VI. E. B. Coxe Junior Expedition to Nubia: Karanog, by F. Ll. Griffith.

White, S. E The Sign at Six. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Ready This Week

ENGRAVED GEMS

By DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

Signets, Talismans and Oriental Intaglios of all times. With 32 plates figuring 700 gems, and numerous line drawings. Large 8vo. $6.00 net.

ON SOME OF LIFE'S IDEALS

By WILLIAM JAMES.

"What Makes a Life Significant" and "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings," reprinted for the first time in gift book form. 50 cents net.

By Successful Juvenile Authors

ALICE C. HAINES'S

PARTNERS FOR FAIR

By the author of "The Luck of the Dudley Grahams," etc. Illustrated, $1.25 net.

BEULAH MARIE DIX'S

BETTY-BIDE-AT-HOME

By the author of "Friends in the End," "The Fighting Blade," etc. Illustrated, $1.25 net.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.

READY AUGUST 28th

THE COST OF IT

By ELENOR MORDAUNT

Author of "A Ship of Solace," etc.

This audacious tale presents the exotic life of a far-eastern British possession and of the half-caste mixtures of the yellow, black, and white races—the dangerous, pleasure-seeking women and the shiftless and shiftless men—to whom the English-bred hero is unfortunately allied by blood.

Cloth. 12mo. $1.35

THE MOON ENDURETH

By JOHN BUCHAN

Author of "The Watcher by the Threshold," "Prester John," etc.

Mysterious and startling stories that carry the reader from the matter-of-fact world into a strange realm swayed by psychic, invisible, or supernatural powers. Romance, mystery, and adventure abound. Written with power and charm.

Cloth. 12mo. $1.25

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Paul the Minstrel

AND OTHER STORIES

By Arthur Christopher Benson

Author of "From a College Window," "The Upton Letters," etc.

Cr. 8vo. $1.75 net. By mail, $1.90.

The tales which are gathered together in this volume are cast in the old romantic form; they have a semi-mediæval atmosphere, such as belongs to the literary epic; but they all aim more or less directly at illustrating the stern necessity of moral choice. In them the author touches with the light of romance some of the knightly virtues which are apt to be dulled into the aspect of commonplace and uninteresting duties.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

READING CASE FOR THE NATION

To receive the current numbers in a convenient temporary form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with "The Nation" stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

THE NATION 20 Vesey Street, N. Y. City

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM "BEOWULF" TO SWINBURNE

By ANDREW LANG, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. Pp. xxi+689. $1.75 net.

In writing this manual the aim of the author has been to present his subject in an interesting way so that the student, or general reader, may be enticed to peruse and enjoy "the immortals" on his own account. To read about them is good, but to learn to appreciate them for ourselves is the goal in view.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

"At McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co.

CHICAGO

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY

The Drama

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

CONTENTS:

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. By *Bayard Quincy Morgan.*

LIGHT-O'-LOVE (complete). A Drama in Three Acts, By *Arthur Schnitzler*, translated by *B. Q. Morgan.*

POST MORTEM: A Note on Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Modern English Theatre, by *Ashley Dukes.*

THE DRAMA LEAGUE CONVENTION. By *Elizabeth R. Hunt.*

THE PAST DRAMATIC SEASON IN AMERICA. By *Richard Burton.*

THE DRAMATIC YEAR IN PARIS. By *Benedict Papot.*

THE DRAMA OF INTELLECTUALISM. By *Thomas H. Dickenson.*

Etc., etc., etc.

Three dollars a year; 75 cts. a number.

THE DRAMA, 542 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each, $1.25 net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

Founders of Modern Psychology

A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL

D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

September 12th

THE NATION

WILL PUBLISH AN

EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

The leading article will be by Professor Louis T. More, of the University of Cincinnati, on **Poincaré and Philosophic Science.**

Recent text-books will be reviewed.

4,000 extra copies will be mailed to Professors in the Universities and Colleges throughout the United States.

Usual rates for advertising.

Free Library [illegible] 26 [illegible] 12

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2461 THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Marie

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE ALLAN QUATERMAIN

By SIR RIDER HAGGARD. With Colored Frontispiece and Two Other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.45.

The author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc., returns to Africa, the scene of his former successes, for this new story of the early love affair of Allan Quatermain. The exciting times when the Zulu despot, Dingaan, was at the height of his power are depicted with regard for historical accuracy, and furnish the setting for a story of lively adventure and dramatic situations.

"A really good story without a dull passage in it."—*The Nation,* England.

"One of the most exciting and interesting of all that cycle of romances which are concerned with that mighty hunter, Allan Quatermain."—*Spectator.*

"Exciting, delightfully naïve, rich in the art of story-telling."—*London Times.*

"Grips us just as its predecessors did."—*London Standard.*

"Exciting, dramatic, and so human."—*Toronto News.*

"The appearance of Allan Quatermain is always the signal for romance and adventure."—*N. Y. Times.*

"A tender beautiful and moving love story, heightened, perhaps, by its tragic end."—*N. Y. World.*

The Evolution of Sea Power

By P. A. SILBURN, D.S.O., Member of Parliament of the Union of South Africa, Author of "The Colonies and Imperial Defence," "The Governance of Empire," etc. 8vo. Pp. xiv+288. $2.50 *net.*

An examination of the growth of sea power from that of the Phœnicians to the maritime nations of the present day. An attempt is made to show, where such is possible, the disaster which, as Mr. Silburn argues, inevitably follows the neglect of the general principles of sea power.

The Life of Nelson

By GEOFFREY CALLENDER, B.A., Royal Naval College, Osborne. With 12 Illustrations and 7 Maps and Battle Plans. Crown 8vo. Pp. xxxviii+154. $0.50 *net.*

The text of this book—pages 1 to 148—first appeared in the third part of the author's "Sea Kings of Great Britian," issued in 1911.

Toys and Toy Making

By GEORGE F. JOHNSON, Inspector of Handwork, Liverpool Education Committee, Editor of "Educational Handwork," Author of "Handwork and Arithmetic," "Rural Handicrafts," etc. With 78 Plates. 8vo. Pp. 160. $1.00 *net.*

Modern Science and the Illusions of Prof. Bergson

By HUGH S. R. ELLIOT. With Preface by Sir RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S. Cr. 8vo. $1.60 *net.*

This work is a reply of science to the philosophy of Professor Bergson. It expresses scientific discontent with Professor Bergson's attempt to explain life and the universe; and it challenges the right of philosophy to intrude into the sphere of science. The work expounds the latest scientific views on the nature of life, and other problems of fundamental interest.

Early History of the Christian Church

FROM ITS FOUNDATION TO THE END OF THE THIRD CENTURY

By MONSIGNOR LOUIS DUCHESNE, de l'Académie Française, Hon. D. Litt. (Oxford), and Litt.D. (Cambridge). Membre de L'Institut de France. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. In 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. II. Pp. xx+544. $2.50 *net.*

The second volume of this work by one of the foremost of living Ecclesiastical historians unravels the tangled story of parties and controversies in the Fourth century. Monsignor Duchesne has the gift of making persons and situations live again; and the Great Persecution, the Councils of Nicæa and Ephesus, the figures of Athanasius, Ambrose, Hilary of Poitiers, Priscillian, Jerome, Basil, Pacomius and the Monks of Egypt, or again the Meletian schism and the schism at Antioch, or the conflicts at Rome between Pope Damasus and Ursinus are described with extraordinary vividness.

Published by **Longmans, Green, & Co.** 443-449 Fourth Ave. New York

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each,* $1.25 *net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

Books by WOODROW WILSON

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

THE STATE

ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:

1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Founders of Modern Psychology

A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—*London Morning Leader.*

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

One of the Burning Questions of the Day

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT IN AMERICA

By BELLE SQUIRE
Illustrated. 75 cents net.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, **Chicago**

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The Week 179

Editorial Articles:

Re-Staging 1904 182
A Disappointing Congress 182
Political Verbomaniacs 183
Gen. Booth and His Army 184
A Scientist on Social Tendencies 185
Modern Literary Rewards 185

Special Articles:

French Book Notes 186
News for Bibliophiles 188

Correspondence:

Dr. Furness 188
Professional Motives 189
Lecky on the Demagogue 189
A Profanation 189
The Function and the Machinery of Government 189

Literature:

In Forbidden China 190
The Goodly Fellowship 191
The Forest on the Hill 191
The Adjustment 191
The Citadel 192
Egyptian Hieratic Texts 192
English Apprenticeship and Child Labour: A History 193

Notes 193

Science 196

Music:

Critical and Historical Essays 197

Art 198

Finance:

Evidences of Better Times 199

Books of the Week 200

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Long's English Literature

Fully illustrated, with frontispiece in eleven colors.

$1.35

This book is without question the most attractive one of its grade and scope to be found. From cover to cover, it is an inspiration to the student on account of its distinct charm of style and its unusually attractive make-up. Furthermore, it is a scholarly work, comprehensive in scope, and able in its judgments. Throughout the book there is a sympathetic atmosphere and an evident love for the whole subject of English literature that cannot fail to appeal to every reader of the volume.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

SAMPLE COPIES
OF
THE NATION
will be sent to any address for several weeks
WITHOUT CHARGE

The Nation
20 Vesey St., New York City

Educational

*THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME-*School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York, also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students who wish to cancel College or High School conditions will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application. THE URSULINE ACADEMY,
Middletown, New York.

Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School
Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics, outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3, 1912.

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS
A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address
Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, 174 Fulton St.**
Evening School, N. Y. City.
"Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Printing

How often we see it treated as a matter of routine, a mere detail of the business! And yet it is doubtful whether there is anything of greater importance to the average business establishment.

Think of the value of the first impression which your stationery and other printed matter creates—

Consider Its Importance

—and then ask us for suggestions and advice

The Nation Press
The Evening Post Building
NOTE THE ADDRESS **20 Vesey Street**
NEW YORK
Telephone 83 Cortlandt

JOHN BROWN: A BIOGRAPHY FIFTY YEARS AFTER

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Some Tributes to this Remarkable Historical Work

Philadelphia PUBLIC LEDGER. "A tremendous book; more thrilling than any book of fiction, powerful in its appeal, and which, while it is written soberly, as befits history, by the very nature of the narrative, often rises to the highest dramatic level."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. "I can only say after reading from first to last its more than 700 pages that I have never encountered anything this side of Gibbon's 'Rome' which has made me feel more the personal power of a single work."

JOHN T. MORSE, Editor American Statesmen Series, in ATLANTIC MONTHLY. "Perhaps in thus dramatically fashioning his volume, Mr. Villard obeyed an instinct rather than acted upon a preconceived plan; that is often the case with great work, where a writer's feelings are deeply enlisted. Be this as it may, the merit and charm are none the less; he has seized well a splendid opportunity and has written one of the great biographies of our literature."

HORACE WHITE. "In my judgment a contribution to American literature to take rank with the very best historical writing of our time or any time. The only impartial history of the Kansas war."

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY in the Brooklyn EAGLE. "A biography replete with facts and marked by courage and candor, learning and justice."

Portland OREGONIAN. "The most valuable and comprehensive biography issued this season, and the best and most candid estimate of John Brown."

W. E. CONNELLEY in the TOPEKA CAPITAL. "The unprejudiced student and seeker for truth will herald the book as a great contribution to American history."

Des Moines CAPITAL. "More powerful in its appeal, more dramatic than any book of fiction, is this wonderful biography of John Brown."

The NORTH CAROLINA REVIEW. "In this biography Mr. Villard has touched high-water mark. The book is a delight to the reader for many reasons. Full of life and movement, . . . written in an attractive and scholarly style, full of sympathy and yet without any loss in accurate presentation, it sets a new standard for biographical efforts."

Baltimore AMERICAN. "While the book has popular features in that it is entrancingly interesting, its scholarship is of the highest order and its style reminds one a little of Anthony Froude. . . . Mr. Villard has illustrated in this book the finest ideals of literary conception and execution."

London TIMES. "It is scarcely likely that any later writer will be able either to add anything of importance to Mr. Villard's collection of material or to better his interpretation of the whole story. . . . It at once becomes the standard, and probably the final authority on its theme."

Washington (D. C.) STAR. "Mr. Villard draws a compact, vivid, historic picture of the terrible focussing of this period upon our Civil War. Straight and clear in its literary way, this biography is a marvel of research and fair-mindedness."

HENRY WATTERSON in Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL. "No fault may justly be found with Mr. Villard's telling of the story. It is minute and lucid, altogether fair and unvarnished."

Burlington (Iowa) HAWKEYE. "It is a book which will take a place in the library of every well established home in this part of the country."

THIRD EDITION

Fully illustrated with portraits and other illustrations. With copious notes and bibliography. $5.00 *net. Postage* 26 *cents.*

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York

School Advertising in The Nation

THE NATION stands alone in its field. It has a larger circulation than any other politico-literary journal published in this country, going to all the principal libraries and reading rooms, and into thousands of families.

The circulation is chiefly among the thinking and well-to-do classes—lawyers, physicians, bankers, and other professional men—and in the homes of cultivated people, where the education of children is a matter of careful consideration.

The rate is reasonable, and discounts are made on continuous insertions, of which most of the school advertisers avail themselves.

Advertising rates, 15 cents an agate line each insertion with the following discounts: 5 per cent. on 4 insertions, 10 per cent. on 8 insertions.

SPECIAL RATE

TEN CENTS A LINE NET FOR THIRTEEN TIMES (minimum space three lines)

Orders may be forwarded through any responsible advertising agency, or directly to

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, N. Y.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY

For not only artists and lovers of art, but also for the general reader to study

THE ART GALLERIES OF EUROPE

Complete in twelve handsome volumes as follows

By Mary Knight Potter
THE LOUVRE (Paris)
THE VATICAN (Rome)
THE VENICE ACADEMY

By David C. Preyer
THE BERLIN GALLERIES
THE NETHERLAND GALLERIES
THE VIENNA GALLERIES

By F. J. Ansell and F. R. Fraprie
THE MUNICH GALLERIES

By Julia De W. Addison
THE DRESDEN GALLERY
THE NATIONAL GALLERY (London)
THE PITTI PALACE (Florence)

By C. S. Ricketts
THE PRADO (Madrid)

By Esther Singleton
THE BELGIAN GALLERIES

The set contains an accurate, interesting and comprehensive survey of the great paintings of the Old World, written with careful selection and critical discernment by art critics of reputation, and is superbly illustrated with over five hundred reproductions in duogravure of the world's acknowledged masterpieces.

Price per set, cloth, $36.00; half morocco, $42.00; three-quarters morocco, $48.00

Issued by THE ST. BOTOLPH SOCIETY 53 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

September 12th

THE NATION

WILL PUBLISH AN

EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

The leading article will be by Professor Louis T. More, of the University of Cincinnati, on **Poincare and Philosophic Science.**

Recent text-books will be reviewed.

4,000 extra copies will be mailed to Professors in the Universities and Colleges throughout the United States.

Usual rates for advertising.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912.

The Week

In explaining his final decision to sign the Panama Canal bill, we think that President Taft would have done better if he had been franker. That is, he might have said more unmistakably that he strongly objected to some of its provisions, but that he wanted the other parts so intensely that he was, in order to get them, willing to put aside his scruples and even to abandon the position which he had publicly taken—namely, that the tolls, under the treaty, "must be the same to all." He desires very much to be able to appoint a Governor of the Canal Zone, and otherwise to set up the administrative machinery. It also seemed highly important to him that the shipping world should thus early be notified of the maximum charges. These are, of course, good arguments for passing a bill at this session of Congress, but they do not weigh as a feather against the possible violation of a treaty. To avert that, we could well afford to wait till next December—or for December of 1920—even at the cost of a certain sacrifice due to delay.

On this main point, we are sorry to say, the President holds the view, if not the language, of the most swashbuckling Congressman. He declares that we bought the canal territory and built the canal at our own expense, and that it is preposterous to suppose that we have not the right to deal with its administration as a "purely domestic" matter. Doubtless we should have that right, if we had not signed it away. But that is what we did in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. In order to induce Great Britain to relinquish her right to joint control of the canal, we agreed to surrender our right to do in all respects as we pleased with our own. Now we take back what we gave up. It is this breach of faith which Great Britain will undoubtedly ask us to submit to the Hague Tribunal, but then we may expect President Taft to retreat from his high position respecting universal arbitration, and to insist, with the Senate, that such a "domestic" question cannot be arbitrated! First having signed a treaty, and then agreed to another one binding us especially to arbitrate disputes arising out of interpretations of treaties, we coolly propose to break two treaties at once by saying that even interpretation is a domestic matter. What the world will think of this, the comments of the foreign press are already making plain.

Mr. Roosevelt's diffident announcement prior to the first Chicago Convention that he was the only Progressive who could win, takes on a ghastly hue in the light of the formation of the Wilson National Progressive Republican League by such men as Rudolph Spreckels of California and John J. Blaine of Wisconsin. These men have been supporters of La Follette, and would therefore presumably prefer to vote for a Republican over a Democrat. Yet they turn from the self-proclaimed leader of the progressive element of their own party to Wilson. Their action, of course, is only a formal expression of the attitude of the thousands of Republicans who have been writing to the Democratic candidate to pledge him their support, and of those other thousands who, without having so written, intend to cast their ballots for him in November. Its significance lies in what it discloses as to the accuracy of Roosevelt's claim that he will draw the progressive vote from both parties, leaving to his opponents only the thick and thin partisans. It is evident that unless he does this, he is doomed at the start. But here is a formidable organization within his own former party to disprove the claim.

Again we have an explanation of the policy of the Progressive party towards the negro. The Colonel writes in the *Outlook* that the Democratic attitude towards the colored population has been one of "brutality," the Republican one of "hypocrisy," while only his own is filled at once with courage and humanity. From this one could only infer that it is brave and humane to submit to brutality—for that, on his own showing, is exactly what Mr. Roosevelt has done in barring negroes from his new party in the South. He is setting out as the great champion of the oppressed—but he rules out those of the oppressed whose skins are black.

Last week's *Independent* powerfully argues that the negroes are "the worst oppressed" of all our population. Nothing that corporations or Trusts do to any class of their employees can be compared with the wrongs daily put upon colored men. Political and civil injustice is worse than wages unduly low or prices made artificially high. Says the *Independent:*

> We are occasionally asked why we have so much to say about negroes and their wrongs. It is because they are one of the very largest elements in our population, and they are the objects of oppression very much worse than that suffered by any other large class of our people. If it is right to protest against other and slighter oppressions, much more is it a duty to protest against those terms of oppression inflicted on one-ninth of our fellow-citizens; for fellow-citizens they are, and of native birth, real Americans.

But the Colonel has a ready answer to all this. If he were to assent to it, he could not hope to get many votes in the Southern States, and what could be more "inhumane" than that?

Considerable significance attaches to the labor demonstration to be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York next Sunday evening. The invitation to attend is given not only to religious organizations, but to labor unions and to workingmen not identified with any association, and the list of laymen who are in sympathy with the aims of the meeting is representative. This is supposed to mark the beginning of an organized fight of the Catholic Church against Socialism in its relation to the workingman. For a year past a "school of social study" has been in operation, having for its object the training of Catholic men to lecture on Socialism, and it is said that Cardinal Farley projects a college of labor, wherein workingmen shall receive instruction concerning labor causes. The problem of Socialism in this country has not reached the acute stage attained in Europe, nor is it likely to do so. But it is understandable that the Catholic Church, with the example of the Latin countries of Europe in mind, should view with apprehension the spread among workingmen

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC

of socialistic doctrines. In France, and even more so in Italy, Socialism has taken an anti-religious and an anti-Catholic tone. So much is this the case that in Italy the Vatican is a good deal more often the object of attack from Socialistic quarters than is the Quirinal. The Anglo-Saxon mind, on the other hand, does not necessarily find in the principles of Socialism anything irreconcilable with religion, and in England, as in this country, are to be found a number of clergymen who are avowed Socialists. But it is also a political danger which the Catholic Church recognizes, and in averting which its influence ought to be powerful.

There is an element of picturesqueness which appeals to the imagination in the death of James Wood Rogers in the jungles of central Africa. Granted that the man was a rascal; that he callously deserted his wife; that he lived for years in open defiance of the law; yet there was a romantic quality about his life and death for which one cannot altogether withhold a grudging admiration. There must have been fine traits in the man's character, or he could not have made himself a virtual king among native tribes in a region where few, if any, white men had ever penetrated. He lived by illicit trading in ivory, in defiance of the British Government, and, if report speaks true, made considerable sums of money out of his transactions. Finally his depredations grew so extensive that an expedition was sent out to hunt him down, the orders being that the force of soldiers was not to return till Rogers was taken, dead or alive. Months later the expedition returned, bringing with it the dead body of the outlaw.

To speak of a man like Rogers as a criminal hardly expresses his connotation; he seems to have been one of a class of men whose instincts are lawless rather than criminal, who are fretted by the restraints which life in a community imposes. Had Rogers lived in the spacious times of Robin Hood, he would doubtless have found an outlet for his activities and talents that was regarded, except by the King's officers, as almost a legitimate profession, and he might have won immortality along with Friar Tuck and the rest of the merry band. It was his misfortune to be born too late, in days when the arm of the law is long indeed, and outraged society can penetrate even into the dark forests of Africa to exact its vengeance.

The victory of the Californians, McLoughlin and Bundy, in the contest for the national tennis championship in doubles, with McLoughlin triumphant also in singles, is one more blow at the Old Guard, a parallel in the world of sport to the readjustment that has taken place in the sphere of politics. So distant is East from West in the minds of many New Englanders and New Yorkers that it is much easier for them to contemplate the winning of the amateur golf championship by an Englishman than it was a year or two ago, at least, to imagine the triumph of players from the Middle West or the Pacific Slope of their own country. In sport, as in many other things, the West looks to the East, and the East, if it deigns to look anywhere else, looks across the water. The victory of the California tennis partners has in this way a moral importance that outweighs its more obvious significance.

A "Special Announcement" is made "to libraries, literary clubs, everybody." It is nothing less sensational than the "Authors and Poets of Michigan." The advertisement continues: "Elegant volume, limited edition. Cloth $5, morocco $7." One's first thought is, how can the publishers afford it? Later follows the painful realization that the great masses who sit in darkness as to any knowledge of the authors and poets of Michigan are more likely to spend five dollars in seeing moving pictures or buying a phonograph than in familiarizing themselves with this neglected school of our literature. Only one voice from the Lake State has penetrated the wilderness without, and how many of our most learned critics could name off-hand a single poem by the "Sweet Singer of Michigan?" We seem to recall dimly a volume by the late Mayor Pingree on his hobby of public potato-patches, but who will add to this slender list of what is generally known of the literature of Michigan? For this obscurity there is, of course, an excellent reason. Until towards the end of the nineteenth century it was the fashion to speak as if we had had no literature outside of Concord, Mass. Then, for causes that are not yet altogether clear, it all at once became the vogue to attribute everything literary to Indiana. Between these two thunderings in our literary sky, the still small voice of Michigan has been lost.

It is a very pretty little tempest in a teacup that has been brewed out of Mr. Hammerstein's decision to abandon grand opera in London. He, naturally a little piqued, berates the English public for not being musical and for not appreciating the enterprise which prompted him to offer them an alternative to Covent Garden. The English press retorts that it doesn't particularly mind being called unmusical, but the fact remains that Mr. Hammerstein failed to give the public what it had a right to expect—"the pearls cast before the Cockney swine were rather faded gems." It certainly seems a pity that Mr. Hammerstein should have dragged international traits into the question, and declared roundly that "nothing pleases the London public better than abuse of Americans." Our own recollection of the tone of the English press when Mr. Hammerstein began giving opera in London is that it was distinctly cordial, though none too sanguine of his success. The fact of the matter seems to be that the impresario entered on his scheme without making a sufficiently careful estimate of his public—he rushed in where other angels (in the theatrical sense) had feared to tread.

In the London *Times* its special representative at the games in Stockholm discusses Olympics at Berlin in 1916. Assuming that the British Empire will enter as a unit, he analyzes the figures of this year's competition and points out in what directions lies Britain's best chance of improving her record. The scores at Stockholm ran: Sweden 133 points, the United States 129, the British Empire (taken as a whole) 118. The Empire's best showing was in swimming, rowing, and lawn tennis, and in these events this year's scoring is unlikely to be bettered. So far as the track events are concerned, the *Times* correspondent does not expect any marked improvement in 1916, except that a few additional points may be picked up in the short distances—in the long distances his opinion is that the Empire did almost better than could have been expected. For possible improvement, then, there remain the field events, in which the British showing of 4 points out of a total of 96 was "deplorable," and the shooting, riding, and yachting. He recommends that attention be devoted to the field events, but relies principally upon the three last-mentioned sports to make up the deficiency in points.

A London dispatch should do something to counteract the painful impression about the situation in China created by recent alarmist telegrams. Dr. George Ernest Morrison, who was recently appointed special adviser to the President of China, is at present in England, and has written to the papers a forcible protest against the "wild and irresponsible sensationalism" which is published in the English press regarding conditions in China. He warmly supports President Yuan Shi-Kai and declares the suggestion that he is aiming at a dictatorship totally unfounded. The execution of Generals Chang and Feng he regards as entirely justified by the circumstances, as there is not a shadow of doubt that they were plotting against the Government, and attempting to sow dissension in the army. The rivalry among the three factions in the Assembly which has been reported as threatening the existence of the Republic, Dr. Morrison states, has no more significance than the political divisions which are common to all countries. It may be argued, of course, that by reason of Dr. Morrison's official position, his point of view is necessarily an *ex parte* one, but his standing and reputation are such as to put him above the charge of special pleading, and the later reports from China direct tend to confirm the opinions which he has expressed.

In its "Notes from Paris" the London *Truth* gives what its correspondent asserts to be "the truth at last" about the mysterious disappearance of Mona Lisa from the Louvre. We shall never see the famous painting again, he assures us, because it was not stolen, but destroyed. He "learns" that it perished in the Louvre, a vengeful employee, smarting at dismissal, having poured sulphuric acid over the picture. This act of vandalism was committed a year or more before the reported theft of Gioconda. The custodians, it seemed, hoped that the original could be restored, and hung a copy in the galleries. But when it was certain that the acid had done its work too fatally, burning the varnish and destroying the colors, and when experts began to whisper their doubts about the substitute, it was decided to let the painting be "stolen." The police were allowed to work on that theory, although high officials from the first perceived its improbability. This was thought to be kinder to the public than frankly to admit that Mona Lisa was gone forever, while to let out the true story would have reflected even more severely than the report of the theft of the masterpiece upon the laxness of the Louvre staff. The Paris correspondent of *Truth* is kind enough to point out that some parts of his revelation cannot be vouched for with "the same certainty" as others; but it is obviously a very pretty unveiling of the truth, as it stands.

Rumors of peace negotiations between Italy and Turkey persist, and despite official and semi-official contradictions, it seems more than probable that a measure of credence may be attached to them. The recent "conversations" in Switzerland, we are informed, were entirely unauthorized; but so were some of the conversations that preceded the settlement of the Russo-Japanese war. The best argument for peace is that neither side has anything to gain by prolonging the struggle. War is a costly luxury, and, although Italy has for some time enjoyed a period of great prosperity, the conduct of the campaign in the interior of Tripoli is a serious drain upon her resources. Turkey has even more cogent arguments than her rival for desiring peace. Unable to reinforce her troops in Tripoli, the best she can accomplish there is to carry on a desultory guerrilla campaign. Her domestic situation is such as to cause the greatest anxiety, while the ever-smouldering Balkans have again burst forth into a flame that it may need intervention from the Powers to quench. In the struggle Turkey has acquitted herself better than was expected, and the best that she can hope for now is a settlement that she may honorably accept.

Of all the problems which the British have to face in governing India, none is more difficult or more complicated than that of education. It is gratifying to find that the Indian Government is at last attacking the question in the right way, beginning at the bottom with primary education and not, as heretofore, neglecting that and devoting most of its attention to higher education. In the House of Commons, the other day, Mr. Montagu, Under-Secretary of State for India, outlined the scheme of reform which has been inaugurated. The total number of primary schools will ultimately be increased by 90,000, or 75 per cent., which will double the school-going population. The average expenditure on each primary school is to be doubled, and the salaries of teachers, at present miserably insufficient, are to be increased. In University education extensive reforms are contemplated in the way of developing residential universities, as opposed to the old system under which universities were little more than examination boards, and played no part in the formation of character. Such a university is shortly to be established at Dacca and others are projected at Benares and Rangoon.

Those persons who so persistently try to have it appear that Germany menaces our influence and the Monroe Doctrine in South America assert that Germany needs more land in order to take care of the hordes of Germans who are compelled to emigrate in order to live. Recent figures show that this argument is just about as fallacious as most jingo utterances. Thus it appears that in 1910 the total emigration of Germans was only 25,531, as against 120,089 in 1891. Of these 25,531 wanderers of 1910, 22,773 came to the United States, while less than three thousand Germans sought new homes elsewhere. Certainly there is nothing in this to make the German Emperor at all anxious; indeed, he might scornfully point to the thousands of American farmers who are crossing over into Canada, as the beam in our own eye. Moreover, it is plain that the Germans who go elsewhere than to the United States move again in large numbers. In no other way can the German authorities account for the fact that our American officials reported 71,380 arrivals of German-born citizens in 1910.

RE-STAGING 1904.

Presidential campaigns cannot be again fought eight years after they were decided. The water has flowed over the dam. But we certainly can now understand the events of the election of 1904 much better than we could at the time. Many of its secrets have since come to light; perhaps more will follow. What some guessed at then, to-day everybody knows. The whole affair wears a very different aspect now from what it had at the time. Suppose we could re-stage the Presidential drama of 1904 as we now know it to have been actually performed? New characters would figure in the scene. The audience of eight years ago saw them dimly flitting near the wings; now they would be in the centre of the stage. Wholly new motives, too, would appear in the plot, whose dénouement would be very different from that of the play as first given. And who can say that the curtain would now fall to the applause of 1904? At all events, the "revival" of the melodrama, "The Hero and the Octopus," ought to be undertaken if only for the sake of bringing it up to date and making it more realistic.

In order to appreciate the matter justly, let us seek to place ourselves back in the autumn of 1904. Judge Parker had been made the Democratic candidate, supposedly in the conservative interest. He was freely called the nominee of Wall Street. As such Bryan had attacked him; as such the Rooseveltian press assailed him. It was the friend of Belmont and the Trusts, the ally of big corporations, against the man who had broken up the Northern Securities Company, had forced the anthracite magnates to agree to arbitrate with the miners, and who in general was the champion of the masses. Roosevelt, it was said, could hope for no campaign contributions from Wall Street. All the big corporation purses were to be drawn upon for Parker. So ran the first act of the drama.

But suddenly the scene shifted. The candidate who was reputed to be in a way to receive the money from the Trusts, came out in a public speech and asserted that the other man was the real beneficiary. This declaration was several times made by Judge Parker towards the end of the campaign. He specifically affirmed that the Standard Oil Company was contributing to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign fund. We all remember what followed. President Roosevelt issued his sweeping denial and violent arraignment of Judge Parker. The latter rejoined, but was able to produce no proof; and there is no doubt that the fact of his having made the charge, with failure to substantiate it in detail, injured his campaign, while greatly helping Roosevelt's.

But imagine that we were to reconstruct the theatrical piece with the new material at present in our possession. What would have been the effect at the time if Judge Parker had, in reply to Roosevelt's vehement giving him the lie, produced the Harriman letters? That it would have been most damaging to Roosevelt, we have the highest authority for saying—namely, Mr. Roosevelt himself. For in his blast against Mr. Bryan in 1908, he innocently admitted that it would have been ground for calumnious suspicion of himself, four years previously, if the fact of Mr. Harriman's contribution of $260,000 had been made public. At that time, Mr. Roosevelt was arguing against publicity of campaign funds before elections. That is now, according to him, eternally right, but then he thought it eternally wrong. In illustration, he adduced the harm that would have been done him in supposing that he could be bought with Harriman's money. But that is sufficient to show how serious a blow would have been the knowledge that Harriman was helping finance his campaign. Another thing which the public did not know was that the insurance companies were being bled to aid Roosevelt. Fancy the sensation if Judge Parker could have given even a hint of the testimony which Mr. Hughes extracted from George Perkins a year later! And if he had been able, in addition, to tell only a part of what Mr. Archbold swore to on Friday, about the relations of Standard Oil officials to Mr. Roosevelt's Treasurer, the country would have listened aghast. All these things with which we are familiar now would have seemed incredible then.

It is important not to lose sight of the real significance of the subsequent revelations. They do not prove that Roosevelt sold himself, or that, in return for campaign contributions, he made any promises of Government favors to corporations. Undoubtedly, the men who gave the money thought that they were making a friend in a high place. They always spoke afterwards of Roosevelt's course as one of betrayal. He took their money and then cut their throats. But that is too brutal a view of the infinite finesse with which that most adroit of political managers played his part. He was undoubtedly afraid that the big business of the country would favor Judge Parker's election. And he set about reassuring the heads and managers of large corporations, with the result of finally, in one way and another, detaching them from Parker and winning them to himself. That he did this by baldly corrupt means, is not to be supposed. He had his go-betweens. He knew how to have suggestions made where they would do the most good—suggestions that were not promises. But the point is that he succeeded in doing secretly what he would not have even attempted openly. It was true, as Judge Parker alleged, that the Trusts gave money to Roosevelt's campaign fund. But there is no evidence, and no probability, that he gave any pledges in return. The misery of the transaction was that it was done under cover, that it was apparently denied with great heat by Roosevelt at the time, and that now the facts are leaping to light greatly to his discomfiture.

A DISAPPOINTING CONGRESS.

The general verdict on this session of Congress will be that it was unusually prolonged without good reason and to no public advantage. No great act of constructive legislation held it to its midsummer labors; while all the routine work which it actually got through might easily have been wound up months ago. Indeed, it was perfectly clear in February or March that nothing of importance would be done during the session except to pass the appropriation bills, and they could have been whipped into shape and put through both Houses by the first of June. But it was not to be. There had to be time to "play politics"; and that amusement has been the chief occupation of Congress for two months past.

This was perhaps inevitable in a Presidential year which from the beginning promised to be confused and critical almost beyond example. Congress could not bring itself to disperse until the campaign was well going. An additional reason for dilatoriness lay in the fact of party differences between House and Senate, and in the lack of a good understanding with either on the part of the President. We have often had an Executive at odds with Congress, but never, so far as we can recall, just the peculiar sort of cross-purposes which have marked the relations of Mr. Taft to the present Congress. It should seem that might have got on better with the Senate Democratic as well as the House. For though the Senate is nominally Republican, there is no firm party control in it, and it has failed, on many occasions, to stand by the President. It has even seemed that the Senate was, at times, as eager as the House to "put the President in a hole." In fact, ever since Mr. Taft's first year in the Presidency, when insurgency appeared in the Senate, he has not been able to count upon loyal support in either branch of Congress. Such antagonisms have existed before in our political history, but they seem to have extended to exceptionally petty matters during this session of Congress. We believe that no President ever vetoed so many appropriation bills as has Mr. Taft. This fact testifies to the absence of friendly and conciliatory relations between the White House and the Capitol, even in matters of necessary legislation.

The great disappointment of the session, however, is the complete failure to give the people the slightest relief from tariff taxes. In no respect was the state of logger-heads in matters legislative at Washington more unfortunate in its results. If there was one thing upon which the country could be said to have agreed, it was that unnecessarily high protective duties should be cut down. All parties and every political leader professed a desire to do this. In a very real sense it seemed possible to say: "We are all tariff-reformers now." Yet every attempt to carry out the pledges so freely made to the people fell between two stools. It is needless to go over the mournful story. What the President desired, he could not get; and what the House and Senate gave him, he would not take. It was plain that there was, on either side, a play for political position, and that this bedevilled all. The net result, we are convinced, is to leave the strategical advantage with the Democrats. Their campaign means nothing if not resolute purpose to do away with tariff iniquities, and they can now argue with redoubled force that the only way in which the work can be done is to put them completely in power. Gov. Wilson's prompt approval of the Wool bill which the House passed over the President's veto —though it could not get the requisite two-thirds in the Senate—showed his just sense of the situation. Whatever Mr. Taft's motives in refusing to sign the bills reducing the rates on clothing and iron and steel manufactures, he certainly appears to have placed a new weapon in the hands of his political opponents.

In the matter of bringing forward new leaders, or heightening the reputation of those already recognized as such, the session was not notable. In the Senate, to be sure, some admirable speeches were made. Both Senators Root and Burton added to their repute for ability by the part they took in the debate on the Panama Canal bill. Their addresses were of the sort that should have changed votes, even if they did not. They also displayed a high-minded independence of position, and a jealousy for the national honor that are beyond praise. In the House, Mr. Underwood held, if he did not much enlarge, the fame which he has acquired as a calm and sagacious leader who possesses in a remarkable degree the confidence and esteem of his party followers. His closing tariff speech, with its imitation of Sydney Smith's famous characterization of taxes pursuing the citizen from his cradle to the grave, was of a pungency that ought to make its circulation during the campaign highly effective.

It cannot be said that President Taft emerges from the session with enhanced prestige. The difficulty is not simply that he had endlessly recurring differences with Congress. Some of them were perhaps unavoidable; but in them all he bore himself with a certain awkwardness. Where he was in the wrong, he had not the adroitness to make his cause appear the better; and even where he was right, he had no facility in evoking popular support. His friends will say that all this is merely fresh proof of what they have always admitted—namely, that he is "a very poor politician." But it is also another evidence that he has no instinct for reading the signs of the times, or for discharging the high duties of his office in a way to arouse enthusiasm for inspiring leadership.

POLITICAL VERBOMANIACS.

Again it is to a Frenchman that we owe an acute study of a prevalent weakness in our modern public life. A recent book by M. Ossip-Lourié deserves to be ranked with Gustave Le Bon's writings on the psychology of the crowd. He calls it "Le Langage et la Verbomanie," and of it the main thesis is that we are producing in our political affairs a constantly increasing number of men with an excessive development of the faculty of speech. This is so abnormal that it almost requires to be called morbid. The verbomaniac is one whose principal effort is, not to make speeches, but to refrain from making them. He feels the obsession upon him, and often fights it, but in vain. Sooner or later the floods of talk will burst forth in spite of him. A leading French Deputy once explained the impulse to our author as a "physical necessity." He had no desire to speak, no real reason for speaking; but the words rose to his lips and he could not keep them back. Of such are the verbomaniacs; and M. Ossip-Lourié observes that "the individuals which contemporary society brings to the front are generally verbomaniacs."

We have long been familiar with the type in private life. It is there recognized as a mild form of insanity. Alienists have studied it, and novelists have found material in it. Mr. Beecher had such a character in one of his sketches of New England village life—a woman whose incessant and incoherent talk used to torment her pastor. He once asked her to try to keep still for five minutes, but at the end of two she snatched off his wig and threw it into the fire. Obviously she was under the "physical necessity" to speak. Dickens knew and recorded the species. But the particular merit of our French observer is that he shows the existence of the weakness in public men, and points out its ravages.

Some of his analyses and distinctions may seem to apply to certain figures on our own public stage. He remarks, for example, that it is characteristic of the political verbomaniac to seize upon ideas which are not his own. For him to overflow in endless speech it is not necessary first to have spent any time in reflection. Any notions that are abroad, especially any words and phrases that are current, are enough for him. He pounces upon them with avidity and makes the heavens re-echo his shouting of them. Usually, to be sure, he misunderstands what he has taken from others. He repeats what he has heard or read with the greatest volubility, but he nearly always betrays some inconsistency, or some flat contradiction, going to show, not merely that he has not thought himself, but that he has failed to grasp the thought which he has appropriated. It is another fixed habit of the political verbomaniac, according to our author, to make the most violent and sweeping assertions, and to affirm fact and fancy with entire failure to perceive where one leaves off and the other begins. Moreover, he is frequently a powerful controversialist, for he can never be silenced, keeps on asseverating what has clearly been proved to be false, and by the very impudence of his shifts and dodges, and the torrent of his words, succeeds in imposing himself upon the unthinking masses, and is often able to seem to get the better, in the popular judgment, of an opponent who really has all the facts and all the logic on his side.

It has not escaped our French student that one effect of all this is steadily to degrade public oratory. M. Lourié has as poor an opinion as Carlyle of the popular orator, but for other reasons. The Scotchman's dislike of the "People's William," and fluent speakers of that ilk, was based on his belief that they did not and could not tell the truth, but simply dealt out flattery to their hearers. The Frenchman goes closer to the psychology of the matter. The political verbomaniacs are self-deceived. They are carried away by the sound of their own voices. The mere repetition of words and catch-phrases finally cuts such grooves in their brains that they abandon all thought of reasoning and simply pour out the old language as a kind of "stunt." In time, their very hearers cease to look to them for ideas or arguments, and simply flock to them as to performers. It is consideration of this fact which leads M. Lourié to think that political oratory is certain to decline—to decline, that is, as a means of influencing the progress of ideas or leading men to undertake serious political action. Not that the political verbomaniacs will cease to have their vast audiences. As the crowd pays less and less attention to what they say, it will flock denser than ever to the spectacle and excitement which their very manner of saying it offers. Our Frenchman's prediction is that the evolution of political verbomania will at last have this result:

> In the future the art of oratory will take refuge in the circus—its proper place. People will go to hear a celebrated orator as they go to see a clown, a juggler, a phenomenon, and they will allow themselves to be lulled and soothed by rhythms which appeal deliciously to the ear but say nothing to the understanding. They will go to hear one who charms crowds by his speech as they go to see one who charms snakes by his gaze.

This, we will merely remark, might be cut out and pasted in the hats of timid gentlemen who attach tremendous significance to the crowds that throng to hear our leading political verbomaniacs.

GEN. BOOTH AND HIS ARMY.

Thirty years ago representatives of every official religious organization in England were rivalling one another in sneering condemnation of the methods of the self-styled "General" and his Salvation Army, with its trumpets and tambourines, its mock uniforms, its threatenings of hellfire, and its blasphemous familiarity with the Deity. Now, when the man whose restless energy called this vast organization into being enjoys respite from his labors, there will scarcely be found a religious body to withhold tribute of praise to the memory of a great man who dedicated his life to the service of Christianity.

The revulsion of public sentiment with regard to the aims and methods of the Salvation Army is the justification of William Booth's work. No man of his time has been more bitterly attacked, or with greater weight and authority, and there are many things in connection with the Salvation Army of which it is difficult even now to approve. But the deeds of any man are to be judged by results, and, even if we take the work of the Salvation Army only in its social aspects, ignoring its religious aspirations, the verdict must be given in its favor. That is a view which General Booth himself would have been quick to resent, for first and foremost he was a religious enthusiast. But he possessed the rare combination of the zeal of a fanatic and the executive ability of a shrewd man of affairs. The saving of souls he conceived to be his business in life, and to that purpose he applied business methods. He had a genius for advertisement, and was the first to use modern methods of publicity for the advancement of a religious cause. Such methods may have been vulgar, and, even after their triumphant vindication, the more sensitive may still deplore them, but there is no doubt that they did the work and reached the people whom they were intended to attract—the waifs of the street, the frequenters of the saloon and the dance hall, the criminal and the fallen—with a success that could have been attained by no other means. Just as John Wesley aroused the official church from its apathetic indifference to the religious needs of his generation, so did General Booth show religious bodies how it was possible to penetrate into the by-ways and dark alleys of modern life.

From the very beginning the Salvation Army vigorously attacked the vice question, and refuges for unfortunates, in which they might regain self-respect and be taught the means of self-support, have always been an important feature of its work. It was General Booth, too, who was instrumental in getting up a memorial, which was successfully presented to the House of Commons, to have the age of consent advanced to sixteen years. Another important branch of the Salvation Army is its work in colonization. There are farms in this country, and one at Hadleigh, in England, which grew out of the scheme outlined in the General's book, "Darkest England and the Way Out." One of his latest enterprises, exhibiting at once the originality of his ideas and the practical expression he was able to give to them, was the establishment of "Suicide Bureaus," which intending suicides were invited to enter in order to discuss their plight dispassionately with the captain in charge.

While paying generous tribute to the memory of a great man, it is not unbecoming to inquire whether he will survive the supreme test of greatness, whether the work which he did in his lifetime will remain afterwards a solid and enduring monument to his memory. The sealed envelope in which the

General appointed his successor has been opened, and, as was expected, names his son Bramwell. But the document indicates no change in the administration of the vast sums of money which the Army has at its command. It is on just this question that the most telling criticism has been levelled at the Commander-in-Chief, notably by a man of such influence as Professor Huxley. No one, at any rate in late years, questioned the honesty of the General (his own living expenses were meagre in the extreme), but just criticism was aroused by the autocratic principle on which his administration of the funds of the Army was based. Funds subscribed by the public should be accounted for to the public. That is the only logical basis on which an organization like the Salvation Army can be founded. But General Booth willed otherwise. The great machine which he had constructed was controlled by himself alone; his power was absolute; his word in all matters relating to the organization of the Army was law. The question is: Will this autocratic and irresponsible government be continued?

A SCIENTIST ON SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

The sneering at college professors as men from whom nothing practical is to be expected, dies out so slowly in this country that, as we have recently seen, Mr. Taft's campaign manager thought it justifiable to have a fling at Gov. Wilson as "Professor Wilson." The best cure for this narrow-mindedness would be a residence abroad, in Germany particularly, to see how men in political life there covet the opinions and advice of the men whom we deride as closet-philosophers. Nor is it exclusively to professors of government and history, sociology and economics, that foreigners look. From scientists as well do they seek to acquire knowledge as to current events, for they have learned that the search for causes to explain natural phenomena, and the mental strength which comes by daily application to difficult intellectual tasks, may fit a man to deal with current problems. The very fact that the scientist stands aloof from the crowd gives him a detached point of view in itself of great value. Hence such an address as that recently given in Berlin by Sir Clifford Allbutt, regius professor of physic in the University of Cambridge, attracts wide attention both in his own country and abroad.

He addressed the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health on the "Integration of the Social Organism"—a title serious enough to be alarming. But the address itself challenges admiration not only for its wisdom and sanity, but also for its charming style, its wealth of quotation and of illustration, and its deep underlying knowledge of human beings and their world. Few of our American statesmen, we are sure, could equal it in grasp and calmness. It is the deliberate judgment of one who speaks with unfettered tongue, without fear of the voter and the ballot. Why should a physician and a teacher discuss the trying social problems, or the unrest which vexes the whole world? Because, he says, "ethical, medical, and social influences interpenetrate each other," so that "one can hardly discuss any one of them without involving the others." Lord Acton, Sir Clifford quotes as saying that "ideas are not the effects but the causes of public events," and that revolutions explode not on particulars, but on "general abstract ideas." If, as it now seems, our revolutions are coming in the domain of economics, the physician has a particular reason for being heard, because "half of these" economic changes "must be more or less directly medical; they must be founded upon the ideas of public health and the means of its maintenance."

But this physician and professor stubbornly refuses to be sensational or to indulge in wild generalizations. Not even the new science of eugenics sweeps him off his feet. This new science, proclaimed so loudly as the cure-all for every ill of the species, Sir Clifford pictures as really "an infant needing the very nursing which we want for the slum babies." The knowledge of heredity, "with its secret and mazy laws," is too slight to be of much use to us practically. Let us not, therefore, he advises, maim further the stunted bodies of those who are defective for "plain and open lack of nurture, education, and family love." The very questions of insanity, of the wisdom of persons uniting in marriage in whose family cases of insanity have occurred, make this scientist more than anything else feel his "ignorance and ineffectiveness," for some of the happiest marriages he has known were entered into with gravest anxiety because of family taint.

But no such scruples trouble legislators or our most ardent apostles of social reform. By them the world must be made over in a day. They can have no patience with this spirit of inquiry, of careful progress based on knowledge. Why, this good professor actually doubts the value of the minimum wage; for—shades of the Progressives!—he asks whether it is not one of those "explosive, reactionary ideas," "ideas without knowledge," which have rendered many revolutions futile. Yet his desire for social justice is keen, too. He appeals for the children—though he questions whether the diminution of births is the "terrible misfortune we almost passionately suppose it to be." He desires better homes and better schools—to bring up children to be good fathers and mothers, to give them teachers of higher and more humane standards, to provide them with more of out-of-doors life and a closer knowledge of nature.

But throughout it all there is no note of bitterness nor intolerance, no wild radicalism or heady Socialism, no reliance on noisy appeals to the people. He who defines the *scientia vitæ civilis* as the storing of the most energy by a social body "most economically, and the using of it the most fully and effectually and to the highest ends," could hardly believe that the triumph of any rash appeals to passion would really bring nearer the solution of the problems of poverty, of underpayment, of overcrowding, of inefficient government, of inadequate schooling. As to these, Sir Clifford quotes Emerson to the effect that "We are as yet but at the morning star and the cock crowing." Though we are often compelled to act in politics beyond our knowledge, yet this is another reason to urge on the mission of true and calm enlightenment.

MODERN LITERARY REWARDS.

The refusal of James Whitcomb Riley to own the soft impeachment that his poetry had brought him untold wealth must be regarded as an encouragement to poets rather than what it might at first thought seem, a dashing of their spirits. The mere fact that such a report could gain currency is most significant, for how often, since Caedmon discovered that he could sing and was promptly assigned to singing as his life task at the stipend of three simple meals and a hard bed, has a poet been raised to a place beside merchants and bankers in the popular catalogue of material success? Shakespeare's financial attainments must be counted out, for he was a theatrical manager as well as a poet, and plays, even in verse, hardly come under the head of poetry. The other exceptions are so rare as merely to prove the rule. It must, therefore, be admitted that our Hoosier bard has been the recipient of an almost unique distinction in being credited with a fortune made in the service of the muses. His disavowal of the fact should only stir up keener rivalry for the glory of being the first millionaire poet in the history of the world.

But if our poets are not yet able to display a scale of expenditure comparable to that of our baseball stars, it by no means follows that the writer of a book in these spacious times is without his rewards. Publishers take delight in flooding newspaper and magazine offices with information of the movements of those who supply them with the raw material for books. It is impossible to read many of these bulletins without forming the conviction that any writer who does not possess an automobile and go abroad every year for several months of leisurely travelling from one capital to another, is too rare to consider. When we compare this happy state with that of Goldsmith, immured in a garret until Dr. Johnson happened to hear about it and rescued him by the summary process of forcing "The Vicar of Wakefield" down the throat of the nearest publisher, we can but rejoice at the good fortune of literary genius in our brighter day. We would not give the impression, however, that money is looked upon as a reward by our writers. It is only a necessity. What they, in common with their brethren of all ages, really value is fame. And this they have in abundance. The praise that the hard-hearted publisher is so reluctant to grant to the newcomer with a manuscript in his hand, he pours out like water upon the same individual when his effort has been accepted. Where, for instance, is the writer of even many books who would not be satisfied with the following estimate of his accomplishment?

> The book is a masterpiece; it is a work of the finest humor; it is intensely human; its creative power and characterization equal the very best of Sterne or Dumas.

Beside this, it seems poor and mean to say merely that "the author has a pleasing wit and an ignenious fancy, and the book is just the sort to be read aloud to a summer gathering," but who was there to say even so much for Cervantes or Geoffrey of Monmouth?

Not a few of our writers add to their literary reputation political fame and position. This is not a new phenomenon, as Milton and Addison attest, but, like these other rewards, it has a flavor that in former times it lacked. The author of "Comus" was not benefited in a literary way by his political activities. On the contrary, it forced him to suspend writing for so long that he might well have despaired of turning out a work of any length again. With our authors, the case is different. Booth Tarkington's election to the Indiana Legislature did not seriously interfere with his writing. As soon as he had gained the maximum of political repute with the minimum of attention to politics, he resigned and settled down to write for the larger, or at least, more interested, public that then gave heed to him. This beautiful enlistment of political activity in the service of literature is one of the artistic triumphs of our time. The experience of Edward Bellamy, it is true, seems to point in the opposite direction. His "Looking Backward" was hailed, not as the simple piece of fiction which he had meant it to be, but as a programme of reform, and he found himself, to his embarrassment, regarded as the prophet if not as the protagonist of a new order. He had set out to write a novel, and was taken for a revolutionist. But 1887 is not 1912. We and our writers understand each other better now. To-day, under proper advice, Bellamy and Tolstoy, too, would go on writing novels while announcing each one as a restatement of his social ideas.

Novels—or plays. For we are in grave danger of wrongly distributing our literary rewards. To be a novelist is nothing, but to write for the stage, even by the roundabout process of first writing a novel and then having it dramatized, is the acme of literary success. Why should one laboriously turn the pages of a thick volume when one can get the best parts of it in three hours by merely sitting in a theatre, and, as Squeers would say, watching the actors go and do it? Still, we are no worse than our ancestors in this also. What chance had the novelist in Elizabethan days when a hundred unscrupulous playwrights were waiting to pounce upon his story and transfer it to the boards without so much as a thank you? It is something to recognize the right of the fiction-writer to the product of his pen. Copyright, national and international, is not the least of the rewards which Homer and Holinshed went without, but which are the portion of the humblest modern author.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, July 31.

"Napoléon Ier et le Monopole universitaire" (A. Colin, 4 francs), by A. Aulard, the well-known Radical historian of the French Revolution, appeared some time ago. In subject and treatment, it is a book of present-day importance; but it is also valuable for the knowledge it gives of one among the many activities of Napoleon's organizing mind. And it touches essentially, though incompletely, the little understood upspringing of old intellectual habits that survived all Revolution and, particularly, the spontaneous revival of religious education. These latter questions are in the line neither of M. Aulard's understanding of history nor of his method of writing it; but their discussion is not necessary to the question he proposes to himself:

> I should like to dispel confusion and set inaccuracy right by an impartial historic view for readers of every sentiment, whether hostile or favorable to what is called the principle of liberty of teaching, hostile or favorable to what is called the eminent right of the state to teach and to teach alone. I should like all such readers to be able, both with profit and security, to read my narrative and find in it authentic and significant facts to check off their opinion or to help them form an opinion.

It may be safely said that we have here the most enlightening study yet made of the "origin and working of the Imperial University," that is, of the facts and official documents connected with its existence under Napoleon himself. It is only a few years since the one "University of France" meant the entire organization of public instruction in the country, and the conferring of certificates and diplomas and degrees of every kind, from the most primary to the highest specialized instruction, still remains the exclusive function of state examiners. An exact acquaintance with this Napoleonic idea and its application in years when he was legislating France into conformity with the inevitable outcome of the Revolution is of obvious utility now. For, under the present Third Republic, Radicals are demanding a yet more absolute state monopoly of education, while Moderate Republicans still plead for the liberty of private initiative.

The book is the least controversial work of an author whose acknowledged mastery of documents has not relieved him of the suspicion of partisan misunderstanding and incompleteness in their use. In the present case, he frankly explains that he has been obliged to leave whole departments uninvestigated; and this has been made a subject of rather unnecessary criticism. In reality, the historical school of the document, of which Professors Aulard and Seignobos are the chief representatives in France, can work only within limits. In polemics against Taine, incompleteness is a legitimate reproach. In the study of Napoleon's organization of the state as educator, the case is not the same. The present volume shows all the qualities which have won for its author his singular reputation as an historian. There is the same persistent method of handling only what may be called "official" documents, to the neglect of those which are individual. This is sufficient for the present purpose, since it is an official monopoly of education which is in question.

For M. Aulard, Napoleon was more or less the dupe of his own instruments, and of Fontanes in particular; but it also seems that he knew this and accepted it as inevitable in his one-man restoration of law and order in France. At the time, our author thinks the experiment resulted rather in a strict state supervision of private teaching, with disagreeable fiscal operations. The lesson for our republican time, with a many-man Parliament in place of Napoleon, is not so clear. For the moment France is veering towards toleration, and the Radical idea of a complete state monopoly of education is not likely to be realized. It is of interest to the world at large to make acquaintance with this historical realization, however imperfect, of the "eminent right of the state to teach and to teach alone."

"Les Transformations du droit civil" (A. Colin, 3.50 francs), by Joseph Charmont, professor at the University of Montpellier, follows up to the present day another work of the master organizer—the Civil Code promulgated in 1804 as a part of what is known outside of France as the Code Napoleon. The book is not technical, and starts from the work of those who drew up this code of civil or "private" law. Its evolution is followed in successive French legislation down to our own time amid changes intellectual and moral, political and social. The author first takes up the family which, in spite of Rousseau and Revolution, remains the traditional unit of French society. He finds three economic causes working on it through new legislation: the compulsory division of property among inheriting children; the practice of stock companies, which has made France a nation of investing families in possessions not of the family; and the industrial system. Next come legislative measures concerning marriage, in virtue of which family power has dwindled without becoming extinct, and the condition of woman and child in and out of marriage. The evolution of private property has been twofold, in contrary directions—a gradual disappearance of agrarian communism and a successive restriction of property-holders' rights. The book closes with a study of the origin and consequences, not yet worked out, of the new idea born from the development of industries and machinism, that is, the idea of professional risk in law. It is rich in references and will prove useful to those interested in social problems.

"L'Evolution de la France agricole" (A. Colin, 3.50 francs), by Michel Augé-Laribé, deals chiefly with the present agricultural activity of France. By the intensive cultivation of her own comparatively limited territory, France has come nearer than any other European country to supplying from her own production her people's demands for food. This has always been the national tendency, even in times when agriculture has been weighed down by extraneous and unnecessary burdens. Arthur Young was struck by it in the days preceding the Revolution. In Henry Reeve's "Royal and Republican France" may be found contemporary witness to the immense progress made up to the Second Empire. Our author, fifty years later, studies from the most recent documents the economic situation of French agriculture to-day; the technical progress that has been made in it; the division of property; rural depopulation; associations and the development of Agrarian Socialism; and the political and moral work of Peasant Democracy. Among the many bright spots, he points faithfully to the dark defect—cities and factories have taken men and money away from the country, not to speak of the invading city fashion of small families. The same defect, without the partially counterbalancing thrift and minute industry of the French people, is becoming the urgent rural problem in other civilized countries. A book like this presents France as an object-lesson to the world.

"La Crise française" (Librairie Plon, 3.50 francs), by André Chéradame, is a complete and systematic summary of "facts—causes—solutions" as presented by those who are sure there is a "crisis" in France. It is certainly an interesting, and almost a necessary, book for those who wish to know France from within rather than judge like shrewd Sir Philistine who all his life on the outside passes. Its author, by schooling and training, by experience abroad and political journalism at home, has been prepared for his work. The defect of Nationalism like his is to be satisfied with labels and formulas resonant to one's sympathies and with general assertions and classifications of facts which will not stand close analysis. Edouard Drumont is an extreme example, and his life of brilliant polemics has only exasperated the evil, whatever it may have been, which he set out to attack. It would be unjust to class M. Chéradame with him or his school; his analysis of the factors in the Dreyfus Affair is sufficient to reassure us on this point. His book also is too full of ideas, representing what he sincerely takes to be facts, to leave space for partisan rhetoric. There is, however, the tendency to generalize and to accept the generalization as reality, whereas Locke, like the scholastics before him, warns us that only "particulars" do really exist—with men as with other things. With this reservation, the book is what its author wished it to be, a repertory of the leading facts which, in his opinion, have united in creating in France political, social, moral, and military disorganization. It is undoubtedly in tune with the present popular movement away from a Republic that was weak because its people were divided against each other towards a government, not necessarily un-republican, which shall be strong by ceasing to divide. Translated into "particulars," this may mean nothing more formidable than that a generation which wishes to go automobiling will not allow itself to be distracted by a preceding generation that has lived on politics. From the methodical table of contents and his pronounced marginal titles, the foreign readers of M. Chéradame's book will easily find those reasons of the prevailing French discontent which are likely to interest them. With a view to the irrepressible conflict between France and Germany, of which he laboriously studies the least elements, our patriotic author proposes a detailed adaptation of the military, naval, diplomatic, financial, and administrative forces of his country. The reserves of strength which he discovers very properly among his fellow-citizens may, after all, delay the conflict indefinitely.

"En pensant au Pays" (Hachette, 3.50 francs), by Cornelis de Witt, deals essentially with the same problems as M. Chéradame's book, and the conclusions are not essentially different; but its good literature, so different in form, its touching sentiment and immethodical pensive looking before and after with elderly eyes, make it more convincing to the outsider. Here we have French "particulars" in real life as actors and witnesses—farmers and schoolmasters, priests and officers. The author begins with the last patriotic words of Guizot, his grandfather, and gives his own living impressions of France as he has seen her gradual transformation since the rude shock of war and defeat in 1870. What is her people's hurt? and what shall cure it, and how? As might be expected, it is the book of an old-fashioned Liberal Protestant, so liberal that he all but seems a Reactionary, and not Protestant enough to wish a revenge for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which should bring the whole French people down to a moral slough of despond. In beautifully written pages, he too appeals to French youth—and, doubtless, the not easily managed vitality of youth will leap from the ruts in which he sees the republic fallen on to smooth ground again. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the introduction to Volume V of the admirable Knutsford edition of Mrs. Gaskell's Works, Dr. A. W. Ward says (page xii) concerning the first appearance of the author's story "The Manchester Marriage," that it "seems to have been first printed in Littell's Living Age, a paper published in Boston, U. S. A., in 1859." On page xxv we find the definite statement that "Mrs. Gaskell's story of 'The Manchester Marriage' was first printed in 1859, in a Boston (U. S. A.) journal bearing the name of Littell's Living Age."

Those familiar with the "paper" in question may wonder at this, but Dr. Ward could perhaps not be expected to know that the *Living Age* is made up of reprinted articles. Axon's "Gaskell Bibliography," it may be mentioned, does not list the first appearance in periodicals of those of Mrs. Gaskell's writings which were subsequently printed in book form. It does, however, say under "Right at Last, and other Tales," in which "The Manchester Marriage" was printed in 1860: "The preface states that the tales are reprints from 'Household Words' and 'All the Year Round.'"

Dr. Ward evidently assumed that the entry in "Poole's Index" assigning the story to the *Living Age* meant that it was first published in that periodical.

A reference to the number of the *Living Age* (February 5, 1859), containing "The Manchester Marriage," shows that the story was reprinted from the Christmas, 1858, number of Dickens's magazine, *Household Words,* to which Mrs. Gaskell was a frequent contributor.

This (extra) Christmas number consists of a story entitled "A House to Let," in six chapters, as follows:

(1.) Over the Way.
(2.) The Manchester Marriage.
(3.) Going into Society.
(4.) Three Evenings in the House [in verse].
(5.) Trottle's Report.
(6.) Let at Last.

Chapters 1, 5, and 6 form the framework of the story, while the other chapters are really independent tales, each relating an incident in the history of the House. The editors of "The Letters of Charles Dickens," and later Mr. Hutton, in his "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," have pointed out the connection of a letter of September 6, 1858, from Dickens to Collins with this Christmas number of *Household Words.* Dickens contributed the chapter "Going into Society" (which is to be found in his works under the same title), while Collins evidently wrote the framework story and the links connecting the different chapters. Charles Dickens the Younger states in his edition of "Charles Dickens's Stories from the Christmas Numbers of 'Household Words' and 'All the Year Round'" that "only a small portion of the framework (if any) was written by Charles Dickens."

There is no reason to suppose that "The Manchester Marriage" was written with a view to its incorporation in "A House to Let." The story as it appeared in *Household Words* is the same, word for word, as printed elsewhere, with the exception of a few insignificant external changes, as, for example, in the first sentence, which reads: "Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw came from Manchester to London and took the House to Let" instead of "Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw came from Manchester to settle in London."

"A House to Let" is most accessible in the regular reprint of *Household Words* by Frederic A. Brady, N. Y., or in the separate edition published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, 1859.

A. K. HARDY.

Correspondence

DR. FURNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Less than a week ago I received a letter from Dr. Furness in which, after speaking of the loss of several dear friends, he went on: "My nepenthe, however, is work, into which it is impossible at eighty to throw as much energy as at thirty. If all goes well I hope to deliver 'Cymbeline' to the mercies of the printers in a month or two. And then I shall rest and patch up my old body for heaven." In the light of the event the last words seem prophetic.

Since the news of his death reached Baltimore, I have been turning over various letters which I have had from him, letters full of kindly encouragement and advice, with comments on theatrical and literary affairs. A few lines from a letter which I received in Rome some years since may be quoted:

> Your mention of Tours reminds me that when I was there two or three years ago, I was regarded, in the fine hotel there, . . . as a venerable curiosity, because I remembered the great historic inundation of 1856, when I sailed in a boat through the streets and saw the bakers in boats delivering bread into the second-story windows, and remember the Emperor when he came down personally to cheer the inhabitants. What a delightful country Touraine is, and, indeed, all France. After travelling there for a while, we learn that Paris is not France and does not in the least represent it. I respect England, but I love France, where there is a geniality in the atmosphere which the fogs of England chill.

This passage is typical of the light touches of reminiscence and comment with which the letters abounded.

To know Dr. Furness one had to see him in his library, surrounded by books among which he had worked steadfastly for more than forty years. The many thousand volumes were ranged all around, the higher shelves being reached by a staircase and balcony built in the room. He had assembled a collection of Shakespeareana probably unsurpassed in the world. On "Hamlet" alone there are more than four hundred works. He had a complete set of the folios, the First Folio being kept in a special case and consulted only when the final revision of proofs was under way. A few of the quartos were in his possession, though for editorial purposes the various photographic facsimiles have in recent years been amply sufficient. His collection of souvenirs and relics of actors and actresses in Shakespearean rôles was most interesting. I recollect, for example, the crown of straw worn by Kean in the mad scenes of "King Lear," and the bond carried by Booth in the court scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Most remarkable of all, as is well known, and kept in a case like that containing his First Folio, were the "property gloves" said to have belonged to Shakespeare. Their history goes back without a break, through Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Garrick, to a certain John Ward who received them in 1746 from "a descendant of the family" of Shakespeare. Long ago Mr. Percy Fitzgerald spoke of these gloves as a "doubtful relic," but one should not always "smile at the claims of long descent," and in such matters credulity is its own reward and is a faculty to be cultivated. At least I thought so when Dr. Furness opened the case and let me touch the gloves which may have covered Shakespeare's hands.

Snatches of Dr. Furness's talk come to mind. I remember his delight when I told him of Miss Marlowe's now well-known reading of the word "sun" in the last act of "The Taming of the Shrew," a reading which he called "a stroke of inspiration bordering on genius." He spoke of the Baconian theory, which he said was almost as prevalent as the measles and from which most people recovered as soon. With mock indignation he demanded that the Baconians should read the Essay "Of Gardens" and the fourth act of "The Winter's Tale," or the Essay "Of Love" and the third act of "Romeo and Juliet." "If they still believe that the man who wrote the essays wrote those scenes, I give them up!" he said. He was impatient of the endless disputes as to the exact date of the composition of the individual plays, and like Professor Saintsbury was inclined to be skeptical as to the value of minute details of biography, preferring to leave the divinity which hedges the kingship of Shakespeare. In spite of years of the minutest textual criticism, he disliked (while appreciating its importance) the ceaseless poring over commas and semi-colons which to some editors is not only literally but figuratively bread and meat. He spoke with pleasure of a visit to Baltimore when he lectured, I think, at the Peabody Institute, and of friends at the Johns Hopkins, particularly of Professor Haupt, with whom he had been associated in some Biblical studies, and of Professor Bright, to whom he was indebted for several notes in the New Variorum.

Of Dr. Furness's achievement as an editor this is not the place to speak. Though his own contributions to disputes were frequently enlightening (and they greatly increased in number in the later volumes), he did not lay claim to be an æsthetic and philosophic critic. Among such critics of the present day he accorded first place to Mr. A. C. Bradley, of whom he once wrote to me: "In the Shakespearean world at present I hear no voice but his," and again: "To me, he is certainly on a level with Coleridge, if, in some respects, he does not surpass him." The only position he claimed for himself was that of a pair of scissors, and he sought to eliminate all signs of personality. That was impossible; I venture to say that in no scholarly work is the editor's personality more delightfully apparent. It showed itself in that rarest of editorial endowments—humor, which appears in most unexpected places (as when at the close of a discussion about the folklore gathered round the man in the moon he remarks: "After all the only thing which concerns us is his premature arrival and strange desire to go to Norwich"), and which lightens up the darkest dispute and refreshes the student in the most arid desert of controversy. He brought to his work personality, enthusiasm, and singleness of purpose. He was no dry-as-dust pedant, and was broad in his interests, but his life was Shakespeare. In one of his letters I find these words: "To know that fresh, young, enthusiastic spirits are entering the world of Shakespeare, wherein there lies for them illimitable growth, cannot but fill with measureless content one who is finishing the journey, and to whom that world is fast vanishing in the lengthening shadows." Throughout that "journey" he went "dietro alle poste delle care piante." His was the constant service of the antique world, which in that good old man appeared, indeed, well.

These are but random recollections and impressions, but perhaps they will serve as a tribute from one who valued his friendship as a precious gift.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Roland Park, Md., August 15.

PROFESSIONAL MOTIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter from a college professor on "Professional Motives," which you published last week, brings up the greatest of all questions, namely: What is any rightminded and normal man living for? or, as the old Catechism put it: "What is the chief end of man"? Grant that we all begin on the selfish or egotistic level. Nevertheless, we become presently aware, if we once have a fair chance to open our eyes, that while there is a constant "give and take" in the course of our lives, it makes all the difference in the world on which side of the balance we put the habitual emphasis of our will. Issues constantly arise to try us and discover what we are about. Do we seek to get all we can, and to give as little as we can? That way lies the slow death of manhood and happiness. Do we seek and desire to give and do as much as we can, and to be as socially useful as possible? This seems immediately, and more and more, to agree with our constitution. I mean that this ensures the largest possible flow of life and power.

It matters little what one calls this resolute good will which characterizes all the best men and women. I like as little to call it "altruism" as your correspondent seems to do. This word makes an unfortunate division of interest between the self and others. But I do not think that "egotism," even of the most refined sort, is an accurate word by which to describe what we have in mind. Though a man, at his best, in doing righteous and social things, is doing precisely what he likes best to do, this is a "selfishness" that would send him to death on occasion, at the call of conscience or of love. People ought not to use "egotism" for this quality. I suppose that, in the best sense of the word, this type of will and character and conduct is religious, inasmuch as the life from which it comes seems to be simply borne in upon us, with the same gladsome and compelling power as that which makes the trees bear their fruit, or the birds sing.

May I add a word of deprecation of the idea that the predominant social motive is specially characteristic of the so-called "Professions." As the son of a Congregational minister, I was brought up to believe that there is nothing holy in the ministry that is not equally to be found in every honest calling. Is there any decent business in which men are engaged, which is not a form of social service? Ought not, then, all men who work, to have the satisfaction, not merely of being paid and of getting a living, but better yet, of knowing that the best quality of their work is never too good to be put out for the common welfare?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Southwest Harbor, Me., August 20.

LECKY ON THE DEMAGOGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter in your issue of August 15, entitled the "Method of the Bull Moose," quoting Le Bon's book on "The Crowd," leads me to quote a passage from Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty," pp. 18-19 (English edition of 1896):

> Every one who will look facts honestly in the face can convince himself that the public opinion of a nation is something quite different from the votes that can be extracted from all the individuals who compose it. There are multitudes in every nation who contribute nothing to its public opinion; who never give a serious thought to public affairs, who have no spontaneous wish to take any part in them; who, if they are induced to do so, will act under the complete direction of individuals or organizations of another class. . . . And in a pure democracy the art of winning and accumulating these votes will become one of the chief parts of practical politics. . . . The demagogues will try to persuade the voter that by following a certain line of policy every member of his class will obtain some advantage. He will encourage all his utopias. He will hold out hopes that by breaking contracts, or shifting taxation, and the power of taxing, or *enlarging the paternal functions of government*, something of the prosperity of one class may be transferred to another. . . . Every real grievance will be aggravated; every redressed grievance will be revived; every imaginary grievance will be encouraged. . . . To set the many against the few becomes the chief object of the electioneering agent.

A. L. B.

Ripon, Wis., August 21.

A PROFANATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one whose reverence for the sacred things of the Church's belief has been offended time and time again by profane use or reference to them on the part of politicians, I wish to protest against the following:

The "grand old party" is a-mouldering in the grave,
It came and saved the nation, *but itself it cannot save*,
It's Boss Barnes's plaything, and it's Guggenheim's slave,
But we go marching on.

The phrase italicized gets what dignity it has in the wretched context from its reflecting the dramatic use made of a similar thought in regard to the One who lived in suffering and poverty and died in agony to save mankind. The association is intolerable.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, August 18.

THE FUNCTION AND THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the inconsistencies kindly pointed out by the reviewer of my "Origin of the English Constitution" (*Nation*, July 25), there is one that occasions me some remorse. It is the contradiction which is said to exist between the statement that "the Norman state was simple and undifferentiated," and another that "we seem to have the right to say that the legislative, judicial, conciliar, and military functions of the state in their ordinary operation were thoroughly feudalized and the administrative system partially so." I ought, I think, to have made more clear the distinction between the functions of the government and the machinery by which it exercises those functions. I suppose that all governments which have developed far enough to be at all worthy of the name perform the same great functions of the state, but the institutions through which different governments exercise any one function are apt to differ widely; it is possible, indeed, for a state to perform more than one function through the same institution, and the business of the constitutional historian is to describe and account for differences and similarities of machinery. He has little to do with function in itself. That duty falls to the student of political science. The distinction is one of considerable importance at any given moment of the historian's work.

My form of statement was undoubtedly careless, but it did not occur to me that any one would think I really intended to say that function was feudalized, to confuse function with machinery, or to imply that because a state performs various functions, therefore its government machinery is of a differentiated type. The Norman state, as I believe, and the Anglo-Norman state certainly, performed the legislative, judicial, and conciliar functions, and a part of the administrative, by the use of a single, simple, and undifferentiated piece of machinery which was thoroughly feudalized. The administrative system was a partial exception in both respects, because of the necessary use, in addition to the central institution, of a local officer who under neither government made his office feudal. In England the sheriff was, I think, an entirely non-feudal officer, despite a slight tendency to hereditary shrievalties, and, as a connecting link between the local and the central governments, the office is a most interesting instance of the influence of Saxon institution on details of the Norman general government, the most interesting, I think, of the several cases of the sort. The sentence in regard to the Norman government being made to read, as it should have been in the first place, that the piece of machinery by which it exercised the functions named was thoroughly feudalized, it follows, I believe, that the statements which your reviewer puts together are both accurate, and that no contradiction exists between them. I the more regret the opportunity which I have here given to misunderstanding, because I have a feeling that among the many shortcomings of the book a lack of clearness is not in many places to be counted.

G. B. ADAMS.

Newport, Vt., August 15.

Literature

CHINESE PROVINCES.

In Forbidden China. The d'Ollone Mission, 1906-1909, China—Tibet—Mongolia. By Vicomte d'Ollone. Translated from the French of the second edition by Bernard Miall. With 146 illustrations, a map, and a portrait. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3.50.

The history of China is the story of a gradual process of conquest and amalgamation that began, probably, two thousand years before the Christian era and still continues. For the reason that European knowledge of the empire has been acquired from its costal side, where this secular operation was long completed, Western observers until recent years have generally ignored the fact that even China proper is yet a nation in the making, while the great husk of sterile territory surrounding the eighteen provinces remains as foreign to the China of history as India is to England. The peoples against whom this culture conquest has proceeded may be roughly divided into three convenient groups, the aborigines who occupied the fertile lands draining into the ocean, the Tibetans on the west, and the Tartars on the north. During the past millennium the last named have advanced far to the south and imposed their rule upon the older state under successive dynasties, effecting a mixture, like that of the Celts and Teutons in France, ending in complete infusion, while preserving the culture of the more highly civilized group. The Tibetans, though less successful as invaders, have conquered at different times various portions of the empire. Their main contribution to China has been the form of religion that now controls a majority of its inhabitants. Of the aborigines who occupied China before the Chinese, there remain only scattered bands that survive the pressure of many centuries of compulsion in mountain fastnesses, where they have defied the overwhelming odds arrayed against them.

Several attempts have been made by Europeans to explore the districts still preserved to these barbarians, out of whose tribes and territories the Chinese have developed their own nation. Chinese writers know almost nothing about them, and give them all a bad name; Chinese officials are uniformly shy of them, and object to investigations on the part of others. It may be asserted with some confidence that no one of them recognizes any relation to the genesis of China. It is characteristic of the Gallic sense of method and collocation that the French should have been the first to conceive a plan of examining the problem of Chinese origins as a whole by equipping an expedition to investigate existing remains of these survivals in turn as they can be found in the western highlands of China. The scientific results of the d'Ollone Mission, which performed this task with success during three years of hard travel, are being given to the world in seven large volumes by the French Government. The work before us is a readable narrative of its experiences—a book full of human interest, of the charm of the picturesque and unfamiliar. But it is more than this. It reveals at once the operation of racial struggles that penetrate the remote past of Chinese history, and the sturdy character of an opposition to the domination of a people which we have been taught to regard as homogeneous throughout the length and breadth of the provinces. In its way it is the most important contribution that has ever been made to our knowledge of the racial sources of the Chinese and of the enclavement of primitive survivals.

Three considerable groups of these survivals have retained independence of the Chinese. They are the Lolos, in southern Szechuan; the Miao-tze, in Kweichow, and the Si-fan, in the eastern projection of Tibet which marches on the northern border of Szechuan. "Their countries," declares the author, "forbidden to the foreigner, are the only portions of the globe which are to-day unexplored." Each of these regions was approached in turn by the Frenchmen and their few attendants, and into each they had to proceed against not only considerable physical obstacles and tribal attacks, but the objections of the Chinese provincial authorities. The Lolos visited appear to be a section of a tribe once in Kweichow, who abandoned their country when the Manchu dynasty was powerful enough to drive them further from the centre, but not sufficiently well supported to compel their subjection in the magnificent mountain knot to which they fled. Here in an Alpine land, some two hundred miles north of Yunnan-fu, these doughty tribesmen have maintained their feudal array, served by slaves obtained in frequent raids upon the neighboring Chinese, and managing somehow to procure from their ancient enemies such necessities as rice, cotton, and tobacco. The explorers were able to penetrate their lofty haunts by being passed from one friendly clan to another, but no Chinese guards were allowed to accompany them. When doubts arose as to permitting the strangers to advance from the domain of one chief to another, the Frenchmen would give an exhibition of the carrying power of their rifles, an argument to which no Lolo was insensible. There was no fighting, for the intruders would have been snuffed out in a minute, but the respect of these warriors for the power which such instruments of precision indicated was impressive. An ancestral suit of armor was exchanged by one noble for a carbine which he would never be able to use, for want of cartridges; yet he was satisfied to have it so as a sufficient symbol of authority.

The Miao-tze, in the adjoining province of Kweichow, were visited by the author's two lieutenants, and consequently come in for less detailed attention in his narrative. Their discoveries, however, were scarcely surpassed by their chief's. The so-called "independent Miao-tze" of Chinese geographers were found to have reached this region from Hunan, when they drove out the Yao, but they were in turn driven out by the Tai—racial relatives of the Siamese—and it is these, not the suppressed Miao-tze, who are allowed autonomy under their seigneurs, but who submit to Chinese authority. From this unexplored domain nearly two hundred manuscripts and inscriptions may reveal, when examined, the relationships among the non-Chinese occupants of this sub-tropical wilderness.

The third part of the explorers' journey was devoted to a region which, though called Tibet on the map, appears to be inhabited by the warlike descendants of those Tanguts who have ever been a thorn in the side of China. These Si-fan, "Western Barbarians" of Chinese books, differ entirely from the Tibetans of the Himalayas. "There was no resemblance," says the author, "between this tribe of warriors, who are always in the saddle, lance in hand, and the heavy agriculturists or the timid herdsmen hitherto described. The difference was complete and explained by the difference of language; the vocabularies we compiled have nothing in common with the Tibetan language nor the derivatives we had met on the confines of the country. We were apparently dealing with a people absolutely unknown to Europe, although apparently ancient and illustrious." Much the most difficult and dangerous experience in the three years' expedition was met among the clans of this savage confederation, amid mountains eighteen thousand feet high, where every man's hand is raised against his neighbor. The lamas, who are the real rulers of these nominally independent tribes, and who watched the advent of the strangers with jealousy, nearly brought about the ruin of the caravan. Deprived of their yaks and their drivers, the party succeeded at last in reaching the monastic seat of Lhabrang—a splendid city of three-storied houses and twenty huge monasteries administered by the Living Buddha—under a Mongol prince who actually proved to be a descendant of that Subatai of Genghiz's horde who once conquered Russia and bathed his horses in the Adriatic. From this terrible country the Mission passed to the ancient haunts of Mongol power beyond the Great Wall.

The end of this remarkable tour brought M. d'Ollone by a wide détour along the great bend of the Yellow River, past several sites of archæological interest, to Wu-tai-shan, where he obtained an interview with the Dalai Lama the day before his departure to Peking; from thence he reached the railway and the familiar civilization of China Proper. The importance of the discoveries made can hardly be overestimated, though it would be premature to speculate before the publication of the official record upon the value of some of the conclusions presented. While this popular account of the journey suffers from extreme condensation and a consequent meagreness of details as to the researches involved, its style is sufficiently vivid to render it interesting even to those who are indifferent to what can be learned in the great hinterland of China.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Goodly Fellowship. By Rachel Capen Schauffler. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Miss Schauffler's name is guarantee for her competency to write of missionary work in Persia, and this, her book, is proof of her marked ability in constructing a novel. Jean Stuart of New York and Bar Harbor, travelling alone in Persia, would naturally meet adventures. When out of great peril she is delivered into the safe-keeping of the American Mission at Muramna, leaving in her wake a baffled and enraged Moslem courier, material is seen for the tale of danger and difficulty that follows. Jean, a red-haired society girl, of high temper, kind heart, and great common sense, makes the best of her enforced winter's domestication among the mission workers. There are twenty-five of these all told, adults and children. Most of them we learn to know intimately, several gladly; but the spirit of the place is the acquaintance most worth making for those who think of foreign missions as fields of narrow bigotries on a prescribed level.

The extreme expression of the modern impulse is found in the hero, a brawny doer of deeds. If at last religion claims all, there is little bigotry and no cant. The characters of one or two of the missionaries are of a saintliness that even the world must love. The martyrdom of one is an echo of the fate that actually befel Miss Schauffler's brother-in-law, the Rev. Benjamin Labaree. To this tragedy the book is said to owe its inspiration. With great tenderness is described that devoted side of missionary life which will not use the word self-sacrifice. Yet an outsider seeing with eyes of humor or prejudice is made to interpret the scene, and from scoffing is made to arrive at praying by the route of practical sympathy and under the gentle compulsion of noble example. The unworldliness of the leaders is offset by characters of more average clay, whose foibles, humorously described, heighten the naturalness of the group. Outside the city walls, industries, errands of mercy, and perils are vividly described, with the sick, the benighted, or the ferocious ever at hand. Condensation could be endured in respect of the heart-struggles and facial grimaces of the hero and of feats of voice and eye on the part of the heroine. "My!" is a hoary sinner, and universal "chuckling" a growing blemish. But these are flecks, and do not avail to dim the interest or merits of the book.

The Forest on the Hill. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co.

It is said that Mr. Phillpotts is about to abandon Dartmoor, feeling that he has done all that he can profitably do with that theme and setting. This is perhaps wise, though one doubts if there can be any other spot on earth which he can hope to interpret half as happily. Two-score novels in a single narrow provincial setting are about "all the traffic will bear," no doubt. And one must admit that in the later stories the stream begins to run a little thin. Or, rather, it begins to return upon itself. The general situation upon which the present story is based is much like that of more than one of the earlier novels. Drusilla Whyddon, the woman of simple and bountiful nature, doomed to suffer by her very excess of virtue, has been this writer's heroine from "The Whirlwind" to "Demeter's Daughter." And the two men who strive for her are the familiar two who figure antithetically in so many of the stories, the puritan and the pagan —upper and nether millstone, so far as the woman herself is concerned. Here also is one of those rude primeval natures, Lot Snow, a grim old savage close akin to Iron Mortimore of "The Beacon" and to other more dimly-recalled figures of our Dartmoor past. The scene shifts, as usual, from cottage to open, and from open to the inn, with its talkative and even choral bar. And, as always, there are passages of lyrical description, in which the writer displays an almost voluptuous abandon to the charm of nature—never as a solitary nature, but as a stage, beautiful or grim, upon which little man plays his leading part. The story of Drusilla Whyddon and her two men is sombre enough; but human nature shines through it, as always in these Dartmoor tales—a possession worth having, however luckless its immediate experience. Drusilla, as we leave her, is a forlorn figure, but not a figure of feebleness or mere pathos.

The Adjustment. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Co.

The author of "Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker" shows in this, her latest novel, many of the traits of the earlier book. There is the same high-mindedness, the lofty patience, the passionate sympathy with hurt creatures, the half-mysticism, the mild humor, the unsparing detail. Put together in a decidedly ingenious plot, of injuries, penalties, and pardons, they yield a story which holds the reader even while he kicks against the pricks of improbability. The saints of Miss Bryant's story are very, very saintly; the worldlings are witty or prosy, as required; the sinners are touched with charm and an infinite capacity for being reformed. With Rachel Massendon the law of love was the law of life. So fully did she trust this law that, having imbued her daughter Christina with the doctrine, she had no fear, when called by duty to a distant land, in leaving the young girl to her own guidance. On so high a plane of unselfishness the story moves that conventionalities appear only as unreal and jocular accompaniments to life. It testifies to the good faith of the book that the reader, after gasping awhile in the rarefied atmosphere, accepts the writer's attitude and follows without undue criticism the most unafraid ventures of pity and generosity into regions of error and discouragement. The world is in good hands. All good things, including good endings to miserable beginnings, are "meant." To further the "meaning," the weakest may dare all. The most incorrigible may be drawn back within the pale. Even for the gambler and forger there may be a future of self-respect and peace. Mystic, Roman Catholic, Protestant, all are invested with the mantle of charity, and the impression strongly survives that, though unnamed, the guardian divinity of the novel is Christian Science.

The Citadel. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Merwin calls his story "A Romance of Unrest." In a romance there must inevitably be a dragon to be slain and a stronghold to be captured. Mr. Merwin's dragon is fixity in human institutions; his stronghold the Constitution of the United States. This his hero calls "The Citadel of Reaction and Restraint"; and his heroine, "an ignorant attempt to block, to retard, the biological law of change." The hero's ambition is "to smash the *rigidity* of the Constitution."

A Congressman of the present time, representing sundry conservative interests in an Illinois town, one day suddenly breaks out in a speech denunciatory of the Constitution as a bar to progress. Denounced by Conservatives and disowned by the alarmed Insurgents and Progressives, but warmly applauded by a young woman, a biologist in the Department of Agriculture, he breaks with his constituents and becomes a candidate for reëlection by the poorer districts of his city. To his standard flock the radicals, the Socialists, the single-taxers, the woman's suffrage party, all advanced thinkers and theorists, not to say all the honest, the virtuous, and the oppressed. Something like the millennium is to follow the crippling of the Constitution and the adoption of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. The weapon which is to lay low the citadel is revealed in a flash of insight to Congressman Garwood, as "just an amendment making the Constitution easy and simple to amend instead of difficult." So the dragon-slayer goes through his campaign; and the bosses are against him and the people are with him. Theft, trickery, fraud fight for the Constitution, and all the virtues fight against it. And though the powers of darkness temporarily win, our hero and his bride, who have eloped—from nothing—and been married by an alderman, intend to fight on and educate youth into their own enlightened views. Much preaching is done by politicians and lovers. John, the Congressman, is a forceful lecturer, and may be credited with clear-cut statements of the want of faith that is in him. The novelist has presumed on his power to array all evil against all good, and his vehicle runs lopsidedly. It is almost laughable to find all decency arrayed in hot insurgency, all rascality on the side of law. "The President," on a speechmaking visit, is described as advocating a "quite harmless and toothless progressivism." How different his from Margaret's, who feels the "big concept"; foresees the "revolution brewing in education as in every other department of our haphazard old civilization"; —has seen it coming for years, but hasn't "connected it up"—to which her spouse replies, "That's the problem—connecting up."

HIERATIC TEXTS.

Egyptian Hieratic Texts, transcribed, translated, and annotated by Alan H. Gardiner, D.Litt., Laycock student of Egyptology at Worcester College, Oxford. Series I: Literary Texts of the New Kingdom. Part I: The Papyrus Anastasi and the Papyrus Koller, together with the Parallel Texts. Leipzig, 1911.

The appearance of the first instalment of this series marks the inauguration of a new and important literary enterprise. Even the material form of these documents collected by Gardiner commemorates a great literary contribution. We refer to the fact that, whereas Babylonia contributed to the Mediterranean civilizations the use of the stylus for incised writing on a plastic medium, later continued in the wax tablet of the Roman, the Egyptian, on the other hand, originated and transmitted to the later world the use of pen and ink, making possible writing upon a thin and convenient membrane, papyrus paper. The heavy and inconvenient clay tablet, like its successor of wax, was long ago displaced by the larger surface of the handy roll or still more convenient *page* of Nile paper, while the stylus gave place to the Egyptian reed pen and carbon ink. For individual use the modern world has not been able to devise a mechanical system of writing essentially different from that so long used on the Nile, nor can the typewriter ever wholly displace the pen and ink discovered some five thousand five hundred years ago by the Egyptian scribes.

It is with some feeling of familiarity and even kinship that we greet the outward form of these documents written with black ink, the paragraphs marked by a word or two in red at the beginning, the ancestor of our rubric, the whole in regular lines on the light brown surface of the papyrus-paper. This cursive hand, written so rapidly by the scribe that little resemblance to the hieroglyphs of the lapidary style survives, has yielded more slowly to the process of decipherment than the elaborate hieroglyphs sculptured on stone, with which we are familiar in our museums or on the temple walls and obelisks of Egypt. It is commonly termed hieratic, and in the task of its decipherment the scholars of England have had a prominent and honorable part. The brilliant work of Goodwin in the early days of such research has been an inspiration to all scholars laboring under adverse and discouraging conditions. Who can but take courage as he looks back upon Goodwin, undauntedly continuing his hieratic studies in a consular office in China? To our understanding of the difficult Middle Kingdom hand, the able Oxford Egyptologist, Griffith, has contributed much, and it is but the continuation of an honorable tradition that his former pupil, Gardiner, should devote his fine abilities and unusual training to a comprehensive edition of a great body of early papyrus documents to which little or no attention has been given for a generation in the British Museum, where most of them are housed.

Gardiner's plan does not involve the reproduction of the original hieratic, of which he gives instead a careful transliteration into hieroglyphic, his text being based on repeated collations of the original papyrus in every case. This hieroglyphic transliteration he publishes in autograph on the left page, while the right is occupied with textual remarks and critical apparatus. To the technical student of Egyptian language and civilization this material is invaluable and fills a long-felt want. On the other hand, all students of ancient literature will find that the introductory summary of contents and the complete translation of each document afford a fascinating glimpse into a long vanished world.

The work which Gardiner has chosen for his first instalment is known among scholars as "Papyrus Anastasi I," one of a group of papyri purchased by the British Museum in 1839 from Signor Anastasi, Swedish Consul in Egypt. It is a contest of wits between two scribes of the reign of Rameses II (thirteenth century, B. C.), in which the weightier contestant writes a letter displaying his superiority over his adversary, to whom the letter is addressed. The writer Hori overwhelms his opponent, Amenemope, with a flood of good-humored raillery at the latter's meagre abilities. In the usual accomplishments and graces of style which should be possessed by the scribe the unhappy Amenemope is shown to be altogether lacking. The scribe must, furthermore, be a man of affairs and display administrative ability. In digging a lake or reservoir Amenemope is unable to calculate the amount of rations required for the troops employed, and when a great ramp or inclined plane is desired, up which to drag the stone for a public building, Amenemope is baffled by the complicated computation of the necessary number of sun-dried brick. A dispatch from the crown-prince arrives, telling of the execution of an obelisk some seventy-three feet in height; but it is not yet in position, and the luckless Amenemope, as caricatured by his merciless adversary, is entirely unable to say how many men should be employed, etc. His caricaturist, displaying noticeable familiarity with the geography of Phœnicia, Syria, and Palestine, passes jauntily from one Asiatic city to another, exposing his victim's ignorance of the foreign world as necessarily known to the well-informed scribe who would maintain correspondence with the cities of Asia in the days of the Hebrew Exodus. Place-names familiar to students of the Old Testament are common in this list, and even the Jordan emerges here for the first time in history.

A collection of four model letters (Papyrus Koller, Berlin Museum), on which the schoolboys of three thousand years ago practiced their hands, forms the second part of Gardiner's first instalment.

When a sufficient number of parts have appeared to make a volume, indices covering all the material contained in it will be issued, and the paging has been so arranged that it will be possible to bind texts and translations each in volumes by themselves. On the completion of the literary series Gardiner plans to publish others, containing magical texts, business documents, juristic texts, letters, and the like. The author is to be congratulated on the sound and methodical treatment, as well as the literary ability, evident throughout the work. The project when completed will constitute an important achievement in the Oriental field, and it is to be hoped that it may go steadily forward without interruption.

English Apprenticeship and Child Labour: A History. By O. Jocelyn Dunlop. With a supplementary section on the modern problem of juvenile labour, by O. Jocelyn Dunlop and Richard D. Denman, M. P. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Problems of juvenile employment have been much discussed in England in recent years, and many books and pamphlets have been called forth. One of the most important products of the discussion is this bulky and scholarly volume on the history of English apprenticeship from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century. Though the author may not have discovered anything essentially new, he has brought to light considerable fresh and interesting material of illustrative character from the records of the gilds, companies, cities, and courts of law. The investigation was suggested by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and as a piece of research approaches in excellence the well-known historical work of the Webbs.

The story of child labor before the nineteenth century is the story of apprenticeship, which had obtained a firm hold in England by the fifteenth century, and in the sixteenth was crystallized in the Elizabethan Statute of Artificers. From that epoch until the advent of the factory system England had thus a compulsory, cheap, and efficient system of technical training, which at the same time succeeded in avoiding the serious evils of modern child labor. In mediæval times and until the introduction of the factory system children were employed in as many kinds of labor, at as early an age and for as long hours, as since the industrial revolution, but with this marked difference in favor of the earlier period, that employers felt a personal responsibility for the health, morals, and industrial future of the boy; and the gilds were strong enough to punish any delinquency on the part of the masters in their treatment of their apprentices.

The growth of capitalism and the elevation of the doctrine of *laissez faire* into a political and industrial creed removed this personal responsibility and destroyed the gilds, so that the nineteenth century has come to stand out as the period in which child labor has been most ruthlessly exploited.

The leading rôle played by the gilds in enforcing the beneficent features of apprenticeship Mr. Dunlop sets forth in a clear and interesting manner; but it also appears that in the hands of the gilds apprenticeship became a powerful weapon for creating and preserving an industrial monopoly. The apprenticeship system, although capable of providing a sound industrial training, soon became undemocratic and narrow. This the Government was powerless to prevent, because, lacking the necessary administrative machinery, it had to depend on the gilds to enforce the apprenticeship regulations, and the gilds too frequently enforced them in a monopolistic spirit. The gilds, in other words, gradually diverted apprenticeship from its proper function, and this was undoubtedly one of the chief causes of their overthrow. The revolt against apprenticeship in the eighteenth century was apparently at bottom but opposition to gild monopoly.

Apprenticeship as the sole means of entrance to a trade had, from a variety of causes, completely broken down by 1780, though the act itself was not finally repealed until 1814, two centuries and a half after it came into being.

Although most students of the problem agree that it is now impossible as well as undesirable to revive the institution of compulsory apprenticeship, many are inclined to look upon its passing with deep regret, feeling that it represented very wholesome conditions of juvenile employment. It should not be overlooked, however, that in certain respects the situation was far from ideal. The evil of gild monopoly has already been referred to. Technical training and membership in a skilled and honorable trade or profession was only for a chosen few. "Gild limitation of numbers must have closed the door of training and protection in the face of many who would be obliged to occupy themselves, therefore, in unregulated fields of work." It is well to remember, also, that apprenticeship was from the very beginning regarded as a method of poor relief. Parish officers and overseers of the poor apprenticed their pauper children, and as a rule to an inferior class of masters, who had but slight appreciation of their duties. It is, of course, a well-known fact that it was the miseries of the pauper apprentices in the cotton mills that finally stirred to action the child-labor reformers of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Furthermore, a system of industrial training for boys alone would certainly find few champions at the present day, though that was a marked feature of the old apprenticeship. Women and girls were employed in every branch of industry, even in those requiring heavy manual labor, but there was no systematic training and instruction for them, as there was for the boys.

Although in large measure a presentation of the results of research into the history of child labor and apprenticeship, the book shows from the first pages that its underlying purpose is practical, namely, to emphasize the fact that at the present time too many children and young persons are drawn into "blind alley" occupations, or those "which have little or no prospect of permanence and no educative value either for citizenship or for adult work. Consequently, when they are no longer able to support themselves upon juvenile wages, they are turned adrift and younger workers are taken in their place." The problem to-day is the same in the United States as it is in England. We must show the legislators and the public that "juvenile labor is merely a prelude to adult labor"; that it should not be regarded as an "independent factor in the labor market."

Notes

"Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" has been put into modern English by the Rev. Ernest J. B. Kirtlan, who has also written an introduction on the author and on the Gawain stories in English. The work will be published shortly by C. H. Kelly of London.

The Countess d'Aulnoy's "Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675" will appear shortly from the press of John Lane, edited by G. D. Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert attempts to explain the mystery surrounding Lucy Walter, the mother of the Duke of Monmouth.

Two novels are promised for this month by the Appletons, "The Inheritance," by Josephine Daskam Bacon, and "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter," by Alice Jones.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard announce "The Sanctuary," a new novel by Maud Howard Peterson, and "The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries," by Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

"The Man Who Bucked Up," by Arthur Howard, and "Princess Rags and Tatters," by Harriet T. Comstock," are forthcoming stories in the list of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Jean Webster's "Daddy Longlegs" and Hugh Walpole's "A Prelude to Adventure" are new novels announced by the Century Company.

The Hungarian Literary Society is bringing out a volume of Petöfi's Poems. The translator is William N. Loew. The proceeds from the sale of the volume will go towards the erection of a statue of the Magyar poet in New York.

Stokes has in press for issue next month, in fiction: "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan; "Lifted Masks," by Susan Glaspell; "A Whistling Woman," by Robert Halifax; "Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff," by Elizabeth Neff; "The Bride's Hero," by M. P. Revere; "Eve's Other Children," by Lucille Van Slyke; "King-Errant," by Flora Annie Steel, and "My Robin," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.—Miscellaneous: "At Prior Park and Other Papers," by Austin Dobson; "The Spirit of Christmas, and Other Prose Poems," by Arthur H. Gleason; "The Story of the Idylls of the King," by Inez McFee, and "The Lovers' Baedeker," by Carolyn Wells.

Among the books which Cassell will publish this autumn are, in fiction: "The Strong Hand," by Warwick Deeping; "The Man at Lone Lake," by Virna Sheard; "The House of Windows," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; "The White Gauntlet," by Percy Brebner; "The Adventures of Napoleon Prince," by Mary Edington, and "Violet Forster's Lover," by Richard Marsh.—Miscellaneous: "First Sketch of English Literature," by Henry Morley, revised; "The Story of the Renaissance," by William Henry Hudson: "Thackeray," by Sidney Dark; "A History of the Modern World," two volumes, by Oscar Browning; "The Man of No Sorrows," by Coulson Kernahan; "High Road to Christ," by the Rev. Richard Roberts; "Evangelicalism: Has It a Future?" by R. C. Gillie; "Personal Power," by Keith Thomas; "Among the Heretics," by J. A. Packer, and "Social Studies," by Oliver C. Malvery and the Rev. J. Marchant.

Little, Brown & Co. have several new novels in their autumn list: "The Court of St. Simon," by Anthony Partridge; "The Gift of Abou Hassan," by Francis Perry Elliott; "All the World to Nothing," by Wyndham Martyn; "The White Blackbird," by Hudson Douglas; "Good Indian," by B. M. Bower; "A Little Book of Christmas," by John Kendrick Bangs; "A Cry in the Wilderness," by Mary E. Waller; "The Tempting of Tavernake," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "The Destroying Angel," by Louis Joseph Vance.—Illustrated books: "Romantic Days in the Early Republic," by Mary Caroline Crawford; "A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets," by Eliza Calvert Hall; "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings," by Mary H. Northend; "Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland," by F. Lauriston Bullard; Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway," with twenty-four full-page pictures in color by Charles E. Brock; "Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow," by Edward B. d'Auvergne; "Tramps Through Tyrol," by F. W. Stoddard; "The Cathedrals of England and Wales," by T. D. Atkinson; "Keats's Poems" and Kingsley's "Water Babies."—Juveniles: "Heuley's American Captain," by Frank E. Channon; "The Fourth Down," by Leslie W. Quirk; "Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp," by Anna Chapin Ray; "Dave Morrell's Battery," by Hallis Godfrey; "Donald Kirk, the Morning Record Copy-Boy," by Edward Mott Woolley; "The Fir-Tree Fairy Book," by Clifton Johnson; "Curiosity Kate," by Florence Bone; "The Bunnikins-Bunnies and the Moon King," by Edith B. Davidson; "Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods," by Chauncey J. Hawkins; "The Wonder Workers," by Mary H. Wade; "Cherry-Tree Children," by Mary Frances Blaisdell; "The Boy's Parkman," compiled by Louise S. Hasbrouck; "The Young Crusaders at Washington," by George P. Atwater; "Mother West Wind's Animal Friends," by Thornton W. Burgess; "When Christmas Came Too Early," by Mabel Fuller Blodgett; "Folk Tales of East and West," by John Harrington Cox; "Josefa in Spain" and "Donald in Scotland," by Etta B. MacDonald and Julia Dalrymple. "The English History Story-Book," by A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball, and two "Children of History" books, by Mary S. Hancock.—Miscellaneous: "The Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III." translated from the private diary of Baron d'Ambes: "Myths of the Modocs," by the late Jeremiah Curtin; "The Party Book," by Winnifred Fales and Mary H. Northend; "Modern Italian Literature," by Lacy Collison-Morley; a translation of Emile Ollivier's "The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes"; "Woman in the Making of America," by H. Addington Bruce; "John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot," by Lorenzo Sears; "In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion," by Maud M. Holbach; "A Polish Exile with Napoleon," by G. L. de St. M. Watson; "Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes," by Edgcumbe Staley; "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde; "A Short History of English Law," by Edward Jenks; "A History of Roman Law," by Andrew Stephenson; and English translations by F. C. de Sumichrast of Théophile Gautier's romances and travels.

The head of Windermere, the haunt of Wordsworth, comprising the meadowland between the mouth of the River Rotha and Waterhead, will be used for building purposes, unless a sum of £4,000 can soon be raised to purchase the site for the English nation. Two thousand four hundred pounds has already been contributed, the major part by residents of the locality, and we are asked to urge any Americans who are able to do so to help make up the remainder. Checks may be sent to Canon H. D Rawnsley, honorable secretary to the National Trust, Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick, England.

"The Garden of Eden and Its Restoration," the opening article in the *Geographical Journal* for August, by Sir William Willcocks, is a description of the proposed irrigation works which will give to Mesopotamia a firm foundation for its future prosperity. Referring to the fact that Mehemet Ali proposed to the Sultan of his day to exchange Egypt for Babylonia, Sir William said that "England would make no bad financial bargain if she were to exchange Egypt for Babylonia." An interesting and encouraging account of Northern Nigeria is given by C. L. Temple, one of the small band of pioneers who set up an administration there some twelve years ago. One characteristic of the country is the innumerable races and tribes to be found in it. In one area of about 25,000 square miles sixty-four languages and dialects are spoken. Another is the industry of the natives, illustrated by the fact that from whatever point one approaches the town of Kano "he will travel for three days through country every inch of which is highly cultivated." The land revenue has increased in eight years from $80,000 to $2,300,000, and foreign-made trade spirits, which have wrought so much evil in Western Africa, are prohibited. Other subjects treated are the relations of kames and eskers, formations deposited by water from melted glacier-ice, by Prof. J. W. Gregory, and the distribution of early Bronze Age settlements in Britain, with sketch-maps and illustrations by O. G. S. Crawford.

The *National Geographical Magazine* for July opens with an account of some little-known parts of Panama by Henry Pittier. Its most interesting feature is the description, with many reproductions of photographs, of the three aboriginal tribes still in existence, who retain most of their ancient customs. Of the Chocoes he writes: "Never in our twenty-five years of tropical experience have we met with such sun-loving, bright, and trusting people, living nearest to nature, and ignoring the most elementary wiles of so-called civilization." The chief of the United States Forest Service, H. S. Graves, describes the methods adopted by the Government for fighting the forest fires, for 33 per cent. of which the railways are responsible. The importance of this work of reducing a loss which reaches about a million dollars annually is shown by the fact that the production of timber by growth is one-third less than the amount used. Among the preventive works of the Government in the national forests are numerous lookout stations, 10,000 miles of trails, above 5,000 miles of fire lines, and 7,000 miles of telephone lines.

H. A. L. Fisher's "Republican Tradition in Europe," published in 1911, and reviewed by us on September 7 of that year, has been brought out by Putnams in a Students' Edition.

In a very readable biography of "William the Silent" (Baker & Taylor), J. C. Squire, late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, has made good use of the great statesman's published correspondence and of some of the English Calendars of State Papers; otherwise his dependence upon Motley, Ruth Putnam, and Frederic Harrison is almost complete. He tells his story in a lively, dramatic fashion, but seeks to impress his reader with William's greatness by an extravagant use of adjectives rather than by a simple statement of the facts upon which that greatness really rests.

Prof. E. J. Urwick, of King's College, London, in his "Philosophy of Social Progress" (Methuen), throws down the gauntlet to the sociologists by declaring that there cannot be, in any proper sense, a "science" of society, but only a philosophy of social development. In his view, the elements of social life are too numerous and complicated to admit of scientific synthesis; moreover, the power of man to determine, in considerable measure, his own action makes it impossible to formulate laws as to what society, the aggregate of these innumerable free wills, will do or ought to do. From Professor Urwick's standpoint, the influence of environment in affecting social activity has been overworked. On the contrary, the conduct of society in any given case is likely to be the result of an appropriation, by an increasing number of persons, of ideas or examples originating with individuals. Peculiarly interesting is his view of the purposive character of social development, and his recognition of spiritual and religious forces as elements in progress. For loose generalizations and illogical conclusions the author has frank contempt, and his own contribution, while avowedly controversial, and not in all respects so novel or revolutionary as he apparently thinks, has a solid basis of clear thinking and pertinent illustration.

If the old fisherman in the twenty-first idyll of Theocritus had not dreamed that he caught a golden fish, it is possible that there would be to-day no occasion for such a book as Dr. Henry Marion Hall's on "Idylls of Fishermen: A History of the Literary Species" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner). So definite was the impulse which came from the Sicilian. Despite the fact that fisherman's luck was a favorite topic with ancient writers, it required the artificial setting of an idyll before it could create a body of traditions sufficient for the making of a literary species. This was Theocritus's contribution. Virgil, oddly, left the type virtually untouched, yet exerted great influence upon it indirectly. For Sannazaro refashioned the details of Virgil's pastorals into the fisher mould of Theocritus. In his piscatory eclogues are lists of fishes corresponding to the Augustan's groupings of trees; men sing while they fish, so that the poor victims rise to listen; there are contests for prizes, etc.; in short, all the devices of the pretty fad into which the eclogue proper had developed. Through Italy, Spain, France, and England the fisher idyll ran a long and wide course. For a couple of centuries there was hardly a branch of literature into which it did not enter. The sonnet, the romance, the drama, the romantic epic sheltered it. In England Phineas Fletcher is found by Dr. Hall to be the most significant figure in this movement. Fletcher, it is interesting to note, made the same use of Spenser that Sannazaro had made of Virgil, adapting wherever the plan of his "Piscatorie Eclogs" permitted the substance and manner of the "Shepherd's Calendar." By this time it is evident that the fisher idyll had assumed an artificiality far removed from the only slightly exaggerated setting furnished by Theocritus. This gave trouble to its later votaries, and an effort was made to correct blunders by squaring the work with such an authentic treatise as Walton's "Compleat Angler." Further ramifications of the type are too complicated to be sketched here. A list of the chief English piscatories includes: Donne, Milton (in "Paradise Regained"), Gay, Moses Browne, William Thompson, Monk Lewis, Scott, and Keats. Dr. Johnson, as might be expected, had his say about this fashion. In the *Rambler* he objects to Sannazaro's eclogues because the sea presents less variety than the land, and because a sea poem for one dwelling inland will always remain as unintelligible as a chart.

Seven years ago the H. W. Wilson Co. of Minneapolis, Minn., began publishing a thin and unpretentious quarterly called *Library Work*, which provided an index and a brief digest of the more important articles appearing in current library periodicals. As the list of periodicals included was short and the period covered by each issue was brief, tho material in each number was too scant to be of much service, and the publication received little encouragement from librarians. The work, however, was continued, gradually including a wider range of periodicals, and now the whole series of separate issues, with much added matter, cumulated and arranged in one straight alphabet, is published in a large octavo volume of 400 pages under the title "Library Work." It furnishes an entirely new and unique tool for reference in the field of library economy. With this tool in hand, tho busy librarian can in a minute put his finger on every reference to any specific library topic or problem that has appeared during the past seven years in any and all of the twenty-six leading library periodicals in America, England, Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Italy; and for about one-third of these references—and those the most important—he has in the index itself a summary or digest of their main points. There is in English only one other work of reference in its field to be compared with this—the comprehensive "Bibliography of Library Economy," compiled by H. G. T. Cannons and published in London in 1910 (Stanley, Russell & Co., 7s. 6d.). The latter has the advantage of including the whole period from 1876 to 1909, and of being arranged in both classified and alphabetical order. The former has the advantage of being two years nearer to date and of not merely pointing to, but in many cases providing, the material needed. For the librarian who wishes to be exhaustive, both indexes are needed, but for one who has access to only a limited number of library periodicals, "Library Work" is by far the more useful. With this cumulation, the quarterly issues are brought to an end, the work being taken over by the *Library Journal*, of which it will hereafter be a regular feature. In one important respect the volume deserves severe criticism, and that is the cheap and flimsy binding in which it is issued. In these days when librarians are working so persistently to raise the general standard of book-binding, it is inexcusable that one of their own professional tools should be supplied in this wretched form.

The proceedings of "The Robert Browning Centenary Celebration," at Westminster Abbey, May 7, 1912, are published in attractive pocket form with a portrait by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Professor Knight is editor for nine short contributions: The Oral Interpretation of Browning, by Bishop W. Boyd Carpenter; two commemorative poems by Canon Rawnsley; Browning on Failure, by Emily Hickey; Browning and Wordsworth on Intimations of Immortality, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge; Browning as a Letter Writer, by H. C. Minchin; Browning as I Knew Him, by William C. Kingsland; An Australian appreciation of Browning, by Prof. Henry Laurie; The Ring and the Book, by Dr. Hill. To these is added a report of the Robert Browning Settlement at Walworth, by the warden, F. Herbert Stead. It is easy to see that these brief addresses may have adequately served their immediate purpose, but one and all they share the literary dreariness that paradoxically the most robust of poets infallibly inspires in his interpreters. Yet doubtless the inner cult will unreservedly welcome this pious tribute to a great memory.

No one knows or loves Paris better than Georges Cain, curator of the Musée Carnavalet. Not long ago, Emile Faguet said of him, "He is the geographer of Paris. He knows all the houses in it, all the streets, the squares, the gardens. And he is the historian of Paris. Of each house, street, square, and garden he knows all the history, from the most remote times down to the other day." His book, "Byways of Paris" (Duffield), translated by Louise Seymour Houghton, like its numerous predecessors, bears out this statement. The curiosities to be found in its pages are as varied as they are interesting: the garret where Napoleon did *not* live; the Hôtel de Ville and the playground of revolutions in front of it; the Théâtre du Vaudeville, where "la Dame aux camélias" had its first night sixty years ago; the brook of Ménilmontant, where Parisians shot ducks in times past, and which now runs underground beneath the Opéra; Balzac's retreat in the rue Raynouard, with one of those deep and shady gardens which give Passy an air of having grown up on a wooded countryside and of still preserving bits of it; the strange northwest slope of Montmartre, undiscovered of Americans who go with a devilish air to the Moulin Rouge. Faguet says a book of Georges Cain is good for people who do not love Paris (as if there were any); for those who do, it is even better, provided they brace themselves for a sharp attack of nostalgia.

The valuable part of the last "Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin" is that portion of the Appendix given over to "Historical Papers." This portion is more than two-thirds of the volume. The subjects range from such topics as "Recollections of a Pioneer Woman of La Crosse" and "A Wagon Journey from Ohio to Wisconsin in 1846," to the more pretentious sort indicated by the titles, "The Admission of the 'Omnibus' States, 1889-90," and "Some Aspects of Politics in the Middle West, 1860-72." The last-named paper is by Evarts Boutell Greene, Ph.D., and is an examination of Professor Dunning's thesis that the continuity of the Republican party since 1854 is doubtful, so far as it applies to the political situation in the Middle West during the dozen years following the election of Lincoln. Quotation from the concluding paragraph will best show the trend of the author's reasoning:

> Having recently constructed a building at the University of Illinois, to be known as Lincoln Hall, we have been interested in preparing, after consultation with various persons throughout the State, a list of the Illinois men who, having been associated with Lincoln either in the conflict against slavery or in the work of preserving the Union, seemed especially to deserve conspicuous recognition. An effort was made to have the list representative so far as possible of different phases of political ac-

tion. The nine men finally selected for this purpose were: Douglas, Trumbull, Yates, Palmer, Logan, Lovejoy, Koerner, Davis, and Medill. Of these nine, seven were living in 1872. Of these seven survivors, not more than two were in that year identified with the same political party to which they belonged in 1860. Of the six men living in 1872, who were Republicans in 1860, four were associated with the Liberal Republican movement, and none of the four was ever restored to regular standing in the Republican party. Of the two men who were Democrats in 1860, the one survivor in 1872 was an intensely partisan leader of the Republican party.

The collection is one more piece of evidence of the deep and intelligent interest that the West is taking in its past.

E. L. Miron, in "The Derelict Duchess" (Brentano's), has done his best to give substance to the shadowy figure of Charlotte d'Albret, Duchesse de Valentinois, the abandoned wife of Cesare Borgia. But for all his efforts, all his painstaking researches and analyses of ancient *inventaires*, and, we may add, all his fanciful evocations and flights of sentimental sympathy, this unhappy lady remains but a pallid portrayal. Whether she wished to marry Cesare or whether she married him against her will, what she did or said, how she looked—all this is uncertain. We know only that she was referred to by contemporaries as "one of the loveliest girls of France"; that after her separation from her husband she made sundry unsuccessful efforts to join him in Italy; and that after his downfall she pleaded his cause, with equal lack of success, before King Louis, who was thoroughly out of conceit with his old ally. The omissions of the "master-makers of history" are redressed by the author in a spirit of tender piety. He pictures his heroine first in the Château de Nérac, the home of her coarse-souled and intriguing father, Alain le Grand, the Sire d'Albret, scion of a great Gascon house; then among the ladies-in-waiting of Anne de Bretagne, twice Queen of France, who helped arrange Charlotte's marriage with Cesare Borgia when the originally projected marriage with that other Charlotte, de Tarente, fell through; and then, finally, we see her, after her brief married life with her husband, which seems to have been happy, at Issoudun, immured in her manor of La Motte Feuilly, where she awaited the deliverance which never came. Having mated her to Cesare, the King of France apparently held her as a hostage for his doubtful ally in the ill-placed hope that the latter might thereby be kept faithfully to his engagements. But for the Italian, his French marriage was but the merest incident. Although his wife bore him a daughter, Louise, Cesare never saw her again after leaving France. In 1514, six years after his death, she too died, and was buried, according to the instructions in her last will and testament, in the chapel of the Convent of the Annonciades at Bourges, beside her friend, Jeanne de Valois, the uncrowned Queen of Louis XII. But her heart was removed from her body and placed in the Church of La Motte Feuilly. Here, later, at the order of her daughter, Mme. de la Tremoille, was erected a beautiful monument, the work of Claustre, with the effigy of the Duchesse in alabaster. This was savagely mutilated during the Revolution, but has since been restored.

Science

Dr. Stephen Smith is bringing out, through Frank Allaben, New York, "The City that Was," a treatise on sanitation in New York city in 1864, and "Who Is Insane?"

The House of Cassell numbers among its forthcoming autumn publications several science books: "Electricity in the Service of Man," two volumes, by R. M. Walmsley; "Wireless Telegraphy," by B. E. Jones; "Reinforced Concrete," the same; "Practical Conjuring Up to Date," the same; "Motor Cars and Their Story," by F. A. Talbot; "The Complete Gardener," by H. H. Thomas; "Indoor Gardening," the same; "Wild Flowers as They Grow," fourth series, and "Spiderland," by R. A. Ellis.

Readers need not fear that the new and enlarged edition of "The Field-Book of American Wild Flowers" (Putnam), by F. Schuyler Mathews, has outgrown its convenience as a handbook. It is still fitted to the side-pocket and adapted to ready use in excursions. Severe tests applied to the key leading to the families shows that a great deal of labor has been bestowed upon it, in order to make it trustworthy and simple even for beginners. The engravings, which aim to discriminate puzzling species, are well drawn, and the colored plates also are excellent. Besides, Mr. Mathews gives much first-hand information concerning the relations of insects to our common plants.

"Practical Poultry Keeping," by R. B. Sando, and "Profitable Breeds of Poultry," by Arthur S. Wheeler, two of the Outing Handbook series, give in a condensed and elementary form many axiomatic rules of poultry culture. Mr. Sando has kept on safe ground, and the poultryman who has no other manual on his shelves will find here nothing to lead him astray, and not much that he does not know already. Although the Census Bureau has tabulated returns from 5,655,754 farms which raised poultry during 1909, and although there are as many more town and city amateurs, it is inconceivable that there should be further demand for these trite and elementary manuals, which offer nothing but the reiteration of principles as well-known as the Ten Commandments—and perhaps as often violated. A. S. Wheeler writes in a brisk and assertive style, and his views will attract attention from the fact that he is one of very few writers on poultry topics who come out from behind the old legend, "All breeds are good, and none is better than the others." His enthusiasm for the Rhode Island Red is very great, but he well defends it, and his opinion of the Leghorns is also sustained by the facts. His manual makes good reading.

The purpose of "Earth Features and Their Meaning (Macmillan), by Prof. W. H. Hobbs, is primarily to furnish a readable work on miscellaneous topics of modern geology and physical geography. In his preface the author lays stress on the fact that the book is a series of readings to stimulate the traveller to appreciate the landscape wherever he may go. A special emphasis is laid upon earthquakes, volcanoes, the work of water, desert processes, and glaciers. There is some mention of the mechanism of folding, but virtually no attention whatever has been given to the dynamics of intrusive magma, such as granite. We note in the only reference made to plutonic intrusion a very singular suggestion and a very misleading one, if the author wishes his book to convey generally accepted doctrine. He asserts that "no igneous rock type is known which could be formed by the fusion of any of the carbonate rocks," and then, after showing that the chemical composition of shale resembles that of average igneous rock, he concludes, "This close resemblance is probably of deep significance, for the reason that shales and slates are structurally the weakest of all rocks, and for the further reason that they rather generally directly underlie the carbonate rocks, which are by contrast the strongest. For these reasons, shales and slates are the only rocks which are likely to be fused by relief from load through the formation of anticlinal arches within the earth's zone of flow. If this view is well founded, lavas and other igneous rocks are in large part fused argillaceous sediments, formed in connection with the process of folding." The reviewer would respectfully insist that this view is *not* well founded. That the composition of shale should resemble that of average igneous rock is not remarkable, as shale is the sedimentary product of erosion of igneous rocks, and represents the finest material of all minerals derived therefrom. Shale has not been concentrated as has sandstone, for instance, which consists almost wholly of quartz.

The book is noteworthy for the importance given to the experimental method in geology, for good reading references at the end of each chapter, for an unusually good analysis of weathering, and the surface process of dry regions, such as dune accumulations in the deserts, and for original treatment of glaciation. The work of organic life and the processes of the oceans are almost wholly omitted.

"La Sismologie moderne" (Paris: A. Colin—300 pages, 46 figures in text, 16 plates, 2 maps—4 francs), by F. de Montessus de Ballore, is a much-needed exposition in popular form of the author's large special works on seismological geography and seismological science. It explains with scientific precision, but for the general reader the periodic character of earthquake movements, their measurable elements, and the working of the instruments invented for their measurement; the varying phenomena; the geography of earthquakes and volcanoes; effects and relations of earthquakes with other phenomena; the consequent evolution of the earth's surface relief, and its connection with the internal constitution of our globe; and what man can do to meet the danger of earthquakes, particularly in his buildings. There is a short bibliography of principal works in the different languages, all of recent date like seismological study itself. The figures and maps are excellently chosen to make clear what has become in our own time a necessary branch of physical science, thanks to perfected means of exact observation.

The death is reported from Constance, Baden, at the age of eighty-one of the Rev. Johann Martin Schleyer, the German priest who invented Volapük, the first international language. It was based on English and contained many words borrowed from the Romance languages and from Latin. Schleyer published his first prospectus in 1879. In 1885 Volapük had been taken up in France. The Volapük Academy for the study of the language was founded in 1887, and to the third Volapük Congress, which met in Paris in 1889, 283 societies sent delegates, representing more than a million students. Shortly after this Congress, Schleyer and the members of the Academy divided over an effort to simplify the grammar and vocabulary for commercial use, and Volapük was superseded by other artificial languages.

Music

Critical and Historical Essays. By Edward MacDowell. Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt.

Edward MacDowell is now universally regarded as America's foremost composer. As a boy he exhibited such remarkable skill in the use of pencil and brush that a prominent Parisian artist, President of the Académie des Beaux Arts, offered to give him a free training, which offer it is most fortunate that he declined, for this country has had more great painters than creative musicians. A few years before his death appeared a volume of his poems, most of them written to be set to music by himself; and now, several years after his death, we have in book form some of the lectures which he delivered as professor of music in Columbia University. They are provided with a preface by the editor of the *Musician*, W. J. Baltzell, who explains why there were not more of these lectures to print. MacDowell conducted two courses, one of which was intended to give a general idea of music from its historical and æsthetic side, while the other was concerned with the development of musical forms, piano music, modern orchestration, impressionism, and the relation of music to the other arts. Unfortunately only a small part of the lectures in each course were fully written out. These he read from a manuscript, but the others were given from notes and illustrated by him on the piano. However, enough of them were worked out to make it possible to put together a volume which gives a clear and vivid view of the evolution and the history of music in their main outlines.

One cannot but regret that MacDowell ever accepted the Columbia professorship. There was little understanding of or sympathy with his aims and ideals on the part of the faculty, and while some of his pupils have since made names for themselves, most of those who had the privilege of attending his lectures were little more than "barbarians," as he characterized the university students collectively, speaking from the æsthetic point of view. It was not like teaching at a conservatory, where all the students have a practical knowledge of music. Doubtless the very fact that not a few of his hearers at the University had no such training impelled him to strive for that lucidity of explanation which will agreeably impress every reader of his book. What one regrets is that he should have ever taken the time to prepare these lectures. They are on the whole not much better than a similar set of lectures that might have been prepared by half a dozen musical journalists in the country. But no one in the country can give to the world the inspired songs or piano or orchestral pieces which he might have composed during the months it must have taken him to collect and digest the material for these lectures. Another set of "Eight Songs" or of "Woodland Sketches" would have been of infinitely greater value to the world than this volume of Columbia lectures.

Yet it is in itself a good book, and interesting; a book which may be cordially commended to the attention of all those who are enamored of MacDowell's music. For, beside much that is almost inevitably conventional in the discussion of ancient, mediæval, and modern music, of scales, counterpoint, folksongs, Troubadours, sonatas, operas, and so on, there is also a good deal of the precious individuality of MacDowell's mind. The keynote of his attitude as an historian and critic is struck in these words:

> In my belief, I am no respecter of the written word, that is to say, the mere fact that a statement is made by a well-known man, is printed in a well-known work, or is endorsed by many prominent names, means nothing to me if the thing itself is available for examination.

This independent attitude is exemplified again and again in these pages. The frank and sincere American is indignant at the antics of the European historians who see nothing of the flaws in some modern composers and none at all in some of the old masters. Mozart's sonatas for the piano, for instance, are habitually treated as sublime. Though they abound in bare runs and unmeaning passages, students are informed that they do not contain one note of mere filigree work. In reality "Mozart's sonatas are compositions entirely unworthy of the author of the 'Magic Flute,' or of any composer with pretensions to anything beyond mediocrity. They are written in a style of flashy harpsichord virtuosity such as Liszt never descended to, even in those of his works at which so many persons are accustomed to sneer." The modern style of ornament, as used by Chopin and Liszt, is distinctly an Oriental trait, and MacDowell does not agree with Sir Hubert Parry and others that the Moors in Spain, for example, covered poverty of thought beneath superficial ingenuity of design. The Alhambra outdoes in "passage work," in virtuoso arabesques, "all that an army of Liszts could do in piano literature; and yet the Arabs were the saviors of science, and promoted the greatest learning and depth of thought known in Europe in their time." As for Liszt, "there is such an astounding wealth of poetry and deep feeling beneath his somewhat 'flashy,' bombastic trick of speech he inherited, that the true lover of music can no more allow his feelings to be led astray by such externals than one would judge a man's mind by the cut of his coat or the hat he wears."

Frankness is what MacDowell missed in most of the books on musical history and criticism, as in the attitude towards art in general. People do not dare, he says, to admire the London Law Courts; all things must be measured by the straight lines of Grecian architecture. "Let us have frankness, and if we have no feelings on a subject, let us remain silent rather than echo that drone in the hive of modern thought, the '*authority* in art.'" He is indignant with the musical historians for perpetually parroting the ridiculous assertion that the increasing and decreasing of a tone in loudness as an element of musical expression was first *discovered* at Mannheim, about 1760, whereas Plutarch already referred to this thing. "When we read in Josephus," he says in another chapter, "that Solomon had 200,000 singers, 40,000 harpers, 40,000 sistrum players, and 200,000 trumpeters, we simply do not believe it." He does not join in the admiration of the Mastersingers; they were mainly valuable, in his opinion, for having furnished Wagner a subject for his wonderful opera. Hans Sachs was perhaps the only one of them whose melodies show anything but the flattest mediocrity.

In all these "heresies" one cannot but agree with MacDowell as against the historians. There are other heretical remarks, such as the statement that some of the sonatas of Beethoven, including the so-called "Moonlight," are "sonatas in name only"—an assertion which to some will seem the more audacious as on a previous page (27) the author had poked fun at the critics who said of Chopin that he was "weak in sonata form." While others descant on the rhythmic wonders of Richard Strauss, MacDowell calls attention to what Johann Strauss did by means of "a marvellous use of counterrhythms, thus infusing into the dance a simulation of intellectuality." On the important influence of the dance in shaping music he also dwells. Perhaps the most original and important of his pages are those devoted to explaining the difference between folk song and nationalism in music. Some of his remarks on Wagner's stage art show why he himself never felt inspired to write an opera. These remarks, and those which betray his inability to appreciate the fascination of Chinese and Siamese music, indicate limitations in his otherwise remarkable equipment for sympathetic appreciation and discriminating criticism.

Stokes, next month, will add several volumes to the Masterpieces of Music series: "Beethoven" and "Wagner," by Fred Corder; "Brahms," by Sir Charles Stanford; "Schumann," by Landon Ronald; "Schubert," by George H. Clutsam, and "Mendelssohn," by Sir F. H. Cowen.

It is often contended that, contrary to the prevailing belief, violins made today are just as good as those of the old Italians. A few weeks ago a number of music lovers and experts were invited in Paris to help test this question. In a darkened room several violins were played in succession. They were simply numbered, and the hearers then gave their opinions as to their comparative merits. Almost unanimously, the first prize was assigned to a Belgian instrument made this year. A French violin made in 1911 got the second prize. An old Stradivarius, valued at $12,000, had to be content with third place.

London is evidently not yet ready to give up the operas of Puccini even if Andreas Dippel found he could get along without them in Chicago and Philadelphia. During the season at Covent Garden, which closed on July 29, three of Puccini's operas were in the lead in the number of performances. "La Bohême" was sung seven times, "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly" each six times. His "Girl of the Golden West," however, did not get more than three hearings. The most important novelty of the season, Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," was given six times. Verdi's "Aïda" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" had each five performances. An important revival was Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," which was sung four times; four was also the figure for "Louise" and for "Rigoletto." "Carmen," "The Secret of Suzanna," "Samson et Dalila," and "Traviata" were each heard three times. The four operas of Wagner's Nibelung cycle were twice repeated, and two was the figure also for "The Barber of Seville," "Manon Lescaut" (another of Puccini's operas), which is far less popular than Massenet's "Manon." "Tristan and Isolde" was also sung twice; and so was "Conchita." Altogether, ninety-five performances were given of twenty-two operas.

Probably the biggest concert enterprise in the world is Sir Henry Wood's series of annual promenade concerts in Queen's Hall, London. No fewer than 500 numbers will be sung or played the coming season. Of these, 300 are purely orchestral, 60 others are instrumental, and 120 vocal. As in previous years, the Monday evenings are to be devoted to Wagner, the Friday evenings to Beethoven. Five of the concerts will be conducted by George Henschel.

Violoncello players often complain that there are so few pieces for them. But B. Schott's Söhne of Mayence alone publish a 'Cello Bibliothek of no fewer than sixty-five sonatas, with pianoforte. They are edited by Piatti, de Swert, Schroeder, and Moffat. The names of not a few of the composers, it must be admitted, are not widely known.

A book of 430 pages on Beethoven's ninth symphony has just appeared in Leipzig. The author, Heinrich Schenker, makes critical use of all previous treatises on this great work, written by Grove, Weingartner, Riemann, Kretzschmar, Nottebohm, and others.

Besides the "Wegweiser" recently referred to in this column, two other Bayreuth guides have appeared this summer. One of them, entitled "Bayreuth, 1912," is in German only; of the other, "Bayreuther Taschenbuch," there are also English and French editions. Still another of these guides for Wagnerites is entitled "München, 1912."

Germany reports a great shortage in military band players. More than a thousand are wanted—horn-players, cornetists, clarinet and oboe players, etc. A recent number of the *Deutsche Militärmusiker-Zeitung* contained eight pages of advertisements calling for extra men. The shortage is attributed to the fact that players in military bands have fewer opportunities than those in private bands for extra jobs.

Once more the Pergola Theatre of Florence is to be rebuilt. It was originally erected in 1652, and was the property of a society of aristocrats. In 1775 it was torn down and replaced by a building made of more substantial material than wood. It then had 2,000 seats, besides 114 boxes, and gradually became the leading opera house of Italy. In it many first performances were given of operas by Piccini (the rival of Gluck), Paisiello, Cimarosa, Cherubini, Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi, and many others.

The Norwegian city of Bergen, the birthplace of Edward Grieg, also has a theatre which is to be torn down. The present plan is to put in its place an industrial building, but an effort is being made to thwart this and carry out the project of making the new building a hall for concerts and national festivities. This would be appropriate, because the old theatre, known as the National Stage, has played a prominently patriotic rôle in the literary history of Norway, the country of Ibsen, Björnson, and Heiberg. It was built, with money earned chiefly in America, by the great violinist, Ole Bull, with the object of benefiting the national aspect of Norwegian art. Ibsen did much to help along the movement. Dissatisfied with the situation in Christiania, he had several of his plays produced first in Bergen.

Art

Art books in Stokes's list include: "The Tapestry Book," by Helen Churchill Candee; "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," by Ernest F. Fenollosa; several volumes in the Great Engravers series; "Antiques and Curios" (House Decoration series); "Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton," and "American Types," by Clarence F. Underwood.

Seven essays, entitled respectively "A Venetian Day," "The Italian Renaissance," "Rural England," "French and English Churches," "The Five Orders of Architecture," "On the Design of Houses," and "By the Sea"—bound up with forty-five pencil sketches—make up "An Architect's Sketch Book" (Houghton Mifflin), by Robert Swain Peabody. One of the oldest and most distinguished of Boston architects, Mr. Peabody has in these seven essays (several of which have previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*) succeeded in conveying some sound and excellent teaching in a style whose easy flow is as far as possible from suggesting the lecture-room or the didactic discourse. The forty-five sketches are of no great importance architecturally, though marked by much charm of handling and crispness and delicacy of touch. In these days of photographs, half-tone prints, and architectural monographs, the *croquis de voyage* has lost its old-time importance as a record of facts. The architect's sketches, save as the making of them quickens his powers of observation and makes more precise his knowledge and memory of a building, are of value chiefly as records of impressions and revelations of the sketcher's taste and skill. Mr. Peabody's book will be valued most by his friends, fellow architects, and former pupils and draftsmen, as a reflection and expression of his own genial personality, his well-informed mind, and broad and fine taste; but it is a good book to put into the hands of any layman or student.

From the Clarendon Press we have received a "Catalogue of Portraits in the Possession of the University, Colleges, City, and County of Oxford," compiled by Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole. Volume I comprises the portraits owned by the University, town, and county. Subsequent volumes will take up the untilled ground of the college collections. The present volume contains 770 entries, in both the graphic and plastic arts, and more than 70 illustrations. The historical and iconographical notes have been carefully done, and there is a considerable contribution of new identifications and attributions. It all represents an amount of labor which those who have never attempted to unravel a portrait tradition can hardly imagine. Since Oxford University possesses few portraits by great masters the interest of the present work is strictly iconographical. Yet there could be no worthier form of antiquarian endeavor than to recover the actual similitudes of the great folk of older days. In fact, portrait iconography is a science only at its beginnings which might well claim the attention of many now devoted to less important fields of art. It is probable that Mrs. Poole's explorations among the colleges may reveal some fine portraits which escaped the notable exhibitions of 1904-5-6.

The Art Institute of Chicago calls attention to important special exhibitions now to be seen in its galleries: A loan collection from Germany of modern German applied arts; collections of paintings, by Jonas Lie and by Charles Morris Young; paintings from the collection of Henry C. Lytton, of Chicago. These collections will remain on view until September 15.

It is feared that the new scheme for bringing the proposed Ostia Railway into Rome will do considerable damage to the buried remains of the Circus Maximus, which, it had been hoped, would some day have been excavated. The present plan is to substitute for the previous scheme of two tubes under the Palatine and Capitol a tunnel across the old Vicus Tuscus. This would also prevent the exploration of the Lupercal.

Commendatore Boni has been continuing his excavations on the Palatine. In the course of them he has found a number of votive offerings, including an admirable representation of a camel. The latter was found at a considerable depth, and is held to confirm the accuracy of Plutarch's statement in his Life of Lucullus that camels were known to the Romans before the time of Scaurus. There have also come to light a marble head of a woman; a piece of gilt stucco from the dining room of Domitian; some fragments of mother-of-pearl, and a number of styli for writing. A splendid piece of pavement found some months ago Commendatore Boni considers to possess great historical as well as artistic value, as proving that the so-called *opus Alexandrinum* existed long before the time of Alexander Severus, in fact probably as early as Nero.

Excavations made in the Forum of Nerva, in Rome, have led to the discovery of the base of the western of the two standing columns, the so-called Colonnacce, the only remnants of the portico of the famous temple of Minerva. These columns had long remained half-buried in the ground, the total depth of the western column below the surface was shown to be no less than sixteen feet four inches. Other excavations are being carried on at the foot of the celebrated Torre delle Milizie, commonly known as the "Tower of Nero," though it was not erected till about the year 1200. It has now been shown, however, that this mediæval tower rests partly upon ancient Roman ruins and partly upon an ancient paved street.

Finance

EVIDENCES OF BETTER TIMES.

There are several directions from which, at a time when people are discussing the probability or improbability of nation-wide trade revival, evidence pointing the one way or the other is to be expected. The state of the steel and iron trade, which in a certain sense underlies all other industries, is one. Increase or decrease in the amount of money changing hands in general business (which is shown by the total volume of checks drawn on the country's banks) is another. Railway earnings, in which the movement of merchandise from city to city is reflected, are still another. The course of prices on the Stock Exchange has similar significance. All of these indications of prosperity or depression, as the case may be, have pointed an unfavorable inference during the past two years. Since it is in the early autumn that the trend of industry and finance is apt to define itself, an examination of these various weather-signs is now in point.

The course of events in the steel and iron trade has already become familiar. Business in that industry, according to the *Iron Age*, "has not been as active as at present since the early part of 1907." In the total money volume, checks drawn last week on all of the country's banks, reported through the various clearing-houses, indicated a 14 per cent. expansion over 1911. Detailed returns show that in the trans-Missouri West, where weekly totals have until lately lagged far behind last year's, the volume of check exchanges is now running 20 per cent. above 1911, and is exceeding all previous records for the period. The great Western railway systems have begun to report their earnings for July, when the first of the great crops of 1912 were starting for the market. Of these, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, whose net earnings in the twelve preceding months, despite nearly 300 miles' extension of its lines, fell a million dollars below the year before, reports for July a gross revenue $938,000 ahead of 1911 and net receipts larger by $509,000. Last Saturday's fortnightly statement of idle railway cars in the United States showed 11,500 decrease since the last report. The present total of 43,000 side-tracked cars is nearly 60 per cent. below this date in 1911 and is 80 per cent. short of the figure reported even in 1909. Furthermore, it is well known to the railway world that even the relatively small present number of idle freight cars represents largely equipment massed at harvest-distributing points, for instant use when the spring wheat crop begins to move.

The Stock Exchange movement has been to most people less illuminating. It is true that, during August, fifty stocks have touched at New York the highest price of the year, and that twenty-nine of these "new high records" were achieved last week. But a "high price for the year" is a very relative expression. Two questions will naturally be asked about it. The first is, whether it represents a large advance over the lowest of 1912, or a small advance. The second is, how do the "new high levels" compare with the top prices of other preceding years?

From the low prices of 1912—mostly touched in February—the advances have been very considerable. They have run as high as the 14½-point rise in Union Pacific, the 16¾ points in Steel, the 20 points in Louisville, the 25 in Reading, and the 28¾ in Amalgamated Copper. Out of the thirteen leading stocks, none has scored less of a gain than 8 points. But, on the other hand, only five of those stocks have as yet in 1912 reached the highest prices of the summer of 1911, and only one has touched the top level scored in the summer of 1909 or the first weeks of 1910. For exactly one-half of the above-named stocks, moreover, the top prices reached in 1906 or the few preceding years were well above those even of 1909. Was the actual state of prosperity, then, and the outlook for its continuance, greater in August, 1906, and in September, 1909, than it is at the end of August, 1912? Or are Stock Exchange prices relatively lower now, merely because of other and adverse influences which are present in 1912, but were not in 1909 or 1906?

The question is more pertinent, in view of the fact that, during the past three or four weeks, while all the other "industrial barometers" have been giving out positive forecast regarding conditions of prosperity, the Stock Exchange has stood still. Last week, for instance, total sales on the New York Exchange were less than the previous week's by 27 per cent., smaller by 36 per cent. than in the corresponding week of 1911, and rather generally ending in moderate net declines from the previous week.

Now, markets from which the capacity of motion seemed to have disappeared, and in which the narrow backward and forward swing of prices was the mere shadow and pretence of activity, have by no means been unfamiliar to the Wall Street of the past three years. When nothing is happening to alter the *status quo*, and when, so far as any one can see, the situation to-morrow, next week, or next month, will be exactly the same as it is to-day, a motionless stock market is at least entirely logical. But this explanation is as far as possible from fitting the market's action, or rather its inaction, under lately prevailing circumstances.

All the authentic news which has been coming to hand has borne evidence that the industrial situation, especially in this country, was changing radically. The disposition of American markets and business communities to exaggerate the favorable points in a revival of industry is familiar enough; but in this case we have had undisputed facts, whose natural influence, when measured by the criterion of all previous periods of the kind, was certain to be far-reaching. To the minds of some observers, even those of conservatism and experience, this country had reached a perfectly familiar stage in the economic cycle, which warranted expectation of much better times.

We had passed through the first after-panic liquidation of finance and industry; through the period of illusive and premature recovery, of secondary and severe reaction, of renewed liquidation. We had traversed the long stretch of despondent inertia, cautious readjustment of credits, replacing of troublesome international debt with handsome foreign credits, and compulsory economy in business. Instead of talking of the boom which was certain to be resumed to-morrow or next month, our financiers and men of affairs had begun to discuss the "boom period" as a half-forgotten tradition which no one expected to see again in our day. This has usually, in the past, marked the intermediate period which really ended the chapter of depression, and which indicated that normal recovery was at hand. At precisely that juncture, as has so often occurred on similar occasions in our history, nature showered her bounty with unexpected profusion on the United States.

Now, analogies of this sort are never sure enough to warrant the offhand inference that another trade boom of the old-fashioned sort is immediately ahead of us. In some of its essential particulars, every situation of the sort is different from any that has preceded it. But the fact of importance is that at least a real and decided change in conditions is in sight, to which financial markets make no visible response except by remaining idle. Judging the stock market by its movement of the past few weeks, Wall Street is still in doubt as to which way the wind is blowing.

The reason why it may be expected, with some show of reason, that this apathy will at least be in some measure shaken off, as we enter the early autumn, is that events rather than general conditions will begin to dominate financial sentiment. This ordinarily means that markets are forced at least to declare themselves as regards their actual tendency. We shall very soon know—if that was necessary—whether our later crops are to fulfil all the cheerful predictions of a month ago, or are to have their prospects slightly impaired. On the second business day of September, we shall be favored with an indication of extraordinary interest regarding the actual trend of Presidential politics. If the state of the money market is to be a hindrance to financial plans, we are likely to learn it early in September, and if nothing of moment develops in that quarter by that time, it will be a fair assumption that the money situation will not be disturbing during the autumn.

If the Stock Exchange has merely been waiting to make up its mind on such considerations, it will at least have the opportunity to do so then. Thus far, the singular and unusual aspect of the case has been that, with the cards pretty much all on the table, even the alert mind of the Wall Street fraternity has apparently been unable to satisfy itself as to the course of the game. And the odd part of that hesitation is that it is exactly the state of mind which people in general expect to regulate, in their own case, by watching for Wall Street's clear expression of opinion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ansell, Mary. The Happy Garden. Cassell. $2 net.

Barnes, Earl. Woman in Modern Society. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Baum, L. Frank. Sky Island. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25.

Burnet, Étienne. Microbes and Toxins. Putnam. $2 net.

Connor, R. D. W., and Poe, C. Life and Speeches of Charles B. Aycock. Doubleday, Page.

Costantini, Anna. The Gulf Between: A Novel. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.20 net.

Daniels, E. D. Latin Drill and Composition. Boston: Heath.

Dendy, Arthur. Outlines of Evolutionary Biology. D. Appleton.

Futrelle, Jacques. My Lady's Garter. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.35 net.

Gratacap, L. P. A Popular Guide to Minerals. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Harrison, J. E. Thomas: A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion. Putnam. $5 net.

Herford, R. T. Pharisaism, Its Aim and Its Method. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Hoskin, A. J. The Business of Mining. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Hughes, Rupert. Miss 318 and Mr. 37. Revell. 75 cents net.

Herz, Max. New Zealand. Duffield.

Kinsley, W. W. Was Christ Divine? Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Marshall, Mrs. Julian. Handel. New edition. Scribner.

Mims, S. L. Colbert's West India Policy. Frowde. $2 net.

Paine, R. D. Campus Days; The Dragon and the Cross. Scribner. $1.50; $1.25.

Parliamentary Papers, 1901 to 1910. London: King & Son.

Produce Exchange Report, from July 1, 1911, to July 1, 1912.

Redmond, John. The Home Rule Bill. Cassell.

Reports of the Department of Labor, for the year ended September 30, 1910. Albany, N. Y.: State Department.

Report of the Department of Education for 1909-1910. Tokio, Japan.

Robertson, J. G. Outlines of the History of German Literature. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Rogers, R. W. The Recovery of the Ancient Orient. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.

Royal Historical Society Publications, Vols. XX, XXI. John of Gaunt's Register, edited by S. Armitage-Smith, Vols. I and II. London: The Society.

Royal Society of London. Third edition, revised. Frowde.

Sedgwick, A. G. The Democratic Mistake: Godkin Lectures of 1909. Scribner. $1 net.

Semon, Richard. Das Problem der Vererbung "erworbener Eigenschaften." Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.

Shakespeare's Richard the Second. Edited with introduction by Henry Newbolt. Frowde.

Smith, F. H. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Scribner. $1.30 net.

Steiner, Rudolf. The Gates of Knowledge. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Trevelyan, G. M. The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith. Scribner. $1.

Urlin, E. L. Dancing, Ancient and Modern. D. Appleton.

Venable, Emerson. The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.

Walpole, Hugh. The Prelude to Adventure. Century. $1.20 net.

Wilson, H. Silverwork and Jewelry. D. Appleton. $2 net.

Collins and Preston's
Key to the Trees

278 *illustrations, pocket size,* $1.35 *net, cloth;* $2.50 *net, leather.*

An ideal book for use in field excursions, for either classes or individuals.

"By its aid, any one without any knowledge of trees or botany, can determine the name of practically any tree to be found east of the Mississippi and north of West Virginia. It is based primarily on the leaves."—*Boston Transcript.*

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33 St. New York

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

READY AUGUST 28th

THE COST OF IT

By ELENOR MORDAUNT
Author of "A Ship of Solace," etc.

This audacious tale presents the exotic life of a far-eastern British possession and of the half-caste mixtures of the yellow, black, and white races—the dangerous, pleasure-seeking women and the shifty and shiftless men—to whom the English-bred hero is unfortunately allied by blood.

Cloth. 12mo. $1.35

THE MOON ENDURETH

By JOHN BUCHAN
Author of "The Watcher by the Threshold," "Prester John," etc.

Mysterious and startling stories that carry the reader from the matter-of-fact world into a strange realm swayed by psychic, invisible, or supernatural powers. Romance, mystery, and adventure abound. Written with power and charm.

Cloth. 12mo. $1.25

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

MESOPOTAMIAN ARCHAEOLOGY

Being an Introduction to the Archaeology of Babylonia, Assyria and the Adjacent Countries

By Percy S. P. Handcock

Assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum.

Fully illustrated with tracings of contemporary inscriptions, etc., and photographs of remains and monuments. Large 8vo. $3.50 net. By mail, $3.70.

An authoritative handbook in which much attention has been given to the subjects of architecture, sculpture, and metallurgy, together with chapters on the cultural evolution of the people of Mesopotamia; the Cuneiform writing—its pictorial origin, the history of its decipherment, and the literature of which it is the vehicle; an historical review of the excavations, etc.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

The Nation

Free Library 26 Dec 12

VOL. XCV—NO. 2462 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 *Vesey Street.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 201

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Centralization and Monopoly 204
In Statu Quo 204
American Shipping Freed 205
Are We a Lawless People? 206
A Critic Among the Prophets 207
The Ménage of the Mighty 208

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Recent German Poetry 209
News for Bibliophiles 210

CORRESPONDENCE:

Thomas Jefferson's Bull Moose 211
Shakespeare in the Psalms 211
Campaign "Gifts" 211
The Congress of the History of Art.. 211

LITERATURE:

From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam 212
Turkey and Its People 212
The Borderland—Low Society 213
Sharrow 214
The Relations of Pennsylvania with the British Government, 1696-1765.. 214

NOTES 215

SCIENCE 217

DRAMA AND MUSIC:

David Garrick and his French Friends 218

ART:

Hellenistisches Silbergerät in Antiken Gipsabgüssen 220

FINANCE:

New Influences 220

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 221

Educational

The Western Theological Seminary

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Founded by the General Assembly, 1825.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B.D. Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A. M. and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary. Exceptional library facilities—34,000 volumes. A new dormitory, equipped with latest modern improvements, including dining-room, gymnasium and social hall, is now ready for occupancy. Next term opens Sept. 17, 1912. For information apply to Pres. James A. Kelso, Ph.D., D.D.

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Drawer 5.
Lewisburg Seminary Preparatory and College courses for girls. Also Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Strong faculty of experienced specialists. Handsome, modern buildings, steam heat, etc. Gymnasium, basket ball, tennis. Invigorating mountain climate. Catalogue on request. R. C. Sommerville, Pres.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address
Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, Evening School.** **174 Fulton St. N. Y. City.**
"Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley

Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Just Published!

Elementary Applied Chemistry

By LEWIS B. ALLYN,
Department of Chemistry, State Normal School, Westfield, Mass.

60 cents.

This book is based upon numerous exercises with common substances—food products, water, textile fabrics, soil, and many others—giving a particularly complete analysis of them, and presenting them in such a manner as to make chemistry a living issue. The order of presentation differs essentially from that of the usual textbook, the common elements, bases, and radicals being taken up as they naturally occur.

Boards of health, inspectors of milk, teachers of domestic science, and all those interested in the pure-food problem will find that the book has a special function in its valuable information relating to their work. The author is already well known for his successful campaigns in the cause of pure foods.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

"AtMcCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—*London Morning Leader.*

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each,* $1.25 *net.*
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT.
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

Macmillan Preliminary Fall Books

A Man's World By Albert Edwards
FICTION
A love story of strength and frankness, vividly portraying New York City life and its underworld.
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

My Love and I By "Martin Redfield"
An exceptional novel by an anonymous author, dealing with a triangle of artistic temperaments.
Decorated cloth, 12mo, $1.35 net.

London Lavender By E. V. Lucas
A particularly beautiful story in the usual charming vein of this well-known author. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.*

"Don't Give Up the Ship" By C. S. Wood
JUVENILE
A war story of 1812 which will wake in youth a desire to know more of the stirring history of his country.
Decorated cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

A Little of Everything By E. V. Lucas
ESSAYS
A choice selection of this versatile author's most popular writings. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.*

The Next Religion By Israel Zangwill
DRAMA
A play which, although conservatively censored in England, will appeal to the heart of every thinking man.
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

Plays By W. B. Yeats
A new, revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Yeats' poetic dramas. *Cloth, 12mo, $2.00 net.*

Fires By W. W. Gibson, *Author of "Daily Bread"*
POETRY
Poetry of the Common People full of the life-spirit of the great army of toilers. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.*

Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate
BIOGRAPHY
Reminiscences of the Rt. Rev. H. Benjamin Whipple, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Minnesota.
New edition. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, $2.00 net.

South America By James Bryce
TRAVEL
Observations and Reflections. Notable travel records in South American republics by the well-known author and diplomat. *Cloth, 12mo, $2.00 net.*

Successful Houses and How to Build Them
ARCHITECTURE
By Charles E. White, M.A.I.A. An authoritative work on housebuilding from the standpoint of the house owner. *Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo, $2.00 net.*

The Beginner in Poultry By C. S. Valentine
FARMING
A practical guide for the novice, giving the whole essentials for successful poultry raising.
Illustrated. Decorated cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.

The Control of Trusts By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark
PUBLIC QUESTIONS
A new, revised and enlarged edition of this thoughtful work advocating regulated competition.
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

The Kallikak Family By Henry H. Goddard
SOCIOLOGY
An impressive story of hereditary degeneracy based on actual observation.
Illustrated Cloth, 8vo, $1.50 net.

The New Immigration By Peter Roberts
A careful survey of the uplift possibilities for rural-bred immigrants suddenly transplanted into American City life. *Illustrated. Ready shortly.*

Social Progress in Contemporary Europe By Frederic A. Ogg
An interesting study of social changes and the status and opportunity for the average man in modern Europe. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.*

The World We Live In By G. Stuart Fullerton
PHILOSOPHY
A practical review of current forms of idealism and pragmatism presenting a realistic philosophy of life.
Cloth, 12mo. Ready shortly.

Just before the Dawn By Robert C. Armstrong
The life and teachings of Ninomiya Sontoku, the peasant sage of Japan, revealing Japanese religion and social customs from the native viewpoint. *Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.*

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912.

The Week

Exceptional interest attached to the elections on Tuesday in Ohio and Vermont, and of the two it may be difficult to say which was of the greater importance. In Ohio the defeat of woman suffrage, the adoption of the initiative and referendum, and the approval of a local-option amendment stand out conspicuous; but there were also many other Constitutional proposals of high importance which have been adopted. In the Vermont election, the interest was of a different kind; and, in the present conjuncture, the significance of the result has a greater immediate appeal to national interest. The outstanding fact is that the Democrats have held their own, in spite of the utmost exertions which Mr. Roosevelt himself, not to speak of other Bull Moose orators, put forward to bring about a showing which should animate Rooseveltians all over the country with the hope of victory in November. They cut deep into the Republican vote, to be sure, but there is no evidence of any defection to their side from the Democratic ranks. If this may be accepted as in any degree a trustworthy indication of what is going on in the feelings of voters throughout the country, it forecasts an overwhelming victory for Woodrow Wilson on November 5.

Mr. George Harvey argues out, in the *North American Review*, the possible failure of any of the Presidential candidates to win the requisite majority in the electoral college; the possible inability of the House of Representatives to decide, as prescribed by the Constitution, which of the three shall be the President, and, therefore, the possible exercise of the Presidential powers, for the next four years, by Vice-President James S. Sherman. As most people are aware, the basis for such a calculation is that if the Third Party were to get the electoral vote of certain States, it might, even though itself standing third in the electoral college, prevent either Wilson or Taft from getting the 266 votes which would be necessary for an electoral majority. The choice would then constitutionally devolve on the House of Representatives, which must, however, vote by States and not by members, and must cast a majority of such vote in order to elect. But, although Democratic by its individual plurality, the House is tied by States—22 of its State delegations containing more Republicans than Democrats, 22 containing more Democrats than Republicans, and 4 being evenly divided. The House, then, might be unable to make a choice. But the Vice-Presidency, if no majority is obtained in the electoral college, is referred to the Senate, which chooses, by majority vote of the individual Senators, between the two highest numbers on the list. Since the Senate now contains 6 Republican majority, it would presumably elect a Republican Vice-President, and the Constitution further provides that if the House shall have made no choice for President by the 4th of March, "then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President."

We have not taken great interest in these calculations, except as they may be termed an "example" in political arithmetic. Twice in our history has a Presidential election been thrown into the House. On the first occasion, that of 1800, Jefferson and Burr had tied in the electoral college; but the reason for it was that, under an earlier constitutional proviso, now repealed, all States voted for two candidates for President, the second candidate on that vote becoming Vice-President. Burr received all of his votes in the electoral college from exactly the States which voted for Jefferson. The precedent, therefore, could not hold to-day. The case of 1824 was different. There were four candidates in the field for President, and the campaign was so arranged that a deadlock was virtually inevitable. Mr. Stanwood's "History of the Presidency" points out that in only five States were all four candidates presented; that in six others there were only three tickets, in seven States only two tickets, while in six States electors were chosen by the Legislature. In a large part of the East, no Jackson ticket was voted for; in many Southern States there was no Adams ticket. These two candidates led on the popular vote and in the electoral college, but Crawford and Clay, largely because of the peculiar nature of the contest, carried three States each, and thereby prevented any majority in the college. This provides no parallel whatever for 1912. As regards the vote in the House, it is interesting to recall that 36 successive ballots were necessary before Jefferson finally got his majority in 1800, whereas Adams was chosen in 1824 on the first vote of the House.

Some figures just published by the Census Bureau throw an interesting light on Mr. Roosevelt's sudden conversion to suffrage. From them it appears there are no less than 671,396 women of voting age in California alone, 213,425 in Colorado, and 69,818 in Idaho. Wyoming has only 28,890 women who can ballot, Utah 85,729, while in Washington the balance of power is held by 277,727. No wonder, therefore, that Jane Addams is to take the stump in these States, and that every effort is to be made to win the women voters for whom hitherto the politicians have had so little use. In football parlance, the Progressives "have the jump" on the older parties, and even if the latter wished to fall in line, they are now outdistanced in the appeal for women voters. But that does not, of course, mean that all of them are to be for Roosevelt. There are plenty who have seen through him, and plenty of able speakers and writers like Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Atherton, and Mrs. Harriman to present the other side.

Thanks to Attorney-General Wickersham, the American Bar Association at its annual meeting in Milwaukee disavowed the action of its executive committee in voiding the election of the three colored lawyers, Messrs. Morris, Lewis, and Wilson, and confirmed them in their membership in the Association. This was a notable victory for Mr. Wickersham, and constitutes a severe censure for the president, Mr. S. S. Gregory, and the executive committee. Unfortunately, however, it was brought about by a compromise which bodes ill for the future, in that it provides that hereafter any local committee which nominates a candidate must state whether that candidate is white or negro. The resolution also recites in its preamble that it "has never been contemplated" that persons of the negro race should be chosen to membership. What encouragement will there be to negro attorneys hereafter to avail themselves of those advantages of the Association which special committees of the Bar Association have been holding out to lawyers the country over? If the answer is that no encouragement is desired, we can only say that the Association will then give the lie to many of its professions. Fortunately, this is one of the questions which cannot be settled until it is settled aright, and it will return to plague the Bar Association until the color line is done away with.

It is well that the Bar Association did not limit itself to a strong protest against the recall of judges, but had something to say about the scandalous condition into which court procedure has fallen in many of our States. There appears to be much force in Mr. Judson's plea for giving judges more power to expedite the business before them. He cited the rules recently adopted by the Supreme Court of the United States, which have already had the effect of markedly cutting down the delays in litigation. No duty more urgently presses upon the bar than that of finding ways to break roads through the jungle of technicalities that now surround lawsuits, and in particular criminal trials. Take the remark made recently by one of the counsel for the accused New York policeman, Lieutenant Becker. Forecasting the trial of that indicted officer, the lawyer coolly says that it will take two months to get a jury and three months more to try the case. Now, such a state of the law is simply disgraceful. It is shocking in itself and it is the deepest reproach to the legal profession.

Following the Bar Association, the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology also had its meeting in Milwaukee. Upon the hearts and consciences of its members, too, the urgency of law-reform lay heavily. The matter was weightily presented in the Presidential address of Chief Justice Winslow of Wisconsin, who outlined the obvious reforms to be fought for. We must make both our criminal codes and our procedure simpler. The prosecution of crimes should be by information, not necessarily by indictment. One of the reports presented to the Institute showed how marked is now the tendency in the States to authorize, or at least make optional, prosecution by information. It is now the law in twenty-four States, though all of them originally required that criminal cases of the grade of felony should be prosecuted by indictment. The report would make short work of the abuses of appeal, and of reversals for non-essential technical error in the court below. The note struck at the Institute was really inspiring. The earnest and able lawyers there bringing their minds together, were evidently thinking less of their profession by itself than of the common good. They felt, as did Romilly, that they as lawyers "owed something" to their country, and that they could pay the debt in no better way than by laboring to make the administration of justice more swift and certain.

We wish that there were some way creditable to the State of South Carolina by which we could explain the renomination of Gov. Blease. But all we can say is that a democratic community has made use of its God-given right to blunder. Primarily, it ought to make us very humble and very slow to criticise the Nicaraguans and Mexicans for their failure to govern themselves as well as we wish them to do. Here was a man who had been accused of downright grafting and met the charges chiefly by threatening to "lick" those who made them; a man who stood openly for mob murder, whose general administrative failings we have not space to enumerate. Yet he deceives a small majority into believing that blackguardism is what should rule South Carolina. Even Senator Tillman would not stand for him, which is saying not a little. At one of his meetings Blease called a little girl over to him, and when she came, said: "You see, even the little children come to me and trust me." Whereupon a man in the audience answered: "That's because they don't know you." "I'll lick the man that said that if he'll show himself," cried Blease. We cannot help feeling that the bulk of the voters of South Carolina are still like the children—they do not know Blease yet.

Collier's Weekly printed last week an attack upon Senator Warren of Wyoming of a detailed severity not often equalled in the press of this country. If a tenth of what it alleges is true, Senator Warren should be written down with Penrose as another Senator who ought to be retired to private life at the earliest possible moment. It has long been known that Senator Warren represented the type of Senator who is in politics for the profit in it, and that he did not hesitate to use his position for the benefit of his family's welfare. But *Collier's* charges specifically that Senator Warren is a perjurer; that his son drew Government pay as a clerk while a student at Harvard; that his sheep are grazed on the Government lands at Fort D. A. Russell, and that he personally has "violated Federal laws, for the violation of which others have been driven from the Senate and to Federal prisons." Besides his son, it is alleged that Senator Warren carried other counterfeit clerks on the Government pay rolls. The merits of these charges will, we presume, be ascertained in court or in the Senate. If they are correct, *Collier's* has surely done a notable public service.

Ninety-five years ago Madison vetoed the Bonus Bill appropriating $1,500,000 to be distributed among the States for internal improvements, on the ground that there was no clause in the Constitution distinctly authorizing such an expenditure. Now the party of strict construction has taken the initiative in voting money to assist—and entice—the States to improve their roads. It is true that the motive in the two cases is not the same. In 1817 it was related to the difficulty of travelling Westward and to the poverty of the frontier communities. In 1912 the purpose is to provide more and better postroads, which will mean much for the rural delivery service and the parcels post. It is to be noted also that the later grant differs materially from the one that Madison stopped in that it may be availed of only as an addition to a local appropriation twice as great as that supplied from Washington. Thus a State or a group of counties may, under the new law, receive up to $8,000 for post-roads if it gives an earnest of its interest in them by voting $16,000 for the same end, and conforming to the Government standard of road-building.

Mr. Wood of the American Woollen Company denies all knowledge of any conspiracy to "plant" dynamite in Lawrence, a crime for which he has been indicted and arrested. Fairness requires that he be given the benefit of his denial until the evidence is produced in court. But whatever be the fact about his personal complicity, there appears to be no doubt that the thing was done. In regard to the nature of that deed it is not necessary to suspend judgment. It was not only a crime but a peculiarly shocking and abhorrent one. To attempt to make it appear that the Lawrence strikers were preparing to blow up mills and kill innocent people by dynamite explosions, is an offence so despicable that any man proved guilty of it should not only receive the extreme penalty of the law, but should be regarded for the rest of his life as a moral outcast.

If the commission form of government can be successfully employed to solve the high cost of living, any doubts of its value must perforce vanish. No less a triumph is claimed for it in Des Moines, where the opening of municipal markets, according to *Civic Progress*, has accomplished wonders. If it be asked why the Iowans did not follow the example set by Mayor Shank of Indianapolis, the answer is that they saw certain disadvantages in the assumption of the rôle of merchant by city officials, which they hoped to avoid in a permanent public market. The results are reported as most gratifying. Although the city is the centre of what it proclaims to be the richest agricultural district in the world, prices had gone so high that necessities, so we are informed, were fast becoming luxuries. The advance in prices, however, was promptly reduced when the farmers began selling directly to consumers. The average reduction is put at 35 per cent. Thus it is demonstrated that "most of the high cost" was caused by the delivery charges, clerk hire, rent, etc., of the dealers. Get rid of them, and you free yourself of the high prices. It is not quite clear why their banishment should have made a difference of only 35 per cent. in an admitted advance of prices of at least twice that.

The latest statistics showing the position of the American automobile industry are doubly interesting at this time, in view of the cry of protest that has gone up from English manufacturers over the competition of American machines. The strides made by our manufacturers in a decade are remarkable. The census of 1900 shows the value of motor cars manufactured in this country as $4,748,000 in 1899, while the census of 1910 gave $249,202,000 as the amount for the year 1909. Wages paid increased in the same time from $1,321,000 to $48,694,000. Imports of automobiles decreased from a value of $4,000,000 in 1907 to $2,000,000 in 1911. The quality of the work turned out here has improved, so that automobiles manufactured in this country are now comparable in most respects with those made in France, Germany, or England. Ten years ago the American automobile (doubtless with reminiscences of the bicycle) was viewed with considerable suspicion in Europe, and we exported then less than a million dollars' worth. Last year our export trade amounted to thirty millions, inclusive of parts and tires.

Mr. Bonar Law was elected leader of the Unionist party because those who cried so insistently "Balfour must go" craved a fighting leader. Mr. Law is certainly that, but the difficulty is that he has set a pace too fast for his party. By his wild talk of armed resistance in Ulster, he has provoked what the *Globe*, a Conservative paper, characterizes as a "piquant" situation. It is more than hinted that, should disturbances take place in Ulster, the Government will deal with them under the provisions of Mr. Balfour's Crimes act, applying to the Ulster gander the sauce that was originally concocted for the Nationalist goose. It would indeed be a fine example of irony if the weapon forged by a Unionist Government to suppress Nationalist disorder were employed by a Liberal Government to deal with an even more serious menace to public safety, aided and abetted by the leaders of the Conservative party. That the Unionists are sensible of the quandary into which the reckless utterances of Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson have led them, is evidenced by the tone of their steadier newspapers. It is particularly significant that the Birmingham *Post*, the organ of the powerful Chamberlain section of the Unionists, should remark that "the tools in this matter are sharp-edged, and it is ominous that, coincident with all these alarming—or at best alarmist—reports from Belfast, the words 'treason-felony' are more and more to be heard from Liberals of considerable influence in their party to whom hitherto they have been strange." The leader who should "really lead" seems to have led his party into strange places, and Mr. Balfour might well be excused if, in the privacy of his study, he should permit himself just the vestige of a smile.

"The Passing of the Hat" is the subject of an article in a French newspaper, which inquires into the origin of the new vogue, noticeable this year at fashionable watering-places, that induces men to walk bare-headed in the streets. Naturally, the answer that jumps to the lips is—Americans. We should feel flattered at the wide range of influence that is attributed to us by the older nations of Europe. True, that influence is usually regarded as something peculiarly malign; there is a vague, uncertain quality about it which compels suspicion but defies analysis; it is, in fact—American. Athletics are becoming "Americanized"; the sensational press of London has adopted "American methods"; even the blameless youth of Oxford University is corrupted by our fashions and has taken to disporting itself in wide, baggy trousers. Now we are to be held responsible for the discarding of hats by the *jeunesse dorée* of Trouville and kindred spots. "Already," declares the writer of the article referred to, "the great people of the United States have imposed on Europe the suppression of the beard and of the moustache. . . . To-day men's faces present themselves bare. And it is also from the United States that the bare-foot dancers came to us. Bare face, bare feet, and to-day bare head! The transatlantic people frighten us. Where will they stop, and what will be their demand next year?" Whatever it is, Europe now knows that it is in vain for her to kick against the American pricks.

CENTRALIZATION AND MONOPOLY.

In his principal speech at Buffalo on Monday, Gov. Wilson went straight at the heart of the Roosevelt propaganda. He did not draw up a blanket indictment against it. He indulged in no invective. He did not pronounce the whole thing either a fraud or a menace. What he did was to divide the vast body of proposals and aspirations and promises gathered together in the Bull Moose declarations into two parts, sharply cut off from each other by an unmistakable line of cleavage. The platform of the new party, he said, has two sides and two tones:

> It speaks warm sympathy with practically every project of social betterment to which men and women of broad sympathies are now turning with generous purpose, and on that side it is refreshing to read. But that is not the part of the platform that reads like a programme.

There is another part of the platform that does read like a programme, the part that relates to the tariff and the Trusts. And what is the character of that programme? It can be summed up with a very fair approach to accuracy in two words—centralization and monopoly. This is the point Mr. Wilson drove home in few words, but with telling effect. No part of the Roosevelt programme, he said, can be discussed intelligently without remembering that "monopoly, as handled by it, is not to be prevented, but accepted. It is to be accepted and regulated. All attempt to resist it is to be given up. It is to be accepted as inevitable. The Government is to set up a commission whose duty it will be, not to check or defeat it, but merely to regulate it under rules which it is itself to frame and develop." If the working people are to profit by the adoption of this programme, it must be through reliance on a benevolent and omnipotent administrative machine at Washington. Everything will depend on the complexion of the central Government; every national election will turn, in a degree of which the old-time "full dinner pail" campaigns of the protectionists give but a faint indication, upon the effect which the victory of one side or the other may be represented as entailing upon great capitalistic interests on the one hand and the condition of the wage-earners on the other. "By what means," exclaims Mr. Wilson, in a burst of simple and genuine eloquence, "by what means, except open revolt, could we ever break the crust of our life again, and become free men, breathing an air of our own, choosing and living lives that we wrought out for ourselves?"

Wilson's appeal to the workingmen on this issue is neither more nor less than an appeal to American manhood. If the working people of this country look upon themselves as nothing but a "proletariat," let them invoke the protection of a benevolent paternalism at Washington, to supervise their affairs in every nook and corner of the Union, to deal out to them on the one hand, and to great capitalistic combinations on the other, such measure of "social justice" as may seem desirable or expedient to the powers that be. What the election in November will test, more perhaps than anything else, is whether or not the great masses of our population are ready thus to bid farewell to all that has hitherto been most distinctive of the American people. Wilson and the Democratic party plant themselves firmly on the ground of progress, of relief, of reform, of improvement, by measures that will curb monopoly, revive legitimate competition by repressing unfair and oppressive competition, and preserve the ancient freedom and self-dependence of American citizens. Between this position and that of the Rooseveltians there is a deep gulf fixed. But between the position of the Rooseveltians and a full-fledged socialistic state, taking under its wing all the economic activities of the nation, and leaving no standing ground for individual self-assertion and development, no man can erect any substantial barrier.

This issue of centralized power and regulated monopoly is not only the one great and explicit practical feature of the Roosevelt platform as formulated at Chicago; but it is also the one issue with which his personality and his record are profoundly and unmistakably identified. He may improvise convictions on woman suffrage, or negro rights, or Canadian reciprocity, convictions to which he was a stranger yesterday, and which, avowed to-day, he may summarily discard to-morrow. No such things can be said of his addiction to the idea of centralized and arbitrary administrative power as the master-key to the solution of all the problems of government and society. His cry is "Let the people rule"; but he never conceals his conception of the means by which the people's rule is to be made effective. They must put their faith in a "steward of the people's welfare"; and he must fulfil their desire by undertaking to control, through the agency of powerful and unchecked commissions, every part of the people's concerns. If the American people send Roosevelt to the White House, they will send him armed with a mandate to execute this programme, and animated by an overmastering desire to do so to the utmost of his ability. A third term for him will mean a step of momentous character towards the centralization of all real power in the hands of the Chief Executive at Washington and the establishment of legalized monopoly on a scale hitherto undreamed of in this country.

IN STATU QUO.

Mr. Roosevelt's eighteen-thousand-word letter to Senator Clapp, chairman of the Senate sub-committee on Privileges and Elections, is in a way an able and persuasive campaign document; but it adds nothing of an evidential character to what he had previously stated on the case at issue. It includes extensive repetitions of matter that has already been printed *in extenso* many times; Roosevelt's long letters relating to the Harriman affair, his long reply to Judge Parker in 1904, are set forth in full, as they have so often been set forth before. Of new material there is little.

Now, what is it that reasonable persons are genuinely interested in, through all this controversy? They do not pin their faith to the charges contained in Senator Penrose's testimony, or Mr. Archbold's testimony, just as it stands. They know that the repetition of a conversation eight years old, even by a witness whose impartiality and veracity are unchallenged, cannot be relied on as accurate; and that this is still less the case when the witness is confessedly possessed by a long-standing sense of injury and resentment. On the other hand, they feel virtually certain that, as regards the gross and simple fact of having handed $100,000 to Mr. Bliss, treasurer of the National Committee in Roosevelt's 1904 campaign, Mr. Archbold is telling the truth. Further, they regard it as in the highest degree probable that this transaction was effected in such a manner as somehow to leave upon Mr. Archbold's mind the impression that the contribution would be "appreciated" by the ruling powers in the party of which Mr. Roosevelt was the head and front. The question that remains relates to the nature of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards this aid from the Standard Oil people to his campaign. Did he know of it at the time? If not, what did he do when it did come to his knowledge, in case it came to his knowledge at all?

Of all the eighteen thousand words in Mr. Roosevelt's statement, the only part bearing on this central point is that which relates to his letters and telegram to Mr. Cortelyou, of October 26, 27, and 29, 1904. The very fact that he wrote these letters at all, the very fact that he now cites them as evidence of his uprightness in the Standard Oil affair, makes almost all the rest of his apologia irrelevant. That it was not contrary to the law in 1904 to accept contributions from corporations; that the only question in regard to such contributions, since they were not then illegal, turned on the motive with which they were given, and on the spirit in which they were received; that no promises were made to anybody, and that no subsequent act of the Roosevelt Administration was influenced by the receipt or non-receipt of contributions—all these things must be ruled out of this particular case, owing to the simple fact that Mr. Roosevelt himself, in his eager and insistent eleventh-hour communications to Mr. Cortelyou, places himself on record as holding that no contribution from Standard Oil could be accepted without dishonor. Well, then, was such a contribution accepted? If it was accepted, was it returned? If the answer to the first question is Yes, and to the second No, Mr. Roosevelt's position is an ugly one. His offence may not be so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

In his letter to Mr. Cortelyou dated October 26, 1904, Mr. Roosevelt said:

> I have just been informed that the Standard Oil people have contributed $100,000 to our campaign fund. This may be really untrue. But if true I must ask you to direct that the money be returned to them forthwith.

In his second letter, dated October 27, he wrote:

> I request, therefore, that the contribution be returned without further delay.

Two days later, he sent Mr. Cortelyou this telegram, dated October 29, 1904:

> Has my request been complied with? I desire that there be no delay.

Copies of these communications he preserved carefully, and had them ready to produce instantly when the charge was brought forward by Penrose and Archbold the other day. But how about Cortelyou's answer? What evidence does Mr. Roosevelt present either that the $100,000 was not received, or that it was returned? Simply this, and nothing more:

> Subsequent to this telegram Mr. Loeb, my private secretary, called Mr. Cortelyou up on the telephone, and later I did so myself. He notified me first through Mr. Loeb and then directly that no such contribution had been received or would be received. He has informed me within the last two or three days that his memory of the incident is precisely the same as my own—that on receipt of the communications from me he saw Mr. Bliss, showed him the letters and telegram, and that Mr. Bliss then told him that no Standard Oil money had been received and that none would be accepted.

Strange that he should have been so careful of the record of his question, and so careless to procure any record of the answer; strange that he should have relied on indirect oral information, through Mr. Cortelyou, who had failed to reply at all for three days, and who —according to his own recent testimony before the Stanley Committee—knew very little about the collection of funds that was going on; strange that he should not have obtained, rather, a written statement from Mr. Bliss himself. And is it not perhaps strangest of all that he makes no effort, even now, to get at the actual fact from original sources? It is not thought that *all* the records are burned; it is understood that there still exists some schedule of contributions received. Why does not Mr. Roosevelt demand its production? And what will become of his telephone message to Cortelyou if it turns out, when the Senate committee gets together again, that the $100,000 *was* received, after all? That it was not returned Mr. Roosevelt's own statement shows, for he says that Cortelyou told him that "no Standard Oil money had been received." There will, to be sure, even in that event, be one line of defence to fall back upon—that he was deceived by his wicked partners. But it is very difficult to think of the strenuous one seriously asking the American people to look upon him as the mild and innocuous Spenlow, powerless to deal with his inexorable Jorkins in the shape of Cornelius N. Bliss.

AMERICAN SHIPPING FREED.

Into the hodge-podge of the bill ostensibly framed to regulate the tolls and the control of the Panama Canal, went one provision which ought to be widely proclaimed as a great step in advance. It is the amending of the antiquated navigation laws of the United States so that there may be admitted to American registry and the protection of the American flag, for use in the foreign trade of this country, ships built abroad but owned by American citizens. This means that at last American citizens are free to buy ships wherever they may desire, precisely as they may purchase automobiles or locomotives or dredges or aeroplanes; that one of the most benighted laws on our statute-books has been erased, after injuriously affecting our merchant marine virtually since President Washington's Administration. It means, too, that the strangle-hold of our ship-builders upon our merchant marine has been broken at last. No longer will these ship-builders have legislative authority for saying: "Buy ships of us, or you cannot own any under the American flag."

So eminent an authority as Grover Cleveland, when President of the United States, advised Congress that "the ancient provision of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans, appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States. I earnestly recommend its prompt repeal." But his own party refused to repeal it, and the Republican party, having sold protection to the ship-builders in return for fat campaign contributions, was, of course, not a free agent. The spectacle thus presented has been humiliating and deplorable in the extreme. Ship-builders, for their own profit, have dictated the policy of the United States, precisely as they have been keen for a big navy as their business in merchant ships fell off. For by their stupidity in building this Chinese tariff wall about our coasts, they have helped very largely to kill off our ocean trade. Few of them could have survived had it not been for the millions we have wasted on battleships. Yet they have persevered in their dog-in-the-manger policy, insisting not merely on the navigation act, but on the protective tariff itself, although they have admitted that the taxing of foreign-made materials permitted the American makers of similar materials to add to their prices almost as much per cent. as the tariff called for.

As the matter now stands, there is constituted a clear, straightforward appeal to the patriotism of our country, and an old outlet is reopened for American energy, enterprise, and capital. What will the answer be? A demonstration, we hope, of public readiness to win us once more an honorable place on the ocean; perhaps even supremacy. There are many ships flying foreign flags that ought soon to be under the American. There is the Munson Line running to Cuba under the Cuban flag; surely that ought to come in. Newly purchased or built vessels ought to come in from abroad; the only limitations are that the ships must not be more than five years old when applying for registry; that they must be certified as "safe to carry dry and perishable cargo," and that they are to be wholly owned by citizens of the United States or corporations organized and chartered under a Federal or a State law. They may trade with the Philippines, Guam, and Tutuila, but not with Porto Rico, though near-by Cuba is free to them; nor with Alaska, remote though it is, for that is coastwise trade and the ships for that must still be built by the Cramps and their few competitors in the shipbuilding business. To pacify these men, too, the tariff bulwarks were levelled—Mr. Taft approving, though he had had no report from the Tariff Commission thereon—and all materials necessary for building or repairing ships in the United States are now admitted free.

How deadly a blow this is to the whole protection doctrine one can readily see. If free ship materials, why not free materials in all allied industries? Why favor ship-builders? Yet a Republican Senate pulled out this pillar of the protection temple without a contest, and thereby ruined irrevocably reams and reams of good protection arguments, once so useful in the days of Blaine and Harrison, Dingley and McKinley, but now done away with—we trust forever. Certainly the influence of this remarkable enactment should be far-reaching; at a single stroke American shipping for foreign trade is freed. It is a wonderful illustration of how a great reform based on a sound economic truth may seem to lie dormant and to be hopeless of attainment—and then of a sudden is achieved almost without a struggle. Let every honest advocate of soundly based reforms take heart from this memorable occurrence.

ARE WE A LAWLESS PEOPLE?

We have been told so often that as a people we have no respect for law, and the indictment is now and then backed up with such a formidable-looking array of figures, that no one could be surprised if we made up our minds that it must be so. Accordingly, it is rather novel to see the question seriously raised whether, after all, we are a lawless people, but this is what Victor S. Yarros ventures to do in the *American Journal of Sociology.* Unconvinced by President Taft's confession that we not only do not hold the law as sacred as we should, but that he doubted that we hold anything sufficiently sacred; not altogether persuaded by the dictum of Professor Giddings that we see on all sides a desperate indifference to morals and manners; disposed to suspend judgment even upon a Chicago educator's sweeping assertion, "We are not a nation; we are a rabble," Mr. Yarros boldly sets out to see just what is the matter with us in this regard.

The first thing upon which he puts his finger is that statute law must represent, with substantial unanimity, the sentiment of the community which it presumes to govern, and that our laws by no means always do this. There are our Sunday-observance regulations, for instance. A State Legislature, composed largely of Americans of British descent, enacts legislation commanding the keeping of the day of rest after the manner of the Puritans. At first, the rules are easily enforced. But after some decades, immigration from all parts of Europe results in the building up of cosmopolitan cities, in which it is found extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to preserve the former harmony between what the statute-book says and what the people do. The very officials who are sworn to enforce the law allow it to be broken with impunity. They may even win their election upon a platform of non-enforcement. May we say, therefore, that a community that was once law-abiding has become scornful of law? Hardly. It may be scornful of a particular law that goes dead against the hereditary ideas of the mass of its inhabitants, but this is a very different matter from being possessed of a lawless spirit. The simple fact is that, while the law has remained exactly as it was when it was framed, those who live under it have changed. Nor will any one who is familiar with the composition of our legislatures ask why, in such cases, the law is not changed to suit the changed attitude of the people. There are enough representatives of the older sentiment, from the rural districts especially, to block what appears to their constituents to be no less than an overturning of one of the bases of society, and so that community continues to present the spectacle of general law-breaking.

Another condition that is responsible for our appearance of indifference to law results from our Federal form of government. The open scandal of a divorced man or woman, forbidden by the courts of one State to re-marry, evading the order by taking advantage of the laws of another State, is due simply to lack of uniform legislation, a want which is a positive encouragement to a practice of this kind. Here, moreover, we meet a situation that is not at all to be stigmatized as "American." For what is it, in its legal aspect, but a parallel to the Old World procedure, now reduced to a minimum, of forming irregular marriage alliances because of such technical impediments to lawful union as disparity of religion between the parties, or their residence in different countries, or merely the cost of the formal ceremony? The recognition of these cases as valid by subsequent legislation is proof enough that they have not been the consequences of a law-breaking spirit. Not the people, but the statute-book, was to blame. And if our shameless divorce-and-marriage hunters are morally in a very different category from these Europeans, that disgraceful fact does not affect the legal parallel. They pursue their outrageous course of defying one set of courts by conforming to another, not in spite of the law, but with its smiling approval.

Then there are matters connected

with the interpretation and the administration of the law in this country that tend to weaken the respect for it of the most conservative. But do all these considerations, and others like them that might be mentioned, quite explain away the charge against us? Must we not admit that we are not so ready to obey the policeman's uplifted hand as are other peoples? Can we deny that our business men, big and little, are more prone than their brothers abroad to "take a chance" at violating a law that hampers them, whether it is by allowing their goods boxes to fill the village sidewalk, or by granting rebates? Are not our officers themselves inclined to be charitable in this respect, to give the benefit of the doubt to the citizen rather than to the statute-book, and to be quick to see the doubt? We can hardly clear ourselves wholly of such accusations. Their explanation may lie deep in our psychology, but one remark it is safe to make. We prize liberty above everything else, even equality. Those of us who know Emerson only by his epigram that America is another name for opportunity are his enthusiastic disciples in demonstrating its truth. Did not our fathers create this notion? Is not our Constitution, sacred as it may be, of our own making? And shall we not do what we choose with our own? We have no past, we are scarcely conscious of a present, we really live in the future, and we cannot suffer anything to halt us in our march thither. Is it strange that in such a people the sense of liberty under the law should often give way to the lure of license that defies the law?

A CRITIC AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Edwin Percy Whipple is not a name that comes often to the mouths of men, and surprise is likely to be the first feeling at the appearance of his essays on Charles Dickens, reprinted with all the luxury of neatness which we have learned to expect of the special publications of the Riverside Press. A fairly well-informed reader here and there may even ask, Who was Whipple? The answer is ready in the introduction written for these volumes by Prof. Arlo Bates, who knew the man and tells a pleasant story of his life as journeyman critic among the Boston prophets of transcendentalism. Professor Bates's account of the Sunday evening gatherings at the home of the Whipples in Pinckney Street, and of the hosts who presided over that circle, calls up the picture of an age removed from us by only a few years (Whipple died in 1886), but already as alien to us in spirit as is the word *conversazione* it was so fond of using:

> As a stranger in Boston in the late seventies, I was generously made welcome to these gatherings, and have of them vivid memories. The host, short and slight of stature, with a head disproportionately large and abundantly covered by carelessly tossed dark locks, a head, it must be confessed, a little gnome-like, with wonderfully luminous eyes, was the presiding spirit. Just out of college as I was in those days, I mentally compared him to the descriptions of De Quincy; and although such a comparison suggests too much, it is in the right direction. Mrs. Whipple, of more generous mould, and with intelligent kindness radiating from her pleasant face, was . . . gifted by nature with the gracious power of setting every guest at ease. She did not preside over a salon, she was simply at home on Sunday evenings, and persons with intellectual tastes were fond of gathering where they were sure of finding congenial companionship and good talk. There were never any set exercises, and not often, according to my remembrance, any music; yet now and then a guest read some unpublished manuscript.

Whipple, as Thomas Wentworth Higginson once said, "was an essential part of the literary life of Boston at a time when that city probably furnished a larger proportion of the literary life of the nation than it will ever supply again." And his rôle as counselling critic to his better-known friends brings to mind an aspect of that briefly flourishing New England literature which we are too apt to forget. Indeed, we are in danger these days of forgetting that, with all its limitations, this literature is a thing marvellously precious and worthy of cherishing. The very fact that it stood locally apart from the traditional home of letters, and so is left out of the general histories and literary manuals, emphasizes unduly what may seem a note of provincialism in it. And its real weakness is of a kind which can least be condoned by an age much given to the adoration of "red blood" and "heart interest." The fact is undeniable that our authors of Concord and Cambridge, in following the lure of the spirit, sometimes forgot that they had bodies, and did not understand that height without depth is a contradiction in terms. The passion and sin of the world they passed by with averted gaze; even Hawthorne, who deals directly with evil, changes it somehow into an insubstantial shadow of the imagination. Sometimes as we read Emerson's cheerful disregard of the flesh and the devil, we are tempted to throw at him Luther's *pecca fortiter*, or quote the saying, "He that sins strongly has the stuff of sanctity [and of literature], rather than the languid." This innocence, suggesting a certain lack of experience, is undoubtedly characteristic of the New England school, and can be explained by definite historical causes; but the harm it wrought may easily be exaggerated. Just now we are a little ashamed of innocence; some day we may again see more clearly its compensating beauty.

But if the innocence of these men too often appears to spring from moral ignorance, they were far from ignorant in other ways. We do not, perhaps, often enough remember that their inspiration, with all its ethereal qualities and seeming spontaneity, had a severe intellectual basis and critical discipline. Even the freest of them had their literary reverences and their tincture of learning. There is no more significant incident in the history of the movement than the story of Thoreau's copy of Homer, in the Greek, be it understood, lying open on the deal table of his hut on Walden pond. Emerson, indeed, was too impatient to read much in foreign tongues; but he read the old books and the distant books, and his essays on Plato and Montaigne and Goethe take a place easily among the profoundest critical studies of a critical age. Lowell, locked up with his books in Elmwood by the demon of gout, could whimsically, and not unjustly, write of himself as the last of the great readers. Longfellow, like Lowell, was a master of many languages, and played an important part in introducing German culture to this country. His translation of the "Divine Comedy" suffers, if anything, from pedantic exactness; yet who would wish to lose from memory the picture of the weekly meetings at the Craigie House when the little band of friendly scholars came together to discuss with him the niceties of Dante's style. Even Holmes, the genial and effervescent wit, was for many years a solid lecturer in anatomy at the medical school. And in close alliance with these poets and philosophers were professional scholars and historians, such as Ticknor and Felton and Parkman and Prescott. Not for nothing were these men the spiritual inheritors of the old New England divines who thought sixteen hours in their study the highest and most acceptable worship they could offer to their Lord.

It is well to recall these things when we cast up our estimate of the only literary movement of any significance yet produced in this country. It is well not to forget that our best writers thought it worth while to learn before they began to teach. And we are reminded by the work now so handsomely restored to us by the Riverside Press that among the steadying influences of that society was the critical pen of a man easily overlooked among his more brilliant contemporaries. Whipple, indeed, was not a great critic; he lacked the rich literary flavor which gives value to the essays of Lowell even when they are not very substantial; he had nothing of that philosophic insight which made of Emerson's criticism a work of creation. But he was wise and judicious, honest and unafraid, quick to perceive the worth of what was new without forgetting the worth of what was old. He wrote well, if not greatly, and contributed not a little to the solid intellectual background of the day. He is still good reading.

THE MENAGE OF THE MIGHTY.

One-half of the world doubtless does not know how the other half lives, but it is increasingly anxious to know it. Especially does the submerged tenth desire to understand the ways of life of the upper ten thousand. It is on this longing that "society journalism" waxes fat. Nothing is so fascinating to the wife of a plumber as to read about the doings of a peeress. The occupants of a fifth-floor hall bedroom revel in snapshots taken at great country places or imposing town houses. Usually, in these matters, the gaping outsider is content to take the unknown for the magnificent. But occasionally he is seized with a craving to know the exact details of luxurious living. He is puzzled by the technical terms used by society reporters and by the purveyors of stories of high life to the lowly. Not long ago, an English reader of a newspaper devoted to fashionable folk ran upon a lot of things in the advertisements and social jottings which he could not understand. Determined to go to the fountain-head of knowledge, he applied for enlightenment to Mr. George Russell, the author of "Collections and Recollections." That veteran commentator on the foibles and follies of his contemporaries made an enjoyable column in the Manchester *Guardian* out of his answer to the queries of his troubled correspondent.

This humble student—in his own closet—of the ways of the rich was chiefly perplexed over the question of servants in the homes of lords and dukes. He had been surprised to read of a situation for "a kennel-maid." What on earth could she be? Then there was that compound being, a "butler-valet"—what were his duties? A "head footman" the inquirer thought he could visualize, but two or three of them "under the butler" bothered him. Who pays the bills, the steward or the house-steward? When the whole retinue of house servants is mustered, which has the *pas*, the valet or the butler? These and many questions like them were addressed to the good-humored and supposedly omniscient Mr. Russell.

At the very beginning, he utters one warning. It is that we must dismiss from the mind all representations of the dress and functions of servants, as they are given on the stage. This is, indeed, a blow. Many a man who could never aspire to be admitted into the homes of the mighty, had fondly hoped that playwrights had given him a faithful and vivid picture of what went on there. In particular he has feasted his eyes upon the impersonations of "old family servants" in the theatre—the butlers who look like archbishops, the liveried and powdered footmen. But now comes Mr. Russell cruelly to shatter our faith in all this knowledge by way of the drama. He says:

> The customs of service as there represented have no resemblance to life; they were originally developed with a view to comic situations, and have become as purely conventional as stage-lawyers and stage-children. On the stage, footmen are called by their surname and valets appear with powdered heads. The same caution should be applied to servants in fiction, though with one or two exceptions. I take it that Thackeray and Lord Beaconsfield had observed pretty closely the servants of their time; and in the early chapters of "Tono-Bungay" Mr. Wells has drawn with great fidelity the life of the Housekeeper's Room at a famous house in Sussex.

Powder is going out, Mr. Russell assures us—that is, it is going off the heads of servants. It is now reserved for great occasions. This disappearance of hair-powder has a political as well as social interest. There used to be a special tax on hair-powder, which more than a century ago was grouped as one of the "Assessed Taxes." When Disraeli in 1867 was having drawn his bill to extend the franchise, he found one clause which would confer the vote on every one who paid the "Assessed Taxes." "And, pray, what are the Assessed Taxes?" asked the Prime Minister of the Parliamentary Draughtsman. "Well, one of them is the Powder Tax." "That's enough," said Disraeli. "Strike that clause out. Building our new Constitution on Hair Powder! Good Gad, we shall be the laughing-stock of Europe."

Another politico-social story which Mr. Russell tells has to do with a misunderstood designation of a servant. He had been guilty of a petty theft and a very severe sentence had been passed upon him. The matter was brought up in Parliament when Sir William Harcourt was Home Secretary. He was asked why so heavy a penalty had been inflicted for so light an offence upon a private tutor in a great family. Sir William replied: "The culprit was not a Private Tutor; but I can see where the mistake arose. He was 'Usher of the Hall,' and I would inform the Hon. Member that 'The Usher of the Hall' in a large house is what 'the odd man' is in a small one."

We cannot follow Mr. Russell into the details of service in the (country) seats of the mighty. He freely penetrates the steward's room, "the ark and sanctuary of domestic government"; presents us in person to the Groom of the Chambers, "a tall, able-bodied man who does nothing from morn till dewy eve but arrange the writing-tables, fill the rose-bowls, announce visitors, and preside at luncheon"; and tells us all about the Upper Servants—"a distinction unknown except in England." His minute explanations show that here is a realm of information in which only a lifetime of observation can make a man an authority. They also show how impossible it is for even the most devoted reader of illustrated supplements, periodicals consecrated to fashion, and romances about marble halls, to get an accurate idea of the actual *ménage* of malefactors of great wealth.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

It is refreshing to meet among the German poets who, some thirty years ago, set out to revolutionize the intellectual life of their country a few who, without deserting the "cause" of their youth, have kept singularly free from the repulsive or ridiculous idiosyncrasies of that earlier style. One of these few is Karl Henckell. He is the only one of them who has resisted the temptation to turn to more remunerative work than lyric poetry. Of his two last books, one is called "Ein Lebenslied" and is published in an *édition de luxe* with etchings by Hubert Wilm (München-Gräfelfing: Mendelssohn-Bartholdy). The prologue to the twelve poems in the volume is significantly entitled "Berufung"; and it indicates the author's conception of a poet's mission:

Zieh deine Furchen, Dichter, unerschrocken
Durch's Land der innern Unermesslichkeit,
Lass dich ins Quellenreich des Lebens locken!

There is not a line in the book that does not convince the reader of Henckell's reverential attitude towards life and art. He is inspired with an optimism based, like that of Björnson, on boundless faith in the good there is in every man. Out of that faith grow dreams like "Stiller Festzug," vague visions of a fair though distant future. The keynote of Henckell's poetry is a solemn fervor. "Hüttenlicht" is an exquisite specimen of his art, resembling in certain ways the two-tone etching by Hubert Wilm, whose work attracted attention at this year's Munich secession.

Another volume of poems recently published by Henckell, "Im Weitergehen" (München: Die Lese), has a less solemn dignity and more of the joy of living. Henckell's vocabulary is rich in *nuances*, and the book contains not a few gems of delicate imagery. This is apparent in the lines entitled "Gedicht":

Es streift dich mit wehendem Saume
Plötzlich in silberner Früh—
Der Himmel beschert es im Traume,
Dankbar vollendet's die Müh.

Oder ein goldschwerer Tropfen
Fällt von der Schale des Lichts—
Später der Schmied muss klopfen
Emsig den Ring des Gedichts.

There are some charming specimens of poetical impressionism, like the "Seinestimmung," and some poems inspired by the author's intimate feeling for nature. For emotional intensity few poems of Henckell's "Sturm und Drang" period equal his "Carmagnole," in which the lines roll out with eloquent appeal and a spontaneous rhapsodic sweep. Altogether, these two books of verse are among the most enjoyable that have come from German poets of late.

Wilhelm Schmidtbonn, so far known only as a novelist and dramatist, has written a volume of poetry called "Lobgesang des Lebens" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). The keynote of the book is struck in the first poem in which Orpheus in his quest for Eurydice leaps into the boat of Charon and promises the dead that throng the halls of Hades to bring joy to their heavy hearts. For joy of life and the fulness thereof is the poet's theme, which he varies with admirable skill. With warm sympathy, the poet traces the portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, whose love for the humblest creatures living on earth appeals to his all-embracing love of life. He adds an interesting incident to the episode of Charles the Sixth's entrance into Antwerp, familiar through Mackart's celebrated painting, and welds it into a ballade of strong dramatic movement. True to the taste of his generation, Schmidtbonn takes a sort of defiant delight in dwelling upon the elemental manifestations of the life-force. It is especially interesting to note how cleverly he makes even old tales like that of the giant Rübezahl and of Snow-white and the Dwarfs serve his purpose. And he proves his close sympathy with the general spirit of modern life by humbly admitting that the laborer, who is one with his people and whose hammer creates what benefits the many, is stronger than the poet who stands apart and sings for the few. Modern achievements like the airship inspire him, and at the sight of Berlin his imagination is red with a vision of the future.

A terse plasticity of style, reminding American readers of the verse of Emily Dickinson and that of Mrs. Biancchi, characterizes the poetry of Ernst Lissauer, who a few years ago attracted attention by a little book called "Der Acker," now reissued in a revised and enlarged edition by Eugen Diederichs of Jena. Within the compass of four or at most eight lines, Lissauer says as much as most of his fellow bards say in as many pages. His meters are simple. His metaphors fall upon the ear with something of an oracular ring:

Glück ist ein Feuer. Seht, die Lohe lacht!
Weit in die Lande wirft es seine Pracht.

Glück ist ein Feuer, raffend, roh und rot,
Drin eine Sehnsucht, Scheit um Scheit, verloht.

It is difficult to analyze the quality of his verse in terms of the æsthetical vocabulary. Interpretation is in his case less effective than quotation. An interesting specimen of his art is "Der Kreis":

Ich sprach zum Kreis: du lebst in Wanderschaft.
Du schreitest langsam in gestillter Kraft.
Dein Weg ist ganz erbaut aus Wegeswende,
Und jeder Schritt ist Anfang, Mitt' und Ende.

Es sprach der Kreis: mein Leben ist nicht Glück.
Ich wandre nicht, ich kehre nur zurück.
Ein Stücklein Welt erglänzt mir lieb und licht.
Mein Weg umkränzt es. Er betritt es nicht.

The second volume of Lissauer's verse, entitled "Der Strom," has just been published. For imagery, delicate and suggestive, and for light and rippling movement, it would be difficult to find in German a poem equal to the one in this volume called "Brise," in which he speaks of the breeze that runs over the meadow, blonde, with sunlit hair and fleet of foot, her fingers picking leaves and flowers and scattering them in the air as she passes, leaving behind her a streak of haze like a fluttering ribbon. Sonorous strength is the attribute of another poem in which he likens the city street to a stream. His vocabulary is richer and his feeling for form more perfect than before, yet the book breathes the same spontaneity as the first.

Alfons Paquet is another strong personality. He is a great traveller and keeps his eyes open for aspects of life that are characteristic of our day. Nothing is commonplace to him. That is his point of resemblance with Whitman, whose lines he also employs with good effect. The message of his book is the praise of that heroism which is not invested with a halo, like that of his "Held Namenlos" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). The volume contains a charming idyll of Colorado Springs, which shows Paquet's rare feeling for the foreign and the alien. In fact, his strongest poems are those that treat of subjects as remote as possible from the standards of modern German life. Three poems in the book are on Chinese topics; one is of Norseland and contains a fine tribute to Finland, and there is also a song of the comet and a song of the airship. Something of his æsthetic creed may be surmised from the introductory lines of the book where he suggests that it be taken as a whole:

Ein Dom, ein aufwärts brückenreich Gemäuer,
Ein Raum der Seele in des Himmels Feuer.

The new volume of "Balladen und Lieder," by Börries Freiherr von Münchhausen, "Das Herz im Harnisch" (Egon Fleischel) shows no decline in the author's gift to shape the legends and tales of old into the form least popular with the poets of modern Germany, though still the most popular with the verse-reading public. The ballad requires a certain objective attitude which is rather foreign to the modern poet eager to express himself and exploit his "personality." But Münchhausen by the spontaneity and sincerity of his work has disarmed even critics unfavorably inclined.

Bruno Frank's book of verse, "Die Schatten der Dinge" (Albert Langen), is somewhat handicapped by the title, which raises expectations the author does not quite fulfil. Frank has so far been known only as a clever story-writer. He has a fund of original poetic ideas, but has not yet found the corresponding original form. The theme that we see only the shadows of things, but not the things themselves, occurs in several poems, but is sufficiently varied not to become monotonous. There is too much, however, of the four-line stanza in iambic meter. Humor of a robust, drastic sort is represented in "Kirchweih" (Albert Langen), a volume of verse by "Peter Schlemihl," otherwise known as Ludwig Thoma, and collected from the pages of *Simplicissimus*. It is bubbling over with the daring heroism that makes this periodical of protest such a welcome tonic to readers cloyed by the note of intellectual imperialism and loyalty to race and sovereign which dominates the ordinary German press.

A new volume by Maria Janitschek reminds one that she belongs to the generation of literary hotspurs dubbed by Henckell "Gründeutschland." For her first poems, "Im Sommerwind," appeared when the strife between the Old and the New in German letters was hottest, and her emotional intensity, visionary imagination, and formal independence were characteristic of the verse of that period. Some of her early work reappears in this book, "Gesammelte Gedichte" (Leipzig: G. Elischer). In her shorter poems she sometimes strikes a touchingly wistful note, as in "Woher?":

Tiefblau der Himmel,
Hell glänzt der Firn,
Da fällt ein Tropfen
Auf meine Stirn.

Ich wend' mich um
Und spähe, spähe,
Nicht Wolken, nicht Menschen
In meiner Nähe.

Du schöner Himmel
Von Glanz umwoben,
Sag, weinen denn
Auch die, dort oben?

The publication of this volume of Maria Janitschek's verse makes one regret that she has been almost entirely absorbed in the writing of fiction.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Most, if not all, of the English translations of "The Swiss Family Robinson" now on the market are cut to some extent, and some of them are very much abridged. There is confusion, too, in the names of the characters, which vary considerably in the various editions. Even Mme. Voïart, whose French translation, which appeared in 1840, and which has been turned into English, is perhaps the best, altered the names of the boys from the Fritz, Ernst, Jack, and Franz of the original, to Frédéric, Ernest, Rudly, and Fritz, respectively. The studious Ernest is, I believe, the only one who retains his name in all the versions. In details, also, no two independent translations in French or English appear to be very much alike, and one editor, some thirty or forty years ago, even brought out an expurgated edition! But one cannot go far in an examination of the many editions without finding differences that are not to be accounted for by mere editorial liberties and the exigencies of cost of manufacture. A few of the French and English versions of the complete book have an ending that is absolutely different from the others, with nothing but the names and characters of the shipwrecked family in common. This surprising discovery suggests an investigation into the history of the book in search of an explanation.

Of the millions of persons who have read "The Swiss Family Robinson," how many can tell you the author's name? I suspect that the number would not run into four figures. More than once in print the book has been fathered upon the tutor of Humboldt, Joachim Heinrich Campe; but Campe's book, "The New Robinson," is of a different character, a philosophical affair in dialect form, never intended for youthful readers. Editors and librarians, however, know that the authorship lies between the Swiss pastor, Johann David Wyss, and his son, the historian and *littérateur*, Johann Rudolf Wyss, and some of them, knowing a little more, know things about the book that are not so.

The story which is known in English as "The Swiss Family Robinson" was originally the invention of Johann David Wyss, a Swiss pastor, who told it to his children for their amusement and left it in manuscript form upon his death. What was afterwards known as the first part was published under the name of "Der Schweizerische Robinson," by Wyss's son, Johann Rudolf, in 1813, after the death of the father; this was printed in Zürich, in two volumes. It was translated into French by the Swiss novelist and writer of juvenile books, the Baroness Isabelle de Montolieu, and was brought out in Paris in 1816. It was also published in English. The French translation proved popular, but Mme. de Montolieu regretted its evidently unfinished condition, and wrote to Rudolf Wyss, begging him to provide a proper ending for it. Wyss was too busy to undertake this at the time, and Mme. de Montolieu asked permission to write the sequel herself. This she proceeded to do, bringing out the new and completed edition of the book in Paris in 1824.

So far, the history of the book is well known, and has been printed in several introductions and prefaces, but, strange to say, editors have overlooked the fact that the second part of the story as most editions have it to-day is *not* the work of the Baroness de Montolieu. The facts are these:

Though the Baroness apparently obtained Wyss's permission to complete the story, there seems to be no evidence that her ending met with his approval, as is generally stated. We learn from her preface to this second part (1824) that, owing to pressure on the part of her publishers, she was obliged to send her manuscript to the press without submitting it to Wyss; so that he never saw it until after it was printed. How well he liked it when he did see it is indicated by the fact that three years later, in 1827, he published in Zürich an authorized ending, in two volumes, in the second of which (the fourth of the entire work) he says in his preface: "It will be understood that the ending of the book as here given owes nothing to the work of Mme. de Montolieu." And he goes on to say:

> I follow my father's original manuscript just as before; but always with the same freedom that I used in the earlier volumes. Many things are not suitable for publication, which, in the author's family circle, where the manuscript up to this time had alone been read, were entirely in place. Also the end of the story appears [in the original manuscript] rather sketched than carefully worked out.

The Baroness's ending was translated into English and printed in some editions, together with the first part, but most of the English editions—all, I think, that are now in print and that give the whole book—have Wyss's ending. And very properly, for, aside from its being the authorized text, it is a much better piece of work and more in harmony with the first part. The Baroness unfortunately knew little or nothing of natural history, and was wise enough to avoid it for the most part; but "The Swiss Family Robinson" is hardly itself without natural history, and, moreover, even as a story her contribution is decidedly unsuccessful. It begins with a rather pointless illness which comes to the good mother of the family; then follows shortly the incident of one of the boys frightening the others by wearing his rubber boots on his hands—just why, I have forgotten; then the island is invaded by a band of cannibals who shout the strange word, "Ouraki." By these signs you may know the Baroness's version.

It may seem strange that this confusion as to the authorship of the second part should be so persistent, but I suspect that I have discovered one reason for it in the fact that during or before the fifties a French edition of the book was published containing Wyss's ending, but bearing on the title-page the name of Mme. de Montolieu as translator. This edition was published in Paris by Arthus Bertrand, the regular publisher of the Baroness's works, who had brought out the edition of 1824, in which the Baroness's ending had first appeared. The title-page bears the words, "Traduit de l'allemande sur la dernière édition par Madame la Baronne Isabelle de Montolieu. Nouvelle et seule Edition complète." The edition, or, at least, that impression of it of which the Boston Public Library owns a copy, is undated, but from dates on the paper used in binding and from other evidence, internal and external, it seems certain that it was printed in 1850, or soon after. Mme. de Montolieu died in 1832, and whether or not this translation of the second part appeared in her lifetime I have been unable to ascertain in the limited time I could give to the investigation. Perhaps some one else can inform us whether she actually had anything to do with it or not. At all events, it seems to me that the publication of this edition, under her name as translator, taken together with the well-known fact that she had written a conclusion of her own to the story, may well be responsible for the widespread notion that she was the real author of the second part as we know it to-day.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

Correspondence

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S BULL MOOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Roosevelt's preoccupation with the "Bull Moose" recalls the fact that this animal figured prominently in the history of another President of the United States—no less a one than Thomas Jefferson. It is not generally known that Jefferson was as great a stickler in natural history as the Colonel himself, especially in regard to big game. In the year 1789, notwithstanding the momentous questions then occupying his mind, Jefferson, as his letters show, entered into a discussion with Count de Buffon, the noted French naturalist, concerning the animals of America, and undertook to establish the fact that the Count underrated them. But his zeal seems to have proved very costly to him. He had been writing to his Virginia friends to procure for him the skeleton and horns of a large buck deer, but had not received them. He then wrote a letter to Gen. John Sullivan of Maine to send him the skin and skeleton of a moose. In due time a bill came from Gen. Sullivan, which he presumed must be for the moose, except that the amount appeared exorbitant.

Jefferson very good-humoredly mentions the matter in a letter written to Col. Smith, Mr. Adams's son-in-law, who was then in London:

> You ask me if you shall say anything to Sullivan about the bill. No. Only that it is paid. I have, within two or three days, received letters from him, explaining the matter. It was my fault, that I had not given him a rough idea of the expenses I would be willing to incur for them. He made the acquisition an object of a regular campaign, and that, too, of a winter one. The troops he employed sallied forth, as he writes me, in the month of March—much snow—a herd attacked—one killed in the wilderness—a road to be cut twenty miles—to be drawn by hand from the frontiers to his house—bones to be cleaned—etc., etc., etc. In fine, he put himself to an infinitude of trouble, more than I meant: he did it cheerfully, and I feel myself really under obligations to him. That the tragedy might not want a proper catastrophe, the box, bones, and all, are lost: so that this chapter of Natural History will still remain a blank. But I have written to him to send me another. I will leave it for my successor to fill up, whenever I shall make my bow here.

From a subsequent letter to the Count, it appears that the skeleton of the moose, which was to vindicate the insulted honor of its country, later arrived and was presented in due form.

This story was known to Daniel Webster, who frequently told it to his friends in Washington, but in a different form from that related here. In Jefferson's account of his current expenses for the year he entered for this moose 46/17/10 sterling, equivalent to $220, which was probably ten times as much as he had expected to pay.

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., August 26.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PSALMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That indefatigable Baconian, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., has of late been distributing copies of his little pamphlet, "The Shakespeare Myth," in this country, whether for the sake of advancing the cause of truth or of advertising his book, "Bacon is Shakespeare," I can only surmise. One of these pamphlets was recently sent to me. In it Sir Edwin repeats several of the gross absurdities which characterized his former work, notably the statement that Bacon "fixed upon the year 1910" as the year in which the secret of his authorship of the plays should be brought to light. It is needless to point out the innumerable fallacies of the work, but I wish to call attention to the use made of a passage in "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Sir Edwin cites as proof that the Shakespeare myth is dead some sentences from Professor Saintsbury's much-criticised article on Shakespeare, in which, with characteristic indifference to minutiæ, the results of recent research into particulars of Shakespearean biography are put aside as valueless. But Sir Edwin does not cite the following passage, also from the pen of Professor Saintsbury:

> It is sufficient to say that, up to the present time, they [the Baconians] have not commended themselves to a single person who unites accurate knowledge of Elizabethan and other literature with the proved possession of an adequate critical faculty. (Vol. V, page 249, American edition.)

An especially curious instance of Sir Edwin's methods is afforded by the word "honorificabilitudinitatibus," which, he says, "gives us the Masonic number 287, and really tells us with the most mechanical certainty that the plays were Francis Bacon's 'orphan' children" (p. 26). This may be true, but, if so, the New Variorum Shakespeare gives a long list of Bacon's other "orphans." The word occurs in two old German comedies (*c.* 1580), in several dictionaries, in the "Catholicon" of Johannes de Janua (*c.* 1286), in Mussato's "Historia Augusta" (*c.* 1312), and in Dante's "De vulgari eloquentia" (*c.* 1300). Can it be that the Baconians are about to claim the "Divine Comedy" for their hero, having "definitely established" that he wrote Shakespeare and the Bible?

For the benefit of any reader who has been half-convinced by the Baconians, attention may be called to the following conclusive proof that Shakespeare wrote the Psalms. The author's name appears in at least three forms: Shakespeare, Shakespear, and Shakspere. There are other varieties of spelling; the point is that three, four, or five vowels are admissable. Any one acquainted with "Masonic numbers," emblem writing, and Rosicrucian signs will tell you that the golden mean must be taken. This is obviously FOUR. Moreover, the number of consonants is SIX. The mystic number is, then, FORTY-SIX. Turn now to the King James Bible, and to the Forty-sixth Psalm. Count from the beginning and you will find the forty-sixth word to be SHAKE; count from the end and you will find the forty-sixth word to be SPEAR. Does any Mason, emblem-reader, or Rosicrucian need more convincing evidence than that?

Hasn't the Baconian theory come to the point where it is a matter of medical rather than literary interest? Can't one of our philanthropic millionaires establish an asylum, along the lines of Holmes's institution for punsters, for aged and decayed Baconians?

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Roland Park, Md., August 31.

CAMPAIGN "GIFTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Where do Presidential campaign funds come from? Is it true that they are contributed by "Trusts," "plutocrats," "railway kings," etc.? If this be true, why do these industrial forces supply money to elect Presidents who profess to be violently hostile to them?

Logically considered, industrial combinations are not an evil. They are a benefit to the people, and especially to the poor people, because an industrial combination can undoubtedly produce a better article, and can afford to sell it cheaper, than the small manufacturers. What earthly good did it do to the people to dissolve the Standard Oil combination? I am told that the price of oil has advanced since that achievement.

High prices represent the profits of the unproductive wholesale and the greedy and extortionate retail dealers.

Intelligent persons have long ago discovered that the outcry against industrial combinations is for the most part nothing but a mischievous political trick to cajole votes from a class of envious and easily duped voters, and perhaps, even, to extort campaign "gifts" from the business interests.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Chicago, Ill., August 25.

THE CONGRESS OF THE HISTORY OF ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my letter to you on the Congress of the History of Art, published in your issue of August 1, the date of the said Congress was inadvertently omitted. It will be held in Rome, from the 16th to the 21st of October, 1912.

H. E.

Rome, August 17.

Literature

IN MOSLEM LANDS.

From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam. By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co. With 200 illustrations and a map. $3.50 net.

His first twenty-five pages Professor Jackson spends in getting to Baku by way of Constantinople and the Black Sea. We rather grudge him this space, for he is not on his own ground, and we have from him mere traveller's talk, however picked out with Keats and Tennyson, about Alexander's sarcophagus and Balaclava and the like. But with Baku and its oil-wells and inscriptions we are on soil Zoroastrian by modern Western tradition at least, and of that tradition we are given a very pretty statement and analysis. The fire-temple at Baku, it appears, in its present form at least, is a Hindu product, a centre of fire-worship constructed within the last two hundred years for Indian merchants far from their own land. As for the Arabic inscription produced in photography opposite page 36, whatever its interpretation, the date A. H. 194 is an utter impossibility on account of the titles used. The thousand may have been dropped. Derbent with its Gog and Magog rampart closing one of the only two passes across the Caucasus between the Black and Caspian Seas, and with its remains and memories of Sasanians, Greeks, and early Moslem conquistadors—Anushirvan, Alexander, and Haroun ar-Rashid—and of later border scufflings of Arabs, Persians, and Turanians, is the next point of lingering. There Zoroastrian traces are stronger; fragments of Sasanian carvings are found, and a square vaulted chamber, which may well have been the sanctuary of the sacred flame. Thence there is more travel-talk to Teheran, at that time under the brief rule of Shah Mohammed Ali. The point of investigation there is the Peacock Throne asserted to have been carried off in 1749 by Nadir Shah from India, where it had been constructed for Shah Jehan, the Mogul, in 1634. Doubt had been cast on this story by Lord Curzon, and Professor Jackson here goes over at least part of the gorgeous evidence.

The second part of the book opens with departure from Teheran, to follow the route of Alexander when he was hunting Darius down. This is not very easy reading. Topography, especially historical, must either be very detailed and scientific, or else very pictorial and suggestive. In this case the full scientific treatment has been reserved for publication elsewhere, and the scraps given here only obscure the grandeur and suggestion of these vast plains and of the Caspian Gates. Nor is the triumph of Alexander or the tragedy of Darius heightened by Professor Jackson's verses; they could have more safely slumbered in his note-book. With the memories of Alexander rise those of still older wars of legend between Turan and Iran, record of which has to be gathered at best from the *Shahnama* of Firdausi. Through these "Marches of Terror" then he passed, tracts so more lately named from the forays of the Turcomans, broken and ruled at last by Russia only a generation ago. We in the West, like the Persians themselves, are too apt to forget that struggle of millenniums on life and death, and that it was a *pax Russica* which ended it so recently. But for Professor Jackson the interest, as he went, was either very ancient or quite modern—Zoroastrian and Greek or the Persia of to-day. For remains of Islamic times and their stories he has, it is true, an eye and ear, but only on account of some link of connection. Yet Omar Khayyam needs no introduction or excuse, and so to Nishapur he turned.

This is the part of the book which will have most interest for all except professed Orientalists and antiquarians. And the account here of Nishapur and its history will amply repay that interest. The three chapters given to it form an excellent little monograph, a good example of the combination, characteristic to the whole book, of elaborate historical research and modern descriptions. More perfunctory is the description of Mashhad, a day's journey from Nishapur, with its sanctuary-shrine of the tomb of Imam Riza, a place of pilgrimage for all the Shi'ite world. It is a curious comment on local and religious popularity that the tomb of Haroun ar-Rashid, which lies beside that of the saint, is either neglected or kicked in contempt by the pilgrims. How many in these Western lands know anything of Imam Riza, and what child does not know Haroun?—though Riza may easily have been the better man. But from the modern (comparatively) and Moslem Mashhad, Professor Jackson's interest passes quickly to Tus, a city with its roots deep in the farthest Iranian legend and linked for ever with the great name of Firdausi, one, with Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, of the immortal three everywhere known, of Persian literature. But Tus is now a wilderness, and the search even for the tomb of Firdausi is a search in dust and ruins and nothingness—no garden of Paradise, as *Firdaus* means, but desolation itself. There only a dubious grave was found for the great poet. Yet another and an even greater man, so far as influence on the thought of the world is concerned, lies buried at Tus, and in a search for his grave there would probably have been better fortune. Professor Jackson barely mentions the philosopher-theologian Ghazali, and evidently does not know that he applied the pragmatic idea to spiritual life and thought centuries before pragmatism was to be, and that from him the threads of influence run to Aquinas and to Pascal. Such is the dust which mingles in the dust of Tus.

A final chapter takes us over the Persian border into the land of Turan, now at last lying in peace under the shadow of the Russian eagle. We leave the traveller there facing Samarcand, Bukhara, and the Oxus.

Turkey and Its People. By Sir Edwin Pears. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

Until "Odysseus"—now known to be Sir Charles Elliot—shall recast his "Turkey in Europe" to post-revolution conditions, this book may most usefully take its place. Its author has a long and honorable newspaper record. It was he who, in the *Daily News*, first sounded the alarm at the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876. Through a long life as a publicist, he has shown himself a watchful friend both of Bulgaria and of Greece, and has been trusted by each. As to his intimate knowledge of conditions and possibilities in European Turkey and the Balkans, and also in the Asiatic provinces, there can be no question.

If any one thing is needed for a judgment on that situation, viewed as a single gigantic fact, it is sensitiveness to balance and proportion. "Cries" of all kinds—lo here, lo there, the one hope of escape!—must be sedulously avoided. And there exactly—and most wonderfully for a newspaper man—Sir Edwin Pears is above all strong. His balanced estimate of the Greek genius, for example, in its failure and its accomplishment, is beyond praise. He has talked with survivors of the struggle for freedom and knows its discords, disloyalties, illusions, and failures, and, worse, he saw himself the wretched war of 1897, bred of ignorance, vainglory, and heedless oratory and ending in disaster near to utter ruin. He knows the headstrong individualism of the Greeks, their violent prejudices and unpractical ideas. But he knows, too, their light-hearted courage, their enterprise, their intelligence, their self-sacrificing patriotism, and—what is stranger—their heroic tenacity in life and death. If a football team—for in such matters the boy is not only father of the man but the clearest of clues to him—even of Turkish boys can beat a Greek team in combined play, the Turks can never as a race make head against the sheer ability and energy of the Greeks. And so, remembering Athens as a jumble of hovels, he sees the accomplishment in the present ordered city with its university, museums, hospitals, and schools; he sees Greece a prosperous, well governed country; and he sees the far-scattered Greek people always looking back in helpful affection to their own land. With similar open-eyed fairness he deals with the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Albanians, and the Armenians. It is well for us, once in a while, to have the Servian point of view, in its constant guard against Austrian aggression, made clear, and Albania is now the centre of the whole unhappy Macedonian imbroglio. The very latest situation in Albania is not, of course, presented here, but all the materials are given for the understanding of it.

When, however, Sir Edwin Pears passes to Asia, his certainty of knowledge in some measure fails him. The Greeks of the islands and the coasts he still thoroughly understands. There is a good tale, for example, on page 141 of Poseidon surviving in St. Nicholas. To the Asiatic Armenians, too, he has a clue from those whom he knew in Europe.

But on the little peoples and sects his touch is less firm. The Druses and their sacred books are no such mystery now as he suggests, nor indeed have been since De Sacy's time, and on the Yezidis he is equally in the dark. To all these and their like he has not the key, and so he can only describe them externally and make guesses at the rest.

And with this same weakness is touched his whole treatment of the Turks themselves. It is time that writers on the East should realize that as thorough if not as long an education is needed if they are to understand its peoples as now enables them speedily to see their way through the institutions of any European country. Our education is based upon the civilization of Greece and Rome. We add to that, perhaps, a knowledge of the Holy Roman Empire and of the Europe that has sprung from it. Our sole touch with the East, in the years in which we are laying these foundations, is through the history of the Christian Church. But to understand even the East of to-day we must frankly go to school again and laboriously acquire another and a very different education. No reading up of authorities, nor even year-long contact with Orientals will suffice. The real authorities are still at the stage of writing for one another and not for the public; on the enormous majority of what popularizers there are, the least said the better. Certainly, those on Islam quoted in this book have again and again misled. And as to contact, we have only to consider what would be the success of an intelligent Moslem who should live twenty years with us, reading at the most our newspapers, and who should then attempt to write on our religion, law, and institutions generally. His remarks would be more interesting than illuminating, and his book would be a curiosity of literature. He would be able to describe what he saw; but the essential nature of even those phenomena would be hidden from him because he could not know their origin and history, and would be entirely alien, by education and training, to their spirit.

Thus Sir Edwin Pears gives a clear and thorough account of the Capitulations because they are survivals of legal conceptions familiar to the Roman jurist. Only on one point does he apparently slip. It was not the Turks who took over this attitude from the Byzantines. From the earliest Moslem times not only strangers had so been treated, but also all non-Moslem elements in the native population itself. All Christians and Jews, for example, were strictly resident aliens, and lived their own community-lives by themselves. But, on the other hand, his whole treatment of the Caliphate as a constitutional question is full of confusion and error. To it he had no approach through the Roman law, and Moslem constitutional treatises were not accessible to him. Similarly, he has no clear understanding of the bases of Moslem religion and law. It is evident that experience had shown him that the Koran was by no means the one sole source of these. But what the other sources were, how they had originated, functioned, and were now regarded, above all how much they had really displaced the Koran—on these points he is quite in the dark. There is a reference or two to "traditions," none to "analogy," and none to that great principle of the Agreement of the Moslem people which has become the final validator of all theological and legal doctrine.

Thus in the dark on principles, it is natural that he should often have been misled in details. He gives a quite baseless distinction between divorce and "repudiation" (pp. 69, 329), which was evidently palmed off on him by some Moslem reformers desirous to make a case for early Islam. Again, his statement (p. 365) of the status of a slave who has borne an acknowledged child to her owner is not correct. She cannot be sold, but becomes automatically free only on her owner's death. Again, whatever Turkish usage may be, the punishment given on page 323 for breaking the fast of Ramazan is not legal. It appears to have originated in traditions from Mohammed which told that such sinners would have melted lead poured down their throats in hell.

There are other exasperating things in the book, even as to simple modern conditions. Thus on page 81 a remark is dropped casually about the apparatus of the Turkish witch, that she lives "of course with the traditional black cat." But there is no "of course" about it. Whatever may be traditional as to cats in European diablerie, they are quasi-sacred animals in Islam. There are too many traditions as to the fondness of the Prophet and his companions for cats for them easily to have Satanic associations. The cat must have come into the magical world through some extra-Islamic influence. As a matter of fact, both in Syria and Turkey, black cats and black hens do belong to that world. And the difference between the two is significant. The cat is used with Christians and the hen with Moslems. The magician, being like magicians in general of a fine catholicity, varies his method and apparatus to suit his subject, and in the end becomes confused himself. So much, and probably a great deal more, lies behind that simple "of course."

But in spite of such weaknesses, this is a solid, suggestive, and very largely trustworthy book. Its treatment of the woman question is exceptionally good. So, too, is its balanced view of the present situation and its carefully hopeful outlook into the future. The author has lived long enough in the East to see the wood as well as the trees. It is a pity that he did not read his proofs more carefully.

CURRENT FICTION.

[ANOTHER ENGLISH FIND.]

The Borderland. By Robert Halifax. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Low Society. The Same.

Once more the enterprising house of Dutton presents a new English storyteller to the American audience—not a novice, that is, but a writer of experience whom Britain has hitherto, for some unexplained reason, kept to herself. These we understand to be the third and fourth novels of Robert Halifax, and a fifth is announced for publication (in America) within a few months.

Unlike other recently discovered novelists, Mr. Halifax does not choose a provincial setting: shabby London is his scene—the London of the slums, or of those dingy suburbs which, as it were, out-Bursley Bursley itself. The "Borderland" of his story is slumland, a "borderland of lost souls and human wreckage." Hither comes John Laverock, a Christian Brotherhood worker, fresh from the country, a dreamer, and, to tell the truth, a prig. He is full of sensibility, and his ignorance of city conditions is abysmal. The slum people pity him and tolerate him. A personal problem is added almost at once to the problem of his work, and becomes the real theme of the story. He sees in the street a girl of the street, and falls under her spell. She has the dress and manner of her class, but is of uncommon beauty, a morbid beauty, the product of the slums—amber hair, tea-rose yellow face, wax-like fingers, and "two turquoise eyes—eyes slightly filmed, yet consciously fathomless." But the robust and pious John Laverock looks upon it and is lost. He begins a slow and clumsy pursuit of the girl—in the interest, as he honestly thinks for a time, of her soul. She has been the mistress of a slum villain, who makes several attempts upon his rival's life, but finally vanishes from the scene, leaving "Amber Lou" to become first the mistress of Laverock and finally his wife.

Another young woman figures in the story as a foil, but her elegant attractions are of no potency beside the savage charm of the borderland heroine, and in the end she gives the strange pair her blessing. Unfortunately, Laverock and the lady, types with which we are familiar, fail to impress us as real persons; and the fact leads us to look upon the slum figures with some suspicion. However, Mr. Halifax has been generally hailed in England as a master-painter of the low life of London, and his sketches of scenes and types, when he is not hampered by the requirements of plot, are full of color and vigor. He has, in fact, an always marketable combination of qualities—extreme realism of detail linked with extreme sentimentalism of motive. So we find one English critic declaring that he "has just that rare quality which endeared Dickens to his readers." There is a resemblance of a sort, though luckily not in manner.

"Low Society" is a far better story. It involves no such feat as the union of Laverock and his amber enchantress. The scene is Barking Town, and the persons are consistently "low," with the exception of three who are introduced for purposes of romantic contrast. Young Hungerford and his child wife exhale a faint Copperfieldian aroma. He has given his home and easy prospects for her sake: it must be said that the vindictive lady mother, with her single savage appearance in the poor little household, is as extravagant a caricature as ever stalked in melodrama. Casswade also, whose huge figure fills the centre of our vulgar stage, is hard to credit in the large. His eventual conversion is little short of preposterous. But, as we have intimated, Mr. Halifax is really a romancer who has chosen an unexpected setting for his romance, and who endows it with piquancy by playing with the materials of the onetime realist. In Baversham, the true hero of the story, the method scores a real triumph. All of his surface and nine-tenths of his essence are cad and bounder. In tastes and manner he is an outrageous person. This is equally true of the maiden of his choice, but he is even more a bully than she a cat. The process by which he is caused to appear as friend and rescuer of the Hungerfords, as adversary of the unspeakable Casswade, and even as true lover of his lady, is somewhat obscure; but there is no denying that the thing happens. Mr. Halifax has made the invaluable contribution of a new flavor to the dish of current fiction.

Sharrow. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Though a novel of to-day, with telephone and motor, this book has an old-fashioned quality. It was written to interest the reader and not to prove a theory or describe a triangle. It relies not only on its story, but on the details which garnish the story, whether related or unrelated. There are descriptions of Georgian houses and Victorian furnishings; houses in town and country, in England and Paris and Rome; there are nursery scenes, deathbeds, weddings, dinners, teas, concerts. There are city dissipations and village improvements. There are landscapes and climates with figures to correspond, and unlimited weather. And there are discerning portraits, many and varied. It seems unending, but it never keeps one waiting, and it is never dull. The writer's confidence in the reader's interest is justified. The whole mass of detail has a kernel, to wit, the English estate and family of Sharrow, which traced its history in unbroken line to the days of King John. The heart of the kernel is Sandy Sharrow, of whom this book is the biography. All Sharrows having been red-haired and ugly, Sandy was a red-haired, ugly child. He needed but to see the old house on his first visit to it as a child to feel the dawning of the passion for it that was to govern his life, and was to be the bond between him and his terrible old granduncle, Lord Sharrow—a bond never wholly ruptured even by their quarrels. To break off a marriage which Sandy has at heart, the old lord and a governess in love with the younger man enter into a conspiracy, as obnoxious, surely, as any ever devised by novelist. For years Sandy's life is a thing of reproach, and it is only through shadows and tragedies that he is redeemed and reinstated, free to enjoy the Sharrow he worshipped "as a system, an idea, a fabric." The inconstant moon of the novelist here outdoes herself by rising in the west.

COLONIAL PENNSYLVANIA.

The Relations of Pennsylvania with the British Government, 1696-1765. By Winfred Trexler Root, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Company, Agents. $2.

The author, who is assistant professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, has expanded the present painstaking and scholarly study of the workings of British Government in a chartered province of America from investigations first undertaken in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania. The material is drawn chiefly from the papers and journals of the Board of Trade and Plantations, transcribed from the original manuscript in London for the Pennsylvania Historical Society. His list of authorities, however, covers some ten closely printed pages, and indicates the formidable nature of his undertaking and the thoroughness of his performance. The writing of an adequate history of Pennsylvania, owing to the variety of racial and other elements in the society of that colony, has so far baffled the numerous individuals who have contemplated or actually undertaken the work. The volume assigned to that State in the American Commonwealth series, announced many years ago, has been abandoned in despair by one writer after another and has never yet been prepared.

Professor Root's aim has been to treat the chartered province, not from the provincial point of view, but as part of the Empire. He suggests that this is a broader view than one which merely reflects the colonial side of the story. It is perhaps open to question whether he has not unduly subordinated the colony, although the desire to be fair is manifested in every page. The critical reader will ask why the purpose and effect of laws in restriction of colonial manufactures and commerce, which were so offensive to the colonists, are disposed of incidentally, or sometimes are mentioned merely by title. The phrase "at home" in these pages always means England, but "home rule" applies only to the colony. Occasionally the author makes comparisons without giving the basis for them. This is especially noticeable in the presentation of his view that the failure of the Quakers to support the war against the French and Indians, their refusal to furnish men and money, led to the Stamp Act and presumably to the Revolution. While the author names large sums of money appropriated in different years by the Pennsylvania Assembly and explains the contests between the proprietary and the popular interests which in 1755 caused the Governor to veto the act appropriating 40,000 pounds, there are facts relating to the Braddock campaign which are necessary to a complete understanding of the situation.

For some political reason, or because of a question of commissions to Virginians, it was ordered that the movement of the army should start from Virginia. Horses and wagons were to have been furnished by Virginia and Maryland. Both colonies failed to do so, and the army could not move. Within two weeks Pennsylvania furnished 150 wagons and 259 pack horses. Pennsylvania also furnished 14,000 bushels of wheat. Virginia voted 20,000 pounds, but the sum was expended by the province, and did not reach Braddock. Pennsylvania voted 5,000 pounds. Massachusetts did nothing for this expedition. It is Massachusetts which the author uses to draw a comparison which should obviously be modified by the facts just presented. Again, Pennsylvania cut a road to the West at a cost of 3,000 pounds, and had 100 men working on it. Orme, who kept a journal, wrote on May 20, 1755: "Arrived here 80 wagons from Pennsylvania to assist in the expedition"; and Braddock himself said that he should have starved and the expedition would have failed but for the supplies received from Pennsylvania. Braddock was defeated. In 1758 John Forbes captured Fort Duquesne. He had under him 2,700 Pennsylvanians. Furthermore, the author's comparisons unfavorable to Pennsylvania's military services in the contest with the French and Indians should have been fortified, it should seem, by a presentation of the appropriations made by other colonies in all cases where a comparison is made. It is possible that his theme, the difficulties encountered by the British Government in ordering its colonies, in America, could have been better illustrated by the selection of a more recalcitrant colony than Pennsylvania as an example.

Nevertheless, the reader is presented with a careful and intelligent analysis of the commercial motives of a Government whose main object was the promotion of English trade and the restriction of Colonial activity in manufactures and commerce. The government of Colonial affairs by the British bureaus seems to have been fair enough in unessentials and unbearable in matters of vital interest to the colonists. A duty on negro slaves imported into Pennsylvania was promptly negatived in London because the duty would interfere with British trade. The inefficiency of the bureaus, the hindrances caused by distance and the Penn charter, the meddlesome attitude of some of the Governors, the unworthy position assumed by the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, the struggle over the courts of justice, and the steady encroachment of a growing democracy upon a feeble British control over the colony, as well as the many minor evidences of this encroachment, are all set forth with full understanding of the issue.

The author seems to think that a proper exercise of Parliamentary power and an abrogation of the charter would have produced a different result. This conclusion is perhaps warranted from a consideration of the subject strictly confined to official documents, correspondence, testimony, etc. When the human element of a problem, so inadequately expressed by such evidence, is reckoned with, it may well be doubted whether any system of government other than that actually used would have proved efficient from the British standpoint for any length of time. The loyalty of the Canadians to the Empire is strongest among those Canadians whose families have come from England and Scotland. New York was largely populated by descendants of the hereditary rivals and foes of England; the many thousands of Germans, Swedes, Dutch, Irish, and Huguenots before the Revolution in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the large racial element other than English in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas in the colonial period, taken in connection with the substantial causes for a complete separation from the mother country, would have soon broken down any form of paper government arrived at across the ocean.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin open their autumn season September 14. Among their important publications are the Riverside Popular edition of George Eliot in twenty-two volumes; Keats, Burns, and Scott in the Autograph edition of Poets; and the "Life and Letters of John Rickman," the friend of Charles Lamb.

The autumn list of G. P. Putnam's Sons includes: "The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond," with an introduction by Louis Fréhette and an appreciation by Neil Munro; "The White Shield," a volume of short stories, by Myrtle Reed; "Who?" a detective story by Elizabeth Kent; "The Japanese Nation: Its Land, Its People, and Its Life," by Inazo Nitobé, professor in the Imperial University of Tokio; "Boys of Other Countries," new edition, by Bayard Taylor; "The Indians of the Terraced Houses," an account of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, by Charles Francis Saunders; "The Story of the Bronx," by Stephen Jenkins; "Love Poems of Three Centuries (1600-1900)," compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell, and a revised and enlarged edition of Hester E. Hosford's "Woodrow Wilson."

The remains of Sophocles's satyric drama, the "Ichneutæ," recently published for the first time in Part IX of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri," will shortly be available in a short volume, to be called "Tragicorum Græcorum Fragmenta Papyracea," which is being prepared by Dr. Hunt for the Oxford Classical Texts; it will be issued by the Clarendon Press (Frowde). Besides the new pieces of Sophocles, the book will include the other more important additions made up of the fragments of the Greek tragedians by Egyptian discoveries during the last few years.

The Bibliotheca Sacra Co. announces for publication early in the autumn "Origin and Antiquity of Man," by G. Frederick Wright, D.D.; "Pentateuchal Studies," by Harold M. Wiener, and "The Deciding Voice of the Monuments in Biblical Criticism," by Melvin Grove Kyle.

On the Century Co.'s autumn list are "Russian Wonder Tales," edited by Post Wheeler, and "The New Industrial Day," by William C. Redfield.

"San Francisco: As it was, as it is, and how to see it," with above 200 illustrations, will be brought out in the autumn by Paul Elder & Co.

Albert B. Osborne is bringing out, through McBride, Nast & Co., "Picture Towns of Europe."

The fourteenth annual meeting of the New York State Historical Association will be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., September 17-20.

In a generation in which nearly everybody travels and most people write, there is no longer room on crowded bookshelves for the old-fashioned chronicle of a *grand tour* such as our grandfathers, and more particularly our grandmothers, used to write with much complacency. In self-defence nowadays we demand either a guide-book or something quite different from a guide-book, something touched, in the essay manner, with the lights and shadows of personal impressions. Between Baedeker and Ruskin there is no *via media*. Mrs. Julia de W. Addison, in "The Spell of England" (L. C. Page) has essayed such a path, and the result, it must be admitted, is but dull reading. Aiming to write a book about England that should conform with her title, she has only succeeded in giving a description of her own passage over a well-beaten tourist route. Mrs. Addison must know her England well, but her book hardly gives the impression of much familiarity with English customs. Her naïve description of a court of law, where "it is so strange to see the judge taking down the testimony himself, with a quill pen, writing it laboriously in long hand," is delicious, while her account of the bumping races at Oxford is almost, not quite, as good as the lady novelist's 'varsity boat race, in which "all rowed fast, but stroke faster than any." For one thing, Mrs. Addison's book is to be commended: she quotes freely from well-known writers concerning different localities, and on that account the volume might be handy for occasional reference

In writing "The Life of William Robertson Smith" (Macmillan), the authors, Sutherland Black (himself one of the most learned scholars in Britain) and George Chrystal, state that they "have attempted to present a picture of the time in which he lived. to record as completely as possible his many achievements, to explain and justify the part he took in events of critical importance in the religious history of his country, and to convey to their readers something, at least, of the vivid and happy memory which they cherish of their common friend." That they have succeeded admirably in their endeavor, and that the subject is worthy of their labor of love, every reader will cordially admit. Prepared for Aberdeen in a Free Church manse by parents, both of whom had been teachers, Smith distinguished himself at the University, not only in the classics, but also in the exact sciences; even during his theological course he was lecturing on physics at the University of Edinburgh for Professor Tait. The vivid account of his subsequent career, first in the Free Church Theological School at Aberdeen as professor of Hebrew, and then at Cambridge as lecturer on Arabic, as librarian, and, finally, as the successor of Wright in the chair of Arabic, explains adequately the unanimous testimony of his friends, both to his warm-hearted, generous, dominating, if not domineering, personality, and to his boundless knowledge, readiness, and force. "When rallied about his omniscience he would retort by a reference to the fact that he was among the few men who had read through the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

About one-half of the book is devoted to Smith's ecclesiastical troubles, occasioned in the first instance by the article "Bible" in the encyclopædia just referred to, troubles familiar even to those who have but a bowing acquaintance with recent Scottish Church history. The biographers make clear that the Free Church was unable to prove that the critical opinions expressed by Smith contradicted the standards of that church. In fact, in the first case, the professor, by a narrow majority, to be sure, was let off with an admonition, a decision, by the way, that led him to decline a call to Harvard. But no sooner was the first case ended than the second began. Smith not only was the superior of his judges in the points at issue and a controversialist as skilled as Huxley, but also was convinced, and remained so to the end of his days, that his critical views did not conflict with the doctrine of inspiration as stated in the standards of the Free Church. The ecclesiastical leaders therefore settled the matter by compromise, that is, by dropping the "libel" (*i. e.*, approximately, "indictment"), ousting the professor from his chair, without suspending him from the ministry. The quality of Smith's work as contributor, editor, and editor-in-chief of the ninth edition of the Britannica, as a member (the youngest) of the committee for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible, as a writer on Old Testament subjects, and as an Arabist, gives him a permanent place in the field of Semitic scholarship; but his greatest achievement is, perhaps, his "Religion of the Semites," a work that entitles him to be regarded "as a founder of the new science of comparative religion, which is based on the study of social anthropology." As a companion volume to the "Life," the biographers have published, under the title "Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith" (Macmillan) a selection of papers and addresses which are interesting, both for their intrinsic merit and for the light they throw on the extraordinary versatility of the man.

The most notorious and influential courtesan in an age when courtesans were the power behind the throne is decorously set forth by Philip W. Sergeant in "My Lady Castlemaine" (Dana Estes). The events of Barbara Villiers's life are not made dramatic by any intrusion of the imagination, nor is her character disclosed by disconcerting flashes of insight. From her fourteenth year, when she began a less than ingenuous flirtation with the second Earl of Chesterfield, to her sixty-seventh, when she obtained a divorce from her new husband, the rascally Beau Feilding, because he had been careless enough to marry another woman two weeks before his union with her—between these dates her career is patiently pieced together by a pretty thorough ransacking of the letters, diaries, reminiscences, and official documents of that fertile period. With the full record before him, the reader is allowed to ferret out the secret of that sway which she held over Charles II for the first ten years of his reign, and which she retained in a measure to the day of his death.

Two reprints this spring of useful books on China indicate the response which publishers are preparing to make to a reawakened interest in that country. The first of these, Dr. W. A. P. Martin's "Lore of Cathay" (Revell), is reproduced after ten years, from the old plates on a slightly smaller page at a reduced price, with a brief introductory note by James S. Dennis, D.D. The venerable author of this volume redistilled most of its chapters from his own essays previously published in China and America, and it is likely to remain the work which will in future years be associated with his name. While Dr. Martin has not been fecund in contributions of the first importance to Oriental scholarship, his writings are wholly derived from original studies, and owe nothing to the translations of others at work in the same fields. The independence of his opinions was shown twenty-two years ago in a plea before a missionary conference for the toleration of ancestor worship by Christian converts. His paper, which appears in this volume in a less polemical form, aroused considerable antagonism, but it will commend itself to liberal-minded Christians who realize more fully than the propagandists of a passing generation the necessity of leaving the settlement of dispensable doctrines to the growing church of China. The author of the "Lore of Cathay" is at his best when explaining the content and style of Chinese literature. It is a source of regret, in view of the enormous task which yet remains to be done in the way of sifting the heterogeneous materials constituting the mass of that literature, that more of his long life in the Far East has not been devoted to the service of interpreting it to the Western world.

The other reissue, Archibald R. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation" (Harper), has been rearranged and largely rewritten to comprehend the changes introduced since its publication fourteen years ago. The difficult task has been imperfectly accomplished, but there are substantial merits in the work as a basis of instruction in Chinese affairs for general readers. Mr. Colquhoun, a publicist with a wide range of interests, and considerable experience in Asia, possesses that inimitable style which characterizes the old London *Times* correspondent. His views are those of the typical upholder of Palmerstonian traditions of British policy, who attributes the decreasing influence of England in the East to her departure from the old practice of bullying Asiatics whenever it was desired to advance her interests. He ascribes "the relapse of Great Britain into an effeminate, invertebrate, inconsequent policy, swayed by every wind from without or within, and opposed to the judgment of her own experienced representatives," to the Burlingame Mission of 1868—which does little credit to Lord Clarendon's personal acumen, or to the sense of indignation which a half-century of browbeating had aroused in the minds of honorable Englishmen in Reform-Bill days. It will take some time for British writers to realize that Burlingame was only the moral agent who aroused their nation to an appreciation of the iniquity of the "gun-boat policy" in China.

The Philadelphia Museums, organized for the purpose of aiding the manufacturer to take a larger share in the world's commerce, undertook a few years ago to make a history of commerce from the dawn of trade to the present time, and one result of their labor is "The Periplus of the Erythræan Sea" (Longmans, Green), translated from the Greek and annotated by Wilfred H. Schoff, secretary of the Commercial Museum. This work is believed to be the first record of organized trading with the East in vessels built and commanded by Westerners; its author is unknown, its date is now commonly held to be near the middle of the first century of our era. The voyages, starting, apparently, from Berenice on the west shore of the Red Sea (on or near the Tropic of Cancer), passed around Arabia up to the mouth of the Persian Gulf, crossed over to the mouth of the Indus, went down the coast of India to Ceylon, and then on the east side up as far as the Ganges. Formerly, says our author (§57), the voyage was made in small vessels which hugged the shores; it was Hippalus who, by studying the ports and the conditions of the sea, made it possible to sail straight across the ocean. The author of the Periplus seems to have been an intelligent observer and investigator as well as a good seaman; the chief value of his narrative lies in his enumeration of the articles of commerce of the ports at which he touched and the regions of which he heard. The identification of the places and products mentioned is not an easy task. The editor has consulted all the principal works on the subject, and his notes give a great mass of information on ancient commerce and things connected with it. The obscure points, which are numerous, are treated judiciously, and in an excellent introduction the commercial background of the Periplus is described. In several places on p. 3, however, the editor appears not to have observed his usual caution. There is no authority for the statement that "for thousands of years before the emergence of the Greeks from savagery, or before the exploits of the Phœnicians in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, human culture and commerce had centred in the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf." For the commerce of that early period we have no records in Babylonia, India, or elsewhere. Nor have we the right to say that Egypt came into being with (that is, through) the spread of culture from the region of the Persian Gulf. Egypt and Babylonia were contemporary cultural centres; each may have been influenced by the other, but their general developments were native and independent. The statement, also, that the early Arab traders concealed or guarded their commercial undertakings requires explanation. These points, however, do not impair the value of the volume as a commentary on the Periplus.

The second and revised edition of W. U. Hensel's study entitled "The Christiana Riot and the Treason Trials of 1851" confirms the impression of his judicial fair-mindedness and unusual thoroughness in dealing with this interesting and significant prelude to the Civil War. Nothing brought out more clearly, prior to John Brown's raid, the irrevocable conflict in the points of view of North and South than this bloodshed in Pennsylvania over a determined effort of a Maryland slaveholder to recover fugitive slaves under the Federal law of 1850, with the result that the raiding master lost his life September 11, 1851. As a result there were indicted "more persons for treason than were ever before or since tried for that crime in the United States" Mr. Hensel, who is a former Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, gives a good summary of the political causes leading up to the riot, and has covered all the ground with commendable thoroughness, particularly in its legal aspects, availing himself of careful local studies, the stenographic report of the trials, narratives of survivors, etc. It is hard to see how this narrative could be improved upon. It is well illustrated, and ought to be in every library of Americana of the slavery period. (New Era Publishing Co.)

According to the view taken by Gustavus Myers in his "History of the Supreme Court" (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.), that tribunal has been engaged from the beginning of its history up to the present time in a conspiracy against the rights of the people. During its entire existence it has "incarnated into final law the demands of the ruling class"; its history is the history of the origin and progress of capitalism, "which has been accompanied by ceaseless fraud and bribery," and "which necessarily began with the appropriation of land and the dispossession of workers." The numerous decisions upholding statutes intended to remedy social evils, or enforcing laws to curb unlawful combinations of capital, are brushed aside with the remark that they were based not on conviction but on fear. The decision sustaining the initiative and referendum law of Oregon, for instance, was probably due to the fact that Senator La Follette at the time was "wildly applauded, when he advocated the recall of the Justices of the Supreme Court." None of its members, past or present, escapes condemnation. Marshall's opinions are full of "evident subterfuges and the grossest contradictions." His decision that the Supreme Court had the power of annulling legislation, which was held to be an impairment of the obligations of contracts, was inspired by personal interest. Story was nothing but a satellite of Marshall. Judge Holmes is "hide-bound by class views and class associations," and owes his appointment to the fact that his father "had been an essayist of tolerable fame"; Judge Hughes, while personally honest in money matters, is guilty of "intellectual and class dishonesty which in its results far exceeds pecuniary dishonesty." The Supreme Court, like all other human institutions, is fallible, and no one will object to a fair and honest criticism of its decisions. But extravagant accusations, based to a great extent on popular rumors, insinuations, articles by muck-raking writers, and ex-parte statements, recoil on the author and discredit the cause he advocates. Mr. Myers says in his preface that he seeks "to go to the basic depths"; it certainly would be difficult to sink any lower.

The subject treated by Robert H. Whitten, 'Valuation of Public Service Corporations" (Banks Law Publishing Co.), has attained to great importance within recent years, owing to the development of public control over public service corporations. Since the courts have decided that such companies are entitled to earn a fair return on the fair value of their property, the courts and the commissioners have been put to it to determine of what elements this value consists. The author has done his work in a thoroughly practical way. He has examined not only the decisions of the courts, but the unpublished reports of arbitrators, masters, and appraisal commissioners, and also the decisions of Public Service Commissioners. The quotations are full, and these together with the additional information furnished, compose an accurate statement of the essential facts in each case.

The publication of Part 2 of the second volume of Abu'l-Mahasin's "History of the Rulers of Egypt," in the University of California Publications in Semitic Philology, edited by William Popper, has now been completed (Berkeley: The University Press); the paging has been made continuous with that of Juynboll's edition of Vol. I and Vol. II, Part 1. For the text five manuscripts have been used, and the editor has had the assistance of Nöldeke, Seybold, Gottheil, Macdonald, de Goeje, and others. The editor hopes to continue the publication of the work (the Nujum az-Zahira), but he gives an index of proper names to the portion so far edited by him, and a glossary of words and phrases not found in Lane or in Dozy. Abu'l-Mahasin's History covers the period from the Moslem conquest (year 638) to the accession of the Mamluk Sultan Kait Bey (1467); the present publication comes down to the year 1020. Professor Popper and the University of California have laid scholars under obligation by bringing out this critical and well-printed edition of an important historical work, and it is to be hoped that they will give us the rest of the Nujum.

Prof. Theodor Gomperz, philosopher and classical scholar, is dead in Vienna. He was born at Brünn in 1832. On graduating from the University of Vienna in 1867, he became privat-docent and later professor of classical philology. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Academy of Science. Professor Gomperz received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Königsberg, and that of doctor of literature from the Universities of Dublin and Cambridge. Of his many published works we may mention: "Demosthenes der Staatsmann," "Herkulanische Studien," and his great history of Greek philosophy, "Griechische Denker."

Science

Science books in the autumn list of Sturgis & Walton Company include: "Sleep and the Sleepless: Simple Rules for Overcoming Insomnia," by Dr. Joseph Collins, and "Pygmies and Papuans," an account of a scientific expedition made in 1911 under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and the Ornithologists Union to the Snow Mountains of Dutch New Guinea, by A. F. R. Wollaston.

McBride, Nast & Co. are adding to their House and Garden-Making Series "Making a Garden with Hotbed and Coldframe"; "Making a Fireplace," and "Making a Bulb Garden."

"The Home-Life of the Osprey" (Brentano's), by Clinton G. Abbott, is the third in a series of home-life studies of birds, each of which is photographically illustrated. Gardiner's Island is the scene of most of Mr. Abbott's studies, and he gives us abundant proof of patient labor with field-glass and camera, omitting no phase of the nesting habits or life of the young birds. The thirty-two excellent photographic facsimiles bring to mind one of the most interesting traits of this bird, its extreme attachment to the nesting site. Year after year a pair of birds may breed at the summit of a tall tree, but when at last the tremendous weight of the nest results in the fall of the tree, the birds use the shattered mass of débris on the ground as the basis for a new home, and thus gradually accumulate a mound of sticks and seaweed, which elevate the eggs and young birds to just a convenient height for photographic work. With such facilities one can readily see how Mr. Abbott has been able to make most intimate studies of the home-life of the fish-hawk. A book, even of this popular nature, would be rendered much more valuable by the addition of an index.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's "Moths of the Limberlost" (Doubleday, Page) is a happy relief from the made-to-order nature books which flood the market at the present time. Instead of a mass of good, bad, and indifferent photographs, purchased by some publisher and turned over to a hack writer who is supposed to supply enough text to tie the series together, we have a collection of exceptional photographs made by the author herself, and by her colored in the most life-like manner. It is virtually true, as she states in her introduction, that the illustration of every moth book that has attempted colored reproduction proves by shrivelled bodies and unnatural position of the wings that it has been painted from subjects mounted from weeks to years in private collections and museums, and that a lifeless moth fades rapidly under the most favorable conditions. Her own illustrations are, in nearly every case, of moths photographed before they had taken flight, and their colors were copied as soon as the down was dry and fluffy. They have been reproduced with remarkable fidelity in the beautiful book before us. It goes without saying that the author of "The Harvester," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and other stories, has written entertainingly of her insect friends. The life-long interest in nature which shows in all of her writings, is here given free rein, and we have many experiences recounted which have been elsewhere interwoven with her fiction. The habits and the life-histories of the large moths which she has studied, are described with the same accuracy and charm which are shown in her illustrations. When it comes to generalizing, Mrs. Porter is not so fortunate. Like all careful students of insect life, she has been able to observe many facts not recorded in the textbooks, and even to correct some commonly accepted statements. This has hardly qualified her to pass upon moot questions of insect psychology, morphology, or metamorphosis, or to criticise so freely the writers who "fail to explain the absolutely essential points over which an amateur has trouble." However, the few faults of the book are such as may be attributed to over-enthusiasm. Author and publisher have coöperated in producing a book which is attractive from cover to cover, and which will do much to stimulate study of a group full of interest for the nature lover.

The "Supplément Général" (Paris: Berger-Levrault, pp. 404) marks the completion of a military encyclopædia—the "Dictionnaire Militaire"—that has dragged its weary length through twenty years of preparation and publication. In many cases this supplement renders reference to the main work almost unnecessary. The subject of aviation is, of course, well to the front, with but scant justice to the Wright brothers. A new feature is a brief but adequate and accurate summary of the military strength of the civilized nations. We have to criticise the paucity of illustrations an unpardonable defect in a subject in which illustrations would mean so much; we could easily spare, for example, the diagram of the Norwegian ski, (p. 368), for a few illustrations of the modern rapid fire gun, of which not one is furnished.

F. E. Fournier d'Albe's "Contemporary Chemistry" (Van Nostrand) is "intended to give a bird's-eye view of the whole field of modern chemistry," and is written in the breezy style characteristic of the majority of the publications attempting to present a "concise summing-up" of the achievements of chemistry for the general reader. At first glance, it seems to be attractive, but, while it may stimulate interest in chemistry, it is decidedly inadequate. The author states that "the aim throughout has been to include the latest phase of each subject, down to the end of 1910." This may have been the aim, but the work gives neither a rational nor a connected account of the important lines of contemporary chemistry; the whole book shows an unfamiliarity with the state of chemistry to-day and its recent progress; and if written in an entertaining style, it is nevertheless the product of hasty and indiscriminate compilation. The author's indiscrimination is instanced in the chapter on Affinity, wherein the many experimental methods of measuring chemical affinity, which, in conjunction with comparing the great amount of data thus far accumulated, constitutes the real work of the present time, are not mentioned; on pp. 21 and 22, where no mention is made of Svedberg, Perrin, and others; and on pp. 56 and 57, where ordinary and electrolytic dissociation, and specific conductivity and molar conductivity are confused. There are other confusions and inaccurate statements. The author is evidently unfamiliar with the investigations of Marcellin Berthelot, for he attributes the usual remarkable knowledge and discoveries to Geber, Basil Valentine, and other pseudo-alchemists. The book is well indexed; the printers have done their work well; but the work fills no space in chemical literature, and was therefore uncalled for.

Drama and Music

David Garrick and his French Friends. By Frank A. Hedgcock. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

This book contains new matter, in some hitherto unprinted, though not unknown, correspondence between the actor-manager and French friends, but none of it is important or throws any new light upon the personality or abilities of the modern Roscius. Nevertheless, the volume has conspicuous merits. It is the work of a conscientious and accomplished scholar—Mr. Hedgcock is lecturer on French literature in the University of Birmingham—it is agreeably written, furnishes a full and intelligent epitome of what most of the recognized authorities have contributed to the subject, dwells chiefly upon those features of David's career which are least familiar to the general public, and is uncommonly rich and honest in the matter of references. Moreover, it is distinguished by a sobriety of judgment in which many of the biographies of Garrick are markedly deficient.

For instance, the chapter on The Admirer of Shakespeare, while giving Garrick full credit for mere histrionic achievement, disposes pretty effectually of his right to be regarded as an enlightened or reverent interpreter of the bard. Especially interesting and acute is the connection which it establishes between contemporaneous French criticism of the Shakespearean drama and his own abominable mutilation of the masterpieces of which he habitually professed himself so devout a worshipper. Such plain speech on this topic is welcome. As a matter of fact, there was almost as much justice as malice in Cibber's savage ridicule. Mr. Hedgcock again displays sound judgment in his estimate of Garrick's poetic abilities, which were of an exceedingly moderate order. He could write a sprightly line, turn a neat epigram, pay a pretty compliment, or make a dexterous allusion, but his imaginative and creative literary powers were small. In his most effective verse the inspiration is manifestly the memory of the experienced performer.

The speculations concerning the motives and the incidents of Garrick's first visit to Paris (1751) are founded on somewhat insufficient data and, in any case, are not particularly profitable. Much more interesting is the chapter devoted to the French dancer Noverre and the testimony of the latter to the astonishing powers of Garrick's pantomime. The Gallic artist is entitled, of course, to be regarded as more or less of an expert on a question of this kind, but at the same time some allowance must be made for the fact that he was seeking the good will of a powerful manager from whom he expected a highly remunerative engagement. From the beginning the public exchange of mutual adulation among theatrical celebrities has been much more common than sincere. But it seems clear that it was Noverre's close observation of the effects of Garrick's gesture and vivid facial expression that led him to abandon the harlequin's mask and modify the more arbitrary symbols of his profession, and to originate the more realistically dramatic ballets in which he was to achieve fame and fortune. His description of Garrick's tragic acting is full of ardor, but, if taken literally, undoubtedly tends to justify the suspicion that the most highly belauded achievements of the actor had in them more of melodramatic exaggeration—mere frenzied vehemence of voice and action—than of true tragic inspiration. It has always been difficult to reconcile the theory of Garrick's perfect realization of the loftiest of Shakespeare's ideals with his stupid and callous mangling of the text which enshrined them. On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that he criticised the illustrious Dumesnil for her employment of unnatural and artificial gestures.

It is perfectly plain that Garrick maintained the most intimate relations with such eminent French performers as Dumesnil, Clairon, Le Kain, and Préville, and repaid them, and all his ecstatic French entertainers, with a most generous measure of the flattery with which he himself was laden, though never overwhelmed. He probably regarded all the flowery tributes offered to his genius as richly deserved and perfectly sincere, but it is safe to say the eulogies which he bestowed, in turn, upon his kindly critics were due to his politeness rather than his convictions. It is evident, indeed, that if the French system of acting, with all its traditional mannerisms of gesture and utterance, were correct, his own must have been all wrong. That he did, in the main, in his acting hold the mirror up to nature cannot be doubted. The cumulative evidence on that point is too strong to be disputed. In each dramatic situation he was called upon to interpret he followed the dictates of his instincts and perceptions. That he learned something from French example, especially in the direction of artistic restraint, is altogether probable. At all events, he has been accepted as the nonpareil of his time. But there still remains an uncertainty as to the actual extent of his versatility, of his power to create those absolute metamorphoses with which he has been credited. Was he, within certain limits, a veritable Proteus, or was he simply extraordinarily facile in the representation of certain phases of his own elastic personality? The latter supposition appears to be the more reasonable, but the problem is one that cannot be solved now.

It is an interesting suggestion that Garrick's acting lay at the bottom of Diderot's much-quoted paradox. Unless all contemporary testimony is fallacious, the Drury Lane manager was never so wrapped up in his part as to be oblivious of his surroundings or the attitude of his spectators. The same thing might be said of almost every first-class actor since his time.

Of the letters now first published by Mr. Hedgcock none is important enough for quotation. Those of the actor Suard are the most entertaining. There are interesting chapters also on Madame Riccoboni—one of the liveliest and most excitable of correspondents—and on Jean Monnet, who testified to his profound appreciation of and affection for Garrick, by executing all imaginable commissions for him with indefatigable industry and care. No doubt, Mrs. Garrick read most of his letters, as they were largely devoted to her affairs. Whether she really read and approved of all those which passed between David and the inflammable Riccoboni is another matter. The book is an admirable bit of press-work—printing, paper, and illustrations all being excellent.

The text of Richard Grant White's "Shakespeare" has been revised for a pocket edition in twelve volumes, which Little, Brown will issue in the autumn. Those in charge of the work are Prof. W. P. Trent and Dr. Benjamin Wells, the late Prof. John B. Henneman having also contributed to the undertaking.

"The Perplexed Husband" of Alfred Sutro, just produced in the Empire Theatre and described as a four-act comedy, is actually a farcical skit on some of the more extravagant features of the woman's rights question, is meant for amusement only, and requires but brief critical notice. Two propagandists, one a male humbug and the other a female bigot, inspire in a young wife, Sophie Pelling, the spirit of revolt against her affectionate and inoffensive husband. She astonishes the latter by telling him that he must acknowledge her equal authority in all matters or lose her forever. By the advice of his sister he introduces into his house a romantic "typist," who professes a great passion for the beautiful, dresses in Greek fashion, and calls herself Kalleia. His object is to bring his wife to her senses by exciting her jealousy. In this latter object he succeeds easily enough, and all sorts of complications, generally of an obvious kind, ensue. Finally, Kalleia ends them by carrying off the male agitator, to the infinite despair of his female associate, who has already abandoned husband and children as proof of her independence. Sophie then seeks reconciliation with her husband, to whom she has always been devoted. Plainly, this is a wholly artificial story, with no social and very little dramatic significance, while the personages are, in the main, merely theatrical puppets. But the piece has some comic situations and many effective lines, including some that are admirably witty. Moreover, the popular actor, John Drew, finds a congenial part in the character of the hero.

In "The Model," his new comedy which was produced in the Harris Theatre on Saturday night, Augustus Thomas has not reached the high level of much of his maturer work. It exhibits some neat workmanship—that is always expected of him—contains some admirable dialogue and one or two effective comedy scenes, but the story is conventional in itself and is handled in thoroughly conventional fashion. This is all the more unfortunate as the piece purports to be a plea against the restrictions imposed upon art and education by narrow and ignorant social conventions. His hero is a high-minded and highly endowed artist, who loves his model, a young woman of supposedly poor origin but singular grace, refinement, and beauty. The girl is modesty personified, has never posed for anybody but himself, but is so inspired by artistic intuition, so interested in his success, and is so devoted to him personally, that she willingly becomes a model for the nude, and so enables him to realize certain ideals which win for him great artistic triumphs. He wishes to marry her, but feels that he is bound in honor to an heiress, to whom he has long been engaged. This difficulty, however, is solved by the heiress, who dismisses him upon the promptings of a jealous rival, a scheming cousin, whom she prefers. Then his best friend, an illustrious French novelist, who is in New York hunting for a long lost daughter, denounces his folly in dreaming of marrying a model—which, he argues, could result only in his social ruin and the unhappiness of both—and suggests that his one wise course is to wed the heiress and make the model his mistress, as any sane Frenchman would do. This counsel, which is equally offensive to both the persons principally concerned, is productive of lively discussion of social morals and ethics, much of which is written in Mr. Thomas's best style and is full of sage and liberal reflection. Finally, as has been evident from the first, the model is proved to be the missing daughter of the Frenchman, who straightway declares that now that the girl's social respectability has been established, the only obstacle to the marriage has been removed. Thus all ends happily. Such a story is obviously artificial and insignificant. Its relation to real life is of the slightest, and the destined course of it is too obvious to excite dramatic interest. What Mr. Thomas, through his mouthpieces, has to say about the differences between the naked and the nude, idealization and exposure, the nastiness of Pharisaism, the narrowness of prejudice, and the blindness of ignorance is all sound and helpful, but there is nothing that is conclusive and little that is reasonable about his illustration. His angelic model is not a convincing or sympathetic personage. But, even if she be accepted at her face value, she is scarcely a demonstration of the general desirability of models as wives and mothers. The play is not without its attractive features, and may run, but it will add nothing to Mr. Thomas's reputation.

The latest of the monumental catalogues printed by the British Museum is concerned with the printed music published between 1487 and 1800. It makes two volumes of small type, the first containing 775 pages, the second 720. The name of the compiler and editor, William Barclay Squire, is a guaranty of thoroughness and reliability. Price, three guineas. Prominent among the composers represented are Handel, who occupies forty columns, and Haydn, who has eighteen. A feature of the catalogue is that it contains the first list ever made of the music which was so prominent in many French and English periodicals of the eighteenth century. There are special headings for hymns, psalms, motets, and so on.

Some of Wagner's most interesting literary productions, mostly written to earn his daily bread during his three years' sojourn in Paris, are not to be found in the ten-volume editions of his works. They will all be included in the new edition now being issued by Breitkopf & Härtel in twelve volumes at the low price of a mark a volume ($3 the set). Coming just before the Wagner centenary, this edition will doubtless have an enormous sale. It is to be hoped that the final volume will include a genuinely helpful index, after the model of those made by the ingenious Mr. Ellis for his English versions of Wagner's essays and letters.

Cleopatra seems to be in high favor just now with opera composers. A few years ago the young Danish musician Enna chose her as his heroine, and now report has it that Massenet has in his desk a "Cleopatra," while the Paris Opéra has promised Camille Erlanger to mount his opera on the same Egyptian Queen.

Lilli Lehmann, Kubelik, and Richard Strauss will be among the artists taking part in a gala concert which is to be given in Dresden on September 21 in honor of Schuch's fortieth anniversary as conductor. The Dresden Opera, over which Schuch has so ably presided decade after decade, opened its season as early as August 11.

When Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" was nearing completion, the London *Times* was the medium for giving to the world the first authentic details regarding it. This time *Kunst und Bühne* has succeeded in being first in the field with reliable information about his new work. This work, it now appears, is a composite production—a play with incidental music, followed by a one-act opera. The play is a condensation by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This comedy is in five acts, but the German playwright has reduced it to two, omitting the numerous lines which would not appeal to a modern audience. He has carefully retained, as a matter of course, all the situations offering a chance for a musical interlude, and of these opportunities Strauss has made abundant use. There is an overture, and each of the personages in the play, on appearing on the stage, gets a musical tag of identification. The citizen Jourdain, for instance, who imitates the ways of noblemen, is heralded by an imposing trumpet fanfare. Jourdain also sings a song in which he gets off the key woefully. Among the musical numbers are also a minuet, a pastoral duet, and a dance of the tailors. The first three performances of this composite novelty are to be conducted by Strauss himself, and a cycle of his former operas follows them. The Stuttgart Theatre, in which all these things will be heard, is a beautiful new building, which deserves a more savory and truly musical send-off.

The outcome of the London opera season was almost as unsatisfactory as the concert season. How Oscar Hammerstein fared is known to all, as he made no secret of it. He had hardly any singers known to universal fame, and without such singers opera prospers not anywhere. Covent Garden had a few singers of the highest rank, but not enough of them to make its season a success. The heroine of the year was Emmy Destinn; yet even with her in the cast the last performance of "The Girl of the Golden West" drew only half an audience.

Arthur Nikisch's list of novelties for the coming season's Philharmonic concerts in

Berlin includes E. W. Korngold's "Overture to a Drama," Richard Mandl's "Overture to a Tournament," Walter Braunfels's "Carnival Overture," Holbrook's "Queen Mab Scherzo," Gustav Mrazek's "Max und Moritz." For composers little known, as some of these are, it is a great triumph to be represented at these Nikisch concerts, which stand at the head of the 1,800 concerts given in Berlin each year.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, tho most important of negro musical composers, and one of the best known of modern composers, died recently in London, where he was born August 15, 1875. He was the son of a doctor of medicine, a native of Sierra Leone, and an English mother. In 1891, he entered the Royal College of Music, as a student of the violin, studied composition with Sir Villiers Stanford, and gained a composition scholarship in 1893. In 1898 the first part of his Hiawatha trilogy, "Hiawatha's Weddiug Feast," was produced at the Royal College. His fame in America rests mostly on this choral work. The second part, "The Death of Minnehaha," was brought out at the North Staffordshire Festival in the autumn of 1899, and the third, "Hiawatha's Departure," by the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, on March 22, 1900. In the following May the overture to the whole was heard for the first time. He wrote incidental music for many of the plays which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree produced at His Majesty's Theatre. This included accompaniments to the dramas, "Herod," "Ulysses," "Nero," and "Faust," all by Stephen Phillips. In 1904 he became conductor of the London Handel Society.

Art

Hellenistisches Silbergerät in antiken Gipsabgüssen. Von Otto Rubensohn. Festschrift zur Feier der Eröffnung des Pelizæus-Museum zu Hildesheim. Berlin: Verlag von Karl Curtius.

The art of plaster casting is not an invention of modern times, but was known to the ancients and was frequently practiced, especially during the early Hellenistic period, that is, the end of the fourth and the beginning of the third century B. C. This we know not only from the statements of writers, such as Pliny and Plutarch, but from actual specimens found chiefly in Egypt and Southern Russia. A valuable contribution to our knowledge of this practice is made by Rubensohn's study of the casts in the Pelizæus Museum. The pieces were all bought together in Cairo, and are said to have been found in a number of adjoining houses in ancient Memphis. The majority of the casts are reliefs taken from metal originals, as can be seen from the sharpness of the lines, which presuppose the use of the chisel. They are derived from a variety of objects, such as vases, mirror-covers, weapons, horse-trappings, jewelry, etc., and appear to have served as models in the workshops of metal workers—presumably both as a useful stock of motives for the designers themselves and as patterns from which the buyer could choose to his liking. There are also several heads, evidently cast from sculptors' preliminary sketches, as well as a number of moulds. The subjects represented are very various, comprising both decorative and figured motives. Of special interest are a milking scene, quite idyllic in conception and executed with charming naturalism, and the representation of a woman worshipping before a statue. Noteworthy are also several portraits of the Ptolemies, which formed central medallions for cups.

All this material is of great importance, not only for our knowledge of plaster casting in antiquity, but even more for the light it sheds on the metallurgy of the early Hellenistic period; though of humbler material, this find ranks in scientific and artistic value with the famous treasures of Hildesheim, Boscoreale, and Bernay. And there is another fact upon which the author rightly lays stress. This discovery teaches us that we must once for all cease regarding Alexandria as the only centre of Hellenistic art in Egypt; for it is now clear, as other finds had already intimated, that Memphis, the old centre of the country, long maintained her importance side by side with the new capital.

The publication of the material is excellent. Each piece is well illustrated, carefully described and discussed, and, where possible, correlated to kindred representations. The Pelizæus Museum is to be congratulated, both on its acquisition of this collection and on the method in which it has made the collection accessible to students by a full and careful publication.

We have received from F. Gutekunst, the Philadelphia photographer, an imperial sepia platinum picture, 13⅝ by 16 inches, of the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness. The picture, which is suitable for framing, is regarded as an excellent likeness by members of Dr. Furness's family, and was so regarded by Dr. Furness himself.

Louis McClellan Potter, whose death was announced last week from Seattle, Wash., was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1873. He graduated from Trinity College, Hartford. While in college he began the study of art under Charles Noël Flagg, painting under Montague Flagg in summer vacations. In Paris he studied painting under Luc-Olivier Merson, and modelling under Jean Dampt. After working in clay for a year and a half, he exhibited in the Champs de Mars a bust of his friend Bernard Boutet de Monvel, son of the distinguished artist, and himself a painter. For a time he studied in Tunis, received commissions from that Government, and was decorated by the Bey. After returning to this country, Potter made a specialty of American Indian groups. He had become by this time definitely a sculptor, although he still worked in color, and discovered and perfected a method of making prints of extreme beauty.

Finance

NEW INFLUENCES.

With the opening of September a quite unusual group of new influences, or of old influences in a new form, is appearing on the financial markets. Last Tuesday, the very first business day of the autumn month, the Government gave out a highly important estimate on the cotton crop's condition; it showed that condition, with the second largest acreage on record, to be above that of 1911, and above the September average for the past ten years. On the same day occurred the Vermont election, with its traditional bearing on the drift of the Presidential campaign. The Maine election is to be held next Tuesday; the Government grain crop estimates will be published on the same day; the Steel Corporation's "unfilled-orders statement," as of August 31, will appear September 10, giving further light on the state of the steel and iron trade. In the meantime, all the financial community has been watching for some possible light on the tendencies of the autumn New York money market.

This last-named consideration is a matter of singular interest. Last Thursday the Bank of England advanced its official discount rate to 4 per cent. —the highest reported at this time of year since 1907. On Saturday, the New York weekly bank statement showed the smallest surplus reserve reported at the end of August since 1906.

Neither in London nor in New York did the money market make any excited response to these occurrences, though the New York call money rate rose above 4 per cent. last Monday. But it was quite inevitable that the question should be asked, whether or not the money market is likely to interfere with the favorable course of finance and industry. It was the more inevitable, in that a very large demand by the West on Eastern bank resources, for use in connection with the great harvests and the Western trade revival, was believed to be impending, and that the fixing of a high discount rate by the Bank of England is apt to mean that its managers either feel already, or else foresee, a demand of more than ordinary proportions on the money markets of the world at large.

Perhaps the question as to the money market's bearing on trade affairs may be met by putting another question—whether people may not already, consciously or unconsciously, have prepared for exactly such a condition of affairs. Nobody doubts that revival of trade activity in the United States—especially when accompanied by harvests of a possibly unprecedented total value, whose purchase, transportation, and marketing must be financed in a few months' time—will impose unusual requirements on the supply of floating capital. It will not have been forgotten that in 1905 and 1906, under somewhat analogous conditions, credit facilities were strained to the breaking point, and that, in fact, the breaking point was actually reached in 1907.

But it has not been the habit of the business community to place the blame for that world-wide and very serious stringency on bumper harvests, or even, primarily, on trade expansion. The manifest trouble in that period was that the financial and industrial world was attempting to do everything at once. With trade activity at its absolute maximum and enormous harvests in process of distribution, speculation was running absolutely wild. There was scarcely a staple commodity of production which was not being held in prodigious quantities for the rise, with borrowed money.

Stock Exchange speculation was also being pursued on a scale of recklessness and audacity rarely witnessed in the history of finance. The richest men in America had virtually cornered stocks with a value running well towards the hundred millions, were putting up prices at the rate of 10 or 20 points a week, and were using the stocks, at their new quotations, to borrow 10 or 20 per cent. more money from the banks. Along with this, promoting and underwriting enterprises of the most extravagant sort were on the boards. The late M. Leroy-Beaulieu, with his customary clear insight into world finance, had already shown to the public that the borrowing world was asking for the immediate use of more fresh capital than the money lending world had been able to accumulate.

The question to ask at the present time, then, is whether the situation now confronting the money market is similar to that of those other years, and most observant people will probably answer in the negative. In the United States, at any rate, it is a chastened promoting and speculating community on which the great harvests and the trade revival of 1912 are descending. Some of the reckless financial adventurers of 1905 and 1906 and 1909 have disappeared forever from the scene. Some have ended their period of activity. Some have had their financial wings so clipped that they will do no more flying in Wall Street. Some are devoting to amateur politics the energies formerly applied to over-promotion, over-capitalization, and over-speculation.

Their successors are mostly men who have been able to learn something from experience. No better evidence of these changed conditions could be had than the spectacle which the New York stock market has presented throughout the month of August. Along with the enforced abandonment of these activities, business itself has spent nearly three years in retrenchment and conservative economy.

Commodity prices, it is true, are high, and the marketing of new securities has been large; but there has at least been an annual accumulation of free capital to take care of them. A sudden demand for capital from expanding trade and increasing production will, of course, draw heavily on such supplies. It may make money dear; it may cause liquidation of stocks to provide the capital for which genuine trade makes a higher bid. Even in so comfortable a financial year as 1898, legitimate business requirements of this sort caused a 6 per cent. call-money market in the autumn, and brought the New York bank surplus down to $4,000,000 in September. What followed on that occasion was a large gold movement from Europe to America, which London readily provided, because it had the gold (as it has to-day) and because we had credits instead of debits to exchange for it (as we did not have between 1904 and 1911). In the end, the American trade recovery was financed with little inconvenience. We are presently to see what the course of events in these directions is to be, at the present interesting juncture.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archimedes, The Method of: A Supplement to the Works of 1897. Edited by T. L. Heath. Putnam.

Bacon, J. D. The Inheritance. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Barnett, A., and Dale, L. An Anthology of English Prose (1332 to 1740). Longmans.

Beaumont and Fletcher. Vol. x., edited by A. R. Waller. (Cambridge English Classics.) Putnam.

Booth, E. C. Bella. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Bramah, Ernest. The Transmutation of Ling, with Twelve Designs, by I. Lynch. Brentano. $3.75 net.

Brooks, S. D. English Composition. Book Two. American Book Co. $1.

Browning, Robert. Selection of Poems (1835-1864), edited by W. T. Young. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Buchan, John. Sir Walter Raleigh. Holt.

Burnam, J. M. An Old Portuguese Version of the Rule of Benedict. University of Cincinnati. 75 cents.

Cairns, W. B. History of American Literature. Frowde.

Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Nos. 33 to 42 inclusive. Putnam. 40 cents net, each.

Canfield, W. W. At Seneca Castle. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Chenery, W. E. Home Entertaining. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 75 cents net.

Dell, J. A. The Gateways of Knowledge. (Cambridge Nature Series.) Putnam. $1.50 net.

Dix, B. M. Betty-Bide-at-Home. Holt. $1.25 net.

Doty, A. H. Prompt Aid to the Injured. Fifth edition. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Drever, James. Greek Education, Its Practice and Principles. Putnam.

Duchesne, Louis. Early History of the Christian Church. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. Vol. II. Longmans, Green. $2.50 net.

Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. Maid's Money. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Godfrey, C., and Siddons, A. W. A Shorter Geometry. Putnam. 80 cents net.

Haines, A. C. Partners for Fair. Holt. $1.25 net.

Hartley, C. G. The Story of Santiago de Compostela. Dutton: $1.75 net.

Hartmann, J. W. The Gongu-Hrólfssaga: A Study in Old Norse Philology. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Lemcke & Buechner.

Hawtrey, Valentina. Heritage: A Novel. Duffield. $1.30 net.

Jackson, J. C. British and American Wolcotts. New York: The Author.

James, William. On Some of Life's Ideals. (Reprint from Talks to Teachers.) Holt. 50 cents net.

Jones, Alice. Marcus Holbeach's Daughter. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

"Junius Aryan." The Aryans and Mongrelized America. Philadelphia: Eagle Printing House. 15 cents.

Kennedy, J. W. Newark in the Public Schools of Newark. Newark, N. J.: Board of Education.

Koo, Vi Kynin Wellington. The Status of Aliens in China. Col. Univ. Studies. Longmans.

Lacy, M. E. With Dante in Modern Florence. Dutton. $1.60 net.

Laughlin, C. E. The Penny Philanthropist. Revell. $1 net.

Lippmann, J. M. Martha By-the-Day. Holt. $1 net.

Livy. Liber Primus. Edited by H. J. Edwards. Putnam. $1.10 net.

Maartens, Maarten. Eve: An Incident of Paradise Regained. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Mackail, J. W. The Life of William Morris. 2 vols. Longmans.

Macy, Jesse. Party Organization and Machinery. Revised edition. Century Company. $1.25 net.

Messer, C. J. Mr. Responsibility, Partner. Boston. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Report on Reforms and Progress in Chosen (Korea) 1910-11. Keijo (Seoul) Governor-General of Chosen.

Richberg, Donald. In the Dark. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.

Robinson, W. H. Bill the Minder. (Gift book for young folks.) Holt. $3.50 net.

Sangster, M. E. Eastover Parish. Revell. $1 net.

Scollard, Clinton. Songs of a Syrian Lover. London: Elkin Mathews.

Shelley, H. C. Old Paris. Boston: Page. $3 net.

Sinclair, May. The Flaw in the Crystal. Dutton. $1.20 net.

Stanley, C. A. The Master of "The Oaks." A Novel. Revell. $1.25 net.

Stevenson, B. E. The Young Apprentice. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Stjerna, K. Essays on Questions Connected with the Old English Poem of Beowulf. Trans. by J. R. C. Hall. London: Viking Club.

Surf Lines, by a Wayfarer. Knickerbocker Press.

Thompson, A. E. Nobody's Rose, or the Girlhood of Rose Shannon. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Thompson, John. A First Year Latin Book. Putnam. 50 cents net.

Thurston, E. T. The Antagonists. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Thurston, I. T. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Revell. $1 net.

Tomlinson, E. T. Four Boys on Pike's Peak. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Train, Arthur. C. Q., or In the Wireless House. Century.

Vernède, R. E. The Flight of Favlel. Holt. $1.20 net.

Wace, A. J. B., and Thompson, M. S. Prehistoric Thessaly. Putnam. $6 net.

Wason, R. A. Friar Tuck. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.

West, A. S. The Revised English Grammar: A New Edition of the Elements of English Grammar. Putnam. 60 cents net.

Westermann, W. L. The Story of the Ancient Nations: A Text-Book for High Schools. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Williams, M. C. Early Mackinac. New edition, revised. Duffield. $1 net.

Woodrow, Mrs. W. The Black Pearl. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Woolley, E. M. The Junior Partner. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Bergson's Creative Evolution

8th printing, $2.50 net.

"Destined to mark an epoch in the history of modern thought."—John Burroughs in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33 St. New York

Marie

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE ALLAN QUATERMAIN

By SIR RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc. With Colored Frontispiece and Two Other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. $1.35 *net; by mail*, $1.45.

". . . As a literary creation, Allan Quatermain is worthy to rank with any of modern times as a hero and a gentleman. We can hardly hear too much of him. . . . The story is admirably told in Mr. Haggard's accustomed manner, and in such a way as to satisfy us from the sentimental point of view. . . . Among stories of adventure it would be hard to find any so deservedly high as the Quatermain series."

—*The Argonaut.*

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Books by WOODROW WILSON

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

THE STATE

ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

Founders of Modern Psychology

A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL

D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

JUST PUBLISHED

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

By Johan Nordling

The love of Beethoven for the beautiful Countess, Julia Guicciardi, to whom the Moonlight Sonata was dedicated, is the theme of this story which has just scored a success abroad in three countries. Romantic emotion dominates it, without lessening its value as a faithful picture of the Master, of his fair inamorata, and of the social and artistic life of Old Vienna. A work of rare artistry, and a true and sympathetic study of a master-musician. *Cloth, 12mo. Color frontispiece and other illustrations. $1.25 net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

31-33 East 27th Street, New York

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on the subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

The Dramatic Festival

A Consideration of the Lyrical Method as a Factor in Preparatory Education

Part I. A Department of Folk Plays in Schools and Playgrounds.

Part II. Forms of Plays and Festivals Appropriate to the Successive School Periods.

By ANNE T. CRAIG

With Introduction by **PETER W. DYKEMA,** Director of Music and Festivals at the Ethical Culture School, New York City, and a Foreword by **PERCIVAL CHUBB.**

Cr. 8vo. $1.25 net. By mail, $1.40.

A book intended to aid teachers in the organization and conduct of work required in festival preparation. It presents a plan for such progressive selection and use of materials as shall bear a consistent relation to the school regime, and as well to the pupil's personal development. Illustrative plays and festival forms are included, as also a bibliography classified to correspond to the suggested scheme.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:

1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University

265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

READ

MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.

Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

NEXT WEEK

THE NATION

WILL PUBLISH AN

EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

AUTUMN EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2463 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 26 Dec 12

To be published September 25th

Mr. James Bryce's New Work

SOUTH AMERICA

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS

Notable travel records in South American Republics by the Right Honorable James Bryce.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface—Introduction—The Isthmus of Panama—The Coast of Peru—Cuzco and the Land of the Incas—Lake Titicaca and the Central Andes—La Paz and the Bolivian Desert—Chile—Across the Andes—The Straits of Magellan—Argentina—Uruguay—Brazil—The Rise of New Nations—The Relations of Races in South America—The Two Americas and the Relation of South America to Europe—The Conditions of Political Life in Spanish American Republics—Some Reflections and Forecasts—Index.

Colored Map. Cloth covers, gilt top, 12mo, 630 pages, $2.00 net; postage extra

MR. JAMES BRYCE'S OTHER WORKS

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH

New edition thoroughly revised with new chapters and extensive additions

"The most sane and illuminating book that has been written on this country."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Two octavo volumes. Cloth, gilt tops, $4.00 net; postage extra

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

Revised Edition

"Ripe scholarship, philosophic interest, a monument of erudition."—*The Outlook.*

Cloth, octavo, $1.50 net; postage extra

SOLD AT ALL BOOKSTORES.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY **64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.**

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 223

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Nicaragua and Mexico 226
The Syracuse Gathering 226
Work and Play in Education 227
Disappointing Vacations 228

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Learning English Through the Classics 229
News for Bibliophiles 230

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Japanese Mask Play 231
Words in the Bible 232

TEXTBOOKS 232

LITERATURE:

Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911 236
The Friar of Wittenberg 237
High Bradford 237
Unquenched Fire 237
Miss Billy's Decision 238
History of English Literature from "Beowulf" to Swinburne 238
Selected Writings of William Sharp.. 238
Mesopotamian Archæology: An Introduction to the Archæology of Babylonia and Assyria 239
My Life at Sea 240

NOTES 240

SCIENCE:

Poincaré and the Philosophy of Science 242

DRAMA AND MUSIC:

Festivals and Plays—Folk Festivals—Pageants and Pageantry—The Festival Book 245

FINANCE:

Wall Street and the Political Campaign 247

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 248

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

The Western Theological Seminary

N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Founded by the General Assembly, 1825.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B.D. Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A. M. and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary. Exceptional library facilities—34,000 volumes. A new dormitory, equipped with latest modern improvements, including dining-room, gymnasium and social hall, is now ready for occupancy. Next term opens Sept. 17, 1912. For information apply to Pres. James A. Kelso, Ph.D., D.D.

*THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME-*School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York, also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students who wish to cancel College or High School conditions will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application.
THE URSULINE ACADEMY,
Middletown, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School

Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics, outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3, 1912.

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut
A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, Evening School.** **174 Fulton St. N. Y. City.**
"Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

THE BRIARCLIFF SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A boarding and day school for girls under fifteen. Address
Mrs. FRANCES MARSHALL, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON
Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.
Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.
D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

LIBRARY RESEARCH
Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.
MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

THE BEGINNINGS
OF THE
American Revolution
By ELLEN CHASE

An intimate personal account of the individual attitude before the war, told from letters and diaries. Opinions are given with a freedom which indicates that the writers had not intended them for public inspection, not then at least. That is why they are readable, as well as remarkable historical documents. The press of two countries recognizes the volumes' worth.

"To the student of popular movements, these volumes will prove invaluable."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"The picture of Boston is distinctly impressive. The author by allowing the actors to speak, as far as possible in their own words, preserves a virility that elevates, and often a humor that relieves."—*Liverpool Post and Mercury.*

3 Vols. 64 full-page illustrations. Cloth. net, $7.50
Edition de Luxe, Full boards, paper label, net, $15.00

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
Garden City New York

CICERO'S ORATIONS
By W. B. Gunnison and W. S. Harley

The most complete, most richly illustrated Cicero ever published for school use. Everything needed for third-year work in Latin is included in this volume; *i. e.* all the required orations; selections from Cicero's letters and essays for sight reading; a grammatical appendix and all the prose composition necessary in the third year. The beautiful typography, interesting and unusual illustrations, scholarly editing and completeness of material make this the most desirable Cicero on the market.

543 Pages. $1.25

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
Boston New York Chicago San Francisco

SAMPLE COPIES
OF
THE NATION
will be sent to any address for several weeks
WITHOUT CHARGE

The Nation
20 Vesey St., New York City

A VARIETY OF NEW BOOKS

The Normal Child and Primary Education

By Arnold L. Gesell and Beatrice Chandler Gesell. Illustrated. $1.25.

A concisely comprehensive manual for those interested in elementary education. In scope, the book, after a brief historical sketch of the sciences in their relation to child life, discusses the genetic background, with special treatment of certain fundamental factors of child development. Actual experience is the basis of this discussion. The book is fully illustrated.

Pageants and Pageantry

By Esther Willard Bates. With an introduction by William Orr. Illustrated. $1.25.

A collection of original historical pageants drawn from Roman, Mediæval, English, and Colonial history and literature, with comprehensive suggestions for their production. The introduction affords a general discussion of the history, development, and value of pageantry. The illustrations are from photographs of recent successful American and English pageants.

European Beginnings of American History

By Alice M. Atkinson. Illustrated. $1.00.

An interesting and important book for those desiring an insight into the origin of American history. It puts the history of our country against a significant background of European history and forms an extremely readable and purposeful narrative, especially adapted to young people.

The Friendship of Nations

By Lucile Gulliver. Illustrated. 60 cents.

An interesting history of the Peace Movement for young and old. The story tells in detail of the development of peace between the nations, and being charmingly and vividly told and splendidly illustrated, it is an ideal supplement to the studies of history, civil government, and geography.

Old Time Hawaiians and Their Work

By Mary S. Lawrence. Illustrated. 60 cents.

A new book that will be delightful to American children or to any one who is interested in the history of the Hawaiian Islands, on account of its artistic illustrations, its description of primitive customs, and its charming story, which carries the reader from the earliest times to the present.

The American Short Story

By C. Alphonso Smith. 50 cents.

One of the author's interesting lectures delivered at the University of Berlin.

Principles and Practice of Poultry Culture

(*Country Life Education Series*)

By John H. Robinson. Illustrated. $2.50.

This is a comprehensive treatise written by a leading authority among poultrymen. It forms a decidedly practical course in the industry of poultry-raising. It is profusely illustrated.

Illustrations of Design

By Lockwood de Forest. In Biflex Binder, $2.00.

A portfolio containing fifty large plates reproducing the exquisite work done by the mastercraftsmen of India and showing clearly how they work from the simplest to the most intricate patterns by the same notes of line. This is a most valuable book for every student of design and for classes in manual training, wood carving, modeling, and jewelry making. The plates may be detached from the book for individual work in classes.

Examples of Industrial Education

By Frank Mitchell Leavitt. $1.25.

A study of the present-day demand for industrial training on the part of the manufacturer, organized labor, the social worker, and the educator, and a discussion of the relation of this training to existing economic, social, and educational conditions. The operation of certain prominent industrial schools is reviewed in detail, and a comprehensive plan is suggested for bringing the school system into closer relation with industrial training.

Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics

(*Standard English Classics Series*)

Edited by William Peterfield Trent and John Erskine. 50 cents.

A particularly satisfactory edition for the general reader, offering the recognized best of editing at the lowest cost.

Sargent's Fine and Industrial Arts in Elementary Schools

By Walter Sargent. Illustrated. 75 cents.

The wide experience of the author has enabled him in this new book to present material of unusual value to teachers who have any association whatever with art in the schools. The educational and practical values of elementary instruction in fine and industrial arts are shown, and a definite outline of work through each grade is included.

The clear half-tone illustrations made from the actual work of children present graphic examples of many phases of the suggested courses in drawing, manual training, basketry, and the other subjects included.

Elementary Applied Chemistry

By Lewis B. Allyn. Illustrated. 60 cents.

This book is based upon exercises with common substances—food products, water, textile fabrics, soil, and many others.

Boards of health, inspectors of milk, teachers of domestic science, and all those interested in the pure-food problem will find that the book has a special function in its valuable information relating to their work. The author is already well known for his successful campaigns in the cause of pure foods.

Elementary Entomology

By E. Dwight Sanderson and C. F. Jackson. Illustrated. $2.00.

An excellent general course for any one interested in entomology.

The text is untechnical. There are concise laboratory directions, keys for tracing the more common insects, and full directions for the preservation of insects. The illustrations are abundant and excellent in quality.

The Students' Hymnal

Edited by Charles H. Levermore. 50 cents.

The two hundred and fifty hymns in this collection are those which have been best known and loved through many generations. They have been chosen with especial reference to their sincerity in the expression of religious experience, depth of feeling, and poetic merit, and because they possess dignity, strength, and musical beauty. The collection is rich in morning and evening songs, in processional music, and in hymns appropriate to the festivals of the Christian year.

GINN AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

BOSTON
ATLANTA
NEW YORK
DALLAS
CHICAGO
COLUMBUS
LONDON
SAN FRANCISCO

RECENT IMPORTANT TEXTBOOKS

ENGLISH

BROOKS'S ENGLISH COMPOSITION
Book One $0.75
Book Two 1.00
By STRATTON D. BROOKS, President of the University of Oklahoma, formerly Superintendent of Schools, Boston, Mass.

HALLECK'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE $1.25
By REUBEN POST HALLECK, M.A., Principal, Male High School, Louisville, Ky.

THOMAS'S STUDY OF THE PARAGRAPH $0.50
By HELEN THOMAS, A.M., formerly Instructor in English, High School, Lexington, Mass.

MATHEMATICS

HART AND FELDMAN'S PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY $1.25
By C. A. HART, Instructor in Mathematics, Wadleigh High School, New York City, and DANIEL D. FELDMAN, Head of Mathematics Department, Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SNYDER AND HUTCHINSON'S BRIEF CALCULUS $2.20
By VIRGIL SNYDER, Ph.D., and JOHN IRWIN HUTCHINSON, Ph.D., Professors of Mathematics, Cornell University.

TANNER AND ALLEN'S BRIEF ANALYTIC GEOMETRY $1.50
By J. H. TANNER, Professor of Mathematics, Cornell University, and JOSEPH ALLEN, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, College of the City of New York.

SCIENCE

ANDREWS'S PRACTICAL COURSE IN BOTANY
Without Flora $1.25
With Brief Flora of the Eastern United States 1.50
By E. F. ANDREWS, formerly Instructor in Botany, High School, Washington, Ga., and Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

CLARK'S GENERAL SCIENCE $0.80
LABORATORY MANUAL IN GENERAL SCIENCE .40
By BERTHA M. CLARK, Ph.D., Head of Science Department, William Penn High School for Girls, Philadelphia, Pa.

COULTER, BARNES AND COWLES'S TEXTBOOK OF BOTANY
Volume II. Ecology $2.00
By members of the Botanical Staff of the University of Chicago: JOHN MERLE COULTER, Ph.D., Professor of Plant Morphology; CHARLES REID BARNES, Ph.D., late Professor of Plant Physiology; and HENRY CHANDLER COWLES, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Plant Ecology.

DRYER'S HIGH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY
Complete $1.30
By CHARLES REDWAY DRYER, F.G.S.A., F.R.G.S., Professor of Geography and Geology, State Normal School, Terre Haute, Ind.

PAYNE'S MANUAL OF EXPERIMENTAL BOTANY $0.75
By FRANK OWEN PAYNE, M.Sc., Assistant in Biology, High School of Commerce, New York.

MODERN LANGUAGES

FRANCOIS' ESSENTIALS OF FRENCH $0.90
By VICTOR E. FRANÇOIS, Ph.D., Associate Professor of French, College of the City of New York.

GARNER'S ESSENTIALS OF SPANISH GRAMMAR $1.00
By SAMUEL GARNER, Ph.D., formerly Professor of Modern Languages, United States Naval Academy.

SCHRAKAMP'S DEUTSCHE HEIMAT $0.80
Edited by JOSEFA SCHRAKAMP.

WEILL'S FRENCH NEWSPAPER READER $0.50
By FELIX WEILL, Instructor in French, College of the City of New York.

ANCIENT LANGUAGES

BISHOP, KING AND HELM'S CICERO
Ten Orations and Selected Letters $1.25
Six Orations 1.00
Edited by J. REMSEN BISHOP, Ph.D., Principal, Eastern High School, Detroit; FREDERICK ALWIN KING, Ph.D., Instructor in Latin and Greek, Hughes High School, Cincinnati; and NATHAN WILBUR HELM, A.M., Principal, Evanston (Ill.) Academy of Northwestern University.

GILDERSLEEVE'S SYNTAX OF CLASSICAL GREEK. Part Two $1.50
By BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE, Professor of Greek, Johns Hopkins University.

MOORE'S HORACE'S ODES, EPODES, AND CARMEN SAECULARE, and MORRIS'S HORACE'S SATIRES AND EPISTLES $2.00
Edited by CLIFFORD HERSCHEL MOORE, Professor of Latin, Harvard University, and EDWARD P. MORRIS, Professor of Latin, Yale University.

NUTTING'S LATIN PRIMER $0.50
By H. C. NUTTING, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Latin, University of California.

NUTTING'S FIRST LATIN READER $0.60
By H. C. NUTTING, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Latin, University of California.

HISTORY AND CIVICS

GARNER'S GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES $1.00
By JAMES W. GARNER, Professor of Political Science, University of Illinois.

SMITH'S PUPIL'S NOTEBOOK AND STUDY OUTLINE IN ENGLISH HISTORY $0.25
By FRANCIS A. SMITH, A.B., Master, Head of the History Department, Girls' High School, Boston.

PEDAGOGY

DINSMORE'S THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN $1.00
By JOHN WIRT DINSMORE, A.M., Professor of Pedagogy and Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

JONES'S SOURCES OF INTEREST IN HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH $0.80
By C. EDWARD JONES, Ph.D., Associate Superintendent of Schools, Albany, N. Y.

1912 Catalogue of High School and College Textbooks
Sent to Any Address on Request

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

A Noteworthy New Series

MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

Edited under the supervision of FELIX E. SCHELLING, Ph.D., LL.D.
Professor of History and English Literature, University of Pennsylvania.

ALREADY PUBLISHED. PRICE 70 CENTS EACH

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher
The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, The Faithful Shepherdess, Bonduca. Edited by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature, University of Pennsylvania. 420 pp.

Christopher Marlowe
Tamburlaine (both parts), Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta, Edward the Second. With an introduction by William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature, Yale University. 431 pp.

John Webster and Cyril Tourneur
The White Devil, The Duchess of Malfi, Appius and Virginia—The Revenger's Tragedy. With an introduction by Ashley H. Thorndike, Professor of English, Columbia University. 469 pp.

William Congreve
The Double-dealer, The Way of the World, Love for Love, The Mourning Bride. With an introduction by William Archer, Editor of Farquhar's plays, etc. 463 pp.

IN PREPARATION

George Chapman
All Fools, Eastward Ho, Bussy D'Ambois, The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois. With an introduction by Havelock Ellis, Editor of The Mermaid Series of English Dramatists, etc.

Thomas Middleton
Michaelmas Term, A Trick to Catch the Old One, A Fair Quarrel, The Changeling. Edited by Martin W. Sampson, Professor of English Literature, Cornell University.

Ben Jonson
Every Man in His Humour, Volpone, Epicœne, The Alchemist. With an introduction by Ernest Rhys, Editor of Dekker's Plays, etc.

Philip Massinger
The Roman Actor, The Maid of Honour, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Believe as You List. Edited by Lucius A. Sherman, Dean of the Graduate School, and Head Professor of English, University of Nebraska.

Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Brinsley Sheridan
The Good-natured Man, She Stoops to Conquer—The Rivals, The School for Scandal, The Critic. Edited by Isaac N. Demmon, Professor of English, University of Michigan.

It is the aim of this series to present a scholarly and satisfactory edition of representative plays of the great English writers, outside of Shakespeare, from the later years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the latter part of the eighteenth century. The volumes are attractive in appearance and inexpensive in price. They are judiciously annotated and adapted for use in the classroom. In many respects this edition differs widely from any other already published.

It is the purpose of this series to present the principal dramatists covering English dramatic history from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* in 1587 to Sheridan's *School for Scandal* in 1777. Each volume contains four or five plays, selected with reference to their actual worth and general interest, and also because they represent the best efforts of their authors in the different varieties of dramas chosen.

The texts follow the authoritative old editions, but with such occasional departures as the results of recent critical scholarship demand. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized, and obsolete and occasional words referred to the glossaries. This makes the volumes suitable for the average reader as well as for the advanced scholar.

Each volume is furnished with an introduction by a British or an American scholar of rank dealing with the dramatist and his work, with special reference to the plays selected. In some cases the editor has also prepared the notes and glossaries; in other volumes this has been done either by the general editor of the series or under his supervision. Each volume contains a brief biographical note, and each play is preceded by an historical note, its source, date of composition, and other kindred matters. Adequate notes are furnished at the end, explaining difficult passages in Elizabethan grammar, historical and literary allusions, and other points that seem obscure. Besides obsolete and unusual terms the glossaries include the exceptional meanings of common words that are not for the most part found in an unabridged dictionary, a gazetteer, or an encyclopedia. Over-annotation, however, has been carefully avoided.

The volumes have specially prepared title pages, hand-lettered and ornamented in the manner of the original editions of the dramatists. Most of the volumes contain half-tone portraits of old engravings of the playwrights. The lines of the text are numbered by scenes, thus facilitating reference, either to the notes or to other parts of the text, in classroom use. The half lines are metrically arranged, something not usually done in modern popular editions of the old dramatists. This not only renders much more easy the study of the plays as poetry, but also gives the page a more pleasing appearance.

The books are printed in good clear type, are of convenient size (12mo), and are handsomely bound in uniform cloth.

Descriptive Circular Sent on Request

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

"It is indispensable to every student of Shakespeare."—**The Nation**

A NEW
VARIORUM EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

This edition of the works of Shakespeare, prepared by one of the foremost Shakespearian scholars, has been received everywhere with the greatest possible favor. It is the most exhaustive edition of the plays of the great dramatist, containing, as its name implies, a record of the notes and textual readings of all the editions that have preceded it. Dr. Furness also added new notes, and articles on the text, date of composition, sources of plot, etc., of the different plays.

The Value of the New Variorum Shakespeare

To lovers and students of Shakespeare, the value of the New Variorum Edition is apparent. Dr. Furness's Shakespearian Library contains several thousands of volumes, including the four Folios and some Quartos. Whosoever, therefore, possesses a volume of the New Variorum possesses all that, in his library, the Editor has deemed of value in regard to that particular play; whereby the library becomes virtually the common property of all. The last Variorum Edition was published in 1827 and is therefore eighty-five years old. In the years that have elapsed since its publication, Shakespearian criticism has made greater progress than in any former corresponding period. And in the *New Variorum Edition*, and in it alone, is all that is of value in the last variorum, and much of the best that has been done in America and Europe since its publication.

To the teacher, these volumes are invaluable. Each student required to study the text may not be able to have his own New Variorum, but the school with any pretense to a library should surely have a set, where may be sought out and found the fullest information on a point in question. The teacher or professor of English literature, who does not make a regular practise of consulting the New Variorum Edition, can not expect to be able to give his students the best instruction on the subject.

The theatrical profession, will find these volumes of great assistance, as they contain comments on the different actors and actresses who have gained fame in the roles of the particular play; on the costumes appropriate to the various characters and worn by celebrated interpreters of them, and on the music used in the various productions.

The SIXTEEN VOLUMES of the Variorum Edition which have thus far appeared are:

Romeo and Juliet
Hamlet (two volumes)
King Lear
Othello
The Merchant of Venice
Antony and Cleopatra
Macbeth
Revised Edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr.
As You Like It
The Tempest
A Midsummer Night's Dream
The Winter's Tale
Much Ado About Nothing
Twelfth Night
Love's Labour's Lost
Richard the Third
Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr.

Royal octavo, gilt top, uncut edges, $4.00, net, per volume.
Half morocco, gilt top, $5.00, net, per volume.

WHAT CRITICS SAY OF THIS EDITION

"The admiration of every true student of Shakespeare."—*Dr. Wm. Aldis Wright.*

"Nowhere, probably, has more labour been devoted to his [Shakespeare's] works."—*Dr. Sidney Lee.*

"The very best and most complete edition."—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

"A truly monumental edition."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Encyclopœdic and exhaustive."—*Dr. William J. Rolfe.*

"To the honor of the American branch of English literature."—*Richard Grant White.*

"Splendid alike in conception and execution."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Write for complete descriptive circular.

Publishers J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY Philadelphia

IMPORTANT TEXTBOOKS

OUTLINES OF ECONOMICS DEVELOPED IN A SERIES OF PROBLEMS

By Members of the Department of Political Economy in the University of Chicago

ENLARGED EDITION

The problem of improving the current methods of teaching elementary economics is now attracting widespread interest. This book is planned to answer the demand for improved courses. The ideals which have most fundamentally determined the character and content of the book are: (1) A belief that the elementary course in economics offers exceptional opportunities for training in thinking and reasoning; (2) A desire to connect the theoretical principles of economics with the actual facts and with current problems of the business world.

The result is a careful, analytical syllabus of the subjects usually covered in the introductory course, accompanied by some 1,200 questions and problems. It is expected that the *Outlines* will be used in connection with some textbook. Wherever adopted, the book has improved conditions in a marked degree. It has stimulated interest, vitalized the subject, and aroused independent thought.

160 pages, interleaved, 12mo, cloth; net $1.00, postpaid $1.13.

A LABORATORY GUIDE IN BACTERIOLOGY

By PAUL G. HEINEMANN

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND REVISED.

The field in bacteriology is rapidly enlarging, and the knowledge gained is being put to vitally practical use, not only in medicine, but in several of the commercial industries. With the exception of the Laboratory Guide, there is no practical handbook for students preparing for work in the various branches of the science in the fermentation industries, in agriculture, in medicine, in the municipal control of milk and of water-works, etc.

The new edition of the Laboratory Guide is designed to cover the outlines for work in elementary courses in the various branches of bacteriology. It is intended to serve as a guide not only to the instructor, but especially to those practically engaged in applying the fundamental principles of the science. In technique and method it has been carefully revised and brought down to date, and itself represents the progress made in the science since the first edition appeared in 1905. 216 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.50, postpaid $1.59.

TWO STANDARD SERIES

FIRST-YEAR MATHEMATICS FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

378 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.00 postpaid $1.15.

SECOND-YEAR MATHEMATICS FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

269 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.50, postpaid $1.63.

TEACHER'S MANUAL FOR FIRST-YEAR MATHEMATICS

176 pages, 12mo, cloth; net 80 cents, postpaid 89 cents.

By GEORGE W. MYERS

Professor of the Teaching of Mathematics and Astronomy, College of Education, University of Chicago,

And the Instructors in Mathematics in the University High School

The most striking departure from the old way of teaching consists in the fusing of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry into a single study. To confine the student to the handling of symbols for one year and to the study of forms for another is to shut out all possibility of natural development. Instead he is now led to express geometrical facts by algebra and to illustrate algebraic ones by geometry, and thus to grasp the *essential* facts that underlie both.

ENGLISH POEMS

Selected and Edited with Illustrative and Explanatory Notes and Bibliographies.

By WALTER C. BRONSON

Professor of English Literature, Brown University.

OLD ENGLISH AND MIDDLE ENGLISH PERIODS. 436 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.00, postpaid $1.15.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE AND THE PURITAN PERIOD. 550 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.00, postpaid $1.15.

THE RESTORATION AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. 541 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.00, postpaid $1.15.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. 635 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.00, postpaid $1.15.

This series of four volumes is intended primarily to afford college classes in English literature a convenient, inexpensive, and scholarly collection of the most important English poetry.

JUST OUT

AMERICAN POEMS By WALTER C. BRONSON

Similar in plan to "English Poems." One volume, 680 pages, 12mo, cloth; net $1.50 postpaid $1.68.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York; The Cambridge University Press, London and Edinburgh;
Th. Stauffer, Leipzig; The Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaisha, Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY

Adapted by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler from The Oxford Dictionary. Large crown 8vo, cloth, $1.00. Also on thin paper with thumb index, cloth, $2.00; half-morocco, $2.50; Alaska seal, limp, gilt edges, $3.50. On Oxford India paper, ¾ calf, blue, $5.00; velvet Persian, gray, $5.00.

"Destined to achieve a wide popularity."—*Education.*

Note: This dictionary has been officially adapted in a number of the leading universities, colleges and schools throughout the country.

Oxford English Series

General Editor: George Philip Krapp, Ph.D., Professor of English in Columbia University.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

By William B. Cairns, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of American Literature in the University of Wisconsin. Crown 8vo, cloth, $1.75.

This book attempts to trace within reasonable compass the course of literary development in America, and to present the most significant facts regarding American authors and their works.

Oxford Junior French Series

Fcap, 8vo, cloth, with vocabulary, 25 cents each.

HUGO: Cosette. From Les Misérables
Edited by Marc Ceppi.

DUMAS: Aventures du Capitaine Pamphile
Edited by R. A. Raven.

NOUSSANNE: Le Chateau des Merveilles
Edited by R. J. E. Bué. (By permission of the author and publisher.)

CONTES DE VOLTAIRE
Edited by H. W. Preston, M.A. (Oxford Modern French Series.) Crown 8vo, cloth, 50 cents.

GRADUATED PASSAGES FOR REPRODUCTION
By M. L. Banks. Crown 8vo, cloth, 50 cents.

Extracts from well-known English authors to be studied by the pupil for a short time, and then reproduced as best he can from memory.

THE GREEK GENIUS AND ITS MEANING TO US
By R. W. Livingstone. 8vo, cloth, $2.00.

"It is a book of real value; its creation is an achievement of high rank."—*N. Y. Times Saturday Review.*

A NEW LATIN GRAMMAR AND A NEW FRENCH GRAMMAR
Based on the recommendations of the joint committee on grammatical terminology. By E. A. Sonnenschein. Crown 8vo, cloth, 60 cents each.

PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE
Edited with Introductions and Notes by G. S. Gordon, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 35 cents each.

HAMLET TEMPEST
CORIOLANUS AS YOU LIKE IT
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD THE SECOND
Edited with introduction and appendixes. By Henry Newbolt. With gilt back. Extra fcap. 8vo, cloth, 50 cents.

Oxford French Series

General Editor: Raymond Weeks, Ph.D., Professor of the Romance Languages and Literature in Columbia University.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE
By C. H. Conrad Wright, A.M., Assistant Professor of French in Harvard University. 8vo, cloth, $3.00.

"If admirable scholarship, painstaking thoroughness, and a pleasing style may be considered prime requisites in any historical work, then we are justified in according it the highest measure of praise."—*New York Times Saturday Review.*

"A conscientious piece of work. . . . It yields to none of its American or English predecessors in soundness of scholarship or in range of information."—*The Dial.*

"At last we have a comprehensive and up-to-date history of French literature."—*The Outlook.*

"By far the best manual on this subject in the English language."—*Harvard Graduates' Magazine.*

HEGEL'S DOCTRINE OF FORMAL LOGIC
Being a translation of the first section of the subjective logic. With introduction and notes. By H. S. Macran. Crown 8vo, cloth, $2.50.

ESSENTIALS OF PSYCHOLOGY
By S. Radkakrishnan, M.A. Fcap 8vo, cloth, 55 cents.

OUTLINES OF GERMAN GRAMMAR
By A. E. Wilson. Crown 8vo, cloth, 40 cents.

HOMERI OPERA. Tomus V
Hymnos, Cyclum, Fragmenta, Margiten, Batrachomyomachiam, Vitas continens. Edited by T. W. Allen. (Oxford Classical Texts.) Crown 8vo, cloth, $1.10.

SELECTIONS FROM OVID
Edited with introduction, notes and vocabulary, by W. D. Lowe, Litt.D. Fcap 8vo, cloth, 40 cents.

THE PUBLIC ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES
Translated by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. Two vols. Containing a map. Crown 8vo, cloth, $1.00 per vol.

Oxford German Series

General editor: Julius Goebel, Ph.D., Professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Illinois.

A NEW VOLUME.

GRADED EXERCISES IN GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION
Based on a brief survey of modern German history. By Josef Wiehr, Ph.D., Associate Professor of German, Smith College. Crown 8vo, cloth, 60 cents.

Ancient and Mediaeval Legends

Crown 8vo, cloth, 50 cents each.

GREEK LEGENDS. By M. A. Hamilton
CELTIC STORIES. By Edward Thomas
NORSE TALES. By Edward Thomas
SELECTIONS FROM MALORY. By H. Wragg

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO
Edited by H. M. Percival. Fcap 8vo, paper, 35 cts.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ALGEBRAIC GEOMETRY
By A. Clement-Jones, M.A., PhD. 8vo, cloth, $3.00.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS AMERICAN BRANCH
35 West 32d Street, New York

FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING PURPOSES

IN HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE COURSES.

THE ART GALLERIES OF EUROPE

St. Botolph Edition. Complete in twelve volumes

By Mary Knight Potter	By Julia DeW. Addison	By David C. Preyer
THE LOUVRE (Paris)	THE DRESDEN GALLERY	THE BERLIN GALLERIES
THE VATICAN (Rome)	THE NATIONAL GALLERY (London)	THE NETHERLAND GALLERIES
THE VENICE ACADEMY	THE PITTI PALACE (Florence)	THE VIENNA GALLERIES
By C. S. Ricketts	By F. J. Ansell and F. R. Fraprie	By Esther Singleton
THE PRADO (Madrid)	THE MUNICH GALLERIES	THE BELGIAN GALLERIES

The set contains an accurate, interesting and comprehensive survey of the great paintings of the Old World, written with careful selection and critical discernment by art critics of reputation, and is superbly illustrated with over five hundred reproductions in duogravure of the world's acknowledged masterpieces.

Price per set, cloth $36.00; half morocco, $42.00; three-quarters morocco, $48.00

IN PRIMARY AND GRAMMAR GRADES

L. M. Montgomery's delightful books

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES	$1.50	ANNE OF AVONLEA	$1.50
THE STORY GIRL	$1.50	CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA	Net $1.25

"Miss Montgomery has attained an honored place among the worth-while writers of the day," says the *Record Herald.* "She has a sympathetic knowledge of human nature joined to high ideals, and a distinct gift of description."

THE FAMOUS LITTLE COUSIN SERIES (45 VOLS.)

OF GEOGRAPHICAL READERS

Each, illustrated, 60c. By Mary Hazleton Wade and others

OUR LITTLE AFRICAN COUSIN
OUR LITTLE ALASKAN COUSIN
OUR LITTLE DUTCH COUSIN
OUR LITTLE ENGLISH COUSIN
OUR LITTLE ITALIAN COUSIN
OUR LITTLE MEXICAN COUSIN
OUR LITTLE PORTO RICAN COUSIN
OUR LITTLE SPANISH COUSIN

Etc., etc., etc.

"The Little Cousin Series should be in every library for intelligent children," says the *Journal of Education.* (Send for complete list of the 45 vols.)

THE POPULAR LITTLE COLONEL SERIES (TRADE MARK.)

12 vols. Each, illustrated, $1.50 By Annie Fellows Johnston

The Little Colonel Stories
The Little Colonel's Houseparty
The Little Colonel's Holidays
The Little Colonel's Hero
The Little Colonel at Boarding School
The Little Colonel in Arizona

From Page's List

The Little Colonel's Christmas Vacation
The Little Colonel, Maid of Honor
The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding
Mary Ware: The Little Colonel's Chum
Mary Ware in Texas
*Mary Ware's Promised Land

"Annie Fellows Johnston is, in our opinion, the most gifted and most helpful of the present-day writers for young people. Her stories are not only beautiful, but purposeful, and of the nature that leaves bright spots in the memory."—*Boston Transcript.*

**New volume for 1912. Ready in October.*

THE SANDMAN SERIES

4 vols. Each, illustrated, $1.50. By William J. Hopkins

THE SANDMAN: HIS FARM STORIES
THE SANDMAN: MORE FARM STORIES
THE SANDMAN: HIS SHIP STORIES
THE SANDMAN: HIS SEA STORIES

"Children will call for these stories over and over again."—*Chicago Post.*

THE BOYS' STORY OF THE RAILROAD SERIES

4 vols. Each, illustrated, $1.50 By Burton E. Stevenson

THE YOUNG SECTION HAND
THE YOUNG TRAIN DISPATCHER
THE YOUNG TRAIN MASTER
THE YOUNG APPRENTICE

"Vivacious accounts of the varied and often hazardous nature of railroad life, full of incident and adventure, in which the author has woven admirable advice about honesty, manliness, self-culture, good reading, and the secrets of success."—*The Congregationalist.*

All of the above titles are heartily recommended for supplementary reading by the leading educators and librarians of the country

Published by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY 53 Beacon St. Boston

New and Important Books for College Classes

A Textbook of Design

By CHARLES F. KELLEY, Instructor in Art and Design in the University of Illinois; and William L. Mowll, formerly Assistant Professor of Architecture at Harvard University. 8vo, $2.00 *net.* Postpaid.

This book combines practical work with modern, well-recognized theory of design. It is compact, profusely illustrated, and the cuts are carefully correlated with the text.

Capitalization

A Handbook on Corporation Finance

By WALTER H. LYON, Professor of Banking and Corporation Finance at Dartmouth College. Crown 8vo, $2.00 *net.* Postpaid.

This book discusses from the angle of vision of organizers, managers, and bankers who are responsible for the financial plans of corporations, such important subjects as "The Instruments of Finance," "Trading on the Equity," "Financing an Expansion or Extension of the Business," "Amortization," "Forms," "Corporation Finance and the State." It is especially designed for college courses in corporation finance and allied subjects.

Readings in American Constitutional History

Selected and edited by ALLEN JOHNSON, Larned Professor of American History at Yale University. Crown 8vo, $2.50 *net.* Postpaid.

A collection of material, not accessible in any other single volume, carefully grouped and edited so as to enable students to deduce the leading principles of American constitutional development.

The Family in Its Sociological Aspects

By JAMES QUAYLE DEALEY, Ph.D., Professor of Social and Political Science in Brown University. 16mo, 75 cents *net.* Postpaid.

This important volume presents in a somewhat popular form the historical background for studies and discussions of the modern family, and indicates in general the apparent trend of future changes.

Ralph Roister Doister

Edited by CLARENCE GRIFFIN CHILD, Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. Riverside Literature Series, No. 216. Paper 30 cents *net;* linen 40 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Gorboduc

Edited by CLARENCE GRIFFIN CHILD. Riverside Literature Series, No. 217 (in preparation).

THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

LIBRARY BINDING

The following volumes in the Riverside Literature Series will be issued this fall in a new attractive library binding, in red cloth stamped with a simple artistic design in gilt on the back. This Edition is intended especially for College classes, where attractive, inexpensive texts are desired.

Chaucer's The Prologue, The Knight's Tale, and the Nun's Priest's Tale
Edited by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., formerly Assistant Professor of English and the Romance Languages in Williams College. 50 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Spenser's Faerie Queene. Book I.
Edited by Martha Hale Shackford, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English Literature in Wellesley College, 50 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Carlyle's Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History
Edited by John Chester Adams, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Yale University. 60 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Essays of Francis Bacon
Edited by Clark S. Northup, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of the English Language and Literature in Cornell University. 50 cents, *net.* Postpaid.

Selections from the Works of John Ruskin
Edited by Chauncey B. Tinker, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Yale University. 60 cents *net.* Postpaid

Goldsmith's The Good-Natured Man, and She Stoops to Conquer
Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin. 50 cents *net.* Postpaid.

English and Scottish Ballads
Selected and edited by R. A. Witham, under the supervision of William A. Neilson, Ph.D., Professor of English in Harvard University. 50 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Huxley's Autobiography, and Selected Essays
Edited by Ada L. F. Snell, Associate Professor of English in Mt. Holyoke College. 50 cents *net.* Postpaid.

The Second Shepherds' Play, Everyman, and Other Early Plays
With General Introduction, Special Introduction to the Different Plays, and Explanatory and Critical Notes. Edited by Clarence Griffin Child, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. 50 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Milton's Of Education, Areopagitica, The Commonwealth
Edited by Laura E. Lockwood, Associate Professor of the English Language in Wellesley College. 60 cents *net.* Postpaid.

Other Volumes in Preparation.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1912.

The Week

At Des Moines Mr. Roosevelt again elaborated his tariff views. "We stand," he said, "against the doctrine, the Republican party's tariff doctrine, that is a tariff for privilege. We stand against the Democratic doctrine which is a tariff for destruction, and we believe in a tariff for labor, a tariff to help our wage-workers, and the justification for which is to be found in the actual way in which it does help the wage-earner." Now, in the first place, it is to be observed that Mr. Roosevelt ran for Vice-President and President upon platforms which embodied the good old Republican protective tariff doctrine as being the sole hope of American labor, and that during the seven years he was President he never made a single protest against that tariff or sought in any way to alter it. More than that, he never spoke about it during his incumbency as President. But waiving that, and assuming for the moment that the Democratic doctrine does spell destruction to labor, just what kind of a tariff, one may ask, will be found in an "actual way to help the wage-earners"? Of course, Mr. Roosevelt has not the faintest idea. If the Republican high tariff spells privilege and the proposed Democratic low tariff spells destruction to labor, what is the magic tariff like on which labor thrives? Mr. Roosevelt could not answer; but this claptrap illustrates anew the complete confusion of his mind on tariff questions, on which he has never had any real conviction since he was a member of the Free Trade Club.

From this truly Rooseveltian vagueness it is satisfactory to turn to Gov. Wilson's speeches of Monday. The Lawrence strike illustration of the benefits of the protective tariff he used most effectively. Here are poor people receiving $8 a week in one of the most highly protected industries in America, an industry which has gone to Congress after Congress and begged for high protection, chiefly on the ground that the American workingman is benefited by the tariff. No one has seen of late more clearly than Gov. Wilson how the country suffers from its swaddling clothes; and how industry has fettered both itself and its labor by its tariff. As a result, the men in the unprotected industries are at this moment, as the Governor stated, getting better wages than most of those who labor for the protective tariff barons. His amazement that the country has so long been fooled by this tariff swindle, thousands of emancipated Americans will now share.

The result of the Maine election is, from the national point of view, quite as encouraging as there was any good reason to expect. The tidal-wave victory of the Democrats in the September election of the off-year 1910, it would have been a most extraordinary performance for them to repeat in this Presidential year. The proper comparison is with Presidential years, and the Democrats have improved on their record of 1908; the Republicans, who elected their candidate for Governor by a plurality of 7,600 in 1908, won this year by a plurality of only 3,000—the net Democratic gain being thus 4,600. And this in spite of the fact that the 1908 election was abnormally favorable to the Democrats. The Maine September plurality in Presidential years, from 1896 to 1904 inclusive, ranged from 26,800 to 48,400; and even in 1892, the year of the tremendous Cleveland victory, the Republican plurality was 12,500. The Maine September election is entitled to no very great weight as a pointer for the nation's verdict in November; but in so far as it shows anything, it is a highly favorable indication for Wilson.

The display of political justice made by the Kansas Progressives in holding on to the Republican electoral ticket in the very act of trying to defeat the Republican nominee for President, is having its fit reward. It is turning Taft Republicans in Kansas to Wilson. Yet the Kansas Rooseveltians did no more than Flinn has so far been doing in allowing Roosevelt electors to remain on the Republican ticket in Pennsylvania. The Republican party, it is said, is so hopelessly corrupt that no decent man can have anything to do with it except in States in which its banner can be captured and carried to victory over the forces which would naturally follow it. This comports rather oddly with the loudly proclaimed come-outer policy of the leader of the armies of the Lord, but if nothing less than the flying of the black flag and the consequent misleading of part of the enemy's hosts will win at Armageddon, who can object to such a ruse? It is no new thing for the devil to appear as an angel of light in order to deceive the elect, but when before were the elect so cunning as to reverse the process?

Public opinion will hold Gov. Glasscock to his promise that the murderers of Walter Johnson, who was put to death by a mob for a crime of which he was plainly innocent, shall not be allowed to go scot free. Gov. Glasscock has been prominently before the public as a pioneer in the new movement which proclaims as its object the vindication of human rights as above property rights. It now behooves him to see to it that in his own State the most elementary of all human rights, the right to life, is not restricted to white men. The West Virginia Governor promises that the guilty men shall be brought promptly to trial. Unfortunately, even this does not make it certain that justice will be done. The story of Coatesville has shown what a perverted public conscience can do when the factor of race hatred comes into play.

The "system" within the Police Department of New York city may be the most important single factor in the highly complicated situation arising out of the murder of Herman Rosenthal. But the courts, too, enter into the problem. Here, as in so many other important public questions, the direct way out and the common-sense way out is blocked by a riotous jungle-growth of legal technicality. We are not referring to the rich opportunity for evading the ends of justice offered by the peculiar legal standing of the men indicted for the murder. When a dozen lawyers defending half-a-dozen prisoners begin pleading immunity and State's evidence, and what not, and the rain of legal writs, habeas corpus, certiorari, and what not sets in, there will be a merry time, indeed. But even to that we are accustomed. The public has learned to accept it as a natural thing that the lawyers of a man on trial for life or liberty shall twist and double and block and delay and resort to every other trick in the amply-furnished bag of the modern criminal lawyer. The public is even grown used to see the judges lending themselves, weakly or complacently, to this disgusting game of subterfuge and chicanery. That is an old story. But what shall be said of the same game when it is not a question of a man being tried for life, but simply being subjected to departmental discipline, as in the case of Inspector Hayes?

The following headlines are taken from one of the leading New York papers:

Morse at Work in His Old Office.
Back in the Street to Stay, but Won't Say What He Intends to Do.
Looks in Best of Health.

The Morse referred to in these headlines is none other than the Charles W. Morse whose sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment in the Federal Prison at Atlanta was commuted by the President on January 18, 1912, "to expire at once," when barely more than two years of it had been served, on the sole and express ground that the President had been assured, on high Government medical authority, that Morse was afflicted with a fatal disease, so that his "duration of life will be, in all probability, less than one month if kept in confinement, and in the event of his release under commutation of sentence it is not probable that he will live as long as six months." It is lamentable that, in one of the few conspicuous cases in which a criminal having wealthy and powerful connections has been sentenced to heavy punishment, a way should have been found virtually to set aside the deliberate sentence of the court, to circumvent the vigilance of the President and bring to naught his honest determination that justice should have its course.

The attention of the managers of the Carnegie Hero Fund should be called to a certain Chicago instructor in music. There was brought to him a girl who had been found by the music teachers of her home town to be a musical genius, lacking only a little expert training. The Chicago professor, instead of accepting this verdict and proceeding to turn the pupil into a Jenny Lind, suspended judgment until he should have examined her proficiency. Then came his heroic act. He made his examination—and advised the girl's mother to take her daughter home and make a good cook and housewife of her. The "insult" was promptly resented, and although the money paid the instructor in advance was returned, he was threatened with legal proceedings for his unprecedented course. That he was a hero of a new type and should be recognized as such is evident.

The tragically sudden death of Lieut.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur at the dinner of the survivors of his Civil War regiment removes another important figure of the war with Spain and in the Philippines. As a mere boy he was adjutant of one of the best Wisconsin regiments of the Civil War, and came back as its colonel at twenty-one, wearing a medal of honor for carrying its flag over the breastworks of the enemy when but eighteen years old. As a general in the Philippines, he showed great strategical ability. His plan of campaign in 1900 and 1901 was well thought out and as well carried out. Moreover, he was a humane and tactful officer, and there are many who think that if he had had supreme command at the beginning of the Philippine trouble the record would have been quite different and not as disgraceful to the American nation. At any rate, Gen. MacArthur was an unusually able and broadminded officer, of culture and charm, whose staff was sought both by our officers and by foreign attachés for its high tone and quiet efficiency. More than that, Gen. MacArthur was singularly modest, never parading in public and never dabbling in politics. Altogether, he deserves to be remembered as a very high type of the American soldier, and there is something quite fitting in his demise in the midst of the men he brought back to Milwaukee from the battlefields of the South, just forty-seven years ago.

The difficulty of whistling down the Philippine aspirations for independence is materially increased by the establishment at Washington of a monthly journal, called the *Filipino People*, by the Philippine Commissioner, Manuel L. Quezón. The avowed purpose of the publication is the promotion of "the great cause of Filipino independence," the clearing away of misconceptions regarding the character of the Filipino people and their capacity for self-government, and the demonstration of the practicability as well as the desirability of setting up an independent republic in the archipelago. A significant statement in the announcement is that Mr. Quezón has obtained such assurances of support for this policy from the Democratic leaders in Congress that he expects the Jones bill for qualified independence to pass the House next winter. The Senate is less favorably disposed, but the campaign in behalf of partial and then complete independence is promised to continue until it is successful.

People will continue to sneer at golf as an old man's game, because that is one of the untruths that sound so well. But the defeat of Harold Hilton by a boy just out of college, coupled with the fact that the British amateur championship was recently won by a boy of nineteen, shows plainly that success at this game is not dependent on the sedentary virtues of old age. The match in which Hilton was put out by young Waldo is described as nerve-racking from beginning to end. The veteran British player left the field badly worn out, and his conqueror appears to have been more than once on the verge of collapse. People will still disparage the character of golf for strenuousness, but in their hearts good Americans will conceive a greater measure of respect for a game that carries with it the possibility of nervous prostration.

Syndicalism seems to have had its run in England for the time being. Reports of the proceedings at the congress of British trade unions agree with what observers on the spot have said concerning the state of exhaustion to which the labor unions in that country have been reduced by the series of bitter strikes, of which the dock strike was the last episode. In that series of general strikes, the champions of syndicalism, or "one big union," professed to see the beginning of the end of the present industrial régime. Labor had at last awakened to the consciousness of its powers when exerted in mass. Henceforth no mere petty local trade strikes. One general strike after another was to bring the economic life of the nation to a standstill and the capitalist class to its knees. But events have shown what events on the Continent had shown before, and what the astute Social-Democratic leaders in Germany have recognized: that the general strike means playing with fire. Unless those who initiate a general strike are prepared to go to the point of actual revolution, it can only spell failure.

In Russia, in the autumn of 1905, a general strike forced the Czar to grant a Constitution; but it was a strike in which the entire nation, irrespective of class, participated. The nation could not repeat the effort; when the revolutionists proclaimed a second general strike in November of the same year, the attempt not only proved a failure, but brought about the loss of much that had been gained in the first assault. It is the theory of the syndicalist leaders that the general strike educates the working class for revolution, and that by dint of repeated attempts they will some day bring off a strike that will turn into a revolution. The contrary is true: every unsuccessful general strike leaves behind it a discouraged and disorganized mass.

The latest census returns from Ireland indicate a continuance of the improvement in regard to decline of population. The emigrants for the year are estimated to have numbered 30,000, which is 4,000 below the average for the last decade. The decline in population during that decade was only 1.2 per cent. It was 5.2 per cent. for the ten years preceding. Equally encouraging are the prison statistics, which show a reduction in the total number of prisoners received during the year. Stress is laid upon the difficulty of teaching the prisoners trades, since agriculture is the chief industry of the country and few of the prisons have land. The picture is by no means that of a sinking ship which is often imagined.

It is not Germany that we have to fear, after all, but our hereditary foe, England. Why? Because in her possession of Bermuda she holds the key to the Panama Canal. This is the reason that she was so willing to agree to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and it is also the reason why we are lost unless we maintain a fleet of overpowering strength on the Atlantic. As a keen-eyed journalist notes, "England has strengthened and strengthens to-day her West Indian squadron in proportion to the growth of the United States navy, but always with the advantage that Bermuda is so much nearer the Panama Canal than the base for our Atlantic fleet." It follows, as the night the day, that Bermuda, under her present ownership, constitutes a constant menace to the Monroe Doctrine. The wily British, in order to cover their own movement in this regard, have not hesitated to launch reports of attempts by other nations to interfere with our control of the canal, even casting suspicion upon their ally, Japan. Worst of all, as we are reminded, Bermuda "was taken from us by a reprehensible trick, as any student of American history can verify." Our duty, then, is clear. Where is the man who will take Bermuda for us and enable us to sleep in security?

There is one community of Englishmen in which the outcome of the Olympic games was not received with bitterness, and that is the British settlement at Shanghai. The *Celestial Empire* begins its comment on the result with "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" for the Swedes, and goes on to note that the Americans were beaten for first place only because they did not take part in the yacht races. Yet the population of Sweden, this journal reminds its readers, is less than that of London. To be sure, the Swedes were competing at home, and therefore in considerable numbers, but this fact does not detract from their victory in the eyes of this distant English newspaper. Nor does it look for the explanation of their triumph to their American trainer, and proceed to denounce such careful preparation as unsportsmanlike, if not ungentlemanly. On the contrary, it remembers that Sweden is essentially agricultural. "There," it finds, "is the substratum of success—open-air life, good lungs, hardy frames, strong muscles." In addition to these, it points to the Swedish method of physical development.

Our American school teachers frequently have a habit of thinking themselves much abused and underpaid. But to teachers abroad the position of our men often seems ideal. Just now the facts about the great suffering among teachers in Austria have again come to light in an effort to ameliorate their condition. One of them who writes to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says that in most teachers' families the wolf never leaves the door. There is not only genuine suffering, but often destitution, for in many families the income does not amount to ten cents per head a day. As a result, the teachers are driven to every sort of expedient, out of hours and in vacations, in order to keep body and soul together, even taking up the most humiliating pursuits. To be able also to carry on a trade is considered great good fortune. This correspondent states that he knows a teacher who regularly picks up the remnants of the children's luncheons at the close of the lunch hour, in order to take them home to his starving children.

Dr. Morrison's recent letter in the London *Times*, dealing with present conditions in China, has served to quiet in part the stories of violent dissension between President Yuan Shi-Kai and the Radical party headed by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. Of course, differences do exist between the Moderates of the North, as represented by the President of the Republic, and the Radicals of the South, by whom the late revolution was initiated. But owing to the peculiar political structure of China, the danger of these differences to the young republic is minimized. The loose, sprawling aggregation of provinces that make up the Chinese state is a perpetual guaranteee against sudden change. A rebellion might be smouldering away for years in one section of the country without greatly affecting matters at Peking. It was this condition of affairs which made a successful rising against the Manchu dynasty so difficult. But once the revolution has succeeded and the republic is installed at Peking, the same forces work in its favor. It is just the opposite situation to that which prevailed in France after 1789. In that highly centralized state, no great event could occur in one section of the country without producing a repercussion in every other section. A revolutionary triumph in Paris meant revolutionary ascendency pretty nearly everywhere else. Reaction at Paris meant reaction in the provinces. Things are much less coherent in China.

NICARAGUA AND MEXICO.

In official circles at Washington it is held that the revolution in Nicaragua is over. "No serious disturbances are looked for." But there is one serious disturbance that has already occurred, and worked damage it will take years to remedy. This is the damage wrought to the nation's reputation for fair dealing with weaker neighbors. Suspicion of our motives, always rife in Latin America, has been strengthened into active fear. Some two thousand American marines are now running the Nicaraguan national railways. This is a spectacle which renders null and void all the efforts of our diplomacy at conciliation with Spanish America. The festal journeys of our Secretaries of State become mere ludicrous episodes. But it is not for the Latin republics only that our adventure in Nicaragua has a sinister meaning. For ourselves it has set up a dangerous precedent which will not fail to be used by the professional trouble-brokers as an excuse for similar adventures on a larger scale.

As we reread the story of the five weeks' revolution in Nicaragua, we can see what substantial foundations there are for the charge that this Government went into Nicaragua or was fooled into going to Nicaragua, in behalf of self-seeking American interests. The right of the American Government to intervene for the protection of its subjects, whenever a foreign Government is unable or unwilling to extent such protection, is unquestioned. But what were the facts in Nicaragua? The revolution began on July 29 when President Diaz dismissed Gen. Mena from the post of Minister of War. The earliest fighting occurred on July 31. Three days later American marines were landed at Corinto. Did a perilous situation really develop with such startling rapidity, or have we here a touch of that forehandedness which made the Panama revolution of 1903 one of the most telepathic revolutions in history? Dire news of imminent need of the kind that has been flowing in so steadily from Mexico for more than a year began to issue from Nicaragua. American lives were in danger. American women were compelled to take refuge on board of our men-of-war. Yet, as always, the only American lives that seem to have been endangered were those of the professional American soldiers of fortune, whose love of excitement and loot evokes such frequent demands on the American Government to protect its citizens abroad.

Highly significant, too, is the record of military operations during this latest revolution. As one goes through the newspaper accounts day after day, the story is one of an uninterrupted series of victories for the Nicaraguan Government's forces. The first attack by the revolutionists ended in their defeat, and from that moment their fortunes steadily declined. Here was no evidence that the Nicaraguan Government had broken down. There was no long deadlock as in Mexico. The threatened condition of anarchy seems to have remained a threat. Our representatives in Nicaragua began to call for protection from the drop of the hat. But as late as August 30, the British Consul at Matagalpa, where dire events had been predicted for weeks—for American newspaper consumption—writes to his Government in the following dispassionate terms:

> The present local authorities are doing all in their power to guarantee life and property, but the circumstances are very difficult. Certain elements, who are well known for their rancor, hostility, and idiosyncrasy, have frequently expressed evil intentions against foreigners. Should this element gain control of the revolution in the neighborhood of Matagalpa, I believe the lives and property of his British Majesty's subjects would be in danger.

On August 30, then, the possibilities were that, *if* a certain thing happened, there *might* be danger, at Matagalpa. But to our own State Department anarchy had been loose at Matagalpa for weeks. It must have read with relief Admiral Southerland's recent report that conditions at that place are "exaggerated."

The pity and shame of it all is that in Nicaragua, in the short space of a month, we should have gone so far to undo the valiant campaign in behalf of national honor and international justice and peace that has centred about Mexico. For nearly two years now the best conscience of the country has successfully backed up Mr. Taft in his resistance to the tremendous pressure that has been exerted in order to force intervention in Mexico.

But now, after holding fast so long to the counsels of national honor, Mr. Taft seems to be wavering in regard to Mexico. Within the past few days there has been a sudden and violent outburst of intervention talk. Language of portentous gravity is employed in Washington dispatches about the state of mind now obtaining in official circles. The reasons for this change, or alleged change, are, however, either not assigned at all or indicated with extreme vagueness. The only thing that seems to appear with any clearness is that President Taft and those near to him are entertaining the idea of intervention in a far greater degree than was the case a short time ago. If this be true, the time has come for impressing upon the President in the most solemn possible way the tremendous character of the responsibility which he will assume if he should venture upon such a step, or if, by calling Congress together in special session, he should take action pointing towards such a step. Before taking upon his conscience the burden of an act fraught with consequences of incalculable gravity and duration, he must ask himself whether there has been established, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, the imperative necessity to do so. Unless this question can be answered unmistakably in the affirmative, his duty to his country, to Mexico, and to humanity commands that he shall firmly abstain from it, no matter how plausible the reasons in its favor which may be urged by those in his immediate environment, by interested parties here or in Mexico, or by the voices which represent a shallow and thoughtless patriotism.

THE SYRACUSE GATHERING.

The Progressive gathering at Syracuse—plainly more of an assemblage than a convention—displayed much of that same fervor, earnestness, and belief in its regenerative power which was so noticeable at the Chicago Roosevelt Convention. The spectacle was for the newspaper correspondents again a most unusual one, for it was more nearly a gathering of sociologists and social workers than of politicians, or of political workers, or the usual delegates. There appeared also to be more manifest than at Chicago the feeling that this is a wonderful new social movement, aside from Roosevelt's personality, and one that is bound to endure. If not an uprising of the people, it is one, some members feel, of those who work for the people. In the eyes of the settlement workers, it is humanity throwing off its chains. They who work for others have had years of labor to establish themselves and their profession; why is it not right, they ask, that they, the keenest of social observers and students, should now come into their own?

Well, it suggests nothing so much as the enthusiasm of that first revolutionary assembly in Paris in June, 1790, into which they carried a man a hundred and twenty years old, the "Eldest of the World" Carlyle dubs him, that his fading eyes might yet dwell upon the convention which was to regenerate this terrestrial sphere. Not that we would sneer or gibe at either. The spirit of unselfish reform which actuated many of the men and women at Syracuse is to be welcomed in public life; its absence has been but too sharply felt. Where, for instance, were our social workers in 1898, when some rebels in the Citizens Union offered to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt the nomination of Governor? Their social consciousness was not then so keenly awake as now. When the valiant colonel, fresh from Kettle Hill, threw over the independent nomination at Senator Platt's request and declared those men to be falsifiers who thought they had his word to stay on the "goo-goo" ticket, the independent movement went by default. The social workers of that day voted for Boss Platt's ticket with all the "yellow dogs" carried into office by Col. Roosevelt, and were quite content that their hero should take his weekly breakfast with Boss Platt to counsel and plot for the week ahead.

But passing over ancient history, we confess that, with all our respect for the sociologists and workers who dominated the 1,500 delegates at Syracuse, the gathering was topheavy. Take the list of the platform-makers; is there not a trifle too much sociology; does it not smack too much of the East Side or West Side settlements? Is this assembly really the cross-section of the population the ideal democratic body should be? Those were amusing stories of the labor man who wanted more "labor bunkum" in the platform; and of the farmer delegates who reminded the men from the slums that some of the people of New York State live elsewhere besides in the tenements. Is it really wise and democratic to let any group, whether of laboring-men, or philanthropists, or farmers, dominate? Is it not a truism—particularly so of the social workers—that those who are closest to these heart-stirring social problems are often the least able to view the problem as a whole, to hold the proper perspective? Are there not often among them those who in their spiritual pain are too impatient, cast loose from all their bearings, and welcome every suggested reform, the wilder and more radical the better?

As to the moral obscuration of those of this group who would directly tie up good causes to a man of Mr. Roosevelt's unstable character, overweening personal ambitions, blind egotism, and proven treachery, we have in the past expressed ourselves vigorously enough. That these newer "ministers of social justice" should deliberately espouse the doctrine of seeking to do good without regard to the means employed, seems to us one of the most discouraging signs of the times. There are even professional teachers of ethics among them! But waiving this, we would not deny that their platform, and the character of the gathering, will make a powerful appeal to the electorate which no one can overlook, least of all the professional politicians. This will be heralded as an unbossed Convention, and the seething discontent in the State, to which we have so often called attention, will be mightily attracted by it.

And this feeling will be strengthened by that flash of unforeseen enthusiasm which led the Convention, after long wrangling over two candidates for the nomination for Governor, suddenly to choose instead a third man, fully as worthy of the office as either, and probably stronger as a candidate than either. Oscar S. Straus has behind him an honorable record of public service as well as an unblemished character. With him for the head of the ticket, and with the remainder of it of good quality, the Progressive party enters upon its campaign in New York State in a position of undeniable strength. The campaign for Mr. Straus is one which will have to be seriously reckoned with, and which both of the old parties will be put to their trumps to meet.

WORK AND PLAY IN EDUCATION.

Teachers in Cook County, Illinois, took violent exception the other day to the remark of Superintendent Maxwell of this State, that concentration as a study should receive greater attention than vocational training. "The basic work of the school," declared the Cook County Superintendent, roundly, "is to put the pupils on a self-supporting plane, and vocational training is the most logical avenue to the ultimate achievement of that purpose." Not many days later, Superintendent J. M. Greenwood of Kansas City gave an address to his teachers, in which he, too, dealt with the topic of vocational training. After repeating what he had said upon it eighteen months before, that unless this innovation is intelligently directed, it will injure what is sound in our schools without benefiting any considerable number of persons, he expressed his agreement with the conclusions of Edwin C. Cooley, former Superintendent of Chicago schools, who returned some months ago from a study of the vocational schools of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Dr. Cooley holds that the period of childhood, by which he means the years from six to sixteen, should be preserved for general "cultural" education, with adequate attention to the training of eye and hand, and that even in strictly vocational training, the aims of culture should not be abandoned.

How thoroughly "reactionary"—that blessed word—are Superintendent Greenwood and those who think with him! He has even dared to assert that the amusement theory of education has been carried to a ridiculous extent. The early studies—reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and United States history—are, he feels, the right studies for boys and girls, and "form an infinitely better background for the child's future progress than any amount of half-learned miscellaneous stuff picked up at random from the various departments of science, art, civics, agriculture, history, or literature." This is downright educational heresy, and both he and Superintendent Maxwell ought to be excommunicated for harboring, and especially for publishing, such views. If an eight-year-old boy or girl prefers the saw or the needle to the books that his elders have prescribed, who are these superintendents that they should say the child nay? It is an open secret that we have failed in our endeavors to compel our children to learn; if we are not to be allowed to cajole them, their outlook for an education is hopeless. Let them play in the kindergarten, and make their own selection of studies as soon as they evince a desire to choose; so they shall be willing to remain in school and shall come out in the end scholars to be proud of.

This pleasing hope is a little shaken, to be sure, by considerations put forward in an article in the *Educational Review* entitled "Oxford—a Contrast," the contrast being between English and American university men in their attainments and their ability to master intellectual tasks. The unfavorable reports made to the officers of the Rhodes Trust by Oxford tutors concerning the scholastic ability of our Rhodes scholars, printed in the fifth annual report of the Carnegie Foundation, may be summarized in the testimony of one of them: "As a general rule, they know nothing well, but something about a great many things—the kind of knowledge you might get from attending public lectures." That last phrase ought to be engraved over the door of a thousand university lecture rooms, as a warning to lecturer as well as auditor. We have been in the habit of looking upon Germany as the exponent of thoroughness, but our undergraduates may congratulate themselves when they approach the standards in this respect of outworn England.

Princeton's adoption of the preceptorial system was a signal recognition on the part of one of our great universities of this want of thoroughness, but the real sign of that lack has been in existence much longer. It is the endless multiplicity of "courses," the infinite subdivision of the field of knowledge and investigation. Instead of a subject, our students study a segment. At bottom, it is a question of ideals. We pride ourselves on our breadth; we admire the versatile man. The master of one thing we may have to employ now and then, but he is not the man who evokes our enthusiasm. In a pioneering stage, this attitude is natural enough, if not inevitable. But we have played the coward too long behind that great bulwark "pioneering." If vocational training should help to open our eyes to the fact that education is as serious as that most serious of all matters with us, business, this gain may go far to offset the loss suffered in other directions.

DISAPPOINTING VACATIONS.

The tide of those returning from vacation comes streaming into the cities from all sides, thronging docks and railway terminals, trying the backs and souls of baggagemen, and making them a shade more vicious in their professional conduct than usual. This host divides into two parts. On one side is the group of those who have found complete satisfaction in their outing. They come wrapped in garments of content and tan. Mingled with them, however, is that unfortunate second group of the disappointed. They have failed to get either the profit or the joy they looked for. Accordingly, they either enlarge upon their disappointment or steal away to sulk in their tents. So large is this second group that it is worth while to investigate the causes for its being.

By their choice of a vacation spot too many people nowadays are keyed up to the highest pitch of expectancy. Their perusal of guide-books and transportation-company "literature" has made them see in vision nothing short of paradise. As this is not to be found anywhere in life, obviously they are bound to meet with disillusion and regrets. Their roseate dreams once shattered, they are completely benumbed at being stranded in an "unpleasant" place. They look upon the dark side of their surroundings. They persist in this, taking a sort of mournful pride in the lack of conspicuously attractive points. They see the place, not for what it is, but for how much it falls short of what they expected. As a natural result, they settle into a mood of apathy. But the true and philosophic way to make the most of what is thought a bad bargain has been set forth by Stevenson in one of his essays, "On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places":

> It is a difficult matter to make the most of any given place, and we have much in our own power. Things looked at patiently from one side after another generally end by showing a side that is beautiful. . . . I have often been tempted to put forth the paradox that any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few, and those highly favored, that we can pass a few hours agreeably. For if we only stay long enough we become at home in the neighborhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners. We forget to some degree the superior loveliness of other places, and fall into a tolerant and sympathetic spirit which is its own reward and justification. Looking back the other day on some recollections of my own, I was astonished to find how much I owed to such a residence; six weeks in one unpleasant country-side had done more, it seemed, to quicken and educate my sensibilities than many years in places that jumped more nearly with my inclination. . . . So, wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him; in the town he will meet pleasant faces of men and women, and see beautiful flowers at a window, or hear a cage-bird singing at the corner of the gloomiest street; and for the country, there is no country without some amenity—let him only look for it in the right spirit, and he will surely find.

Another sort of person unhappy in holiday-time is the man who likes a place well enough as a place, but is discontented on account of its familiarity. Because he has seen it all time after time, he is envious of the thousands who every summer roam the world in search of novel and wonderful sights. Yet those who go abroad every summer little dream that near their own familiar homes is to be found perhaps equal beauty. Meanwhile, those near home bewail the fact that they cannot travel. Their eyes are closed to the vision at hand. Lowell tells a pointed anecdote:

> I was walking through the Franconia Notch, and stopped to talk with a hermit who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a saw mill. . . . At length I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain.
>
> "Dunno—never see it."
>
> Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the juvenilian indifference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it.
>
> The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little asked, "Come from Bawsn?"
>
> "Yes" (with pensinular pride).
>
> "Goodle to see in the vycinity o' Bawsn."
>
> "O, yes!" I said, and I thought—See Boston and die! . . .
>
> "I should like, 'awl, I *should* like to stand on Bunker Hill. You've ben theer offen, likely?"
>
> "N—o—o," unwillingly, seeing the little end of the horn in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective.
>
> " 'Awl, my young frien', you've larned neow that wut a man kin see any day for nawthin', children half price, he never does see. Nawthin' pay, nawthin vally."

So the world goes, one man taking time and money to get within view of what the other man never thought of raising his head to see. The persons who must stay in a familiar spot would be spared much discontent could they but realize what vistas lie all about them. Perhaps "Nawthin' pay, nawthin' vally" must ever remain a law of human nature. But, as the philosophic critic concludes, "there is one exception, wise hermit—it is just these *gratis* pictures which the poet puts in his show-box, and which we all gladly pay Wordsworth and the rest for a peep at. The divine faculty is to see what everybody can look at."

LEARNING ENGLISH THROUGH THE CLASSICS.

Why is it that so few persons can write good English? I do not mean English distinguished in style, but just good English, that says what it means clearly and says nothing else. This complaint is made by those who have to teach college freshmen; and the fault does not end with freshmen. A circular of the English Board of Education says: "The weight given in entrance examinations to Scripture knowledge often approaches vanishing point." It means: "Scripture knowledge often gets few marks or none," and the mixed metaphor only obscures. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*—who will look after the literary police?

Now perhaps the most effective way to make our thoughts clear is to express them in a foreign language: and this is true above all of Greek. The faults of modern English, as generally written—dead metaphors, abstractions, periphrases—are found equally in French and worse still in German: but not in classical Greek. English may be clear: Greek must be clear, or it is not Greek. If, therefore, the pupil is trained to express his thoughts in Greek, he is necessarily trained to express his thoughts clearly.

For this sort of training the Greek language has merits that no other language has, at least in the same degree. I place first, as most important, the merit of truth; I mean, that the words correspond to the sense more exactly than in any other language. This is most important, because no one can learn Greek at all without learning this, and thus it affects not only the scholar but the boy of moderate powers. Let me take a few instances:

> The observant reader, who has marked our young lieutenant's previous behavior, and has preserved our report of the brief conversation which he has just had with Captain Dobbin, has possibly come to certain conclusions regarding the character of Lieutenant Osborne. ("Vanity Fair.")

This would be in Greek:

> Εἰ ἐνόησας ἅττα μὲν πρὶν ἐποίησεν ὁ Γεωργός, ἅττα δ' εἶπεν οὐ πολλὰ ὄντα τῷ Γουλιέλμῳ. ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ διηγούμην, ἴσως ἤδη καὶ περὶ αὐτοῦ κατανενόηκάς πως οἷός ἐστιν.

You see that the English does not make it clear that our young lieutenant is Lieutenant Osborne; says the same thing twice when the observant reader marks; does not make clear how the report is preserved; and uses five abstractions which call up no image whatever, "behavior," "report," "conversation," "conclusions," "character." Four of these five abstractions are acts, and are properly expressed by verbs; one is a dead metaphor, which does not express the thought better, or indeed as well, as an adjective. It is true that this can be simply expressed in English: "If you have noticed what Osborne did, and if you remember what he said, as I told it, you will know something of what kind of a man he is." It can be so put, but the point is, that it is not so put; the roundabout way is the usual way in English, whereas the straight way is not only the usual way in Greek, but it is the only right way. I take a few more instances from a novel I happen to be reading:

> I had hoped to cheer him with the story of a visit I had by chance paid that afternoon to the Asolando tea room.

> Ἐδείπνησα περὶ μεσημβρίαν ἐν θαυμασίῳ τινὶ καπηλείῳ· καὶ ταῦτ' εἶχον ἐν νῷ διηγεῖσθαι ὥστ' εὐφραινειν αὐτόν.

Notice the string of prepositional phrases, and again abstract nouns to express acts: the form also of the sentence is such, that it might end at "visit," "paid," "afternoon," or "tea-room": whereas the Greek has three distinct parts, each complete in itself, and no part of each is such that it can be dropped:

> He could never overcome a tendency to sea-sickness.

> Ἀεὶ ἐναυσία, οὐδ' ἦν ἄκος οὐδέν.

Again an abstraction without a picture, and a meaningless metaphor.

> It was over a cup of tea in the Asolando that Bennet made the first notes for his revolutionary essay on the Sapphic fragments in a dog-eared text still treasured among the Room's memorabilia.

> Ἐνταῦθα δὴ πρῶτον αὐτοσχεδιάζει ὁ Βενετὸς ἅμα πίνων τὸ περὶ τῶν Σαπψοῦς, ὅπερ καὶ ἤμελλε πάντας τοσοῦτον ἐκπλήττειν. κεῖται δὲ καὶ νῦν ὥσπερ θησαυρὸς τὸ βιβλίον πάνυ κατατετρυμένον, ἐν ᾧ γέγραπται τὰ ὑπομνήματα ἐκεῖνα.

Six prepositional phrases, only one finite verb; and this to express two main thoughts and two subordinate thoughts. Notice how the epithet "revolutionary" is made to imply what ought to have been clearly said. This is another common English fault, which is greatly favored by politicians: many of their epithets imply the logical fallacy of begging the question which they are expected to prove, but a course of Greek would enable the hearers, if they wished, to detect these fallacies. I have omitted to note other faults, such as using long Latin words when a short English word does better. This is sometimes done on purpose, to throw an air of mystery over a simple thing, for fun, but most of these sentences are not meant to be funny. Another misuse of the epithet, common enough, must be mentioned: when it is used to throw in something by the way that really belongs to another part of the passage, or does not belong to it at all:

> The team spoke well for Miss Hollister's stable, and the liveried driver kept them moving steadily.

Why liveried? A liveried driver drives no better than a driver without livery: the word has no meaning there unless there is a logical link. If it was worth while saying that he wore livery, it should have been said earlier.

The passage also contains other faults. What did the team say? That the stable was good? The author means that the horses were good, not that these horses proved that there were other good horses in the stable, or that the stable was good. It is strange that the team should speak at all; that has hardly happened since Balaam's day: but if the team does speak, why should it be nothing more to the point than this: "The good horses proved that her horses were good." In this passage, the author's democratic love of show peeps out: but this type is generally found with the sentimental and picturesque touch. Examples are: "She leaned her small oval head against his broad, hairy breast." "She opened her blue eyes at him." "He followed the black-robed figure." "She tapped her little foot." But in these the color or size or shape has nothing to do with the point. This vice is seen even in good authors; as when Prescott says ("Peru," I, 381) in describing an assault, "they poured into the plaza horse and foot, each in his own dark column." These picturesque expressions are highly offensive in Greek prose; they are not so in English, only because we have allowed ourselves to think loosely. It is greatly to our benefit, then, to study a language where such things are not allowed.

In some degree, Latin is like Greek. Latin is more direct than modern languages, but it falls far behind Greek. This is partly because Latin has no article, partly because the indirect constructions are stiffer, more artificial, and do not always admit of a finite verb. In expressing how thoughts are related, Latin has some advantage, because it is very concise and its rules very strict: but even here, the Greek can do as well if necessary, though it prefers liveliness. In directness, simplicity, truth to life, the Latin falls far short.

I have now shown that the Greek language has merits which most other languages have not, and none in the same degree.

I have of set purpose confined this proof to the elements, to that which every one who learns Greek must learn and must continually practice: it appears to be highly useful that boys should be practiced every day in the art of saying exactly what they mean. But for those who advance further, the language has other shining merits, which I think no one will dispute. No language can express so many fine variations and shades of thought. Thus the student has to carry further the art of saying what he means. English has often one expression for two distinct thoughts: and when this is so, the two always come to be confused, and the untrained mind thinks that there is only one. For instance: "if I write" has not the same sense in the following:

A. Why do you write?
B. If I write, I have my reasons.

A. Please give my kind regards.
B. If I write, I will.

This is only one of a thousand examples. The enormous number of particles represent so many shades of feeling, that they can only be rendered by tone, gesture, movement of the face. There are scores of verbal inflections, each with its part to play. The learner is always learning new varieties of expression; few indeed learn all that can be learnt of the Greek language, and what it can do. If I do not dwell on this, it is because no one will deny it. My point is, that the process of making the thoughts clear, which we saw in the elements, is carried on to very high refinement by further study. This kind of training will be of great benefit to the ordinary mind: a great natural genius may do without this or any other training of the sort: but our schools are full of ordinary minds, not great natural geniuses.

But some one may say, these things are not quoted from English classics. One of them is: the rest are quite familiar English style, as all readers will agree. But further to meet the objection, I will take a few sentences from a good translation of a Greek classic, where the Greek has no style—it is merely Greek—and the English is meant to have style. I open the book at random:

> Is the King designate to have such a force attached to his person as will enable him to enforce obedience upon unwilling subjects. . . . . Even upon the supposition that his authority is wholly constitutional. . . . (Welldon.)
>
> Πότερον ἔχειν δεῖ τὸν μέλλοντα βασιλεύειν ἰσχύν τινα περὶ αὐτόν ᾗ δυνήσεται βιάζεσθαι τοὺς μὴ πειθομένους πειθαρχεῖν; . . . εἰ γὰρ κατὰ νόμον εἴη κύριος . . . . (Aristotle, "Politics," iii, 15.)

The Greek has only one abstract noun, "force": the English has five, of which two are foisted in without need ("person," "supposition"), one represents an action ("obedience"), one a descriptive word (κύριος). We are so used to these things, that a simple rendering would sound to most ears bald. My point as before is, not that English cannot be simple, but that it is not, and that Greek study may help to mend this. Things are still worse in metaphysics and other kinds of philosophy; where even in technical subjects Greek words always mean something: the very terms of grammar record to the student something of what goes on in the scholar's mind. Cicero, who invented most of the Latin terms of philosophy, cannot always be understood without Greek; but Plato, in his most abstruse parts, uses words which human beings could use in their daily life. It is thus that all arts and sciences seem to live when we read of them in Greek: in English, how dead they are! and how fearful is the jargon of books on plants, animals, the earth, Mendelism, pragmatism, and all the other isms and ologies. I have listened to a skilful coach teaching boys botany for an open scholarship: a large part of his work was to write on the board huge compounds in outward appearance Greek, which each described some harmless flower. The men of science so-called—I say so-called not to cast contempt on nature, but to protest that this word applies to knowledge of man's mind no less—who hate Greek like poison, use its dictionary to compound the most horrible simples. They are hoist with their own petard. Intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity, they lose the power to speak as human beings, and not only fail to express any meaning they may have, but fall into fallacies of reasoning. I will quote here an instance, chosen because the reviewer in the *Athenæum* (1910, p. 737) chose it for special praise, as a "specimen of argument":

> The whole species of giant armadillo having been destroyed by the sabre-toothed tiger, the latter's teeth formation rendered it impossible for him to prey on any animal. The sabre-toothed tiger thus found himself in pronounced and fatal physiological isolation, which is only one of the many startling symptoms of retribution arising from a dysteleological life.

I must first translate this into English, that you may see what it is meant for—not what it means: that we shall see later:

> The sabre-toothed tiger had teeth so shaped that he could not eat anything but the giant armadillo. When he had eaten all the giant armadillos, there was nothing left for him to eat. Last of all, he died also. This is startling, but it often happens so, because nature punishes those creatures which——

I confess I cannot make out what the rest does mean, but I seem to see that the tiger's unpardonable sin was that he was a specialist. Men of science so-called err in the same way as their tiger, and when their sabre-teeth have devoured all those who have studied Greek and the art of saying what they mean, they will find themselves in pronounced and fatal physiological isolation, unless they have used the meanwhile to learn how one sabre-toothed tiger can eat another. It was unkind in the reviewer to choose this as a specimen of argument; for in the first sentence our author has not said what he means; he has said this: "Because all the armadillos were eaten, therefore the tiger's teeth were so formed that he could not eat anything else." And what is "pronounced isolation"? There is no reference in the argument to the pronunciation either of the tiger or of the armadillo. We are left to guess what word the tiger pronounced when he found that the armadillos were all done. "Physiological isolation" means, I suppose, that the tiger's teeth were so shaped that he could not eat anything now that there were no more armadillos: which has been said once already. And is it a symptom of retribution, or the retribution itself, that the tiger had to starve? As to "dysteleological," I give it up: but I guess that the tiger ought to have looked ahead, and got some other teeth ready for the time when the armadillos should be no more. That is a good moral, fit for serpent-toothed politicians as well as for sabre-toothed tigers; but I must say the blame here seems to lie with nature rather than the tiger. It was a mean sort of trick, a bad practical joke: startling, I agree, but the tiger could hardly help himself. The situation has its irony: if the tiger had known Greek he must have heard the proverb, "look to the end," and a precious life might have been saved.

If any one thinks that this is not a common style, let him purchase Sir T. Clifford Allbutt's "Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers" (Macmillan): a good half-crown's worth. Here speaks a distinguished man of science, whose words must carry weight: not a benighted classical man fighting in the last ditch to save his own skin.

This last sentence is not meant to imply that the present writer so describes himself. No: he is rather holding a crown of gold over the head of one who rakes in the muckheap. Greek is more precious than fine gold: Greek is wisdom, comfort, and delight. Its very dry bones, as some might call them, have been the subject of the foregoing words: even in these there has been shown to be profit for the humblest, the most stumbling learners.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

Cambridge, England.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Details which have now been made public in regard to the Widener Memorial Library to be erected for Harvard, show that it is to be a building of great size and scope, larger, in fact, than the Boston Public Library, and nearly as large as that of New York. The work of demolishing Gore Hall is to begin at once, and until the new edifice is completed, Randall and Massachusetts Halls will serve for library. The structure will be 206 by 275 feet in round figures, the longest dimension being north and south. The main façade will front the interior of the yard, and the main entrance will be directly south of Appleton Chapel. There will also be an entrance from the southerly side.

The façade will be impressive. On a portico, 129 feet long, which extends along the front of the building and is reached by a flight of wide steps at a height of twelve feet from the ground, will rise twelve Corinthian columns, each forty feet high. Behind the portico the main doors open into the library. On the lower floor of the building, the ceiling of which is on a level with the portico, will be large special reading-rooms for the departments of history, economics, and government, accommodating about 150 students. On the first floor will be housed the Harry Elkins Widener collection. The dominating feature of the second floor is to be the main reading-room, which will run across the front of the building facing the college yard, and extending 136 feet from east to west. It will be three stories in height and have seating capacity for 375 persons. The card-catalogue room will be on this floor at the head of the stairs, and behind this will be the delivery-room. On the third floor will be a large room for works on art and archæology. The great cartography collection will also be housed on this floor.

The top floor provides quarters for the English library; the classical library, and other collections, the bindery, and a photographing-room. There will also be on this floor twenty or more rooms for seminars where teachers and their classes may be within easy reach of the reference-room. Special attention has been given to providing facilities for research work. There will be no less than eighty private rooms for the use of Harvard professors and scholars from other institutions who come to the Memorial Library for study. There will also be 350 small private studies, in which the books of a special subject may be brought together.

As yet, the cost of the new building has not been announced, but it will be considerably in excess of $1,000,000. The plans for the structure are by Horace Trumbauer, of Philadelphia, who has done much architectural work for the Widener family. It is now hoped that the work will progress so that the Memorial Library can be dedicated on commencement day in June, 1914.

Correspondence

THE JAPANESE MASK PLAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "Sometimes I have been puzzled to think where I am I have heard so many stories of the ultra-European ways and things here in Japan; how thoroughly Hearn used to despise them! But I am quite certain I am in Japan this time, there's no mistake about it—Japan with poetry at heart." Thus my friend, a foreign critic of art and life exclaimed delightedly to me as we hurried to see a No performance.

Already from the outside of the house where we were waiting for admission we heard the long wailings, high notes, the piercing sound of flutes and tsuzumi, and the curiously sad rhythm mingled with a background of high, distinct declamation.

"Doesn't it sound to you as if it were an old cry, perhaps a thousand years old, which has returned here to curse the modern Japanese civilization of the brandy-and-soda, single eyeglass kind? The sadness of tone bites one's heart, doesn't it?" he said. We smiled to each other, with acknowledgment on my part; and we entered the box. The quiet, even the no small measure of silence within, perfectly astonished him; I am sure it was the first time for him to observe how quietly a performance can be carried on if one wishes to. He was delighted even with those wooden tablets, on which the names were written, stuck on each box; he looked splendid, undoubtedly thinking he was among the select few. In fact, everything is run on a small scale, the stage to begin with, and with only a small audience admitted. "What though the stage be small," he began to say, "the performance simple and brief? That brevity is a great art. I learned it in your Japanese poem a long time ago, which is a song of crickets, a sigh and smile of flowers; limitation is the secret of all highest art. How can you call yourself an artist if you cannot put your soul of art within the limit of a small stage, and within a short period of time? The brief time and the little stage are the sure proof of the mighty value of this No performance as art. Look at the stage with its own roof; it has the dignity of its own existence which our Western stage has not; and that long gallery or bridge, along which the No actors move as spectres evoked from an unknown corner with the newest manner and attitude, is most satisfying with its suggestion of making a beginning and ending there; you might call it Life and Death. The No is the perfection of brevity of dramatic art; it might be compared with the Greek play or the modern Irish plays of Yeats and others. Our ordinary Western plays, doubtless, have a certain beauty of confusion; but we are tired of it. Here we have the No whose monotone makes us perfectly wearied at first, but will be the source of no small delight for many cultured minds. And you have to see the pictorial side of those magnificent dresses of stiff brocade which the actors wear dragging them along slowly to the cadence of the music; what epical dignity of the actors, and what a simple grandeur!"

The No, or this mask play, is not the creation of one time or one age; it has an old history, since it was born like a mystery from the national impulse and love of literature and legends, from our almost blind belief in Buddhism and ghosts, which was encouraged first in the feudal age by the Ashikaga lords from the fourteenth century down to the close of the sixteenth century. It was in those days that we formed the national epics, or poems—that is to say, the No plays. It was the first time, and last, in the history of Japanese literature to have the various traditions and legends, the certain Buddhistic faith and imagination (those things hopelessly neglected by the aristocratic literature of the Kyoto court in the former age), dressed in pure literature. I said it was the last, because the novels and dramas that were sent out later on in the Tokugawa age were not, in a large measure, new attempts from those of the Ashikaga's, but only an emphasis. Yoshimitsu, the third lord of the Ashikaga government, the propagandist of the tea ceremonies and refined arts, may be said to have been the first encourager of the No; and at the time of Yoshimasa, the eighth lord, it had been roughly completed as we have it to-day. In due time, Ashikaga's power declined; and the most wonderful war god arose on the horizon in the person of Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan, who, on the other hand, was a no small patron of art and literature. The No was not left in oblivion in his time, but many new pieces were added to the already great numbers of the repertory, and alterations were made in those already in practice. When the time came down to the Tokugawa feudal era of the seventeenth century, the period of peace and prosperity, it had become the most important factor of the nation's life. To recite lines from the No, and to act on the stage if possible, was regarded to be one of a gentleman's accomplishments; the No play, in contrast to the common theatre, held the most dignified, noble place of entertainment. And so it is to-day. It was thought even sacred; and it began to assume the most necessary role at a wedding ceremony. With the singing of a passage from "Takasago," your wedlock will be sealed.

"Takasago," the happy play celebrating constancy, endurance, health, and longevity, is represented by an old man and an old woman busy in the work of raking up pine needles under the pine trees. The passage says: "True it is that these pine trees shed not all their leaves; their verdure remains fresh for ages long: even among evergreen trees—the emblems of unchangeableness—exalted is their face to the end of time—the fame of the two pine trees that have grown old together." What are these two pine trees? Who are the old man and woman? The ghosts of the trees are nothing but the old man and woman singing the age of golden and happy life.

Among some three hundred repertories now in existence, there is no other like "The Robe of Feathers" that will gracefully carry the delicate, statuesque beauty of composition and sentiment. It is the play of a fairy whose feather-robe was stolen by a fisherman at Mio's pine-clad shore, while she was bathing, and upon her promise to dance was given back finally. Not to go to extremes, even in sadness, is taught in Japan to be the height of cultured manners; here we have every Oriental beauty and lamentation in this fairy who could not fly back to the sky, and sang:

Vainly my glance doth seek the heavenly plain,
Where rising vapors all the air enshroud,
And veil the well-known paths from cloud to cloud.

And she promised that she would dance the dance that makes the Palace of the Moon turn round, and would leave her dance behind as a token to mortal men, if her robe could be restored her. However, the fishermen doubted that she might hurry home to heaven without dancing at all; then the fairy said:

> Fie on thee! The pledge of mortals may be doubted, but in heavenly beings there is no falsehood.

As I said, the No is the creation of the age when, by the virtue of sutra or Buddha's holy name, any straying ghosts or spirits in Hades were believed to enter Nirvana; there is no wonder that most of the plays have to deal with those ghosts and Buddhism. That ghostliness appeals even to the poetical thought and fancy of modern age, because it has no age. It is the essence of the Buddhistic belief, however fantastic, to stay poetical forever. Although the No's repertories do not change, our conception and understanding will be altered; it is thus that they can keep always fresh themselves. Here we have one play called "Morning Glory"; the flower cannot enter Nirvana on account of her short life of only one morning, and of her jealousies that burn on seeing the other flowers who enjoy a longer life. However, her ghost will disappear with satisfaction when the monk gives her a sermon that eternity is nothing but a moment, and to live in a moment is to live in the ages.

This mask play is the simplest affair, with not more than three characters. The three characters are enough to make real poetry move. And how many more do you want, I should like to know.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Kamakura, Japan, August 1.

WORDS IN THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has, I believe, been no computation of the number of words employed in the Authorized Version of the Bible since George P. Marsh published his admirable "Lectures on the English Language" in 1861, later writers having been content to employ his result, with or without acknowledgment. Marsh (p. 263) calculates the number as "somewhat fewer than six thousand." Last year, being the tercentenary of the publication of the Authorized Version, I undertook a new computation of the number, employing for the purpose a much more complete instrument of research than was at Marsh's disposal—Strong's "Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible."

No two calculators would be likely to attain absolute agreement with respect to the words to be included. My own procedure has been as follows: all inflected words have been reduced to their dictionary-form—that is, possessives, plurals, etc., of nouns and pronouns have been reduced to the nominative singular, and thus counted only once; and the same is true of the inflected forms of the verb: e. g., *speakest, speaketh, spake, spakest, speaking, spoken*, are all counted as *speak*. Present and past participles, used as adjectives or nouns, are counted as adjectives or nouns, and not merged under the type-form of the verb: thus (Mark 13:8), "These are the *beginnings* of sorrows"; (Prov. 9:17), "*Stolen* waters are sweet"; of these there are 279, including 14 present participles used both as nouns and adjectives: *e. g.,* (2 Sam. 18:27), "The *running* of the foremost is like the *running* of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok"; (Lev. 15:13), "Bathe his flesh in *running* water." Homonyms, whether different parts of speech from the same root or springing from different roots, are counted as separate words: thus (Gen. 9:2), "The *fear* of you and the dread of you"; (Gen. 15:1), "*Fear* not, Abram"—(1 Sam. 17:34), "There came a lion, and a *bear*"; (Gen. 4:13), "My punishment is greater than I can *bear*"—(Judg. 4:21), "He was *fast* asleep"; (Acts 16:24), "made their feet *fast* in the stocks"; (Matt. 9:14), "Why do we and the Pharisees *fast* oft?" (Joel 1:14), "Sanctify ye a *fast*"; of these there are 307. The following are counted as different words: *Almug* and *algum, alway* and *always, astonied* and *astonished, betray* and *bewray, clad* and *clothed, compact* and *compacted, espy* and *spy, establish* and *stablish, estate* and *state, incorruptible* and *uncorruptible, sometime* and *sometimes, straight* and *strait, thoroughly* and *throughly, travail* and *travel*. On the other hand, the following are not distinguished: *ax* and *axe, gray* and *grey, instructer* and *instructor, naught* and *nought, vail* and *veil, wonderously* and *wondrously*. Proper nouns and adjectives are excluded, with the exception of *Almighty, Easter, Lord, Pentecost*. All Hebrew and Chaldee words are excluded, except *alleluia, amen, hosanna, rabbi,* and *shibboleth*. Of Greek words, *alpha* and *omega* are excluded.

On the basis thus indicated, I compute the number of words in the Authorized Version to be 6,568. If to these were added the inflected forms of nouns, pronouns, or verbs, excluded as above, the total would be 9,884. Whatever error there may be in these figures can hardly be considerable, though it would be rash to claim for them absolute exactness. If there are any who would prefer to change the basis of calculation, the data given above should be sufficient to enable the new total to be readily ascertained.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, September 4.

Textbooks

EDUCATIONAL THEORY.

The University of Manchester has just issued, as the fifth number of its Educational Series, a bulky "Outlines of Education Courses in the University of Manchester" (Longmans), the greater part of which consists of a readable and informing "Syllabus of a Course in the History of Education in England," by Prof. Michael E. Sadler. But the document is more interesting as one of a number of publications showing that the English non-conformist universities have begun to appreciate the possibilities of expansion contained in the American idea of special professional training for teachers. Conspicuous in this enterprise are the University of Manchester and Professor Sadler. We speak of the "American idea" because the literature quoted is almost exclusively American; and the attitude expressed in the references is often surprisingly naïve and also somewhat perplexing. For the pedantry of scientific professional training, imported by us from Germany, is hardly congenial to the English mind, which, in matters of theory, places its confidence in a background of liberal culture and knowledge of the world. Rather vague about sensory tests and *questionnaires*, though respectful and admiring, the English works on education appear, so far, to be superior to our own in literary quality and ripeness of view.

So much, at least, is true of "The Evolution of Educational Theory" (Macmillan), by John Adams, professor of education in the University of London. As a whole, however, the book is disappointing. The first of an ambitious series on The Schools of Philosophy, under the editorship of Sir Henry Jones—a series designed to supply the English reader with a history of philosophy comparable to Ueberweg and Erdmann—we should have expected it to be a thoroughly reconstructive discussion of the whole field of educational philosophy. In historical scholarship, comprehensiveness of reading, and critical insight, Mr. Adams is apparently well equipped for the task, and the work is full of instructive passages. But as a whole it is loosely constructed and inconclusive. He begins, rather inauspiciously, with a lengthy discussion of the distinction of educator and teacher. One is tempted to suggest, as a virtually sufficient definition for present purposes, that an educator is one who talks about education; and it is hard to see what is gained by the substitution of educator and "educand" for the time-honored and fully significant distinction of teacher and pupil. Plato the teacher is at least as impressive as Plato the educator. After several chapters dealing with the data, the historical and pre-historic aspects, the social and individual aims, of education, he reaches what seems to be his main task, a discussion of educational theory under the heads of humanism, naturalism, idealism, and materialism. Here he is most unsatisfactory. His aversion to formal definition, together with a wide, but here confusing, knowledge of the facts, simply leaves his reader in doubt regarding the distinguishing motives of these several tendencies and his own attitude in relation to them. A certain unity is given to the discussion, however, as well as a present significance, by constant reference to the issue of formal discipline—of liberal culture *versus* specific, or vocational, training. Mr. Adams is too clearly alive to the complexities of the problem to commit himself very flatly, but in general he accepts what he holds to be the present consensus of authority (to which, indeed, he is strangely deferential) in favor of vocational education; and in his final chapter he offers a suggestive prophecy, which is unfortunately not elaborated, of a social and educational order in which the distinction of educated and uneducated will disappear, though the distinction, without, perhaps, the distinctive superiority, of liberal culture will still be retained. Altogether, we must say of this book that it mainly reflects the bewildered suspense of most intelligent persons at present regarding the ends and aims of education.

Among the untroubled minds we must include Prof. Frank M. Leavitt, of the University of Chicago, who stands for vocational education because it is "real." Apparently nothing else is real, and thus we must infer that all of the realities of human life are contained within the workshop. Fortunately, his "Examples of Industrial Education" (Ginn) is only incidentally a discussion of theory and may be recommended as a timely and well-executed record of conditions already established in an important movement.

In James Phinney Munroe's "New Demands in Education" (Doubleday, Page) vocational training is only the first among the real. This book is not a piece of cut and dried pedagogy, but a vigorous blast from one of wide experience as chairman and trustee against what he holds to be the futility of our schools—as shown in the domination of the school by the college, the poor quality and unprofessional attitude of the teachers, the neglect of the individual needs of pupils, and, among other things, the worship of the Ph.D., which he frankly stigmatizes as "the curse of American scholarship and American education.". In the last indictment those who have seen "methods of research" extended to the secondary schools may suspect that he is right. His own programme is summed up in the magical word "efficiency." This means first, of course, vocational and manual training. As against Mr. Leavitt, he is unorthodox enough to say that manual training may be recommended on the score of intellectual discipline. But the programme also includes everything else. "The employers" (who, of course, are now to be the arbiters of the curriculum) are no longer satisfied with reading, writing, and ciphering, but demand also health, character, honesty, truth-telling, clean living willingness to work, readiness to comprehend, fertility of resource, vision, alertness, vigor, self-command, dexterity—for the other half of their demands we must refer the reader to page 33. One is always led to wonder whether those who are active in denouncing present conditions have figured out the possibility of uniting all their demands, whether they have counted the cost of individual instruction, and whether they have ever paused to reflect that the curriculum of the three R's is itself the response to the traditional demand of "the employers," who have heretofore proclaimed that business could be taught only in the practice of business.

An attractive little book, definite in its suggestions, and written with good taste and sound judgment, is Walter Sargent's "Fine and Industrial Arts in the Elementary Schools" (Ginn). Mr. Sargent is professor of æsthetic and industrial education in the University of Chicago, and his purpose is to outline a progression of standards of attainment and methods of instruction suitable to the several grades.

Calvin Dill Wilson's "Working One's Way Through College and University" (McClurg) is a Baedeker for indigent and faint-hearted sub-freshmen, supported by statistics and results of *questionnaires* which should enable it to serve also as a thesis for the doctor's degree. If any intelligent youth of good health doubts the possibility of "working his way through," it is well that he be reassured; but it is a pity that the book cannot be used to dissuade those who have no real taste for what the college is supposed to give.

John Palmer Garber's "Current Educational Activities" (Lippincott) is a record of educational thought and activity in the year 1911. It is a useful book for those who wish to know what is being said and done.

A similarly useful work is G. E. Partridge's "Genetic Philosophy of Education" (Sturgis & Walton), in which the author has devoted himself, with heroic self-effacement, to systematic formulation of the educational philosopby of G. Stanley Hall, gathered from a bibliography of nearly three hundred titles. In an introduction President Hall bears witness to the "fidelity of the representation."

ENGLISH.

The new and revised edition of "English Composition in Theory and Practice" (Macmillan), by Professors Canby, Pierce, and MacCracken, and Messrs. May and Wright, of the Sheffield Scientific School, has profited by a number of changes, and is now clearly one of the best textbooks of its kind. Certainly, no other can vie with it in comprehensiveness. The chapters on the Whole Composition, the Paragraph, the Sentence, and the "Right Word" are unusually thorough, especially in disposing in advance of the misapprehensions that students are abundantly given to; and they contain a variety of excellent illustrations. All the "forms of discourse" are included in the book, the sequence being Exposition, Argumentation, Description, and Narration; and in each case the discussion is succeeded by a large number of "models." Although many of these models are taken from the writing of the day—more than half of them, indeed—the book hardly suffers from a cheap contemporaneity, since they are almost uniformly sound in style and respectable in substance. But it is to be feared that the extract from the "sporting" columns of the New York *Sun*, which tells of a "rip-snorting tearing time" on the Polo Grounds, will win the attention of freshman students only too readily; it is hard to see why the authors of the book did not discard it in the present edition. As to the style of the text itself, most of the superfluous flippancies have been remedied, though here and there the appeal to the student is so intimate that the authors have retained certain phrases of decidedly dubious repute, and it must be added that the style is still ungraceful, if not stilted.

Somewhat more old-fashioned in tone and treatment is Prof. William T. Brewster's "English Composition and Style: A Handbook for College Students" (Century). Despite the fact that the book runs to 500 pages, it contains none of the "models" so much in vogue to-day. The four parts are devoted to Composition, Style, Discourse, and Versification. Concrete exercises, unusually well chosen, provide better and more ample suggestions for written work than the ordinary instructor is prepared to give. The chapters are eminently readable, and accord with the present tendency to a simple and philosophic, rather than formally dogmatic, manner of presentation; the first paragraph of the book, for instance, is a clear explanation of the difference between speaking and writing. Used in conjunction with a good prose anthology or with "real books," this textbook ought to prove highly serviceable, particularly in sophomore classes.

So many difficulties beset him who seeks to prepare a literature syllabus that can be used to advantage by lecturers other than the author and his colleagues, that Prof. E. A. Greenlaw's excellent "Syllabus of English Literature" (Sanborn & Co.) is sure to be widely welcomed. It is a book of some 300 pages, half of which, being blank, are available for notes of any kind. Characteristics of literary movements, biographical outlines, dates of works arranged according to *genre*, brief bibliographies, etc., are all presented with such fulness and distinctness that the lecturer is freed from the necessity of dictating the elementary information that ordinarily deadens survey courses in English literature. More material is given than is normally needed in such courses, so that instructors, by omitting and emphasizing as they see fit, may find the syllabus adapted to their aims and idiosyncrasies. Several books of this kind have been published in recent years, but none, in our judgment, so flexible, concise, and comprehensive. The paper, type, and binding are attractive, and the index is adequate.

A novel but sensible little textbook is "Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson" (Merrill), edited by N. H. Batchelder, which is to be used parallel with Macaulay's essay on Johnson, both for purposes of illustration and of correction. There are no notes and elaborate introductory chapters, and none are needed. Other material for the study of Johnson may be had conveniently in a volume recently added to Holt's English Readings for Schools—"Macaulay's Life of Johnson, and Selections from Johnson's Writings," edited by Prof. Chester N. Greenough, of Harvard University. This is equipped with a study of Macaulay, a chronological table of Johnson's life and times, excellent notes, and a few pages of capital "questions and topics for discussion." Several of Johnson's prayers, it might be added, are included in the selections from Johnson's writings.

Whether, in the crowded programme of our grammar schools, there is room for instruction in "Arbitration," may well be questioned; whether this study might profitably displace some other, is perhaps also a matter for question. Whoever wishes to experiment has at hand a well-written book entitled "The Friendship of Nations" (Ginn), by Lucile Gulliver, which is intended to be used as a supplementary reader, or at least as a manual of exercises for the observance of Peace Day.

A book for teachers rather than pupils is "Sources of Interest in High School English" (American Book Co.), by C. Edward Jones, associate superintendent of schools in Albany, N. Y. The vague title hardly indicates the contents of the book—the results of an investigation, conducted in seven cities of New York State, into the attitude of pupils towards the prescribed, as well as the voluntary, reading in English literature. The investigation ranged from the eighth grade of the primary schools to the third year of the high schools, inclusive, and the preferences of the boys and of the girls were tabulated separately. Since the syllabus used in the seven cities (New York city apparently was not included) conforms to the college-entrance requirements, the data and conclusions are applicable throughout most of the country. The value of the printed report lies in the accumulation of evidence rather than in the inferences drawn. In the matter of interest in style, for example, the writer, after pointing out that this interest at its highest is below that in plot at its lowest, observes that "this seems remarkable, as no subject in the whole course of study is receiving apparently so much emphasis as English composition"; but if one bears in mind that style, as such, can scarcely be expected to interest an immature æsthetic sense, and that interest in plot and character inevitably overlaps if it does not include interest in style, the evidence is by no means "remarkable." The book abounds in charts and detailed synopses that ought to make teachers of literature in our high schools reflect. The problem of prescribed reading in these schools is sufficiently important to merit more investigation and sober discussion than it has had; for the reading habits of adolescence are in large measure the reading habits of maturity, and the reading habits of mature persons in this country, including college graduates, are not all that we have reason to desire.

CLASSICS.

An edition of Herodotus with English notes has been long needed. This want is adequately met in "A Commentary on Herodotus" (Frowde), by W. W. How and J. Wells. The first volume (books i-iv) is by Mr. How, the second (books v-ix) by Mr. Wells. Hude's text is followed, though no text is printed in this edition. The work is evidently not a commentary on Herodotus as Greek, so much as on Herodotus as an historian. Consequently there is almost no reference anywhere to grammatical or syntactical phenomena, nor is there any treatment of the dialect. Considering the great amount of study which has been devoted to the language of Herodotus during the last quarter of a century the omission of any treatment of the dialect in a book distinctly intended for undergraduates is surprising, even if we admit that American school books have gone to the other extreme. The editors are warm admirers and defenders of their author. They acknowledge his many errors of fact, but they insist upon his essential honesty, his genuine attempts at personal investigation, and the tendency of modern discovery to confirm or explain his stories. Many of the important questions involved are too extensive for the commentary and are relegated to the Appendices, twenty-three in all, in which the most recent information is given on all matters of history, ethnology, geography, and statistics which seem to need critical discussion.

The English Classical Association has recently collected in one pamphlet the reports of its various committees during the last eight years "On the Teaching of Latin and Greek" (London: John Murray). The reports included are those on "Spelling and Printing of Latin Texts" (1905), on the "Pronunciation of Latin" (1906), on the "Pronunciation of Greek" (1908), of the Curricula Committee "on the Teaching of Latin in Secondary Schools" (1907), and on a "Four Years' Latin Course for Secondary Schools in which the leaving age is about 16" (1909). In general it may be said that these reports place English classical teaching quite abreast of our own in the matter of pronunciation of Latin and Greek, and a little ahead of our own in the matter of curricula, which are at the same time more elastic and more definite than those in the United States. Most important are the suggestions of the last report as to the work of the first year of the four years' course—our "first year Latin." They are briefly: (1) the limitation of the vocabulary to about 500 of the commonest words; (2) the large use of oral question and answer in Latin based on the text read (here the teacher is expected to provide most of the material himself); (3) much conversion of simple English sentences into Latin, in which the work should be largely oral; (4) the use of previous knowledge of French to help the pupils to a readier comprehension of Latin forms; (5) judicious employment of English and French cognates and derivatives.

The first book to meet specifically these requirements is "A First Year Latin Book" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam), by John Thompson. From the point of view of the above requirements, too little oral work is provided, but the amount of translation from English into Latin will look strange to American eyes. The use of French would also not be feasible here, and it may be doubted whether, except in a few cases, the learner will be helped by his knowledge of that language.

A useful edition of the "First Book of Livy" has been prepared by H. J. Edwards (Cambridge University Press; Putnam). The introduction of nearly fifty pages is devoted principally to the legends connected with the foundations of Rome and the history of the regal period. This discussion is simple, but comprehensive, and shows a full acquaintance with the results of recent excavation and study. The commentary is extensive, and deals almost entirely with matters pertaining to the historical narrative and with matters of language. The former is entirely adequate, but the treatment of the language is vague, inadequate, and sometimes trivial. Students mature enough to appreciate the historical discussion surely do not need to be told that a pluperfect in indirect discourse represents a future perfect of the direct form. A section on Livy's style and language might well have been added to the introduction, long as it is. That is the only serious lack in this edition.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

A French grammar not divided into lessons, and unprovided with exercises for composition, is of scant practical value to teachers in our schools and colleges. Such a book as Sonnenschein's "New French Grammar" (Frowde), even if "based on the recommendations of the Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology" is likely to be of little use to any but private students; and these, owing to the author's holding fast to the impractical separation of syntax from accidence, will have to read through most of the book before reaching such an elementary but important construction as the partitive, here treated under the genitive case (pp. 151-2).

A practical and interesting book for beginners is Félix Weill's "French Newspaper Reader" (American Book Co.). Extracts from the best French newspapers and periodicals, covering a wide range of subjects, are discriminatingly chosen; and the editing, as in the case of Weill's previous book, the "Historical French Reader," is painstaking and accurate. Besides the vocabulary and notes, exercises for composition based on the texts, copious illustrations, and a plan of Paris are added.

Five of Voltaire's *Contes*—"Le Monde comme il va," "Zadig," "Memnon," "Micromégas," and the "Voyages de Scarmentado"—appear in the Oxford Modern French series, with introduction and notes by H. W. Preston. The notes are copious and helpful, and the makeup of the book is in accordance with the high standard with which the preceding volumes of the series have made one pleasantly familiar.

J. G. Robertson's "Outlines of the History of German Literature" (Putnam) is in a sense an abridgment of the author's comprehensive work on the same subject. It is written with the same good judgment and with due apportionment of space. A book of 300 pages, it offers more than its title promises; for the multitude of facts are woven into a connected narrative, and of the more ancient documents there are summaries as well as characterizations. Resolute omission of unimportant names would have saved some abruptness of transition and occasional faulty articulation; but the arrangement is, on the whole, skilful, and important matters are sufficiently conspicuous. A chronological table, containing parenthetical allusions to English literature, and an index, facilitate the use of the book as a manual of reference.

The edition of Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" (Pitt Press Series; Putnam), by J. G. Robertson, is distinguished by minute attention to the text, by sensible use of the work of historians, biographers, and previous annotators, and by a judicious discussion of the play in its many bearings. Professor Robertson succeeds in inspiring respect without in the least attempting to stifle criticism of the dramatic and poetic form. He does not mention Curme's edition (Macmillan), which his own seems destined to rival.

Edward Manley's "Ein Sommer in Deutschland" (Scott, Foresman) sets forth details of such a ramble as a group of inquisitive and conveniently loquacious people might make in Germany. Much of the matter is in the form of colloquies, but there is enough description to relieve the monotony, and there are innumerable illustrations of characteristic things, some of which, such as tickets, receipts, signs, and coins, are well calculated to arouse juvenile curiosity. Mastery of this book will put pupils in possession of much useful information about the affairs of German daily life.

Wildenbruch's "Rabensteinerin" appeals more to historical than to dramatic interest, and is not free from sentimentality and wordiness. Nevertheless, it is nowhere dull or difficult. The edition (Heath) of R. Clyde Ford furnishes in compact form all the supplementary information that pupils are likely to need.

HISTORY.

"A Short History of Europe (Modern)" by C. S. Terry (Dutton), is the second volume of a manual intended "to be read either as a textbook of European history or it may be used concurrently with a textbook of British history—in order that the student of British history may be able at every point to view it on a European background." The present volume, which is to be followed by a third on the nineteenth century, is a clear, concise, orderly, exposition of the great movements in European history from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. There are plenty of facts accurately stated, but they are grouped and presented in such a way as to bring into relief, rather than to obscure, the subject in hand. The first half of the book brings the narrative to 1715; the last half deals with the rise of Russia, the growth of Prussia, greater Britain, the American War of Independence, the French Revolution, and the Coalition wars of 1806. The best parts of the book are those which deal with such subjects as the colonial expansion of England or the rise of Prussia; but Professor Terry is not so exclusively interested in political history as many English historians are, and he shows a due appreciation of the historical importance of intellectual movements in dealing with the Renaissance and the eighteenth century. Good judgment is shown in giving relatively a large amount of space to the description of the institutions of France in the Old Régime. The book is weakest, as might be expected, in dealing with the Revolution itself.

Three years ago the Committee of Eight, appointed by the American Historical Association, published its report on history in the elementary schools, in which it recommended for the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades a three years' course, devoted primarily to American history, but of which the first year should be given to an introductory study of European history. Two textbooks intended to be used in this introductory course have now been published—Bourne and Benton, "Introductory American History" (Heath), and S. B. Harding, "The Story of Europe" (Scott, Foresman). The plan of the committee contemplated a study of those aspects of European civilization which have entered into the civilization of America, and of the institutions of those countries which, by discovery and colonization, have been instrumental in transmitting the civilization of the old world to the new. Both books seem admirably adapted to the needs of the course as planned by the committee. To run hastily over two millenniums of European history picking out those ideas and institutions that have had an important as well as a permanent influence on America, and to present the whole in a way that will be intelligible to sixth-grade children, is assuredly no easy task, but one which, in the present instance, has been performed with care and ability. Professor Harding's book is about a third longer than that of Professors Bourne and Benton, but as both books devote about the same space to the discovery and settlement of America, Professor Harding has given much the fuller account of the Greek and Roman, and, particularly, of the mediæval period. Both books are written in a simple style, and both are well furnished with useful illustrations. Professor Harding has not been convinced by the arguments of Vignaud, for he accepts both the chart and the letter of Toscanelli. Professors Bourne and Benton follow the wiser course, probably, in saying nothing about Toscanelli, while assuming that Columbus aimed to reach the East Indies.

"Elements of Economics" (Macmillan), by Burch and Nearing, is a manual of about 350 pages, designed for use as a textbook in secondary schools. The authors have attempted to make a "simple statement" of the fundamental principles of the "newer economics." The newer economics maintains that "true advancement lies, not in the production of goods, but in developing the lives of men and women." The authors acknowledge their indebtedness to Professor Patten, and the book clearly shows the influence of his teaching. The divisions of the work are, in order, consumption, production, exchange, distribution, and economic experiments and programmes. The desire to avoid abstraction as much as possible accounts for the relatively fuller treatment of the subject of production; while the plan of emphasizing conditions in the United States has resulted in the inclusion of several chapters dealing particularly with such subjects as American agriculture, business organization, transportation, and the regulation of transportation in the United States. The style is simple and seemingly well adapted to elementary students.

SCIENCE.

Van Nostrand & Co. present another volume of their Electrical Installation Manuals. The new hand-book is on "Testing, Fault Localization and General Hints for Wiremen," by J. Wright.

H. S. Carhart and H. N. Chute have now prepared a "First Principles of Physics" (Allyn & Bacon). It will prove to be an excellent textbook. It is well written, presents the subject in a scientific way, and is interesting. The authors have written the book because most of the writers of recent texts have tried to popularize the subject to such an extent that pupils have reached the end of their study with few definite ideas and little knowledge of the science itself.

Two new books on algebra for preparatory students have been received. "The First Principles of Algebra" (Allyn & Bacon), by Prof. H. E. Slaught and Dr. N. J. Lennes, is fairly good. The writers aim to provide a gradual and natural introduction to algebra, and to give "vital purpose to its study by using it to do interesting and vital things." The first aim is correct enough, but the second is somewhat foolish, for, after all, the writers are trying to teach algebra and not to do other valuable and useful things. If algebra were not valuable in itself, it would be rather a mistake to insist on its study. Of course, what they mean is that so-called practical problems have been introduced. This is a good plan, so long as the problems are used to illustrate algebra and not to make algebra subordinate to other valuable things. "First Year Algebra" (Heath), by Webster Wells and Walter W. Hart, is very well done. The exercises are graded, and specimen solutions are carefully worked out. The descriptive problems are interesting and well adapted to their purpose.

The teaching of Euclidean geometry has changed radically. Instead of confining the instruction to a formal presentation of the problems of geometry, these are cut down to almost skeleton outlines and the emphasis is put on a great number of exercises which the pupil is expected to solve. The exercises include not only abstract geometrical problems, but also the construction of geometric patterns, architectural designs, and graphic statics. Geometry thus becomes a kind of cement to bind together algebraic analysis and mechanical construction. There is no question but that the chief purpose in teaching mathematics should be to train pupils to solve problems and to know the laws, whether they are interesting or not, and it is the opinion of many mathematicians that this discipline is somewhat neglected. Judging from recent elementary textbooks, college teachers will later on encounter a set of flabby mathematicians in their classes. Except for this criticism, "Plane Geometry" (Ginn), by William Betz and H. E. Webb; "Plane and Solid Geometry" (American Book Co.), by C. A. Hart and David D. Feldman, and "A Shorter Geometry" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam), by C. Godfrey and A. W. Siddons, can be recommended as carefully prepared. The writers are experienced teachers, and they have collected interesting problems from many sources.

The same criticism, somewhat modified, may be made of "Practical Mathematics and Geometry" (Van Nostrand), by E. L. Bates and Frederick Charlesworth. The book is stiff enough, but the idea is given that beginners who may later separate into different professions, should learn mathematics in different ways. But what all teachers of the scientific professions wish is to have students who are able to solve problems. The professional information they obtain in their early years is quite unimportant.

The fact that Marshall's little laboratory hand-book, "The Frog" (Macmillan), has gone through eleven editions since its appearance in 1882, and that it still holds its place in some of the best laboratories, is sufficient evidence of its worth. It was intended as a practical guide to the study of elementary anatomy, histology, and embryology; its directions for dissection, and for the preparation and preservation of tissues are clear and concise. Where from its small size, or for other reasons, the frog has proved unsuitable, other animals are substituted. To the eleventh edition, edited by F. W. Gamble, there have been added sections on the elements of cell-division and the development of the germ cells.

The amateur microscopist soon finds that there is no dearth of guide books intended for his use. One of the most recent, Rev. Charles A. Hull's "How to Use the Microscope" (Macmillan), has the merit of being well-written, based on wide experience, and thoroughly practical. Avowedly for the novice, it makes no pretence of offering advice to the expert microscopist. In addition to a discussion of the simple and compound microscopes and the more important accessories, there is a chapter on the preparation and mounting of what a well-known microscopist has called "Oh, my!" objects, and a helpful discussion of simple photomicrography. The book is illustrated by the usual text figures and by twenty excellent full-page illustrations from photo-micrographs of the unfailing fly's proboscis, human flea, eye of an insect, and several whose presence could not have been foretold.

Dr. G. Senter, lecturer in the University of London, puts forth as his chief reason for adding another "Textbook of Inorganic Chemistry" (Van Nostrand) to the large number already existing the following:

> It is now generally recognized that the newer views have contributed enormously to the development of chemistry, but, in spite of this fact, their general adoption into courses of elementary instruction in this country has been very slow. The present book is written throughout from the modern standpoint, and it is hoped that it may contribute in some degree to the wider use of the newer principles at a relatively early stage in chemical courses.

But what is radical in England seems conservative to us. The theories of mass action and dissociation which the author somewhat timidly and unobtrusively introduces into his textbook have been made the basic principles of elementary instruction in American universities for the past ten years. Although not so revolutionary as it appears to the author, the book is none the less valuable—563 pages of good, solid descriptive matter on the elements and their important compounds, followed by a chapter on radio-activity, and an index. No directions for student laboratory work are included, but the text contains many line drawings of apparatus, some of which would be "marked down" on the score of clumsiness, if set up in an American laboratory.

Literature

PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911. By William Harbutt Dawson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Mr. Dawson's latest book should be widely read. It deals with a subject to which the whole English-speaking world is giving a great amount of thought. The last few years have produced the National Insurance Act, the Old Age Pension Act, and the Workman's Compensation Act in Great Britain, and various Workmen's Compensation Acts in the United States. Germany began her career of compulsory general insurance about a generation ago, her latest legislation being the Insurance Consolidation Act of 1911. In the volume before us Mr. Dawson states the principal provisions of the German legislation in language as little technical as possible.

He frankly records his high opinion of the benefits of obligatory insurance, as practiced in Germany. While no formal attempt is made to estimate the relative advantages conferred upon the working classes by the three independent systems of insurance—against sickness, accident, and invalidity and old age—special emphasis has been laid upon the measures which are adopted, with yearly increasing persistence, to prevent and eradicate the evils which monetary benefits at best can only minimize and palliate. No one, we are told, who has followed the development of the German social insurance systems and who knows the immense educative influence which they have exerted upon the working classes, can doubt or wonder that it is the preventive work of the insurance organizations—as applied alike to disease and accident—which most appeals to the imagination, sympathy, and confidence of those in whose interest these laws have been passed.

For, after all, in Germany, as everywhere else, what the self-reliant workman values more highly than distress benefits is, in Mr. Dawson's judgment, a fair and full use of his faculties. What he desires is not sickness-pay, but a healthy life; not accident compensation, but sound limbs and unimpaired energies; not infirmity pensions, but the opportunity and the power to follow as long as possible the employment of his choice. Hence, in their aggressive campaign against disease and their constant endeavor to lessen the risks to limb and life in industrial occupations, the insurance authorities have from the first been conscious of the good will of the working classes, and have from no quarter received greater encouragement and praise than from the recognized leaders of organized labor.

Others who have made a careful study of German social insurance have reached quite different conclusions. Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, for example, who was for twenty years a member of the Imperial Insurance Office, has told of the difficulties encountered by the Office in gaining the confidence of the people, and especially of the so-called working classes. Even the Imperial Insurance Office is not omnipotent, and there are impossibilities even in workingmen's insurance. Nevertheless, to quote Dr. Friedensburg, the insured, "spoiled as they have been, now become stubborn and ill-bred; and many petitions are filled with insults and threats to appeal to the Emperor, to Bebel, and to the Social-Democrat *Vorwärts*." Indeed, it is alleged that social insurance, though specially designed to replace pauperism and charity, is itself merely pauperism under another form, and that it has become a hotbed of fraud, and therefore a spreader of demoralizing practices and ways of thought.

Mr. Dawson's book contains pictures of hospitals and sanatoria erected in connection with the preventive work of the German state insurance. He does not tell us that one of these sanatoria which, it was estimated, could be built for 500,000 marks, finally cost 2,700,000, and that it included a hall which the architect declared to be a modern imitation and adaptation of the Baths of Caracalla, to say nothing of a bowling-alley which required an expenditure of 18,000 marks, while the patients were to be entertained by four orchestrions, at 12,000 marks each. With food and drink and entertainment such as they had never dreamed of, it is not surprising that many of the inmates preferred the hospitals to their own homes.

Only the vaguest hint is conveyed of any tendency on the part of the German people to misuse the state insurance. And yet from other sources it is easy to glean that a strong tendency of this description has existed. For example, it cannot be contended that accidents incurred on the way to work are properly industrial, yet all kinds of indirect methods have been devised to help those who have thus been injured to procure pensions. A farmer who had been injured on his way to church claimed that he was going to pray for rain, that his journey had therefore been made in the interests of agriculture, and that he should receive compensation for his accident. Equally absurd is the case of a woman who injured her finger in undressing her young daughter, and who insisted that, as the child had kept the geese, the undressing should be regarded in the same way as unharnessing a draft animal—that is, it should be accounted an agricultural operation. The volumes of court decisions are said, though not by Mr. Dawson, to contain an astonishing list of calamities that have been forced into the category of accidents incurred in the course of occupation.

That the good will of the working classes is as pronounced as Mr. Dawson would have us believe, seems somewhat doubtful. It has been openly charged that every one who can possibly do so endeavors to escape from the burdens of insurance. Both the employer and the employee contribute to the insurance fund, and there are penalties for nonpayment of dues. The delinquencies of the working classes have, it is said, forced the corporations to counter-measures to obtain what is due them, and this statement seems to be borne out by statistics; for in 1908 the fines collected by the insurance companies amounted to 268,177 marks, and those by the trade associations to 412,608 marks.

The cost of insurance is another matter regarding which Mr. Dawson leaves us in doubt. His figures for the direct and immediate cost may be held fairly satisfactory, but what these figures mean with reference to the whole industry of the nation is far from clear. Approximately the aggregate cost of social insurance in Germany, independently of state subsidies and charges upon public authorities, may to-day be placed at £53,500,000. The general opinion is that the burden on the employers from all three systems of insurance is equal to about 4 per cent. of the wages bill. As for the working people, it is probable that the predominant ratio is above rather than under 3 per cent. of their wages.

A better idea of the cost of German social insurance may be obtained from the study of concrete cases. In 1907 the Krupps paid into the insurance funds an amount equal to 2 per cent. on their share capital. In addition, they made contributions of £86,633 to voluntary pension and benefit funds, and of £177,412 to works of general welfare, making a total of £440,885, or nearly 5 per cent., on the share capital, paid in welfare contributions of all kinds. The cost to the "Vulkan" Shipbuilding Company of insurance and welfare contributions was 7¼ per cent. of its capitalization. Similar expenditures by one of the largest smelting and mining companics of Westphalia amounted to nearly 3½ per cent. of share capital. Another Westphalian concern paid the equivalent of 5½ per cent. of its capitalization for sickness and pension contributions and for infirmity insurance. Insurance alone cost four other companies 4.4 per cent., 3.3 per cent., and 4.4 per cent., respectively, of their share capital.

The question whether, and to what extent, German industry is handicapped by the three insurance charges is one which, as Mr. Dawson rightly says, cannot be answered by the help of abstract argument. In the protected home market the cost of insurance is to some extent a matter of indifference to the employers, since all alike have to pay it and take it into account in fixing prices. The consumer, in this as in so many other cases, pays the tax, and then wonders why the cost of living is so high.

Mr. Dawson has apparently convinced himself that state insurance is in no danger of adversely affecting the trade of Germany. This view is not unanimously held by the leaders of German industry. In the reports of the various chambers of commerce we find less hopeful forecasts. Lübeck, for example, has sent out a warning "against an excessive tension of the burdens of social policy." From Essen has come this:

> We must soon reckon with a burden of about 1,250,000,000 marks each year, laid upon our industrial activity simply and soberly for purposes of social insurance. We are far from opposing either the legislation or the development of our social insurance, but in view of the alarmingly rapid rise of all these assessments, we must emphatically admonish the reader of the fact that once these burdens are assumed, they must be permanently borne, whether our foreign competitors follow us or not: and they must be borne in times of economic depression no less than in those of economic prosperity. And, should there come times when our industrial activity—or even merely essential parts of it—should no longer be able to meet the social obligations legally imposed upon it, then there will be no alternative except for the state as the state to assume those burdens, if it is to avoid a catastrophe whose scope none can foresee, even so far as social conditions are concerned.

Though this new book of Mr. Dawson is very far from being the last word on German social insurance, it is nevertheless a timely and valuable publication. The larger part of it is devoted to outlining the insurance law as it stands to-day and to describing the functions by which it is made operative. Here is a veritable armory of facts for those interested in this most important subject.

Not the least interesting chapter of the book is that on Early Experiments in Insurance. Here we are informed that the present legislation has clearly carried forward ideas and tendencies which have been peculiar to German state policy for many generations. Though Bismarck is quoted as saying, in 1882, that it was the tradition of the dynasty which he served to take the part of the weaker in the economic struggle, our author does not attempt to hide the fact that the policy of the last thirty years sprang largely from expediency. Bismarck's idea was "to bribe the working classes, or, if you like, to win them over to regard the state as a social institution existing for their sake and interested in their welfare." As a matter of fact, his aim was to defeat the Socialists at their own game. Socialism was his *bête noire*, and in the seventies he was fertile in legislative proposals to suppress it. After the second attempt on the life of the Emperor in 1878, he succeeded in getting through his Socialist law, which continued in force for twelve years. Payment for this legislation was made by the Prince in the form of "social reform legislation," the insurance laws being the immediate outcome.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Friar of Wittenberg. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Certainly no one can accuse Mr. Davis of lacking courage. Having written his first novel around Julius Cæsar, he has now selected for the hero of his latest Martin Luther. Will he proceed to the Hero as Man of Letters, and make use of Dr. Johnson next? That would scarcely be a harder task than he has attempted in "The Friar of Wittenberg." The story covers Luther's life from his attack on Tetzel to his retirement in the Wartburg. The history and biography are rather thinly sugar-coated with a love story. Walter, Graf von Regenstein through his German father, and Conte di Palaestro through his Italian mother, has been brought up as a fashionable young nobleman at the court of Leo X. He is the accepted lover of Marianna, a dark and treacherous beauty, daughter of the unscrupulous Cardinal Forli. Banished to Germany for suspected complicity in a murder planned by Forli, Walter comes under the influence of Luther, and falls in love with fair-haired Ilsa von Blankenburg. From this point the good and evil feminine angels contend for the Count—not merely metaphorically, but at last in personal combat. We do not recall any other novel in which the virtuous heroine rids herself of her wicked rival by superior muscle and a dagger-thrust. More surprising still, Ilsa, an emancipated nun, feels no compunction at the time or later; it is true that she can plead self-defence.

In spite of this extraordinary scene, Ilsa is kept for the most part in the background, and Luther holds the centre of the stage. The novelist ingeniously works in many of his sayings, and takes advantage of the opportunities offered by the dramatic moments in his career. The great scene before the Diet of Worms, for instance, is admirably described. But if we look for the man Luther, we shall not find him. Instead of the sturdy peasant-preacher, with his dogmatism, his humor, his frequent grossness and vindictiveness, his intense humanity, we shall find a saint purged of earthly passion, ideally charitable in temper, almost courtly in manner, with a modern indifference to dogma such that he can tell a disciple, "Do not fret too sorely about matters of faith and belief." This is hardly the man who declared that Zwingli was damned for not believing in the real Presence, and who called his opponents "damnable rotten worms" and "snivelling, drivelling sophists bred by the Thomist swine." Readers who want a dehumanized Luther (Luther with Luther left out) can find him here; those who are interested in the man will do better to read a good biography.

High Bradford. By Mary Rogers Bangs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This story of a Cape Cod village has the exquisiteness of a piece of old china. There is all the salt of seaport tales, and there are all the delicate old hues of days faded and gone. Its distinctive mark is the evidence of antiquarian research. It is not only the neighbors' doings that form the story, but the family tree, the inherited traits, the ancestral voyages, the touch upon the fates of High Bradford of revolutionary France and savage South Sea islands. We know what High Bradford ate, drank, and wore; what songs it sang, what books lay on its tables, what ornaments on its mantelpieces. Though humor of character drawing is not absent, this is not the story of comic old seadogs. Gently amused at Lady's Albums and Tupper philosophies, the author herself has a style that might have been derived from the elegancies she tenderly smiles at. These are men who have done world's work and women who have not only baked and brewed, but studied and thought and taught. For all the refinement of coloring they stand out sturdily, each a distinct character. The stories of a score of neighbors and relatives are told with due mingling of joys and griefs. For background there are flowering meadows and wooded pond on the one hand, on the other the well-loved and always pervading sea.

Unquenched Fire. By Alice Gerstenberg. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The rich society girl who feels the call of art and goes on the stage is again the subject of a novel. She is becoming a type with only minor variations to distinguish her from the other members of a vast sisterhood. Jane Carrington of Chicago may be known from the rest by a more measured and reasonable pace, for which we thank her. There are some cleverish drawing-room scenes before art's call has become irresistible, and some interesting glimpses afterward of stage rehearsals under an inspiring manager. And there is enough and to spare of freakishness in the heroine's conduct; as in her sudden desertion of her fiancé; her breach of faith with her travelling companions, whom she forsakes almost at the gang-plank to establish herself in New York and haunt the offices of theatrical agents. Then very usual things happen to her, in small successes, financial failure, despair to the point of thoughts of gas, and then a gallant playwright to the rescue. Still failure, and, as a matter of course, in the end a dazzling stellar outbreak. The ordinary gloom of such stories is here tempered to the shorn public. The temptations seem a little trumped up and the tragedy a little trumpery. Most unforgivable of all, Jane's starry ending leaves us still in the vague. We see her twinkle, but how we wonder what she did next!

Miss Billy's Decision. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Here is continued the history of "Miss Billy," who in an earlier story made havoc in the house of three bachelor brothers when she came to live with them as her dead father's friends. Now she has grown up, has been engaged to one brother much too old for her, and is engaged to another of the three, an artist. Her fears that his nature is one to care for her chiefly as a girl to be painted, his fears that she has her music more at heart than she has him, lead to a misunderstanding made more serious because there is a beautiful other girl whose portrait is to be painted, and a rising tenor who sings duets with Billy. But time, an automobile accident, and publishers' limits bring all to a happy ending. Billy's early experience is revived with a difference in the case of the tenor who is familiarly called Mary Jane, his initials being M. J. This, however, constitutes a humorous episode rather than a link in the plot. Plot, for that matter, is less a feature of the story than little paths of pleasantness and peace which run through Boston and through the familiar regions of all-conquering girlhood and conquerable difficulties. Visits are made to concert and opera, old teapots are considered, deeds of kindness done, and meals served regularly, all in a wholesome and merry spirit. "Happy ending" must be said figuratively. We are sure we shall hear of Billy again.

LANG'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.

History of English Literature from "Beowulf" to Swinburne. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

This posthumous work of one who gloried in the title of hack writer and, indeed, almost glorified that trade, will attract some attention for its author's name, and for its own qualities deserves more notice than the ordinary school book.

In one respect at least its influence will be wholesome. Mr. Lang, although he is himself deeply washed in the romantic dye, writes of the Elizabethan poets in a manner that is beginning to grow rather common, but is nevertheless a much-desired change from the uncritical attitude of Swinburne, and Stopford Brooke, and Saintsbury, not to mention Charles Lamb himself, from whom the mischief sprung. Mr. Lang's treatment of Shakespeare is not wanting in proper enthusiasm, but he is far from subscribing to the sentiment which can be found in a certain textbook to the effect that everything Shakespeare did was the best in its kind. Our present critic can, for instance, speak thus candidly of "Troilus and Cressida":

> Shakespeare when he wrote it "was for one hour less noble than himself." . . . Shakespeare made an impossible blend of Homer (of whom he clearly knew a little), of Ovid, and of the mediæval forms of the Tale of Troy. The elements are wholly incompatible, and the mood of the poet, whether he wrote the play early or late, was unenviable.

Similarly Mr. Lang deals justly and critically with Chapman. He recognizes the "very noble passages of reflection, in which Chapman always shines," but he knows, too, that the translation of the "Iliad," despite Keats's golden sonnet, is on the whole a barbarous and unreadable piece of work. "A splendid swinging metre," Saintsbury calls the "fourteeners" in which the English "Iliad" appeared; "a jigging old measure," Mr. Lang calls them, and Mr. Lang is right. In this way one might go through the whole section on the Elizabethan poets. No doubt Mr. Lang may err here and there, but the sum of his criticism in its literary bearing is sound; it will help to release our teaching still further from the intolerable mode of praise which until recently has been in vogue.

From another point of view Mr. Lang's work, even in these Elizabethan chapters which are on the whole the best in the book, must be regarded as very inadequate. He is pointed, clear, and judicious generally in his æsthetic criticism of individual writers, but he is lamentably weak in seizing the philosophic connection of man with man, and school with school. There is little sense of development, no appreciation of the informing power of great ideas. Thus Bacon, to take one of the high Elizabethans, is finely appreciated as an essayist, but of his influence, whether real or supposed, on the new world of thought, no one would guess from Mr. Lang's rather jaunty paragraphs.

This weakness runs through the book. When Mr. Lang comes to such an author as Hobbes, his treatment can only be described as totally incompetent. Hobbes was one of the great ethical sources in the next age; of his place you would gain no notion from this book. His similarity and contrast with Rousseau you may have reflected on as one of the cardinal facts of literary history, if that history is anything more than æsthetic appreciation; you will get no help in your reflection from Mr. Lang. This is a pity, for to vitalize the study of literature in our colleges, just this sort of reflection needs to be emphasized. No qualified French critic would dare to pass so superficially over a name like that of Hobbes. For another instance of this weakness we may point to Mr. Lang's treatment of the heroic drama. The work of Dryden and his contemporaries in this field is estimated at its true value, or lack of value. But you would never learn from Mr. Lang why the drama of Corneille and Racine is one of the noble literary achievements of the world, whereas the imitation of it in England is false and empty. Perhaps this same inability on the part of Mr. Lang to see the deeper sources and larger connections made it possible utterly to omit the name of one who is coming more and more to be recognized as the first great romantic. What is to be said of a "History of English Literature" that does not even mention William Blake?

It would be easy to multiply these defects and faults—to point, for instance, to the superficial treatment of Byron's "Don Juan," which is barely mentioned and receives less attention than many a short poem of entire insignificance. The fact is that to write such a history, condensing into brief space the whole literature of a people, is a task of extreme, almost insuperable difficulty; whereas Mr. Lang, so far as can be judged from results, entered upon the undertaking in a kind of *gaieté de cœur*, as a book to be jotted down at intervals between more arduous kinds of writing. We regret the duty of criticising so harshly the work of so genial a spirit, now forever gone from us.

Selected Writings of William Sharp. Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. Vol. I, Poems; Vol. II, Studies and Appreciations. New York: Duffield & Co.

Admirers of William Sharp will welcome this edition of his acknowledged works uniform in style with the edition of "Fiona Macleod." Of the latter the *Nation* (February 16, 1911) has already expressed its opinion at some length, and there is no need on the present occasion to say anything about the relation of Mr. Sharp to his ghostly double. Nor is there any ground for comparing the "Studies and Appreciations" of the present edition with the prose of Fiona. Literary criticism did not come within the ken of that shadowy sibyl, and is not represented in her works. Criticism, indeed, of any sort was not the strongest trait of Mr. Sharp's mind, and it is perhaps a little unfortunate that this first volume of his prose should be given up to his writings in this *genre*.

We do not mean to say that there are not many interesting pages in these essays: Mr. Sharp was too well practiced in the craft of writing to fail utterly in any of its branches. He was in particular a student of the sonnet form, and the prefaces to his "Sonnets of the Nineteenth Century" and his "Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare," here reprinted, convey solid information (though he accepts without reservation the unfounded identification of Shakespeare's "dark woman" and Mary Fitton) and contain some rather nice discriminations. The study of "La Jeune Belgique" will interest those who care to know about the movement of which Maeterlinck has come to be the accredited chief. Your reviewer, for one, has been pleased to learn here the name of the Belgian author, Léon Montenaeken, of the lilting verses which had long haunted his memory as an unclaimed thing of beauty, *adespoton:*

> La vie est vaine:
> Un peu d'amour,
> Un peu de haine . . .
> Et puis—bon jour!
>
> La vie est brève:
> Un peu d'espoir,
> Un peu de rêve . . .
> Et puis—bon soir!

So, too, interesting quotations abound in the essays on "The Modern Troubadours" and on "Italian Poets of To-day." But in general there is something loose in Mr. Sharp's critical method, as may be seen particularly in his study of "Sainte-Beuve." His judgment does not carry weight; his statements are not always accurate; his enthusiasms need discounting; and his language often displays a certain stiffness and flatness which indicate that the author is out of his proper field.

Of the volume of poetry we are obliged to say that it sins by including much which might be forgotten, and that its bulk emphasizes a certain note of monotony. The mere sensitiveness to the shifting charms of nature cannot long hold the reader's attention, and a poet who depends almost entirely on the spell of reverie may find that in his hearer the mood soon passes into slumber. Mr. Sharp's verse, both that which he published under his own name and that which he attributed to Fiona, lacks the "fundamental brainwork" which, as he might have learnt from his master, Rossetti, underlies all good writing. But we would not exaggerate the defects of Mr. Sharp. Here, as everywhere, his sensitiveness to beauty and his easy surrender to fleeting emotions have not been barren of happy results. As a specimen of his poetical work at its best we may quote part of the "Moonrise on the Antarctic":

> The huge white icebergs silently
> Voyage with us through this lonely sea,
> Noiseless and lifeless, yet they seem
> Like haunted islands in a dream
> Holding strange secrets that no one
> May know and live. In the bright sun
> They shine immeasurably fair,
> Bluer than bluest summer air,
> Or clear to the very heart with green
> Pure light, or amethyst as seen
> 'Mid sunset-clouds—but now they shine
> With a cold gleam and have no sign
> Of loveliness . . .
> . . . And now the spectral isles
> Grow whiter, icier still, and seem
> More hollow, with a strange weird gleam
> As though some pale unreal fires
> Consumed them to their utmost spires
> Yet without flame or heat. And still
> The moon doth rise, and seems to fill
> Each berg anew with life: we sail
> Upon a strange sad sea, where pale
> And moonshine isles float all around,
> Voyaging onward without sound.

Mesopotamian Archæology: An Introduction to the Archæology of Babylonia and Assyria. By Percy S. P. Handcock, M.A. With numerous illustrations, also maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The father of Assyriology is Sir Henry Rawlinson. On his decipherment of the great Behistun inscription depends the whole of modern Assyriology. To him we owe also those first four volumes of publications of Assyrian texts by the British Museum, which constituted the first library of Assyrian scholars. There has, however, been a tendency on the part of German scholars to minimize his services, partly because of prejudice against and ignorance of English work in general, partly because of that academic habit of exploring minutiæ and magnifying the small at the expense of the great. The first actual determination of any cuneiform signs was made by Grotefend, a Hanoverian schoolmaster, in the year 1802. He thought he had deciphered thirty signs; in fact, eight were correct. He was never able to translate a real inscription, and his work did not exert any apparent influence on the later decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions. Nevertheless, in all German works on the subject and in American works depending on German scholarship, great importance relatively is given to Grotefend, whereas the epoch-making work of Rawlinson is almost ignored.

To our great surprise we find that something of the sort has been done in the present volume, although written by an Englishman. To Grotefend's discovery, meritorious in itself but having little if any relation to the later development of cuneiform decipherment, are given some three pages, while Rawlinson's work has only one. It is as if, in an account of the discovery of America, Paolo Toscanelli received three times the space assigned to Columbus.

In the chapter on life, manners, etc. (p. 367) the chicken is mentioned among the birds used as offerings in the early Sumerian period, and on page 370 it is mentioned as among the birds included in the bill of fare of the members of Urukagina's court at Lagash. Hehn, in his "Kulturpflanzen und Hausthiere," states that the cock was not known in Babylonia until the Persian, or possibly the very end of the neo-Babylonian, period. Schrader, in his posthumous edition of Hehn's work, adds a note, in which he states that the cock was known in Babylonia in the Sumerian period and was commonly used for sacrifice among the Assyrians, with other similar statements for which he gives absolutely no authorities. It is true that certain Babylonian scholars have recently translated various words in Sumerian name lists as cock, basing such translation generally on a transliteration of the characters having an imaginary resemblance to the sound made by the cock. These transliterations are, however, pure guesswork, as is the translation. There is absolutely no foundation on which to rest the claim of the appearance of the cock in Sumerian or even Assyrian inscriptions other than these entirely hypothetical transliterations and translations of unknown words and characters. When we turn to the monuments—seal cylinders and other archæological remains—we find abundant representations of the goose and the duck, the ostrich, the dove, and various other birds, but the cock does not appear until the Persian period. It may be added that in none of the Semitic languages have we an ancient name for cock, nor is there any word for the cock common to the Semitic languages. The cock originated in India, on the southern slope of the Himalayas, and, passing northward and westward, entered Asia Minor and Europe. The earliest notices of the bird in those regions carry us back perhaps to about 700 B. C., at least 1,500 years later than the period in which our author supposes the cock to have been a familiar article of food and sacrifice among the Sumerians. For reasons which it would take too long to discuss here, the cock did not, in fact, enter Babylonia until a much later date, circa 500 B. C., having been brought in by the Persians. It does not appear in Palestine before the Hellenistic period, nor in Egypt before the Roman.

These are, however, minor matters. This work is a welcome addition to our handbooks of archæology. It is the first systematic attempt to gather together, within a reasonable compass, the archæological material resulting from the excavations in Assyria and Babylonia. The author has done his work conscientiously, covering the life, the art, the industries, and the sciences, in fact, the whole field of the archæology of the Assyrians and Babylonians, with something beyond. It is abundantly illustrated and well published. We commend the book most heartily, as in general trustworthy, one which makes use soberly of the latest results of the excavations and of the latest interpretation of those results.

My Life at Sea. By Commander W. Caius Crutchley. New York: Brentano's. $2.75 net.

Under this title Commander Crutchley has written what he modestly calls "a yarn loosely spun for the purpose of holding together certain reminiscences of the transition period from sail to steam in the British mercantile marine (1863-1894)." The result is an absorbing narrative, told in a strong, nervous style, of the writer's experiences on many vessels and in many waters during thirty years of active seafaring. Shipping as an apprentice of fourteen years, on the sailing barque Alwynton, of 491 tons register, the author went from step to step in rank, passed with a pang of regret from the old sailing ship to the bridge of the steamer that was fast superseding her, and finally retired an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, a younger brother of Trinity House, and secretary of the Navy League.

The earlier chapters will perhaps appeal most to the ordinary reader for the pictures of life they give under conditions now almost obsolete. There is, for instance, an edifying account in chapter iv of difficulties with a rough and refractory crew, and the approved methods of discipline in vogue in those days may be gathered from the following excerpt:

> To make a long story short, there was only one more case of trouble during the voyage. I found it necessary on one occasion to stretch a man out, and the old man, who was looking on barefooted and dressed in his usual rig of shirt and trousers, kept up by one brace, quietly knocked a broom off the handle, and giving me the stick, observed. "Now, baste him until there isn't a whole 'bane' in his body."

But the whole book is eminently worth reading, and those who will may draw from it not a few morals applicable to modern instances. On ships that the author commanded, boat-drill, without advance warning to the crew, was a feature of the discipline, and "when boats were manned," we read, "they were always provisioned, for stores were kept in a portable state in order to facilitate this matter." His experience was that "boats could be provisioned and swung out ready for lowering in four minutes." Another interesting point is the author's belief in what he calls the "instinct" of a navigator, which he illustrates by an experience of his own, when, having stopped his ship altogether in dense fog, for no definite reason that he could assign, "when daylight came and the fog blew away we saw around us at various distances a dozen or fifteen big icebergs."

One of the *ancien régime*, the author, we are glad to note, puts in a plea for the good old title of "master," now rapidly falling into desuetude. "It is," he says, "a very fine designation and title, but to my mind carries with it the obligation to maintain its meaning. I was never particularly anxious to take the courtesy title of captain, which is commonly assumed on shore by those in charge of merchantmen. Mr. ———, master S. S. ———, looks quite well enough on a visiting card." Besides a forceful, vigorous style, Commander Crutchley has the knack of turning a happy phrase. One such we cannot forbear to quote before leaving this most fascinating volume. It concerns the author's last command, the Kaikoura, a fine vessel, which used canvas as auxiliary to her engines, and it seems to epitomize the transition period of which he writes, and the fond regret of an old-time seaman for the passing of sails: "The Kaikoura was as grateful for canvas as a thirsty man for drink, and revelled in the real sea dance." Not Kipling himself could improve on that.

Notes

The autumn publications of the Yale University Press include the following: "A Journey to Ohio in 1810, As recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight," edited by Max Farrand; "Colbert's West India Policy," by Stewart L. Mims; "Greek Refinements," by William Henry Goodyear; "The Yale Book of American Verse," edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury; "English Lyrical Poetry from its Origins to the Present Time," by Edward Bliss Reed; "Concordanza delle Rime di Francesco Petrarca," compiled by Kenneth McKenzie; "The Sensuous in Hebbel's Lyric Poetry," by Albert E. Gubelmann; "Yale University Library Catalogue of Early Printed Books Given to Y. U. Library in 1894 by William Loring Andrews"; "Index Verborum Catullianus," by Monroe Nichols Wetmore; "Stellar Motions with special reference to Motions Determined by Means of the Spectrograph," by William Wallace Campbell; "Some Problems of Genetics," by William Bateson; "The Relations of Education to Citizenship," by Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin; "The Meaning of God in Human Experience, a Philosophic Study of Religion," by William Ernest Hocking; "The Christian View of the World," by the late George J. Blewett, and "The Corporation Act of Connecticut," revised and annotated by Eliot Watrous.

The following books are to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co., September 21: "Less than Dust," by M. A. Hamilton; "Concerning Sally," by W. J. Hopkins; "The Seashore Book," by E. Boyd Smith; "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages," by S. Heath; "Lafcadio Hearn," by Edward Thomas; "The Task of Social Hygiene," by Havelock Ellis; "The Camp at Sea-Duck Cove," by E. H. Clark; "The Child's Day," by Woods Hutchinson; "The Teaching of English," by E. T. Campagnac.

"Teaching in School and College," a new book by Prof. W. L. Phelps, which Macmillans are publishing, is described as a practical and definite work with no scientific terminology. The same house issue this week the first three of their autumn novels, viz.: Albert Edward's "A Man's World," E. V. Lucas's "London Lavender," and an anonymous story entitled "My Love and I."

Volume I of the new edition of Garneau's History of Canada, revised and annotated by his grandson, Hector Garneau, is soon to be published in Paris by Félix Alcan.

The Century Co. announces September 24 as the day when they will issue Jack London's "Smoke Bellew," and Jean Webster's "Daddy-Long-Legs."

The publication of Roy Rolfe Gilson's "Legend of Saint Jerry" has been postponed by Doubleday, Page & Co. until next spring.

Harper & Brothers state that George Ade, who has returned to this country from Europe, has material for a new volume of Fables.

The University of Chicago Press announces the following titles as the most important on its autumn list: "The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties," by A. C. McLaughlin; "Questions on Shakespeare," by A. H. Tolman; "The Minister and the Boy," by Allan Hoben; "The Ethics of the Old Testament," by H. G. Mitchell; "American Poems," selected and edited by W. C. Bronson; "Old Testament Story: Teacher's Manual and Pupil's Notebook," by C. H. Corbett.

A new association has been formed in Chicago under the name of the Brothers of the Book, for the purpose of bringing out privately an occasional "worthy book." Their first publication is "The Links of Ancient Rome," by Payson Sibley Wild and Bert Leston Taylor.

Wilfrid M. Short, Mr. Balfour's private secretary, has made a collection of non-political addresses and writings from 1879 to 1912, which Longmans will publish under the title of "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker."

From Longmans is also to come "Cardinal Manning, and Other Essays," by J. E. C. Bodley.

John Murray is publishing a translation of Achille Luchaire's "Social France in the Time of Philip Augustus."

George Macaulay Trevelyan's "Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith" was first published in 1906, and did more than any other one book to give Meredith an outstanding place among the poets of the day. This volume is now issued by Scribners in a pocket edition.

An interesting "Book of English Essays" has been selected by Stanley V. Mackower and Basel H. Blackwell, and issued by Frowde in the World's Classics. The first author is Bacon; the last is Mary Coleridge, whom the reader will be a little surprised, but not displeased, to see included in this august assembly. Jefferies and Francis Thompson might have been omitted.

Baedeker's "Southern Italy and Sicily" (imported by Scribner) has reached a sixteenth edition. For its present form it has been fully revised, particularly that part of it which deals wtih Naples.

Prof. J. W. Mackail's "Life of William Morris," first published by Longmans in 1899, is now brought out by them in two volumes of their Pocket Library. It is unnecessary to say that this is the standard and authoritative, though somewhat disappointing, biography of the poet-artist.

"A Descriptive Catalogue of Manuscripts in the Libraries of the University of Chicago" will be a welcome bibliographical aid to scholars in various fields. The book is compiled by Edgar J. Goodspeed, with the assistance of Martin Sprengling, and is issued by the University Press.

The most recent volumes in the Oxford Library of Translations are the "Public Orations of Demosthenes" (Frowde), by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. Only the undisputed speeches, thirteen in number, are included. A copious introduction defends the life and actions of Demosthenes from his critics, short special introductions explain the circumstances under which the several speeches were delivered, and difficult questions are discussed in the notes which make up nearly half of the second volume. The translation is very close and accurate, but in excellent English style. The translator has endeavored to render the speeches into "such English as a political orator of the present day might use," although he admits "the necessity of retaining some of the modes of expression which are peculiar to Greek oratory." In this aim he is not successful, for the work is evidently a translation, not so much from the presence of the "modes of expression" referred to, as because of the fundamental difference between Greek and English sentence-structure.

"Sleep-Sniggle," a new double section of the Oxford English Dictionary (Frowde) by W. A. Craigie, owes little to the grandeur of Greece or the splendor of Rome. A large proportion of the words are of native origin, a considerable number are derived from the closely related Flemish, Dutch, and Low German languages, and several words of small reputation but of wide currency have come in recently from vulgar and obscure sources. The first recorded use of "slob" is in Young's "Tour," 1780, where it means Irish mud on the seashore; in 1815 the term is applied to a soft worm used in angling; the third sense, "a dull, slow, or untidy person," appears first in 1861; the Dictionary takes no account of its use in this country as an almost exact equivalent for the slang "mucker"—a person not merely dull and untidy, but rough and vicious. In 1812 "slum" went on record as a cant word for room, and in 1824 we read of "regaling . . . in the back parlor (*vulgo* slum) of an extremely low-bred Irish widow"; but the great wave of social reform rising in the final quarter of the nineteenth century catches up this bit of sporting slang and brings it into prominence as the designation of the places where the "other half" live. By 1870 Lowell can speak of the "slums and stews of the debauched brain"; between 1863 and 1890 the word enters freely into compounds, *e. g.*, "slum-literature," "slum-burrows," "slum-sister." The following quotation from the *Graphic*, 1893, curiously illustrates the effect of the literary exploitation of the slums: "The appearance of respectability . . . deprives him of the *glamour of* slumland."

Another word of obscure lineage, probably imitative in its origin, is "slump"; as a verb meaning to fall or sink into a bog or swamp it is found in the late seventeenth century; but as a substantive it is recorded first in the sense known on the Stock Exchange, Boston *Journal*, 1888: "There was another slump in oil on the Consolidated Exchange to-day"; the recent popularity of the word seems to reflect a general interest in high finance—*Westminster Budget*, 1896, "There is clearly no 'slump' in the matrimonial market." "Smart" as an adjective has thriven in English since the time of Wulfstan, 1023, but it is not represented in the cognate languages. Its sense-development is interesting, particularly in the later stages, when it is recognized as an Americanism: first we find a "smart" whip or a blow—one that causes pain; then a "smart" sorrow or wound; then "smart" words or style or, as in Fuller, "a smart jest, which would make the place both blush and bleed where it lighted": then a "smart" rain; a "smart" (steep) hill; then in English dialect "'a smart few' means a considerable number": Mrs. H. B. Stowe's "Dred," 1856, yields "I sold right smart of eggs des yere summer"; "smart" in the sense of clever or capable is found early in the seventeenth century, and in the eighteenth had the sanction of the *Tatler*; in the nineteenth century it passes for an Americanism, perhaps because the quality denoted by it is fixed upon as the salient feature of the American character—"The Opossum is held in great respect by the Yankees, as a particularly 'smart' animal." In 1888 Mr. Bryce writes: "In America every smart man is expected to be able to do anything he turns his hand to." Nowadays we suspect that "smart" is rather less in demand as a term of approbation for our first citizens. American humor, recognizing that there can easily be too much of a good thing, coined the word "smarty," employed by Mark Twain in 1880, to suggest what happens when the national virtue is run into the ground.

The proverbial love of the biographer appears in Charles E. Pearce's "The Beloved Princess" (Brentano's), an account of the brief life of Princess Charlotte of Wales, the lonely daughter of the dissolute Prince George and the much-wronged Caroline of Brunswick. There is indeed much in the span of her days—the harshness of her father, the seclusion from her mother, the turmoil of intrigue in which she was reared, the sad end of her ambition—to excite a lively sympathy. But it is hardly necessary on that account to cast upon the character and sufferings of her mother a jaundiced eye, especially as the conduct of the Prince Regent is viewed at close range without muttering. The biographer's other qualifications seem to be a long pair of shears and a large pot of paste, together with the modicum of industry requisite to bind the excerpts from some three-score of diaries and reminiscences into a connected account. By this simple means a volume of more than four hundred closely printed pages is filled with the gossip and scandal that diverted the hangers-on at court during the Regency.

Prof. P. J. Blok's "History of the Netherlands" is now completely within the reach of English readers. In its translated form (Putnam), the work occupies five volumes, for the first three of which Miss Ruth Putnam, as interpreter, is responsible, while for the last two her duties have been assumed by Oscar Bierstadt. Volume V is occupied with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the constitutional revision of 1887 being the last incident to receive detailed attention. During the progress of publication we have not failed to notice the successive instalments as they appeared, and there remains small need for further comment. Speaking at large, we may say that Professor Blok is learned, but not sprightly. This statement is less designed to disparage than to explain, and by way of supplement it should be stated that the inherent value of his narrative will repay those who are in search of something besides light literature. The author's preface, which is dated October, 1911, opens as follows:

> With this volume is completed a work which was begun by me more than twenty years back. I realize that it has not been practicable for me to maintain uniformly throughout the narrative the high standard of accomplishment in historical comprehensiveness and in literary form which in my youthful ardor it had been my hope to secure; but I may hope that my book may serve to add to the knowledge of the history of Dutch people, not only with my fellow-countrymen, but with the circles of English-speaking readers on both sides of the Atlantic, for whom this edition has been prepared.

Avoiding detail, our own last word must be that in point of scholarship Professor Blok's work is well done, while, for the rest, it is more likely to be classed among books of reference than among *belles lettres*.

In the compass of a pleasant volume of 537 pages Dr. Percy A. Hutchison has ably collected the best non-dramatic poetry of Great Britain. The general plan of the book may be indicated by noting that the period from Wordsworth to Hood is represented by about 110 pages devoted to thirteen poets, Wordsworth himself receiving twenty pages. For the most part, poems are printed without omission; in the case of Tennyson, for instance, the only poem represented by selections is "In Memoriam." It is scarcely worth remarking that one will examine the book in vain for certain favorite poems, and, on the other hand, will find in it bits of verse that seem superfluous; so much may be said of any anthology not of one's own making. Without serious exception Dr. Hutchison has exerted great discrimination, and he has wisely rejected everything in the nature of biographical outlines and notes, save a few footnote glosses on words. The text itself shows every evidence of scholarly care. The book bears the title: "British Poems from 'Canterbury Tales' to 'Recessional'" (Scribner).

In "The Contest for California" (Houghton Mifflin) E. R. Kennedy aims "to show how Col. E. D. Baker saved the Pacific States to the Union." The work is based partly upon the sources, which are used without discrimination, and partly upon the recollections of the author. Although Mr. Kennedy has a definite thesis in hand, the narrative takes the form of rambling reminiscences rather than that of closely reasoned argument. The book is not uninteresting reading, particularly the first part which describes conditions in California at the opening of the Civil War; but the danger of secession in California and Oregon is probably exaggerated, and the proof that Col. Baker prevented it consists largely in quoting from his speeches in the campaign of 1860, which we are told had a tremendous effect. In the reading, as a matter of fact, they sound rather tawdry, but they may well have had their effect for all that. One is inclined not to trust Mr. Kennedy's judgment in the matter, however, for he is very strongly prejudiced in Col. Baker's favor. For the rest, he is a fire-eating Northerner, unaware that it is no longer good form to wave the bloody shirt; he waves it, accordingly, not perhaps as a follower of Sherman would wish it waved by the political stump-speaker, but very much as such a one would wish it waved by the historian of the great war. "In all the history of fallacies—divine right of rascally kings, supremo right of majorities to oppress minorities, right of factions to murder, as in the French Revolution—there has never one appeared more pestiferous and fatal to its dupes than the centrifugal doctrine of 'State sovereignty.' . . . This virus, this political bubonic plague," etc.

Stephen Bonsal's "Edward Fitzgerald Beale" (Putnam) is the record of an adventurous life hardly to be paralleled outside of America. A grandson of the famous Commodore Truxton of Revolutionary fame, Beale, after some years of naval service, went to California, where he distinguished himself in the early military operations of the Mexican War. In company with Kit Carson, he carried to Washington the news of the battle of San Pasqual. Returning to California across the plains, he was among the first to see the importance of the gold discoveries, and himself carried the first gold to Washington. Repeated overland journeys followed, the most famous being that of 1853, in which he penetrated Utah and traversed the Mohave desert. Subsequently he surveyed a route for a wagon road from Zuni to California, and railroad routes in New Mexico and Colorado. For a short time he was superintendent of the western Indians, in which office his policy of fair dealing incurred the enmity of the whites and the opposition of the Buchanan Administration; and he later held the office of surveyor-general of California and Nevada. During Grant's second Administration he was for a year an acceptable minister to Austria. With the exception of his friend Kit Carson, hardly any man of importance was so closely identified with the early exploration of the West and the development of early transcontinental trade, and the record of his exciting experiences gives to Mr. Bonsal's pages many a touch of vivid personal interest.

The death is announced in Boston of Constant Désiré Despradelle. He was born in France in 1862, and was a pupil of the Beaux Arts. Since 1893 he had been professor of architectural design in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His work as architect was done chiefly as member of the firm of Codman & Despradelle.

Col. A. Louden Snowden, a well-known numismatist and diplomatist, has died in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy-five. He had served at one time as United States Minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia, and also to Spain. For a number of years he was connected with the Philadelphia Mint, for which he made a number of improvements in coining machinery.

Rev. Richard Sill Holmes of New York is dead, at the age of seventy. He was the editor of the *Westminster*, and had published three novels: "The Maid of Honor," "The Victor," and "The Outcome."

William Mailly, a Socialist writer of some influence, has died in his forty-first year. He was at one time managing editor of the New York *Call* and later associate editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

Science

POINCARE AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE.

By the death of Jules-Henri Poincaré the world has lost not only one of the really great mathematicians, but also a most interesting personality in modern scientific thought. His achievements in mathematics are too technical to be discussed here; their importance is really appreciated when we realize that he will rank as the successor of Laplace. But in the middle of his career, his interest apparently shifted to the more concrete problems of physics, and towards the end of his life he became fascinated by scientific criticism and philosophy. In spite of his greatness as a mathematician, it is this latest aspect of his work which appeals most strongly to the world at large.

His philosophical and critical attitude is interesting and, at the same time, baffling. It has been said by one of the keenest of physicists that Poincaré, like Socrates, was imbued with inquisitiveness and skepticism. It is this Socratic spirit which was, at the same time, a source of power and of weakness; for while it enabled him to appreciate the inadequacy of much of scientific theory and hypothesis, it perhaps prevented him from achieving any one great work of the imagination which stands out as peculiarly his own. At times it amounted almost to cynicism, as is illustrated by a remark he made while presiding over a scientic meeting. A paper had been read describing some complicated phenomena, and for a wonder no one had offered an electrical explanation of them. He remarked that it was very unusual for such an oversight to occur; but, no matter, by tomorrow probably forty different hypotheses would be advanced, all equally good. The man who estimates human ingenuity with such detachment is evidently lacking in that naïve power of seeing only one side of a question which is commonly characteristic of the creator of a philosophical system.

By temperament and by training, Poincaré belongs to the classic French school of mathematical physics. In mathematics and physics the French have always insisted on rigorous accuracy, combined with lucidity and finish. As a result their textbooks and treatises are models of clear and logical development. On the other hand, they are likely to give the erroneous impression that the subject has been fully developed and contains few inconsistencies. In the treatises of the great French physicists, such as Poisson, Ampère, or Poincaré, the hypothetical is reduced to a minimum. Starting with a few general principles, they derive laws and conclusions by rigorous mathematics, and such experimental facts as are given are generally those which fit into the plan of the work, while those which are obscure or irrelevant are omitted. For this reason, French physicists may fail in those intuitive flashes of genius shown by a Faraday, but they rarely obscure their meaning by attempting to explore side issues at the expense of the main thought, as Maxwell and Lord Kelvin so frequently did. The training and integrity of the French make it difficult for them to appreciate the more illogical methods of scientific development in favor in England and Germany.

This difference in method was especially true of the school of physics developed by the Victorian physicists. Led by Faraday, this band of great men sought to unify all the branches of physics, to wrest from nature her secrets by experiment, and to visualize the processes of nature by constructing mechanical models of atoms and ethers.

Faraday was undoubtedly the greatest master of experiment that has ever lived, and probably we shall never have again from a single mind such a series of profound discoveries as are contained in his electrical researches. But, having had no training as a mathematician, and having begun his career as a chemist, he was content, when it came to explaining his ideas of electricity, to image all space as filled with lines of force of the most materialistic sort, and he cared very little whether or not these lines were consistent with ordinary mechanical laws or mathematical analysis. Maxwell undertook the task of explaining Faraday's ideas on electricity and the ether in a more orthodox way, and of reducing his lines of force and ethereal stresses to a mechanical and mathematical form. In his "Treatise on Electricity" Maxwell produced a work of genius. He showed that the new idea of Faraday (that electrical energy was a stress in the space surrounding a charged body rather than an influence residing on its surface) led to the same conclusions as the postulate of action at a distance adopted by Poisson and Ampère. He developed the mathematical laws of lines of force; initiated the electro-magnetic theory of light; predicted the propagation of electro-magnetic energy through space, which has resulted in wireless telegraphy; and pointed out the importance of studying the passage of electricity through rarefied gases. But Maxwell unfortunately wrote with so little regard to form that it took much time and many commentators to unravel the perplexities of his book before his ideas became appreciated by Continental physicists.

The third of the great Victorian masters, Lord Kelvin, possessed the rare combination of great experimental insight with profound mathematical ability. He, too, was seldom content to rely on abstract formulæ, but usually illustrated them with a concrete model. Thus his study of Fourier's mathematical series resulted in a machine for measuring ocean tides, and he invented endless models of atoms and ethers to explain his theoretical work on the transmission of light. These three men impressed their methods so firmly on their followers that their influence still dominates the group of English physicists who are making the Cavendish Laboratory illustrious.

Poincaré, recognizing the importance of these new ideas, set himself the task of making his countrymen familiar with them. How deep the antipathy was in France is shown by a passage in his introduction to "Electricité et Optique": "The first time a French student opens Maxwell's book, a sense of uneasiness, and often of repugnance, is mingled with his admiration. And it is only after a prolonged effort that this feeling disappears. Some eminent minds preserve it always." One feels that this was Poincaré's own attitude at first, but he persevered until he became almost sympathetic with Maxwell's point of view. Some years later he wrote: "The English teach mechanics as an experimental science; on the Continent it is taught always more or less as a deductive and *à priori* science. The English are right, no doubt." He recognizes also the straightforward, almost naïve, character of the English mind in the way they build models of atoms out of sticks and strings; in their unquestioning acceptance of the anthropomorphic definitions of matter and force; and in their content with the most materialistic scientific hypotheses. Yet in spite of all this complacent self-content, or perhaps because of it, he sees that they progress steadily and achieve great results. But while Poincaré felt this, and even wished the English method to be cultivated in France, in order that time might not be wasted over fruitless accuracy, his more acute and skeptical mind fretted at English materialism. He examined one by one the postulates of science and found that not one of them had any real or necessary significance. Our environment is to him a riddle without solution, and all we can do is to choose certain appearances which for the time being seem necessary, or at least convenient.

He takes as his starting-point the belief that a mechanical explanation of all phenomena is the most satisfactory to our minds; then he shows that we can always find a mechanical explanation. But, and this is the significant fact to Poincaré, instead of only one mechanical explanation of any given phenomenon being possible, there are an indefinite number of others equally possible. And, as we are totally at a loss for a criterion to determine which is the actual method of nature, we adopt the hypothesis most convenient, add to it until it becomes cumbersome, and thereupon throw it aside for another.

By the time Poincaré has finished with our most cherished scientific theories there is precious little substance left them. Thus mass, instead of being the fundamental and tangible quality by which we recognize matter, becomes only a coefficient which it is useful to introduce into our calculations. As for energy, he is content to say that whatever new notions we may have in the future about the world, at least we shall always find something constant which we may call "energy."

It is pretty well known that half a century ago, men of science felt that their doctrines were destined to be the gospel of the future. Herbert Spencer may be cited as an extreme example of this belief, in his endeavor to unite into a comprehensive scientific philosophy all sorts of things quite irrelevant to science. Hypotheses were advanced which apparently combined all the forces of nature into a few simple types dominating our lives and our environment. To-day these hypotheses are either dead or moribund, and we are again groping for a clue in the midst of a great mass of new facts. We still have, to be sure, abundance of modern hypotheses, but they lack the broad sweep of those they displace; they are tentative, and generally so abstruse as to have little chance of abiding.

Poincaré seized the opportunity, when, in 1900, he delivered his address to the Congress of Physicists, to discuss the foundations of scientific knowledge and to state the new gospel of science. His address was masterly, keen, and searching; but it was a gospel of doubt rather than of conviction, and it leaves us with the feeling that, while we constantly learn new facts and subdue new forces, science has no certainty as a philosophical guide. Our pretty theories are destined to early oblivion, and it is better to indulge in them as little as may be. We make hypotheses and shall continue to make them, merely because we are prone to speculate.

All generalizations, according to Poincaré, are hypotheses. We have no criterion of truth to distinguish among them, or, to use Bacon's term, we can find no *experimentum crucis.* Hypotheses he divides into three classes according to their probability or reliability. First, there are those hypotheses which are natural and necessary, such as the conviction that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, or that the influence of very distant bodies is quite negligible. Secondly, there are indifferent hypotheses, such as the assumption of the real existence of atoms and an ether, or the characteristics assigned to light vibrations. These he calls indifferent because he thinks they are neither beneficial nor harmful to science. Since they cannot be verified by experiment, they are a sort of metaphorical language intended to give a picture rather of what might be than of what is. And thirdly, there are hypotheses which are real generalizations or laws. Examples of this class are Newton's law of gravitation ,and the law of the conservation of energy. These are subject to verification by observation, and though they may be only approximations, yet they have been tested in so many different ways as to carry general conviction of their truth.

This classification is unfortunate, for it tends to put all knowledge on about the same level of futility. His three classes of hypotheses differ not only in degree of probability but also in kind, and it would be better to give different names to the three classes than to qualify the same name. The first class is composed of our axioms; it includes those immediate generalizations which are so self-evident that we cannot conceive them to be false. The third class comprises those generalizations which have been tested and found to be true within the limits of our powers of observation. We should call them laws. They are so few in number and so simple in expression as not to confuse the mind. The second class really includes all *hypotheses*, strictly speaking. These may perhaps be indifferent, so long as we keep clearly in mind that they are merely fictions of the imagination. But

It is a little difficult to see why science should labor over indifferent things, and Poincaré himself brings this doubt out clearly when he writes that the existence of matter and of the ether are both hypotheses, only that of matter is necessary and will always be held, whereas that of the ether is indifferent and we shall some day abandon it as useless. The misfortune of these hypotheses is that they are useless, very numerous, very complex, and likely to impose finally on the mind the conviction that they are the realities rather than fictions. Naturally we are not condemning the use of the mathematical hypothesis of the average effect of small actions nor of the assumption of the existence of small parts of bodies, but we are convinced of the futility and harm in inventing mechanisms to portray the actions of these separately negligible parts. Either physicists lack the power of clear expression or else many of them see no essential difference in our ideas of matter and the ether. Indeed, modern physicists are writing treatises with the avowed purpose of proving that the ether is the reality and matter only its fictitious image.

However we may regard the effect of hypotheses on the trained men of science, there is little doubt that they do harm when they are taught to students who are learning a science. In most of our textbooks and treatises on theoretical physics as much (if not more) emphasis is placed on hypotheses as on laws and phenomena. Either the idea is given that the reality of the ether and of atoms is of the same kind as that of tangible bodies, or else the mind of the student is confused by abstruse explanations which he cannot understand. The educational purpose of a scientific training for the ordinary person is to inculcate accurate reasoning, and this confusion of fact and fiction, when both are taught as if they were subject to the same objective verification, instead of increasing such accuracy, really induces looseness of thought.

The attitude of Poincaré towards the modern theories of physics which attempt to reduce all forces to electrical action and to replace material atoms by systems of electrified particles, called electrons, is rather quizzical. Thus he says: "Scarcely fifteen years ago there was nothing more ridiculous, more naïvely old-fashioned, than the electric fluids of Coulomb. And now, verily, they have come to life again under the name of electrons. For in what way do these molecules, permanently electrified, differ from the electrified molecules of Coulomb?" Of all the modern theories he believes that of Lorentz to be the most satisfactory. By assuming that electrical forces are due to the force reactions of electrons, and that light is the result of the orbital motions of the same electrons, Lorentz has been able to include in a single whole all the optics and electrodynamics of moving bodies. Though his hypotheses are general and indifferent in themselves, the excellence of his theory lies in the fact that he refrains from attempting any description of the nature of electrons. Other theorists have perhaps arrived at the same conclusions as Lorentz, but they have attempted in addition to conceive a real electron and a real ether and have as usual failed. But Poincaré is convinced that even Lorentz's theory contains an insurmountable error, for his conclusions are opposed to Newton's law that action and reaction between bodies are equal and opposite. If that law is true, we must be able to find reactions between matter and some kind of an ether. This is just what Larmor attempted to do when he proposed the hypothesis that the electron, and therefore matter, was merely a kind of strain existing in the ether, and also Einstein when he makes of empty space a sort of infinite and universal reservoir of energy, useful in supplementing any shortcomings in the electron. Now Poincaré holds that all such attempts which drag in an ether must fail of experimental verification and be classed amongst indifferent hypotheses, since they neither advance nor retard science.

But perhaps too much attention has been given to the skeptical side of Poincaré. He maintained throughout his life the high purpose of advancing knowledge, and his profound work in mathematics, astronomy, and physics is a great heritage to the world. This sketch may fitly be concluded with his own hopeful words:

> Taking all things into account, we are advancing towards unity of knowledge; we may not have progressed so rapidly as was hoped fifty years ago, nor have we always kept to the correct path; but, in the end, we have gained much ground.

LOUIS T. MORE.

The "Handbook of Health" (Houghton Mifflin), by Woods Hutchinson, is a pleasing little book devoted in the main to personal hygiene, but with some reference to the problems of public health. The comparison of the human body to an automobile is one of the convenient exaggerations to be expected of an author who often seems almost to write around available illustrations. Some of the illustrations in this instance are not very pertinent to the subject, but in general the peculiarities of this facile writer are less in evidence in this book than in most of his writings. Dr. Hutchinson favors spouting fountains for public drinking places, and considers the chained cup dangerous. This is in accord with the prevailing sentiment concerning the individual drinking cup, a sentiment that quite overlooks or disregards the possible harm of discouraging the abundant drinking of water by making it difficult or expensive. It might be well to suggest that if both lips are kept inside the cup while drinking the danger of infection will be much reduced. We must protest that the peritoneum is not a cavity (p. 20), although a recent much-lauded medical dictionary does carelessly define it as a sac. The statement that the curd of milk is in large part made up of animal starch is unintelligible, unless the writer has misinterpreted the occurrence of glycocoll in the casein and supposed this substance to be the same thing as glycogen.

A convenient little hand-book, "Navigation for the Amateur," has been written by Capt. E. T. Morton (Outing Pub. Co.). It is designed to aid yachtsmen who wish to cruise and naturally does not attempt to discuss the science of navigation. Any one who has some knowledge of trigonometry and who follows the author's directions should be able to find his boat's position and lay a course.

James Weir's essay on "The Energy System of Matter" (Longmans) starts out with the good scientific belief that the triumphs of science have been in the realm of experiment and fact and not in speculation and faith, but in execution departs lamentably from that principle. The book is an attempt to outline, in simple fashion, a broad and general conception of the operation and interaction of matter and energy in natural phenomena. The reviewer has some claim to a knowledge of the subject treated, but he is compelled to admit that he cannot follow Mr. Weir. Perhaps it is advisable to do away with ethers and other media as they are matters of speculation; but if the author believes space to be a vacuum, he should not try to explain the transmission of energy. Not much is gained by stating that the attractive influence of gravitation appears as an inceptive agency in terrestrial as well as celestial phenomena. Until it can be made clear what his incepting and other occult agencies are, it is useless to try to understand the author's cosmic system.

"Heredity and Eugenics" (University of Chicago Press) may be heartily recommended to readers seeking, as beginners, to get in touch with the discussion of these subjects. The book contains nine chapters apparently representing this number of lectures given at the University of Chicago in the summer of 1911 by Castle, Coulter, C. B. Davenport, East, and Tower. The purpose of these lectures, as the secondary title explains, was to summarize "recent advances of knowledge in variation, heredity, and evolution, and its relation to plant, animal, and human improvement and welfare." The presentation of these questions was intended for a university audience rather than for the biologically trained, and in book form should be welcome and very helpful to the general reader. There is little that is strictly new; in fact, Castle and Davenport have drawn freely from their published books, and, as the lecturers were quite independent, there is naturally some overlapping of topics and some repetition, but not to such an extent as to cause confusion. In most of the lectures there is an admirable reserve, not to say skepticism, in the treatment of large questions which the public is often misled to regard as already and finally settled. The part of the book which treats of eugenics in the limited sense of the word, only about an eighth of the whole text, is the least satisfactory in this respect and otherwise, although the ardent eugenist is the very one who most needs to be taught skepticism and to remember how slight and shaky are the foundations on which they build that seek to extend to human breeding our knowledge of animals and plants. There is a fairly good index, in which we miss Rignano (p. 154), but a pronouncing glossary would be for many a welcome addition to a second edition. Misprints are few and not very misleading, but the "protein forms" of feeble-mindedness (p. 308) is a gem of the first water.

In "Forestry in New England" (John Wiley & Sons), R. C. Hawley and A. F. Hawes have produced a timely and useful book. When one considers that professional forestry in the United States is scarcely more than ten years old, the amount of technical information and facts of practice which these authors have been able to bring together is surprising. The book combines to an uncommon degree the functions of a handbook for the use of forest owners and a textbook adapted to the use of students. It is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with general forestry, the principles which underlie the growth and distribution of forests and their reproduction, improvement, protection, and measurement; and the second with the existing forests of New England—taken up by natural regions—their condition, peculiar problems, and most practicable management. In the development of these topics, the authors have sifted and put into convenient form most of the State, Government, and periodical literature that has been published. By this service alone they will have earned the gratitude of all inquiring laymen, especially such as have found the "scientific pamphlet" too often unenlightening or "out of print." To the forester, however, even more than the forest owner, the book will be most significant in its practical application of the technical knowledge at present available to the management of definite types of forest in specified regions. Hitherto, much of the material published on American forestry has been, of necessity, either general in character or in the nature more of scientific information than of the methods and practice to be based upon it. In the investigation and proper handling of our forests much the greater part remains to be done, and from now on the need will be more and more for expert solution of concrete problems in management. In the systematic presentation of real progress in this direction, "Forestry in New England" is a welcome pioneer.

The first volume of "Bacteria in Relation to Plant Diseases" (Carnegie Institution), by Erwin F. Smith, gave exact directions, with full illustrations, regarding the methods of investigating the author's subject. The same attention to minutiæ is apparent in the second volume, which has just appeared, and the difficulties which confront an observer in this field are as boldly met. There are few branches of scientific activity in which changes in method and in interpretation have taken place more rapidly than in that of bacteriology. It must have been extremely difficult to cut one's way through the tangles as well as Professor Smith has done. A moment's reflection will show that the task of coördination in bacteriology is discouraging. In the first place, no two observers can have at their command exactly the same living specimens of the organisms under investigation, and hence slight differences in appearance must naturally give rise to different conclusions. It is almost hopeless to try to straighten out the terminology and nomenclature in the midst of such confusion. But Professor Smith has made the attempt with measurably good results. He has given to students a textbook of the highest order which will also be of immense use in further study. In reading the pages given to the ways in which bacteria are introduced, one might readily conclude that no plant could possibly escape infection. The water-proof film covering the greater part of all young parts offers a strong defence, but has countless vulnerable points. And even in the firmer, cork-like protection of older organs, there may be places for invasion. The controversy which has arisen over the method of invasion is much simplified by the author's investigation.

One of the most interesting parts of the volume is that which is devoted to the bacteria-producing nodules upon the roots of many of the pulse plants. It is bewildering to think that this subject has grown to such enormous dimensions both in its literature and in its practical applications that it forms to-day a department of study by itself. For these nodules are the seat of an activity which is distinctly beneficial to the plant, enabling the organism to appropriate the free nitrogen of the soil, and they serve to bind together the topic of plant disease and the large question of soil-inoculation. The author's excellent review of the matter is based upon an examination of more than two hundred and fifty works cited in the bibliography, though the subject is exceedingly recent in all of its aspects. The exhaustive study of the "wilt" of the gourd-like plants, covering about ninety pages, has also been well chosen as an example of wide bearings. The illustrations, which have been carefully selected and well executed, have the distinction of not requiring much explanation by text. Owing to these features and to its capital index, the book will prove a comfortable one to work with in the laboratory, and attractive for the general reader who desires to know something about the rapid development in a comparatively new and important field.

Dr. W. J. McGee, the eminent anthropologist, geologist, and hydrologist, died recently in Washington, at the age of fifty-nine. He was the author of many scientific articles, and edited the anthropological department of the International Encyclopædia. The titles of his books are as follows: "Pleistocene History of Northeastern Iowa," "Geology of Chesapeake Bay," "The Lafayette Formation," "The Potable Waters of Eastern U. S.", "The Siouan Indians," "Primitive Trephining in Peru," "The Seri Indians," "Primitive Numbers," and "Outlines of Hydrology."

From London comes the report of the death of Clinton Thomas Dent, at the age of sixty-one. He was vice-president of the College of Surgeons, senior surgeon of St. George's Hospital, and chief surgeon of the Metropolitan police force. He published, besides numerous Alpine and medical writings, two books: "Above the Snow Line" and, in the Badminton Library, "Mountaineering."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, English journalist and lecturer on physiological and health topics, is dead in his sixtieth year. His publications include: "Studies in Life and Sense," "Leisure Time Studies," "Science Stories," "A Manual of Health Science," "Chapters on Evolution," "Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book," "Common Accidents and How to Treat Them," "Wild Animals," "Elements of Zoölogy," "Student's Guide to Zoölogy," "Brain and Nerve," and "The Modern Physician."

Drama and Music

Festivals and Plays. By Percival Chubb and Associates. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Folk Festivals. By Mary Master Needham. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Pageants and Pageantry. By Esther Willard Bates, with an Introduction by William Orr. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.

The Festival Book. By Jennette E. C. Lincoln. New York: The A. S. Barnes Co. $1.50 net.

The lately developed penchant for revivals, a tendency characteristic of an age of sophistication, has called forth a whole literature devoted to the topic, of which the four books mentioned above are, each in its way, excellent examples. England started the craze for pageants, and this country has, with customary enthusiasm, gone England one better, till no city of the Middle West, boasting a record of a half-century of busy progress, can feel quite satisfied with its civic enterprise if it has not asserted itself visibly through the medium of an historical pageant.

Along with this desire to celebrate civic and national progress through the spectacular of the pageant, has come a general harking back to the forms and symbolisms, the celebrations and festivals, that were part of the daily life of an earlier, less sophisticated people. In particular, efforts have been made, as by the writers of these books, to include the presentation of such old-time festivals in the normal curriculum of schools. In "Festivals and Plays" the case has been argued with conspicuous ability by Percival Chubb and his associates in the Ethical Culture School of New York. Mrs. Mary Master Needham advances a similar plea, less academically put, in her interesting and instructive little book, "Folk Festivals"; "Pageants and Pageantry" and "The Festival Book" (the former with a helpful introduction and a chapter on Making a Pageant) are practical expositions, giving specimen pageants and folk festivals, of the same argument.

In all of these books is noticeable

an earnestness of purpose and a whole-souled enthusiasm for the subject which commands respect; and it is in no spirit of carping criticism that we inquire whether the enthusiasm may not be misdirected. Is it possible to revive in this age the spirit, for instance, of the old May-day festival? And if the spirit cannot be revived, is it desirable to revive the form? The first of these questions seems to be answered by the mere fact that the themes and conduct of the festivals have to be taught. It seems to us that the very essence of May-day, Christmas, Twelfth Night, and kindred celebrations is their spontaneity. They were evolved naturally, without effort, out of the traditions of a simple folk, who celebrated them because they really wanted to do so. They were the spontaneous expression of what people felt, and when people ceased to feel that way, as they began to do in England early in the last century, they very sensibly ceased to celebrate them. Now, in an age in which the conditions of living are as far removed as the poles from the traditions of May-day, an age which, for good or evil, is extraordinarily complex in its emotions, we are bringing out the May-pole from the lumber-room of memory, and teaching people the forgotten steps of the morris dance.

Our doubts as to the utility of this procedure are on the grounds that tradition is a growth which cannot be artificially fostered, and we suspect that the new-born enthusiasm for "revivals" in this country is in part attributable to our unique position among the nations of the world. With full knowledge of the traditions of other peoples, and justly claiming as part of our own heritage a share in those of the old countries from which we originally sprang, we yet have but few that can be claimed as essentially American. We are impatient to claim a birthright of tradition before the centuries have awarded us one, and we seek to stimulate what can only be a natural growth by artificial means. A man can buy a house furnished with portraits of ancestors already hanging on the walls; but he cannot make them *his* ancestors. So we may adopt the traditions and festivals of every European country that contributes to our population; but we cannot make them our own American traditions. It may be pleaded that borrowed traditions are better than no traditions at all, and Rome may be cited as an instance of a people who found no difficulty in assimilating both traditions and deities of foreign origin; but in our case we are appropriating festivals which, for the most part, the original European users have already discarded as incompatible with the complex emotions of modern life. Were there any doubt as to the artificial nature of these celebrations, it would be dispelled by Mr. Chubb himself, who tells us that the Ethical Culture School "was induced to organize a Normal Course in Festival Methods."

Another field of speculation opened up by the theme of these books is too wide to be fully discussed there; but it is at least an open question whether these festivals and pageants, as a part of the curriculum of schools, have the educational value that is claimed for them. That joyousness can be learned by rote we do not believe. That historical pageants have a certain value in elucidating and making interesting the facts of history we are ready to grant. But as a recognized part of an educational regimen we are inclined to doubt the efficacy of pageantry. The modern tendency in education is to make all learning as unlaborious as possible to the pupil, and, while this represents a very wholesome reaction against the old-fashioned mechanical grind of Latin and Greek grammar, there is the danger lest it may be carried too far. Education is properly not so much the acquiring of information as the disciplining of the mind so that it may be ready to receive information and coördinate it into knowledge. While the rehearsal of a pageant or a festival may be a very delightful exercise for boy or girl, and may impress certain facts of history or of folk-lore upon the intelligence, it is very doubtful whether, as an instrument of education in the broader sense, it compensates for the interruption involved to more serious, if less attractive, studies.

We have elected to treat of the subject generally rather than to give an extended review of the books under notice. In justice to the several authors we must add that, given their point of view, the volumes they have produced are both interesting and helpful to an appreciation of pageantry and folk festivals.

On September 21 Houghton Mifflin Co., will bring out "J. M. Synge: and the Irish Dramatic Movement," by Francis Bickley.

The probability is that "Discovering America," a modern play in four acts, by Edward Knoblauch, produced at Daly's Theatre, is a juvenile effort. At any rate it is vastly inferior in design and execution to the pieces which have given him a prominent place among contemporary dramatists. But it is founded upon an idea which might have been put to excellent dramatic purpose. He proposed, presumably, to illustrate the superior power of the eager, competitive, materialistic life of the New World to bring out the finest qualities of manhood, as compared with the more luxurious and lethargic influences of decadent European civilization. Unfortunately the illustration which he offers in no way proves his case. His hero is a rich young American, who has passed so many years in Rome as an artistic connoisseur that he has become entirely denationalized and lost all ambition and energy. He worships a lovely and angelic Princess—a sorely abused wife—and is about to elope with her when he is overtaken by ruin and forced to return to the America which he despises. After swearing eternal fidelity to the Princess he starts for New York, and then promptly falls in love with a pretty orphan, Ruth Dix, whose sole possession is a wonderful machine for sewing on buttons. He enters into partnership with her, makes a fortune in no time, and is about to marry her when the Princess, now a happy widow, arrives to claim his hand. Thereupon he informs the astonished Ruth that he must at once return to Italy. Again in Rome, he discovers that he cannot be married without a dispensation and, before this can be secured he bitterly reproaches the Princess, who has sacrificed everything for him, with having taken from him everything that was worth living for. For him Ruth is now the ideal woman and business achievement the one source of felicity. He rhapsodizes over the American institutions which he had formerly affected to despise. From any manly point of view his conduct is indefensible. In the end Ruth appears to claim him—much as the Princess had done before—and the latter, after threatening suicide, resigns him to enter a convent. The disingenuous behavior of the reconstructed American wholly discredits the philosophy which he enunciates, and makes him completely unsympathetic. Thus the piece defeats its own object. The representation was chiefly notable for an admirably sincere, graceful, and refined performance of the Princess by Miriam Clements.

It is only by the deftness of its construction that Sir Arthur Pinero's latest comedy, "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" commends itself to special admiration. There can be no question of the skill with which the story is told, and the different personages are introduced and handled, but the tale itself is conventional and insignificant, while the personages are neither new nor important. As a representation of the every-day life and association of a popular female musical comedy star it is probably fairly veracious. Sir Arthur knows as much on the subject as most men, and his character studies closely resemble those of other dramatists. The two acts which he devotes to a portrayal of theatrical friendships, manners, and morals offer nothing fresh, entertaining, or inspiring. Such truths as they reflect are familiar but not funny. But in the third act, where the heroine recites her own history, in order to dampen the ardor of the silly young Viscount, who is courting her, and turns upon the affianced lover, who has compromised her by his suspicions, only to pardon him and to repledge him her troth, the complication is as dramatic as it is ingenious and effective. In this scene the playwright reveals his old power of invention and eloquence. But unfortunately, this act, which leads up to an effective crisis, is followed by a purely conventional ending, which effectually demolishes any moral which he might have been supposed to have in mind. It is plain that the piece is merely a commercial experiment with glimpses of stage life as its main attraction. In the part of Lily Parradell, the heroine, Miss Billie Burke does very well, although the emotional requirements of the third act are beyond her powers. The general representation is smooth, but never brilliant.

A society bearing the name "The Association for the Promotion of English Singing" has been formed in London.

Eugen D'Albert's new opera, "Chains of Love," will have its first performance in Dresden.

The Portuguese composer, August Machado, has completed a new comic operetta, which is to have its first performance at the Trinidad Theatre in Lisbon. Its title is "The Princess on Her Travels."

Siegfried Wagner has decided to leave to others next year the privilege of celebrating the centenary of his father's birth. He will have no Bayreuth Festival next summer, as he believes that speeches, prologues, and that sort of thing do not fit into the Bayreuth programme. Just why, it is difficult to see, since Richard Wagner included such things in his festival schemes in 1876 and 1882.

Massenet's new opera, "Don Quixote," had no fewer than sixty-eight performances at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris last season. At the Opéra Comique, also, he headed the list, with forty-nine performances of "Manon," while his "Werther" was sung thirty-two times. He is the most popular French opera composer of the day. Bizet's "Carmen," as a matter of course, ran him a close race, with forty-five performances, but "Faust," at the Grand Opéra, was sung only twenty-five times. Saint-Saëns occupied a prominent place, with seventeen performances of his "Samson et Dalila," eight of "Déjanire," and ten of "The Ancestor." Wagner's "Meistersinger" was sung ten times at the Opéra, while the Comique revived "The Flying Dutchman," giving it seventeen times. Of operettas, Léhar's "Merry Widow" was in the lead, with 160 performances. A full account of the season has been printed in the "Almanach des Spectacles" of Albert Soubies.

Bruckner is evidently gaining in popularity in Germany. All of his symphonies are to be issued in full score in the miniature edition of Eulenburg, which students and concert-goers have found so useful. Other numbers to be added to this edition presently are Liszt's "Dance of Death," for orchestra and piano (Siloti's edition), and two of Dvorák's chamber works, a quartet and a quintet.

Londoners are justly proud of their "Proms," as the promenade concerts are called. These concerts, the *Telegraph* informs us, are "among the few, the very few, at which you will witness anything like real musical enthusiasm on the part of the paying public." Sir Henry Wood conducts nearly all the promenade concerts. On his programmes for the present summer and autumn season, Wagner's name appears 109 times, that of Beethoven 39, Mozart 28, Tchaikovsky 26, Saint-Saëns 18, Bach 16, Liszt 14, Brahms 14, Weber 13, Elgar, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and Dvorák 12 each, Handel 10. British composers are not neglected; they supply above 12 per cent. of the music. And all this music, classical and popular, can be heard at about 8 cents a night for "Promenaders," 24 cents for seatholders in the balcony, and 36 cents in the grand circle, where the seats are numbered and reserved. All season tickets, moreover, are transferable.

Helen Keller, though deaf as well as dumb and blind, has repeatedly written that she is able to enjoy music by standing close to a piano and putting one hand on it. Several psychologists have expressed the opinion that she deludes herself, and that she cannot possibly be impressed by music in a definite manner. Prof. W. Stern, of the University of Breslau, made up his mind to study the problem personally, so he paid Miss Keller a visit, the result of which he relates in the current *Zeitschrift für angewandte Psychologie*. He sat down and played the piano, while she leaned with her body against it and also placed one hand flat on the lid. First, he played a simple melody in four-four measure, the rhythm of which he specially accentuated. Miss Keller soon began with her other hand to beat time, on the whole correctly, and when the piece was ended she called it a "soldiers' march."

The professor then played Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz, which visibly agitated her; her whole body began to vibrate and sway while her facial expression also indicated enjoyment in an unmistakable manner. This piece was pronounced a "country dance." Chopin's funeral march she called a "lullaby," which was not so inappropriate, the professor remarks, as it might seem, for, as a whole, this piece is less tragic than elegiac and sentimental. Miss Keller was also able to tell when a very high or a very low key was touched, and she recognized a trill promptly.

Finance

WALL STREET AND THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

People who watch the Stock Exchange, to determine the drift of financial opinion on either the industrial or the political situation, are getting no great light. In news from the industrial field, we have had within a week the announcement that August's iron production has broken all records for the month; that advance orders on the Steel Trust's books are the largest since 1907; that the corn, oats, and spring wheat crops, according to the Government's monthly estimate, will surpass all previous records in their yield, and that the volume of actual merchandise traffic has already grown so great that by this time every available railway freight car in the country is in use. In politics, following the Vermont election, we have had the vote of Maine for Governor, in which the Republican plurality was the smallest cast in a Presidential year since 1880. But the Stock Exchange hardly stirred. It moved, in the day or two after the returns came in, like one who has been roused from sleep, who lifts his head and listens for an instant, and who then turns over and drops off again.

Now, to observers who count on the stock market as a commentator on the developments of the day, this is clearly disappointing. People who scan the financial columns of their afternoon paper to see how the day's news is "reflected," and who learn that prices are just about where they were yesterday, a week ago, a month ago, are in much the same mood as people who look anxiously for the time, and discover that the clock had stopped several hours before.

When it was asked by people outside of Wall Street, after the Vermont election news had been digested, How will the stock market like the news? the market itself gave no intelligible response. The meaning of the news was plain enough. In so far as it meant anything, it meant a Democratic victory in November—on that point every experienced political expert agreed, though by no means all of them admitted that Vermont's forecast is conclusive. But the very fact of the Stock Exchange's inertia over the Vermont returns, followed by similar inertia over this week's news from Maine, brought another question forward—What result on Tuesday, November 5, would really best please Wall Street?

Now, a good deal has been said in the press and on the stump, especially during the clamorous campaign for the primary election, regarding "Wall Street's plans" and "Wall Street candidates." Any aspirant for the nomination who was even suspected of speaking civilly to Wall Street people was held up to execration. Wall Street was trying to elect its own President; very well then, voters and delegates must watch to see whom it wanted, and then must choose the other candidate.

But which Presidential candidate does Wall Street wish to see elected—the real Wall Street, not the dime-novel Wall Street of agrarian orators and political conventions? Whose election, out of the three formal nominees now in the field, would give most pleasure to this larger Wall Street? If one could answer that question accurately, he might conceivably throw some light on the state of the Stock Exchange.

There is a common impression that Wall Street is for Taft. As an alternative, it may have been so and in a measure possibly still is—though certainly not because of favors past or to come; for of all grotesque political imaginings, that is the most grotesque to any one who recalls the agonized denunciation of the President by the Stock Exchange when the Steel Trust prosecution was instituted, just ten months ago. It probably accepted Mr. Taft's renomination resignedly, on the general ground of maintenance of existing institutions; for Wall Street is not fond of sweeping innovations. Gov. Wilson's candidacy it has looked upon much as other people of a conservative turn of mind have done—admiring his career in the New Jersey Governorship, greatly disliking the Norfolk speech of a year ago, in regard both to manner and to matter of its remarks on initiative, referendum, and recall, but finding itself decidedly reassured by the statesmanlike tone of his acceptance speech.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, Wall Street has passed through as many phases of opinion as the rest of the community has done. It was ready to march in his processions in 1904; bought stocks on his election; pooh-poohed the absurd title of the "Roosevelt panic"; put up the market a bit on the Return from Africa; began to talk of him as a "safe Wall Street candidate" when his renomination was suggested, and even lent him one of its own favorite speculative promoters to underwrite the Third Party venture. But Wall Street is, after all, very human. It is not exactly the insensate machine that La Follette and other Western philosophers imagine; and it was quite unmistakably resentment at Roosevelt's conduct towards Taft in the primary campaign, irritation at his pose as the infallible higher critic of the Constitution, the courts, and the social order, and weariness over his party's reiterated promise to "bring about a new era in our national life and insure prosperity for all," which settled the attitude of Wall Street.

So that, possibly, Wall Street is still in a more or less formative stage of opinion regarding what it would like to have happen in November. Ideas and impressions of this sort are apt to enter on new phases before election day, and both Wall Street and the stock market may possibly present a different aspect in the matter, at some time during the next eight weeks. Sometimes it seems to require one of those mysterious and inscrutable "election scares" to start the wheels of the market moving. Sometimes even a "crop scare" serves the purpose of putting an end to absolute inertia. But Nature has been in a most extraordinarily good humor with the American people in the harvest season of 1912.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amsden, D., and Happer, J. S. The Heritage of Hiroshige: A Glimpse at Japanese Landscape Art. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Battersby, H. F. P. The Last Resort. Lane. $1.25 net.

Bindloss, Harold. The Long Portage. Second edition. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Bosworth, G. F. East London; West London. (Cambridge County Geographies.) Putnam. 75 cents net, each.

Breasted, J. H. Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Browning: A Selection of Poems (1835-1864). Edited by W. T. Young. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Bryan, G. S. Poems of Country Life: A Modern Anthology. Sturgis & Walton.

Buchan, John. The Moon Endureth: Tales and Fancies. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

Burnett, F. H. My Robin. Stokes.

Butler, N. M. The International Mind. Scribner. 75 cents net.

Chadwick, H. M. The Heroic Age. Putnam. $4 net.

Chaucer, Daniel. The New Humpty-Dumpty. Lane. $1.25 net.

Claretie, Léo. La Roumanie intellectuelle. Paris: E. Sansot et Cie.

Davis. R. H. The Red Cross Girl. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Dinsmore, J. W. The Training of Children: A Book for Young Teachers. American Book Co. $1.

Drever, James. Greek Education. Putnam. 65 cents net.

Eucken, Rudolf. Main Currents of Modern Thought. Translated by M. Booth. Scribner. $4 net.

Fleming, W. L. General Sherman as College President. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co. $5 net.

Gerrish, C. M., and Cunningham, M. Practical English Composition. Boston: Heath.

Gregson, M. M. The Story of Our Trees. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Hall, T. C. Historical Setting of the Early Gospel. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.

Harraden, Beatrice. Out of the Wreck I Rise. Stokes. $1.35 net.

Hart, C. A., and Feldman, D.D. Plane and Solid Geometry. American Book Co. $1.25.

Hewison, J. K. Dumfriesshire. (Cambridge County Geographies.) Putnam. 45 cents net.

International Critical Commentary: Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Jonah, by H. G. Mitchell, J. M. P. Smith, and J. A. Bewer. Scribner. $3 net.

Jordan, D. S. Unseen Empire. Boston: American Unitarian Ass'n. $1.25 net.

Kenilworth, W. W. A Study of Oscar Wilde. Fenno. 50 cents net.

Knight, S. S. What Makes Life Worth Living. Fenno. $1 net.

Lang, Andrew. History of English Literature. Longmans.

Metlake, George. Ketteler's Social Reform. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.50.

Mordaunt, Elenor. The Cost of It. Sturgis & Walton. $1.35 net.

Nutting, H. C. A First Latin Reader. American Book Co. 60 cents.

O'Connor, R. F. His Grey Eminence. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.

Osborne, Duffield. Engraved Gems. Holt. $6 net.

Peterson, M. H. The Sanctuary. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25 net.

Phillpotts, Eden. The Iscariot. Lane. $1 net.

Phillpotts, Eden. The Lovers. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.35 net.

Pratt, S. S. The Work of Wall Street. New edition. D. Appleton. $1.75 net.

Revere, M. P. The Bride's Hero. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Scribner. F. K. The Secret of Frontellac. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.

Sickels, D. B. Flowers from the Wayside. Paterson, N. J.: George Layton.

Sidgwick, Ethel. Herself; Promise; Le Gentleman. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net; $1.35 net; $1.25 net.

Soyer, Nicholas. Soyer's Standard Cookery. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

Terhune, A. P. The Woman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Train, Arthur. Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra. Scribner. $1.75 net.

Waffle, A. E. If Christ Were King. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.

Way, T. R. Memories of James McNeill Whistler. Lane. $3 net.

Wiehr, Josef. Graded Exercises in German Prose Composition. Frowde.

Young, C. E. Dangers of the Trail in 1865. Geneva, N. Y.: The Author.

Young, F. E. M. Grit Lawless. Lane. $1.25 net.

Bergson's Creative Evolution

8th printing. $2.50 net.

"Destined to mark an epoch in the history of modern thought."—John Burroughs in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33 St. New York

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

FIRE! In order to clear out entirely the remainder of my $7.00 "Dictionary of 28,015 Operas," I will ship, C. O. D., lots of not less than TEN guaranteed PERFECT copies thereof at the rate of $1.25 each. Address JOHN TOWERS, Musical Art Building, Boyle and Olive Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

G. STANLEY HALL'S
The GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
G. STANLEY HALL, Ph.D., LL.D.

This is the only ordered and comprehensive epitome of G. Stanley Hall's educational philosophy—the essence of many volumes, and written with President Hall's sanction. It summarizes the advanced educational movement, and the ideas it assembles constitute the most important contribution of all time to education. An invaluable book for every teacher, for normal schools, and for libraries. (12*mo.* $1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.63.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

SOUTH AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY

Being an Introduction to the Archæology of the South American Continent with Special Reference to the Early History of Peru

By T. Athol Joyce

Assistant of the British Museum; Hon. Secretary of the Royal Anthropological Institute

Fully illustrated with tracings of contemporary inscriptions, etc., and photographs of remains, etc. Large 8vo. $3.50 *net. By mail,* $3.70.

This volume traverses a field which is still virgin so far as any authoritative and connected survey of the entire subject is concerned. Prescott's immortal volumes serve only to whet the appetite of the reader. Mr. Joyce shows how Peru, although infinitely supreme, does not, in point of archæological interest, stand alone in the Continent of which geographically it forms so small a part. The book throws light on the daily life and occupations, the burial customs and religions of the indigenous people of South America.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

JOHN WILEY & SONS

43 and 45 East 19th St., New York City

London: CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd.
Montreal, Canada: RENOUF PUB. CO.

Index of Mining Engineering Literature

Comprising an Index of Mining, Metallurgical, Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering Subjects as Related to Mining Engineering, also Costs of Mining and Metallurgical Operations, etc. Volume 2. By WALTER R. CRANE, Ph.D., Dean of the School of Mines, and Professor of Mining, The Pennsylvania State College. 8vo, xiii+445 pages. Cloth, $3.00 net. Morocco, $4.00 net.

Elements of Drawing

By GEORGE F. BLESSING, Ph.D., Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Swarthmore College, and LEWIS A. DARLING, Engineering Department, Remy Electric Co., formerly Assistant Professor of Machine Design, Sibley College, Cornell University. 8vo, xviii+193 pages, 151 figures. Cloth, $1.50 net.

The Measurement of Induction Shocks

A Manual for the Quantitative Use of Faradic Stimuli. By ERNEST G. MARTIN, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Physiology in the Harvard Medical School. 12mo, vii+117 pages, illustrated. Cloth, $1.25 net.

Propellers

By CECIL H. PEABODY, Professor of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. 8vo, iii+132 pages, 29 figures. Cloth, $1.25 net.

Dana's Manual of Mineralogy

For the Student of Elementary Mineralogy. The Mining Engineer, The Geologist, The Prospector, The Collector, etc. Thirteenth Edition, Entirely Revised and Rewitten. By WILLIAM E. FORD. 12mo. viii+460 pages, 357 figures, and 10 plates. Cloth, $2.00 net.

Strength of Materials

A Text Book for Secondary Technical Schools. Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By MANSFIELD MERRIMAN. Member of International Association for Testing Materials. 12mo, Cloth, 54 cuts, vi+169 pages. $1.00 net.

A Laboratory Manual of Inorganic Chemistry

By JOHN B. EKELEY, Ph.D., Sc.D., Professor of Chemistry, University of Colorado. To Accompany a Text Book of Inorganic Chemistry. By A. F. HOLLEMAN, Ph.D., F.R.A.Amst., Professor Ordinarius of Chemistry, University of Amsterdam. 12mo, viii+128 pages, 46 figures. Cloth, $1.00 net.

Electrical Injuries

Their Causation, Prevention and Treatment. Designed for the use of Practical Electrical Men. By CHARLES A. LAUFFER, A.M., M.D., Medical Director, Relief Department, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., East Pittsburgh, Pa. 16mo, vi+77 pages. Cloth, 50 cents net.

Laboratory Manual for the Use of Students in Testing Materials of Construction

By L. A. WATERBURY, C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering, University of Arizona. 12mo, ix+270 pages, illustrated. Cloth, $1.50 net.

Handbook of Sugar Analysis

A Practical and Descriptive Treatise for Use in Research, Technical and Control Laboratories. By C. A. BROWNE, Ph.D., Chemist in Charge of the New York Sugar Laboratory, Formerly Chief of the Sugar Laboratory, U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, D. C. 8vo, 977 pages, 200 figures. Cloth, $6.00 net.

Sugar Tables for Laboratory Use

Reprinted from the Hand Book. 8vo, 110 pages. Cloth, $1.25 net.

General Chemistry of the Enzymes

By HANS EULER, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Stockholm. Translated from the Revised and Enlarged German Edition. By THOMAS H. POPE. 8vo, ix+323 pages. Cloth, $3.00 net.

Domestic Water Supplies for the Farm

By MYRON L. FULLER, S.B., Specialist on Underground Water Supplies, Formerly in Charge of Underground Waters in Eastern United States for U. S. Geological Survey, Author of "Underground Waters in the Eastern United States," etc. 8vo, x+180 pages, 65 figures. Cloth, $1.50 net.

Enzymes

By OTTO COHNHEIM, A.O., Professor of Physiology, Heidelberg. Six Lectures delivered under the Herter Lectureship Foundation at the University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College. 12mo, viii+173 pages. Cloth, $1.50 net.

Engineering for Land Drainage

A Manual for the Reclamation of Lands Injured by Water. Second Edition, Rewritten and Enlarged. By CHARLES GLEASON ELLIOTT, C.E., Chief of Drainage Investigations, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Member American Society of Civil Engineers; Author of "Practical Farm Drainage." 12mo, xvi+339 pages, 60 figures. Cloth, $2.00 net.

Identification of the Economic Woods of the United States

Including a Discussion of the Structural and Physical Properties of Wood. By SAMUEL J. RECORD, M.A., M.F., Assistant Professor of Forest Products, Yale University. 8vo, vii+117 pages, illustrated with figures in the text, and 7 full-page half-tone plates. Cloth, $1.25 net.

Fire Prevention and Fire Protection as Applied to Building Construction

A Handbook of Theory and Practice. By JOSEPH KENDALL FREITAG, B.S., C. E., Associate Member American Society Civil Engineers, Sub. Member National Fire Protection Association. Sub. Member British Fire Prevention Committee. 16mo, viii+1,038 pages; 395 figures, including line and half-tone cuts. Morocco, $4.00 net.

Text Book on Highway Engineering

By ARTHUR H. BLANCHARD, C.E., A.M., Professor of Highway Engineering in Columbia University, and HENRY B. DROWNE, C.E., Instructor in Highway Engineering in Columbia University. 8vo. Cloth. (Fall.)

Structural Details of Hip and Valley Rafters

Methods of Calculation, and Directions for Making Working Drawings. By CARLTON THOMAS BISHOP, C.E., Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering, Yale University. Oblong, large 8vo, vi+80 pages, 43 figures. Cloth. $1.75 net. (October 1st.)

Analysis of Paint and Varnish Products

By CLIFFORD DYER HOLLEY, M.S., Ph.D., Chief Chemist, Acme White Lead and Color Works. Small 8vo, viii+292 pages, illustrated. Cloth, $2.50 net. (October 1st.)

Treatise on the Design and Construction of Roofs

By N. CLIFFORD RICKER, B.S., M. Arch., D. Arch., Professor of Architecture, University of Illinois. 8vo, xii+432 pages, 644 figures. Cloth, $5.00 net. (October 1st.)

Building Stones and Clay Products

By HEINRICH RIES, Ph.D., Professor of Economic Geology, Cornell University. 8vo, viii+406 pages, 20 figures, 59 full-page plates. Cloth. (October 15th.)

"The finest Review in the English language."—ARNOLD BENNETT

The Review that FIRST PUBLISHED Masefield's Great Poems

THE ONE

Indispensable English Periodical for

AMERICAN READERS

WHY?

Because

IT IS ALIVE!

"Even the most prejudiced observer of the progress of periodical literature must admit that 'The English Review' is the most distinctive achievement of its kind in recent years. 'The English Review' began in 1908, and I need not apologize to other periodicals if I say that not one has to its credit so distinguished a list of contributors; the very names of these contributors alone are sufficient argument in favor of the high position 'The English Review' takes among modern periodicals. But that is not all; were 'The English Review' dependent only upon eminent names it would receive small praise from me. The feeding of any publication with the work of merely 'eminent' writers is the easiest form of editing, a species of mandarinism but contemptible and futile, because it sets a limit to new literary expression. Far from being such blind worshippers of the mandarin in literature, the editors of 'The English Review' have always been ready to print the best work of the rising generation. **'The English Review' is undoubtedly the most vital and the most modern of better type periodicals.** It is alive because its editor is courageous enough to give responsible writers the freedom of honest expression, and for that reason alone, in this age of shoddy thought and imitation morality, 'The English Review' not only deserves, but I trust gets, the support of all lovers of what is clean and vigorous in modern thought. 'The English Review' is the expression of this newer and saner view of life; it represents the highest interests of both literature and freedom—that publication has committed no enormity of frankness, it has just had the courage to print the sort of things that are being discussed in every literary society, in every group of intelligent people, not only in England but throughout the whole of the civilised world."—*Holbrook Jackson.*

"Some particulars of the Literary Success of the Year," and a Specimen Copy sent free upon receipt of Mail Card.

ONE SHILLING ($0.28) NET MONTHLY.
Annual Subscription post free to all
parts of the world, 12s. 6d. ($3.05)

"THE ENGLISH REVIEW," 17-21, Tavistock St., Covent Garden, London, Eng.

A Valuable Reference Book for College Courses in History

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE OVERSEAS

By A. WYATT TILBY

This series presents a scholarly and interesting study of the migrations of the English people to various parts of the world; the threefold incentives to these migrations—trade, religion, and adventure; the effect that the Anglican race has had upon the native peoples among whom they have settled; and the history of the colonies.

Vol. I. THE AMERICAN COLONIES.
Vol. II. BRITISH INDIA.
Vol. III. BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
Vol. IV. BRITAIN IN THE TROPICS.

Large crown 8vo, $6.00 net, for the set. Carriage extra.

Houghton Mifflin Company
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

A New Edition

Party Organization and Machinery

By Professor Jesse Macy

A complete revision has just been issued, bringing this important book up-to-date.

12mo. 316 pages
Price $1.25 net

THE CENTURY CO.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each,* $1.25 *net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

LEARNING TO READ.

A Manual for Teachers.

A complete exposition of the Aldine System of Teaching Reading. By Frank E. Spaulding, Supt. of Schools, Newton, Mass., and Catherine T. Bryce, Supervisor of Primary Schools, Newton, Mass. 227 pp. Cloth Binding. Price, 60 cents.

"I believe the instruction given in your Manual 'Learning to Read' will enable one with ordinary teaching ability to become a successful teacher of reading in a short time."—U. J. Hoffman, Assistant Supt. of Public Instruction of the State of Illinois.

"You have found the key to our great problem in reading."—M. Blanche Sheldon, Principal of Training School, Auburn, N. Y.

"The Manual would win me were I a primary teacher."—E. J. Hitchener, City Superintendent, Bridgeton, N. J.

"I am a young teacher, and I think that without any training whatever I could teach reading with this Manual for a guide."—Miss Ruth P. Tuttle, Teacher, Grade I, Westford, Mass.

BEOWULF.

Translated out of the Old English. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Yale College. The present translation of "Beowulf" is an attempt to make as simple and readable a version of the poem as is consistent with the character of the original. 158 pp. Cloth Binding. Price, $1.00.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL.

The State of Panama itself has had a most dramatic and thrilling history. The canal is not only a wonder of modern engineering, but is also an American achievement of first importance. 236 pp. 9 maps. 132 illustraions. Cloth Binding. Price, 75 cents.

NEWSON & COMPANY,
27 West 23d Street, New York City.

RARE BOOKS.—We can supply the rare books and prints you want. Let us send you 150 classified catalogs. When in Europe, call and see us in Munich. Over a million books and prints in stock. Inquiries solicited. THE LUDWIG ROSENTHAL ANTIQUARIAN BOOK-STORE, Hildegardstr, 14, Munich, Lenbachplatz 6, Germany. Founded 1859. Cables: Ludros, Munich.

BINDER FOR THE NATION.

To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with THE NATION stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents. Address The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Forceful Printing

As publishers and printers we are constant students of advertising.

Our success and that of our customers demand tasteful

Trade-making Printing

Continued patronage indicates our success. Try us and realize the pleasure of a satisfied customer.

The Nation Press

The Evening Post Building

NOTE THE ADDRESS **20 Vesey Street**
NEW YORK
Telephone 83 Cortlandt

SOME NEW BOOKS OF THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

History

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By George Burton Adams, *Professor of History in Yale College. Author of* "Civilization During the Middle Ages."

This volume, but just published, is a very timely and authoritative contribution to one of the most absorbing of all historical studies.

"The origin of the English Constitution is found in the Middle Ages and there is no man who knows the Middle Ages better than the author of this volume. . . . The work is thorough, and will be appreciated by students."—*Boston Transcript.*

8vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top. 378 *pages. Index. Price* $2.25 *net; postage,* 15 *cents extra.*

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET. Studies in the Origin, Formation and Structure of an American Institution. By Henry Barrett Learned.

"Mr. Learned has completed a work of profound research in a domain which is little frequented by historical scholars, and the result is a manual likely to be referred to as an authority. Constitutional history has here received a valuable contribution to its clearness and completeness and the work will be welcomed and valued by specialists."—*The Literary Digest.*

"The book is a welcome and valuable addition to American historical literature."—*New York Tribune.*

"It is quite the most comprehensive and satisfactory treatise on the subject that has yet appeared."—*Utica Observer.*

"The work is authoritative, exhaustive and conclusive."—*Philadelphia North American.*

8vo. Cloth binding. 471 *pages. Index. Price* $2.50 *net; postage,* 20 *cents extra.*

COLBERT'S WEST INDIA POLICY. By Stuart L. Mims, *Assistant Professor of History in Yale College.*

The Department of History of Yale University begins with this volume its important series of Yale Historical Studies. The present work is based on an examination of manuscript material made by the author in France. The volume opens a new field of interest to historical readers and is the first detailed study of Colbert's colonial policy as applied to the West Indies.

8vo. Cloth binding. 385 *pages. Bibliography. Index. Price* $2.00 *net; postage,* 20 *cents extra.*

Literature

THE YALE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D., *Professor of English Emeritus, Yale University.*

This anthology is a chronologically arranged collection of poems by American authors, excluding the work of any living writer. The Editor has made a catholic yet discriminating selection, including specimens of all kinds of poetry, the serious as well as the light, the contemplative, the pathetic, the humorous, and the satiric. Not even have the travesty and vers de société been omitted. Lyrics inspired by the Civil War, as well as the National hymns, find their place in the collection.

Professor Lounsbury, whose commanding position in American letters peculiarly fits him for the onerous task of editorship, has brought wide and accurate reading to his labors, and as far as practicable has followed in each case the author's latest revised text.

A delightful introduction of over fifty pages states the viewpoint of the Editor in regard to anthologies with a wit which charms and a reasonableness which disarms criticism.

All who have read anything of Professor Lounsbury's will desire this book for the sake of his introduction, whether or not they are interested in anthologies in general.

Octavo. Cloth binding. 600 *pages. Index. Price* $2.25 *net; postage,* 20 *cents.*
Bible paper. Cloth binding. $3:00; *postage,* 20 *cents. Bible paper. Full Morocco.* $5.00 *net; postage;* 20 *cents.*

ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY. From its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed, *Assistant Professor of English, Yale University.*

This is the first history of the English Lyric which has yet appeared and is the outgrowth of a series of lectures which have been delivered at Yale University during the last decade. It is not only valuable as a work of reference, but is particularly adapted for use in classrooms.

"Professor Reed has brought to his task the necessary knowledge of the scholar and student of literature, and—what is much rarer—taste, judgment and a broad perspective. . . .

"It is for his scholarly but far from pedantic treatment of the earlier phases of English Lyrical Poetry that Professor Reed's book will be especially valued."—*The Athenæum.*

"It is a survey which will interest almost any person who loves good literature."—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

"An agreeable and valuable reference book containing as it does biographical notes and critical comments."—*Springfield Republican.*

8vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top. 440 *pages. Price* $2.25 *net; postage* 20 *cents extra.*

Religion

THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE. A Philosophic Study of Religion. By William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Yale University.*

This important work begins with a survey of religion as seen in its effects in history and in personality, opening the question whether religion is chiefly a matter of feeling or of thought. The author discusses James, Bergson, Höffding, and other thinkers, working out a striking theory of the relation between ideas and feelings in consciousness. Professor Hocking has been singularly fair to the various important trends of philosophic thought. The book is readable, serious, original, and thoughtful, and has already secured high praise from leading philosophic thinkers of the day.

Crown 8vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top. 586 *pages. Index. Price* $3.00 *net; postage* 20 *cents extra.*

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF THE WORLD. Nathaniel William Taylor Lectures for 1910-1911, Delivered Before the Divinity School of Yale University. By the Late George John Blewett, *Ryerson Professor of Moral Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto.*

"Dr. Blewett's idea of theology and of the work of the theologian is larger, sweeter and more comprehensive than the estimate in which they have sometimes been held."—*New York Times.*

"A most important contribution to theological literature."—*American Sunday School Magazine.*

8vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top. 344 *pages. Index. Price* $2.00 *net; postage* 16 *cents extra.*

Art

GREEK REFINEMENTS. By William H. Goodyear, M.A., *Curator of Fine Arts, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, New York.*

The aim of the present elaborate and beautiful work is to summarize for architects, art students, and for those who are interested in the history of Greek civilization the notable discoveries of all observers of architectural refinements in Greek temples. The author, who enjoys an international reputation because of his own great discoveries in this field, is eminently qualified to write on the subject. The non-technical treatment and many beautiful illustrations render the work of absorbing interest to those of the general reading public who seek a knowledge of the principles of architectural taste. The edition is strictly limited to seven hundred and fifty copies printed from type.

Royal Quarto, 225 *pages,* 100 *illustrations, Appendices, Index, and Bibliography. Price* $10.00 *net; carriage* 50 *cents extra.*

Catalogue on Request. **THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS**

135 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

PUBLICATIONS OF

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA CO.

OBERLIN, OHIO

By
G. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D., F.G.S.A.

THE ICE AGE IN NORTH AMERICA AND ITS BEARING ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

5TH EDITION, 200 ILLUS., 800 PAGES 8VO, CLOTH, $5.25 POSTPAID

"One of the most important scientific publications of the present year [1911]. . . . The volume should be given a place in every important public and school library."—*Springfield Republican.*

ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF MAN

MANY ILLUS., 550 PAGES, 12MO, CLOTH $2.17 POSTPAID. IN PRESS

The condensed results of twenty-five years' study by a glacial geologist of world-wide reputation.

SCIENTIFIC CONFIRMATIONS OF OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY

3D EDITION, 40 ILLUS., 450 PAGES, 12MO CLOTH, $2.17 POSTPAID

"This volume bids fair to be recognized as the standard work on the important subject of Pentateuchal physics."—Professor G. MACLOSKIE in *The Princeton Theological Review.*

By Harold M. Wiener, M.A., LL.B.
Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, London.

ESSAYS IN PENTATEUCHAL CRITICISM

255 PAGES, 8VO, CLOTH, $1.62 POSTPAID

A volume which is recognized in Germany as marking an epoch in Old Testament criticism.

PENTATEUCHAL STUDIES

350 PAGES, 8VO, CLOTH, $2.17 POSTPAID. IN PRESS

A continuation of the author's detailed criticism.

By Melvin Grove Kyle, D.D., LL.D.
Archaeological Editor of *Sunday School Times.*

THE DECIDING VOICE OF THE MONUMENTS IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM

325 PAGES, 8VO, CLOTH, $1.65 POSTPAID. IN PRESS

This volume is the most thorough discussion of the Value of Archæological Evidence in Criticism of the Bible yet to appear. It is the result of profound study by one for many years engaged in actual research work in Bible lands.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

PLAN NOW FOR YOUR "1913" TOUR ABROAD

Well laid plans are the first essential. Send 10 cents in stamps for copy of our beautifully illustrated travel guide, "How to See Germany, Austria and Switzerland"—a mine of valuable information. Also full particulars of rates and sailings of the large modern ONE-CABIN steamers, which provide excellent service at reasonable rates.

A. SCHUMACHER & CO.
General Agents
177 S. Gay Street
Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE BREMEN

JUST PUBLISHED

DURELL'S ARITHMETIC SERIES

By **Fletcher Durell,** Ph.D., Head of the Mathematical Department, the Lawrenceville School, and **Elizabeth Hall,** Supervisor of Primary Schools, Minneapolis.

THREE BOOK SERIES

BOOK ONE. 332 pages.................... .50
BOOK TWO. 399 pages.................... .65
BOOK THREE. 396 pages.................. .70

TWO BOOK SERIES

ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC. 354 pages.. .48
ADVANCED ARITHMETIC. 458 pages.... .64

Adequate—Efficient—Interesting
They solve the Arithmetic Problem. Let us tell you how.

CHARLES E. MERRILL COMPANY, 44-60 East 23d Street, NEW YORK
Publishers of School and College Text-Books.

KARL IMMERMANN:
A Study in German Romanticism,
By ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.
Columbia University Press.

Die Schrift ist aus den Quellen geschöpft und jedenfalls ein schönes Zeichen von der wissenschaftlichen Arbeit der Amerikaner.—*Deutsche Rundschau.*

Die Arbeit zeigt Sorgfalt, Belesenheit und Urteil.—*Herrigs Archiv.*

A valuable contribution to the history of an interesting period—*New York Times.*

A scholarly and meritorious monograph.—*The Nation.*

Just Published

Woman in Modern Society

By EARL BARNES
Author of "Where Knowledge Fails."
At one time Professor of European History in the State University of Indiana, and later Professor of Education in Leland Stanford Junior University

THOSE who fear woman's devotion to work outside the home, her monopoly of education and her full participation in all the activities of men will find their fears formulated and clearly stated in this book. Those who are eager to see women pass on to full partnership with men will be deeply encouraged as they read these pages. Those who look upon this as a transition time, and long to get through it, that the energies of both men and women may be set free to work out a new society where the complementary values of both sexes will be preserved and used to their utmost, will welcome this book as a wise guide in troubled times.

$1.25 net; postpaid, $1.35.

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed), Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS SHOULD READ

The English Journal

A Professional Magazine of the Highest Class
James Fleming Hosic, Chicago Teachers College, Managing Editor.

$2.50 a year; 30 cents a number.
THE ENGLISH JOURNAL
68th St. and Stewart Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

By the Balzac of Spain

The Blood of the Arena

BY VINCENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

A story of the bull ring by Spain's **greatest** writer. $1.35 net.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, Chicago

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold. Send for price lists.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
225 Fifth Ave., New York.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

INTRODUCTION OFFER

NEW MUSICIANS LIBRARY VOLUMES

FRANZ SCHUBERT
SELECTED
PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by August Spanuth

Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations
FOR MEDIUM VOICE
Edited by Granville Bantock

P. I. TCHAIKOVSKY
SELECTED SONGS
FOR HIGH VOICE FOR LOW VOICE
Edited by James Huneker

PRICES ON NEW MUSICIANS LIBRARY VOLUMES

Price, bound in paper, each....... **$1.50** Bound in cloth, gilt, each.......... **$2.50**

INTRODUCTION PRICE, until publication, in paper cover, postage paid, $1.00. Cloth, gilt, $1.50

Advance orders at the prices named, should be accompanied by cash.
If a charge is to be made, postage will be extra.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER:—With The Musician, one year, any one volume, paper cover, $2.25

COMPLETE LIST WITH PORTRAITS OF EDITORS FREE ON REQUEST.

ASK TO HAVE YOUR NAME ADDED TO OUR MAILING LIST

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 150 Tremont St., BOSTON

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

Edited by T. E. PAGE, M.A., and W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.

ADVISORY BOARD.

Edward Capps, Ph.D., Princeton
Hermann Diels, Ph.D., Berlin
Gilbert Murray, LL.D., Oxford
Maurice Croiset, M.I., France
John Williams White, Ph.D., Harvard
Solomon Reinach, M.I., France
Otto Crusius, Ph.D., Munich
William G. Hale, Ph.D., Chicago
J. E. Sandys, Litt.D., Cambridge
J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., Cambridge

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY takes pleasure in announcing the publication of a new, comprehensive and uniform series of classical Greek and Latin texts with parallel English translations of the highest attainable quality.

Designed by Mr. James Loeb, this series, covering the period from Homer to the fall of Constantinople, will revive interest in classical literature in an age when the humanities are being neglected more than ever before for the practical and material, and will enable every reader to become acquainted with the wit, learning, philosophy, and beauty of the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome.

The translations will combine accuracy with sound English idiom, and will, with rare exceptions, be in prose. Each volume will be prefaced by a brief biography and will contain a bibliography and index.

Preliminary Volumes Ready Shortly.

Euripides, Vols. I and II.
Propertius.
Terence, Vols. I and II.
St. Augustine, Vols. I and II.
Philostratus, Vols. I and II.
Apostolic Fathers, Vol. I.

Each volume 12mo. Flexible cloth,* $1.25 *net; Flexible leather,* $1.60 *net.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

NEW EDUCATIONAL BOOKS

History of English Literature

FROM "BEOWULF" TO SWINBURNE

By ANDREW LANG, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. $1.75 net.

In writing this manual the aim of the author has been to present his subject in an interesting way so that the student, or general reader, may be enticed to peruse and enjoy "the immortals" on his own account. To read about them is good, but to learn to appreciate them for ourselves is the goal in view.

An Anthology of Modern English Prose

(1332-1892)

By ANNIE BARNETT and LUCY DALE, late Scholar of Somerville College, Oxford. With a Preface by ANDREW LANG, From 1332 to 1740, $0.80 net; from 1741 to 1892, $1.00 net.

Recommended for study in connection with Lang's "History of English Literature."

The Science of Logic

By P. COFFEY, Ph.D. (Louvain), Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Maynooth College, Ireland. Two Vols., $2.50 net, each.

Differential and Integral Calculus

By LORRAIN S. HULBURT, Collegiate Professor of Mathematics in Johns Hopkins University. With Numerous Figures. $2.25.

An Introductory Text-book for Colleges and Engineering Schools in the preparation of which the first endeavor has been to make a *teachable* text-book. This end has been kept in view in the general planning of the book, in the selection and arrangement of the topics, and in the details of presentation.

Applications of Logic

By ARCHER T. ROBINSON, Assistant Professor of English in Massachusetts Institute of Technology. $1.20.

The purpose of this work is to adapt some of the more fundamental theories of the subject to the practical aim of instruction in the expression and criticism of thought.

Elements of Plane Trigonometry and Tables

By DANIEL A. MURRAY, Ph.D., Professor of Applied Mathematics in McGill University. With Protractor. $1.00.

This book is shorter than the author's "Plane Trigonometry," by the omission of many of the notes and several of the topics in that book and by the more condensed treatment of other topics. The line definitions of the functions, however, are explained more fully in this book and the unit circle is more freely used.

Present Philosophical Tendencies

By RALPH BARTON PERRY, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. $2.60 net; by mail, $2.76.

A Critical Survey of Naturalism, Idealism, Pragmatism, and Realism, together with a Synopsis of the Philosophy of William James.

Introductory Philosophy

By CHARLES A. DUBRAY, S.M., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy at the Marist College, Washington, D. C. With a Preface by Professor E. D. PACE of the Catholic University of America. $2.60.

A Text-book for Colleges and Academies.

Essays in Radical Empiricism

By WILLIAM JAMES. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.38.

Selected Addresses

By JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, President Emeritus of the University of Michigan. $1.60 net; by mail $1.70.

Published by **Longmans, Green, & Co.** **Fourth Ave. and 30th St. New York**

NEW EDUCATIONAL BOOKS

OF THE

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Greek Education. By James Drever, M.A., B.Sc.	$0.65
Byways in British Archaeology. By W. Johnson, F.G.S.	3.50
The Story of Our Trees. By Margaret M. Gregson, B.A.	0.75
The Gateways of Knowledge. An Introduction to the Study of the Senses. By J. A. Dell, M.Sc. (Vict.) . . .	1.50
Livy. Book. I. Edited by H. J. Edwards, C.B., M.A. . . .	1.10
Ecclesiasticus. By W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. (Cambridge Bible Series)	1.75
The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Each (42 volumes now ready).	0.40

COMPLETE CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES
NEW YORK **2-4-6 West 45th Street** **LONDON**

The Nation

Free Library 189 Sep 26 12

VOL. XCV—NO. 2464 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. PRICE TEN CENTS

Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra

By Arthur Train

Formerly Assistant District Attorney, Author of "True Stories of Crime," etc.

$1.75 *net; postpaid* $1.83.

Questions of crime red hot under discussion form the basis of this book.

The workings of the Police Department and the District Attorney's office—of intense concern to all as the Rosenthal murder recalls—it explains.

"Why Do Men Kill?" "Preparing a Criminal Case," "Detectives and Others" are among its topics.

Even the fascinating "Camorra" chapters at the end are founded on long personal experience and study.

The Democratic Mistake

By Arthur George Sedgwick

$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.10.

It forms a brilliant contribution to precisely the issues of the present Presidential campaign, conducted from a conservative standpoint that considers government a science; it differs from most other books suggesting remedies to prevent evils in this—the means it suggests are administrative, not legislative.

Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers

By Frederick Wells Williams

Assistant Professor of Oriental History in Yale University.

$2.00 *net; postpaid* $2.18.

A sympathetic, luminous, and impartial narrative of one of the most striking episodes of modern history.

The International Mind

An Argument for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes.

By Nicholas Murray Butler

President of Columbia University, President of the American Association for International Conciliation.

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

This volume makes very clear what has been, is being, and may be accomplished toward the end of establishing arbitration as the recognized means of settling international disputes and insuring international justice.

Old Egyptian Librarians

By Ernest Cushing Richardson

Librarian of Princeton Univ.

75 *cents net*

That librarians were at work two thousand years before the Hebrew Exodus, that of the thousands living during that period two became Grand Viziers and another King:—these and many other interesting things are set forth in this little volume.

Plays

Plays by Anton Tchekoff.

"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea Gull," and "The Swan Song." Translated from the Russian by MARIAN FELL. *Frontispiece.* 12*mo.* $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

BY AUGUST STRINDBERG.

Miss Julia—The Stronger.

Translated from the Swedish by EDWIN BJORKMAN. 75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

There Are Crimes and Crimes.

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

Plays by Strindberg:

"The Dream Play," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death." $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Pigeon.

A Fantasy in Three Acts. 60 *cents net; postpaid* 70 *cents.*

The Little Dream.

An Allegory in Six Scenes. 50 *cents net.*

Justice. 60 *cents net.*

Biography

The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817.

Edited by her Grandson, RICHARD EDGCUMBE. *Illustrated.* $3.50 *net.*

King Rene d'Anjou and His Seven Queens

By EDGECUMBE STALEY, Author of "Tragedies of the Medici." *With colored frontispiece and 35 illustrations.* 8*vo.* $3.50 *net.*

The New Life of Byron

By ETHEL COLBURN NAYNE. 2 *vols. Illustrated.* $5.00 *net.*

A Princess of the Italian Reformation

Giulia Gonzaga, 1513-1566: Her Family and Friends. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. *Illustrated.* $2.50 *net.*

Travel

Papua or British New Guinea

By J. H. P. MURRAY, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua. *Illustrated.* $3.75.

"The Building of the Alps"

By T. G. BONNEY, Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S. $3.75 *net.*

The Cathedrals of England and Wales

By FRANCIS BOND, M.A. Being a Fourth Edition of English Cathedrals. *Ill.* $3.00 *net.*

Main Currents of Modern Thought

By Rudolph Eucken, Ph.D.

Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena; Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature of 1908; Exchange Professor to Harvard in 1912, and Author of "The Problem of Human Life," etc.

$4.00 *net.*

This book has a direct application to burning questions that gives it unusual popular interest. It is designed to counteract the spiritual and intellectual conflicts; to reconcile so far as possible contending ideas by freeing them from all that is fortuitous and unessential, by displaying those tasks common to all people and peoples of the age.

Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt

By James H. Breasted, Ph.D.

Professor of Egyptology and Semitic Languages, University of Chicago.

$1.50 *net; postage extra.*

An interesting and valuable work by the distinguished Egyptologist based on lectures delivered on the Morse Foundation in 1912, and founded on fresh, enlightening discoveries.

The Fourth Generation

Reminiscences by Janet Ross

Illustrated. $3.50 *net.*

About such shining characters as Carlyle, Mark Twain, George Meredith, J. A. Symonds, G. F. Watts, B. W. Kinglake, Richard Doyle, Tom Taylor, Rogers, Sir A. H. Layard, and Guizot.

Studies in Theology

The History of Christian Thought Since Kant

By Edward Caldwell Moore

Parkman Professor of Theology in Harvard University.

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

This new volume in the Studies in Theology Series is so far concentrated upon the significant and the essential as to describe the whole period—the more clearly because tersely—in 241 pages.

The Christian Hope

A Study in the Doctrine of Immortality.

By Wm. Adams Brown, D.D., Ph.D.

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 249

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Delusions About the Constitution.... 252
Federalism and Centralization........ 252
The Third Party and the Trusts...... 253
On Getting Away with It.............. 254
The Revival in Business 255
Automobile Progress 256

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

English History in Anecdote 257
News for Bibliophiles 257

CORRESPONDENCE:

College Teaching of English 258

LITERATURE:

Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria in 1904-1905 and 1909.......... 259
The Arm-Chair at the Inn............ 260
Miss 318 and Mr. 37.................. 260
My Lady's Garter 260
Halcyone 260
English Lyrical Poetry 261
Waterways Versus Railways 261

NOTES 262

SCIENCE:

Interior Ballistics 265

DRAMA AND MUSIC 265

ART:

John Ruskin 267

FINANCE:

The Great Harvests of 1912.......... 269

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.................. 270

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Drawer 5.
Lewisburg Seminary Preparatory and College courses for girls. Also Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Strong faculty of experienced specialists. Handsome, modern buildings, steam heat, etc. Gymnasium, basket ball, tennis. Invigorating mountain climate. Catalogue on request. R. C. Sommerville, Pres.

Morristown School Morristown, N. J. College Preparatory Boarding School for Boys. Small classes. Supervised sports; new gymnasium. Lower School for boys 10 to 14. **Advisory Board**—President Hibben, Princeton; Dean Hurlbut, Harvard; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of Yale; Prof. Hallock, Columbia; President Pritchett, Carnegie Foundation.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. **Day School, 174 Fulton St. Evening School. N. Y. City.**
"Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

*THOROUGH AND EFFECTIVE PREPARA*tion for college by an experienced tutor. Highest references. WALTER B. WATERMAN, A. M., 214 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

BETHLEHEM PREPARATORY SCHCOL, Bethlehem, Pa. Prepares for leading colleges. Catalogue, H. N. FOERING, B.S., Principal.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEIDI"
HEIMATLOS
40 cents

Johanna Spyri, the Louisa M. Alcott of Switzerland, is almost as well-known and loved by American children as by their German cousins.

"Heimatlos" contains two of the best of her stories for children, the first about a little boy who finds his way alone from the rugged mountain home of an unkind relative in Switzerland to his former home on beautiful Lake Garda in Italy, and the other about a modest little girl living in poverty and hardship who passes into a happier life through the staunch and friendly efforts of a kind schoolmate.

OTHER BOOKS BY JOHANNA SPYRI.
HEIDI. 40 cents
MONI THE GOAT BOY. 40 cents

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston New York Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

Just Published
DINSMORE'S THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

By JOHN WIRT DINSMORE, A.M., Professor of Pedagogy and Dean of the Normal School of Berea College.
$1.00

Based upon well-known and fundamental truths, and combining in the happiest manner the practical with the theoretical, this book for young teachers possesses many commendable features not found in more technical works.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

—An Author Bibliography of Periodical Articles on Religion —1890-1899—

58,000 Titles by 21,000 Writers

By Ernest Cushing Richardson, *Ed.*
Periodical Articles on Religion—1890-1899. Author Index.

The Alphabetical Subject Index to Periodical Articles on Religion has been received by the reviewers as "an extremely welcome tool" (Harnack), "of the greatest significance" (Sauer), a "rich offering" to scholars (Bertholet), "deserving and helpful" (Lipsius), etc., etc.

Professor Adolf Harnack and Professor Arthur Adams, having strongly expressed the opinion that an author bibliography would greatly add to the value of the work, the editor took up the matter and the present volume is the result.

"This is certainly a bibliographical aid of extraordinary value . . . to have made also an author index to this monster catalog . . . would, to be sure, have taken a great amount of labor but would have doubled the value of the work."—Ad. Harnack in the *Zentralblatt f. Bibliotheksw.*

Alphabetical Subject Index, $10.00 net.
Author Index, $5.00 net.

Charles Scribner's Sons
153 Fifth Ave New York

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON
Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.
Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.
D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
By FREDERIC J. HASKINS
O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Reading Case for the Nation.
To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with ***The Nation*** stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

Ready September 21—The Novels of Ethel Sidgwick

Ethel Sidgwick is a new English novelist whose work has taken its place at once as distinguished. She comes of a literary family—the late Professor Henry Sidgwick was her uncle, and Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, Mr. E. F. Benson, and the Rev. R. H. Benson are her cousins—and she possesses, as the London Times *says, "the true imaginative gift, as distinguished from the mere power of vivid reporting, which is the necessary qualification for continuing to produce work of permanent value in fiction.*

ETHEL SIDGWICK

PROMISE $1.35 net; by mail, $1.50

"Promise" deals with the fortunes of Antoine Edgell, a musical genius, half English, half French. The book traces his development and his difficulties, for he is not the conventional "prodigy"—his character is all of a piece, and it is the perfect balance of his mind that makes all those Philistines who think that as a genius he must be *directed* for his own good so hard for him to understand, for he has his eyes more open than the eyes of those about him.

LE GENTLEMAN

AN IDYLL OF THE QUARTER $1.25 net; by mail, $1.40

"A distinguished piece of work. It presents with humor and fidelity a Scotsman in Paris, and the penetration of his defences of arrogance and self-sufficiency."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"One is given a glimpse of the real Latin Quarter, a background against which the Scots 'gentleman' stands finely drawn, convincing and real. It is emphatically not a book in which pages may be skipped or glanced over."—*English Review.*

HERSELF

Frontispiece in color by Carton Moorepark $1.35 net; by mail, $1.50

"Harriet Clench, 'Herself,'" says an American critic who read the book in manuscript, "is one of the most charming figures in fiction. Considered from any point of view, the book is brimming with charm, the *motif* is uncommon and skillfully handled, the conception, the psychology, the dialogue, the description, the narrative—all are far above the level of current fiction."

"If any one neglects to make acquaintance with Harriet Clench ('Herself'), he is missing more than it is at all wise to miss."—*Punch.*

Frontispiece by Carton Moorepark for "Herself"

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, Publishers BOSTON

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:

1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University

265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on this subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

READ

MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.

Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

"At McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

Library Dept., A. C. McCLURG & CO., Chicago

Founders of Modern Psychology

A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL

D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS SHOULD READ

The English Journal

A Professional Magazine of the Highest Class

James Fleming Hosic, Chicago Teachers College, Managing Editor.

$2.50 a year; 30 cents a number.

THE ENGLISH JOURNAL

68th St. and Stewart Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

BIBLIOGRAPHIE HISPANIQUE 1909. Price $1.25 net.

GENOESE WORLD MAP 1457. Facsimile in colors with critical text. By EDWARD LUTHER STEVENSON, Ph.D. Price $10.00 net.

LAS TREINTA OF JUAN BOSCÁN, Edited by HAYWARD KENISTON, Ph.D. Price $.75 net

REVUE HISPANIQUE. Quarterly publication. Subscription $4 per year.

PORTOLAN CHARTS, THEIR ORIGIN AND CHARACTERISTICS. By EDWARD LUTHER STEVENSON, Ph.D. Price $1.75 net.

For Catalogue of Publications or additional information address

The Hispanic Society of America

156th Street, west of Broadway, New York.

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—*London Morning Leader.*

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 pages. Cloth. $1.35 net; by mail $1.46

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

NEW MACMILLAN PUBLICATIONS APPEARING IN SEPTEMBER

ARMSTRONG. **Just Before the Dawn**
By Robert C. Armstrong.
Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.

BAGSTER-COLLINS. **The First Book in German**
By E. W. Bagster-Collins (*Columbia Univ.*).
Cloth, 12mo, $1.10 net.

BARTON. **The Heart of the Christian Message**
By Dr. George A. Barton (*Bryn Mawr*).
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

BRYCE. **South America: Observations and Reflections.** By James Bryce, *author of 'The American Commonwealth."* *Cloth, 12mo, $2.00 net.*

CHANNING. **A History of the United States**
By Edward Channing. 8 *Vols. Vol. III*, "*The American Revolution*, 1760-1789."
Maps. Cloth, 8vo, $2.50 net.

CLARK. **The Control of Trusts**
By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark.
Revised Edition. Cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net.

CLOPPER. **Child Labor in City Streets**
By Edward N. Clopper.
Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

DAVIS. **The Calculus**
By Ellery Davis (*Univ. of Nebraska*) *and* William Brenke (*Univ. of Nebraska*).
*Cloth, 8vo, $2.00 net.**

DUTTON AND SNEDDEN. **The Administration of Public Education in the United States**
New edition, revised and enlarged. By S. T. Dutton, A.M., and D. Snedden, Ph.D.
*Cloth, 12mo, $1.75 net.**

EDWARDS. **A Man's World**
By Albert Edwards. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.*

FOWLER. **A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C.**
By Henry Thatcher Fowler (*Brown Univ.*).
*Cloth, 8vo, $2.50 net.**

FULLERTON. **The World We Live In**
By George Stuart Fullerton (*Columbia Univ.*).
Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.

GIBSON. **Fires**
By W. W. Gibson, *Author of "Daily Bread," "Womenkind," etc.* *Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.*

GILBERT. **Jesus**
By George Holley Gilbert, *Author of "The Interpretation of the Bible," etc.*
*Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.**

GODDARD. **The Kallikak Family**
By Henry H. Goddard.
Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo, $1.50 net.

GRAVES. **Peter Ramus and the Educational Reformation of the Sixteenth Century**
By Pierrepont Graves (*Ohio State Univ.*).
*Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.**

GRISWOLD. **Deering of Deal, or, The Spirit of the School.** By Latta Griswold.
*Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.**

HALLOCK. **Introduction to Browning**
By Ella B. Hallock.
*Frontispiece. Dec. cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net.**

HOFFDING. **A Brief History of Modern Philosophy**
By Dr. Harold Hoffding (*Univ. of Copenhagen*). Trans. by C. F. Sanders (*Pennsylvania College*).
*Cloth, 8vo, $1.60 net.**

LEUBA. **A Psychological Study of Religion**
By James H. Leuba (*Bryn Mawr*).
*Cloth, 8vo, $2.00 net.**

LUCAS. **London Lavender**
Cloth, 12mo, $1.35 net.

MOODY. **A College Textbook of Quantitative Analysis.** By Herbert R. Moody (*N. Y. City College*).
*Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.**

NEAL. **Thought Building in Composition**
By Robert W. Neal (*Mass. Agr. College*).
Cloth, 12mo, $0.80 net.

NORRIS. **The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne**
By Kathleen Norris, *Author of "Mother."*
*Illustrated. Dec. cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.**

OGG. **Social Progress in Contemporary Europe**
By Frederic A. Ogg. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.*

PHELPS. **Teaching: In School and College**
By William Lyon Phelps. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net.*

POWERS. **Mornings with Masters of Art**
By H. H. Powers. *Dec. cloth, 8vo, $2.00 net.**

REDFIELD. **My Love and I**
By Martin Redfield. *Dec. cloth, 12mo, $1.35 net.*

ROBERTS. **The New Immigration**
By Peter Roberts, *Author of "Anthracite Coal Communities."* *Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.**

SMITH. **The Spirit of French Letters**
By Mabell S. C. Smith. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.*

VALENTINE. **The Beginner in Poultry**
B. C. S. Valentine.
*Illustrated. Dec. cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net.**

WHITE. **Successful Houses and How to Build Them**
By Charles E. White, M.A.I.A.
*Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo, $2.00 net.**

WOOD. **"Don't Give Up the Ship"**
By C. S. Wood.
Frontispiece in colors, and illustrations. Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

ZANGWILL. **The Next Religion**
By Israel Zangwill, *Author of "The War God," etc.*
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

*Tentative prices, subject to change upon publication.

Our 96-page Fall Announcement of New Books mailed free to any address on request.

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912.

The Week

The acclaim with which Gov. Wilson's utterances at Syracuse have been greeted shows how ripe the party is for revolt in the State of New York. It has been no satisfaction for men of conscience to feel that this is the most backward of all our States in throwing over the machines and breaking up the alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics. Now, the feeling is everywhere that the time has come to strike. Even the most experienced Democratic politicians shake their heads when asked privately how Mr. Straus will run, and admit that he will run extremely well. Only three things keep thousands of independent Democrats from going over to Mr. Straus: Complete distrust of Theodore Roosevelt; dislike of the wild planks in the Progressive platform, and the hope of a Democratic candidate of the type of Mr. McAdoo or of George McAneny. If Murphy should dominate at Syracuse, thousands of men who are on the fence will go to Straus as the most effective way of punishing Murphy, while thousands of others will go to a Democratic ticket, if one is nominated by the Empire State Democracy. How Mr. Wilson's candidacy will suffer by this every one familiar with politics knows. How can Boss Murphy be permitted to jeopardize the national ticket by his stupid folly?

In Connecticut, there is no trouble about the Democratic situation. Gov. Baldwin has been renominated by unanimous consent, and the party is therefore in shape to go before the people of the State as standing for government of the best type. To say that Gov. Baldwin is not subject to boss rule in any shape would be absurdly superfluous; he represents and embodies the idea of public service by high-minded men, fully equipped for the performance of difficult duties, willing to devote to these their undivided energies, and beyond all suspicion of being influenced by any desire but that of promoting the welfare of the commonwealth. At the end of his two years' term of office, he finds himself confirmed in the confidence of the citizens of Connecticut, and his party can enter upon the campaign, both for its State ticket and the national ticket, in the spirit that leads to victory. It is by such candidacies in the several States that the cause of the Democratic party in the great contest for the Presidency can be strengthened.

In taking measures to weed out of the Republican National Committee any members who are not loyal to the party ticket, Chairman Hilles is merely carrying out the dictates of common sense. This is so, quite irrespective of any question concerning the fairness or unfairness, the validity or invalidity, of the action of the Chicago Convention which nominated Taft. As a matter of fact, the party of which the National Committee is the representative in this campaign is committed to Taft as its candidate; and another and quite distinct party has been formed which is likewise committed to the candidacy of the man who was Taft's rival in the Convention. Disgust at or condemnation of the action of the Republican Convention may very properly, in the case of any National Committeeman, take the shape of resignation of his post and affiliation with the new party; but to stay in the governing body of the old while sympathizing with or working for the new is preposterous.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey has bought the New York *Press*, according to his own formal announcement, with a double object in view. One is to further the election of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency. The other is to further the election to the Presidency of a man whose victory would mean "the continuation of a tariff that protects the American wage against the cheap wage abroad." Since there can be only one President of the United States at one time, it follows that Mr. Roosevelt is again the man wanted. But we are really not left to conjecture on the point. Mr. Munsey assures us that Roosevelt stands "for the economic policies for which this paper has always stood." The economic policies for which the *Press* has always stood are indicated by its history. It was founded as a Protective Tariff organ. It was owned for a time by a wealthy woollen manufacturer. It has been a consistent supporter of high protective duties. The entire tone of Mr. Munsey's salutatory carries one back twenty-five years to America's infant industries, the cheap man in a cheap coat, and the full dinner-pail. Is Mr. Roosevelt ready to accept this interpretation of his campaign as presented to the people of the first city in the land? Or is Mr. Munsey to be rebuked for venturing to draw the tariff red herring across the trail?

> It is said also that the policy of the Democratic party toward the negro has been brutal, and the policy of the Republican party hypocritical. I answer that the policy of the Progressive party is both brutal and hypocritical, and if there is a choice of one of two evils, I prefer one to both.

We take this extract from the speech of Mr. W. H. Lewis, the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, because he speaks as one of the colored men of this country who have risen highest and made the most of themselves. If the Progressive straddle at Chicago should have appealed to any one, it might have appealed to Mr. Lewis, who attended the Bull Moose Convention, and saw that whole emotional proceeding which wound up for him with closing the "door of hope" for his people. But he will have none of it, and neither will thousands of others. For once the negro vote will be really divided. It is going to all three of the candidates, and there will be thousands of stay-at-homes besides—American citizens who feel that no party holds out any hope to them that their Constitutional rights will be assured, or that they may have the simplest justice in a large part of this land.

A careful study of the dispatches from Washington makes it clear that, in the belief of the capital at any rate, intervention by the United States is inevitable, but great uncertainty exists as to just where the United States ought to intervene. Last week Mexico seemed as good a field as any for American troops. On last Saturday the claims of Santo Domingo came in for respectful consideration. To-day Cuba has forged to the front. To-morrow the question of sending reinforcement to Nicaragua may help to pass a pleasant afternoon for the young men who are now directing the destinies of the nation at Washington. The interesting fact must have occurred to a great many people that the issues of peace and war are debated at Washington while the President of the United States is at Beverly, the Secretary of State is in Japan, and the Secretary of War is somewhere in California. The young men left in charge recognize that the opportunity is theirs, but, unlike Horace Greeley's young man, they are apparently perplexed as to whether they ought to go West, South, East, or North.

A press clipping bureau would seem to be entitled to an order from the Navy Department, for within ten days of the British Admiralty's announcement of a 25 knot battleship, we learn from Washington that our newest battleship is to be the fastest in the world, with a speed of 22 knots. Why our ships should always lag behind the British in the matter of speed we cannot understand. When they are put in service, we are convinced they are as well officered and manned and individually as smartly handled as those of any other nation. But is the designing department really as up-to-date? The press dispatches always assure us that the boat just being planned is to be the most efficient the world has ever seen—and then it appears that our destroyers are five knots behind those of England, our armored cruisers slower than those of Germany, while in heavy guns per ship we seem to be behind Japan's latest. But there is no doubt that the vessel just authorized by Congress will be extremely formidable in character, as well as in cost.

To regard the postponement of agitation for currency and banking reform until after the Presidential election as a blow to the cause is, we feel sure, a misapprehension of the facts. It is the best and most earnest friends of a solid and lasting improvement who have been most convinced of the inadvisability of forcing the issue into the excitement, confusion, and uncertainty of a Presidential campaign, and especially such a campaign as is now under way. Such postponement does not imply any relaxation of effort on the part of those who recognize the incalculable importance of the subject and who have devoted themselves to its study and to the consideration of the ways and means by which it may be hoped satisfactorily to attain the object in view.

On one subject which came up in the Bankers' Convention at Detroit, there is likelihood of something important being accomplished in the not distant future and without serious opposition. This is the development of agricultural credit facilities on a large scale, upon plans of organization suggested by the experience of European countries. The paper read by Mr. Charles A. Conant will doubtless do a great deal to stimulate knowledge of, and interest in, these plans among men whose influence in promoting them will be of the utmost value. Coöperative credit associations among farmers, unlike many other schemes for the wider dissemination of prosperity, present the advantage of being wholly free from the taint of patronage or paternalism. They are schemes for genuine self-help, under which responsibility and benefit go hand in hand.

The proposal of the director of the postal savings system, as outlined in his speech at the Bankers' Convention, that the limit of $100 per month for any single deposit account be removed, will need some discussion. The proviso was inserted in the law, if we remember rightly, not with a view to restricting the facilities of the system, but through doubt as to whether indefinitely large amounts could safely be redeposited by the postal savings office in private depository banks, under the stipulations of the law. In other words, the question was, to what extent the Government depository could be sure of earning the interest which it undertakes to pay to its own depositors. Mr. Weed's further suggestion that, with removal of restrictions on the amount of a given postal savings deposit, the Government office would be of high service in a panic, is interesting. At such a time, he thinks, frightened people who drew out their deposits from private banks would undoubtedly re-deposit in the postal savings institution, which would thereupon promptly place the money again with solvent private banks.

Such a sequence of events is entirely possible; it might conceivably put an end to "money-hoarding" such as that of the panic of 1907, when the Secretary of the Treasury estimated that no less than $296,000,000 currency had disappeared from sight in the whole United States. But whether or not all of that $296,000,000 cash, or any very essential part of it, would have gone into the postal savings, had such an institution been in the field in 1907, is at least debatable. A very great part of the hoarding of that season was the work of business and manufacturing concerns with large weekly pay-rolls, which they feared it might be impossible to meet if their banks suspended cash payment to depositors. A further part was taken out with a view to the probable premium which might be paid in checks for currency. Perhaps still more was withdrawn from sheer blind fright, which seized on whole communities and made them eager to get the actual cash in their own possession. All of these influences would be met by a proper centralization of the banking credit system, with a scientifically-ordered system of banknote issues. But whether the postal savings bank would meet them, may perhaps be doubted.

In the wild rush for great speed, and in the desire to amuse vast crowds of spectators with foolhardy "stunts" in the air, the most ordinary caution appears to have been thrown to the winds of late by aviators, and the death list has been appalling. So far as can be learned from the records, the monoplane is responsible for most of the trouble, and the action of the British War Office in barring its use in the service is most opportune and commendable. According to Orville Wright the monoplane can never be as safe as the biplane, since it lacks the structural strength of the older machine; but the public must be amused, and "records" are necessary in this age, so the lighter and more mobile flying machine, in which "circus" flights may be made, will be used until those willing to risk their lives have been killed, or laws have been enacted to regulate the navigation of the air.

M. Vedrines, the eminent French aviator, who made a flying visit to this country to carry off the Bennett cup for speed at Chicago, declared his astonishment that the United States, "the birthplace of aviation," should have done so little towards the development of the art. America was standing still, he said, and he was substantially right; but presumably he did not know that the chief reason for this apparent stagnation has been the patent suits brought by the Wrights to uphold their claim to the sole right to make aeroplanes in this country. So far as the biplane is concerned, France has done little, the energies of the aeroplanists there being directed towards the monoplane; and speed has been about the only progress shown. Vedrines also declared that French machines would soon be able to fly 200 miles an hour, and that the journey across the Atlantic between dawn and dark would be possible. It might be as well, however, for him to consider that the monoplanes have yet to make a distance-record approaching that of biplanes, and that no monoplane has yet been constructed with a fuel capacity for 2,800 miles, or anything approaching that distance. Even biplanes have yet to make a flight of 1,000 miles.

Coming after a series of bye-elections which have gone almost uniformly against the Liberals, the loss of Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone's old seat, constitutes a serious blow to the Asquith forces, both in fact and in prestige. The defeat can be explained, but not explained away. At the last election the coalition Liberal-Labor majority in the constituency was 3,157. In the present election the Laborites ran an independent candidate and polled above 2,400 votes. Had these been cast for the Liberal candidate, he would have won by a majority of 2,381, which might have been a good enough showing in an off year, but still would have been a net loss of nearly 800 votes. But the crucial question is now whether the Labor party is ready to carry the break with the Liberals into Parliament. It is easily conceivable how they might use their power outside of the Commons for the purpose of teaching their allies an object lesson. It is not so easy to imagine that the Labor people will unite with the Opposition to turn out the Government and thus sacrifice the many favors which they still have reason to expect from the Asquith Ministry. But while not probable, such a change is not impossible. The Irish have nothing to hope for from the Unionists; that party's position on Home Rule is too well defined to make bargaining possible. But the Labor people may obtain their price from the Opposition, which before this has known how to make concessions when necessary.

The conflict between the French Government and the teachers' unions seems destined to result in at least a temporary setback for the entire revolutionary movement in France. The growth of extremist ideas in the elementary schools has for some time constituted a serious problem. The movement began as part of the revolt against clerical influence which had its political expression in the war upon the religious schools and in the separation of Church and State. The conservative element protested that "secular" instruction in the schools was really assuming the form of anti-religious instruction. But in the short course of half a dozen years the movement has taken a still wider swing. From being merely atheistic, a state of affairs which the majority of the nation might have regarded with complacency, the character of the instruction and the public activity of the schoolmasters have become anti-patriotic and anti-social. The teachings of Gustave Hervé have entered the schools. Contempt for the army and the flag has been preached in the classrooms. The climax came last month when, at a congress of teachers' associations held in Northeastern France, near the Alsatian frontier, strong anti-militarist resolutions were adopted. The Ministry immediately ordered the dissolution of the teachers' associations.

The criticisms levelled by M. Pierre Mille against the duelling system as it flourishes in France carry weight not only as emanating from one who has fought a great many duels. M. Pierre Mille, as those who have been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance in the columns of the *Temps* can testify, is a ripe philosopher and a profound student of human traits and motives. He is competent in every way to speak on the subject. His main contention is that the duelling habit involves an enormous waste of time for the four men who must participate in the rôle of seconds. There is a great deal of running about in taxicabs involved, and telephoning to the newspapers, and making arrangements with photographers, and other indispensable details of a French affair of honor. This burden falls on the friends of the principals, whereas the latter may quietly attend to their business up to within half an hour before the combat and resume half an hour after. It is not detracting from the credit due M. Mille to point out that many years ago Mark Twain brought the same charge against the French duel. He showed that the only people who incurred danger in a French duel were the seconds, who were frequently borne violently to the ground by the fainting forms of the duellists. It is doubtful whether mere newspaper criticism will suffice to undermine this popular exercise. But some day a calamity will happen, one of the combatants will be seriously hurt, and the evil practice will be swept away in an outburst of general indignation and horror.

When the conqueror of Port Arthur chose to follow his Emperor to the grave, was it in simple, unquestioning compliance with the ancient code of Bushido, or was there also the intention to set his countrymen a lesson and a reminder? Gen. Nogi belonged in spirit and outlook to the old Japan, and there must have been many things in the Japan of to-day that he regarded with displeasure and apprehension. We must remember that the Mikado's people are not the superhumanly loyal, tractable, self-devoted race that became a legend after their extraordinary achievements in the war against Russia. Since then we have learned that under a sufficient provocation they will behave very much like other people. When crops fail and taxes grow unbearable, they will riot. When Cabinet Ministers displease them, even though these Ministers are supposed to embody the Emperor's will, they will have parliamentary protests and crises. There is a Socialist party in Japan, and there is an Anarchist movement, as was shown in the recent execution of more than a dozen conspirators against the life of the Emperor. Did Gen. Nogi deplore these manifestations of the modern spirit among his countrymen? Did he believe that by his dramatic act of sacrifice he could call the spirit of the nation back from its new vagaries to the old standards and loyalties?

DELUSIONS ABOUT THE CONSTITUTION.

With the political atmosphere in our own country charged with all manner of loose thinking, it is not surprising that there should be found in foreign discussion of our situation an abundance of confident and sweeping assertion based on anything but an accurate consideration of facts. And, inasmuch as the Federal Constitution is at once the most distinctive feature of our historic polity and the institution most notably exposed to criticism and attack on the part of sanguine reformers at home, it is natural that the place of that instrument in the past and future of American government should be a favorite topic of foreign commentators on our affairs. That the Constitution is, for all practical purposes, incapable of amendment is a notion which, unfortunately, was often maintained by American journalists, in former years, without much serious or logical thought, and without any particular purpose or bias. The notion was commonly expressed in connection with some proposal of minor significance, perhaps some proposal that had come up, in one shape or another, a score of times without attracting much public interest; and it rested almost entirely on the mere empirical fact that the Constitution had remained unamended since the early years of the Republic, except for the amendments which were brought about by the Civil War.

In recent years, however, a very different character has been given to the matter. The Constitution has been represented as embodying a cast-iron system, which, on the one hand, so long as it is unchanged, fatally trammels every effort at social and economic adjustment to changing conditions, and which, on the other hand, was designedly so intrenched in its position that it cannot itself be changed. Both of these notions are held with great earnestness, and expressed with great confidence, by persons who take little trouble to examine into the basis of either. Their state of mind is well reflected in this passage from an article in the London *Fortnightly Review* on "The New Political America":

> Think of a Constitution so wisely put together, so complete in every detail, that any meddling with it on the part of posterity is unnecessary. Somebody once said, not quite convincingly, that you cannot legislate for posterity. More certainly it is impossible to make a Constitution for the centuries to come after, because conditions change with progress. New discoveries like electricity mean new systems of life altogether, and their results have to be grafted into the body social and politic.

One might imagine, from the last sentence, that the Constitution of the United States contained a minute code of rules governing the relations of men in industry and commerce; rules framed to suit the primitive condition of the arts and of business which obtained a hundred years ago, but wholly antiquated through the introduction of the telegraph and the dynamo. In point of fact, the restraints imposed by the Constitution—apart from those relating to the division of powers between the States and the central Government—are of the broadest and simplest kind, and have reference only to the fundamental relations of man to man, and of the individual to the Government; the principles on which these restraints turn are unaffected by anything that has yet been done, or that is likely to be done, by the progress of physical science or mechanical invention. The application of these broad and simple provisions leaves plenty of room for variations in judicial interpretation, and the changing conditions of industrial organization should be reflected in corresponding changes in that interpretation; and this is precisely what is taking place. The provisions are designed to preserve certain fundamental rights; and if, in the course of time, what had once seemed an interpretation fitted to fulfil this object becomes an obstacle in the way of fulfilment, experience shows that we have ample reason to trust that the needed adjustment will be made in a reasonable time. The process may sometimes seem slow, but this is the price we pay for defence against evils far more serious.

The other notion—that we are living under a Constitution which cannot be changed by ordinary process—is largely responsible for the various forms of nullification talk which have recently become so familiar. Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for the reversal of judicial decisions by popular vote, though on its face aimed at State courts and at State Constitutions, really derives most of whatever force it has from feelings current among agitators against the Constitution of the United States. State Constitutions, as everybody knows, are easily changed; whatever the advocates of the "recall of decisions" may say, they are really at the heart thinking of the United States Constitution. But so inadequate and so nebulous is their thinking that they ignore the difference between the difficulty of amending the Federal Constitution and the ease of amending State Constitutions; nor is this all. Just while they are raising all this clamor, two important amendments to the Federal Constitution—both of them of a distinctly "progressive" character—are well on their way to adoption, after only a short period of really vigorous or general effort; this they conveniently forget. But the queerest thing about the whole propaganda is the defence repeatedly put forward against the charge that recall of decisions by popular vote would be a dangerous innovation. Why, say some of their foremost spokesmen—and Mr. Roosevelt first of all—we propose nothing but what has been done in the past, both by separate States and by the Union. When a court's interpretation of a Constitutional provision has been found objectionable, the Constitution has been changed; and is this not the recall of a judicial decision? With such mental confusion it is difficult to deal; when a man has an *idée fixe*, you can do little with him. But to persons whose minds are in ordinary working order, it must be plain that the fact that our Constitutions are already capable of being changed by an orderly and rational process is not an argument in favor of causing their provisions, as understood by the courts, to be subject to summary nullification by popular vote.

FEDERALISM AND CENTRALIZATION.

At a time when in this country the tendency has become pronounced to make the triumph of progressive ideas largely dependent upon, if not actually synonymous with, an important extension in the powers of the central government, it is interesting to note that in England the stress of events is quite in the opposite direction. The present Liberal Government may be guilty of counting its chickens before they are hatched, but for some time it has been known that Home Rule is held by many Liberals to be but the initial step in an elaborate programme of decentralization, under which Scotland and Wales are also to have their own Parliaments. Mr. Winston Churchill went much further than this in his speech of last Thursday at Dundee. There he outlined a scheme of federal home rule that called for the creation of ten or a dozen local legislatures for the United Kingdom, acting under the authority of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The fundamental reason for such a wholesale redistribution of legislative functions has long been familiar. The Imperial Parliament is cluttered up with business of a nature totally unsuited to the dignity of such an august assembly. To-day it legislates for the four hundred million people of India, and to-morrow it engages in solemn discussion of parish pump issues. And not infrequently it is on parish pump issues that party alliances are made and unmade and Ministries rise and fall.

The details of the British situation do not concern us now. The point is that where we have been taught to associate government efficiency with centralization, in England they are striving for government efficiency through decentralization. Moreover, the cause of federalism is advocated by the party many of whose ideals have been borrowed by the centralizing Progressives in our own country. Evidently, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George are convinced that the cause of social reconstruction is not endangered by setting up a large number of provincial assemblies corresponding to our State Legislatures. It is very probable that far-reaching legislative measures, in the line of the old-age pension law, the insurance law, and the minimum wage law, will not be entrusted to these local assemblies. It is precisely to leave the Imperial Parliament free to discuss such grave measures in full leisure, that the local assemblies are designed. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the English Radicals have no apprehension lest their programmes of social reform should be endangered by the opposition of local interests acting through the local legislatures. While we in this country are being taught that State's rights are as obsolete as the Constitution by which they were established, Mr. Winston Churchill, in defending the federalist scheme, "argued from the examples of the United States, Germany, Canada, and Australia to show the immense advantages of such a system."

Mr. Churchill includes Germany among his federalist states. Formally, of course, it is that. The Empire is a federal association comprising kingdoms, principalities, and city republics, each possessing large powers of self-government. And yet it is of Germany we think first of all when we speak of a highly centralized type of government. The point is, of course, that we use centralized in a double sense. Centralized may mean completely unified in the sense that all local liberties and distinctions cease to exist; in this sense Germany is not centralized. Or the word may mean the concentration of large powers in the hands of the Government. This, of course, is true of Germany in the sense that the Governments of the separate states play an enormous part in the regulation of the lives of their citizens. When we speak of the extraordinary efficiency of the German people as being due in very large measure to the centralized government system in Germany, it is well to ask one's self how much of this efficiency is due to Prussian predominance in the Empire, and how much to the great development of government functions that obtains in the separate states. Actually, the powers of the Imperial Parliament, the Reichstag, are far from unlimited. The separate parliaments, notably that of Bavaria, enjoy larger autonomous powers than any of our State Legislatures. Yet that fact has not kept the kingdom of Bavaria lagging behind the rest of the Empire.

The situation in the United States may be thus summed up: The radical reformers believe that such progressive measures as the protection of the working classes, the suppression of child labor, the establishment of a minimum wage, pensions of various kinds, and so on, demand a large increase in the functions of the Federal Government. They are conscious of the varying standards and ideals in the different States, and they feel that such steps in the right direction as one State will make are often nullified by the refusal of other States to coöperate. The diversity of our divorce laws is perhaps the most notable illustration of what many people regard as the essential vice of federalist government. But is not this diversity and clash of State standards and interests a condition actually favorable to progress by making legislative experimentation possible?

Centralization is no guarantee of increased efficiency or rapid progress in the direction of genuine reform. Cast child labor into Congress, and the influence of a dozen reactionary States may keep the entire country back for years, whereas to-day the enlightened majority in the separate States are in a position to deal with the child labor evil promptly and effectively. How, it may be asked, can a minority of a dozen reactionary States in Congress frustrate a majority of three dozen States? The answer is that, owing to the give and take method of conducting parliamentary business, a group of twelve States wields an enormous power. Log-rolling is one of the surest defences of evil causes, and log-rolling will increase as a legislative body gets cluttered up with more and more business.

THE THIRD PARTY AND THE TRUSTS.

Perhaps it is the public's underlying belief in the foredoomed failure of the Third Party campaign which explains the lack of aggressive controversy over its platform as a whole; perhaps it is the mere multifariousness of those proposals, and the virtual impossibility of grappling with them all at once. Whichever explanation be correct, the fact is that a budget of plans for sweeping innovation in fundamental public policies —enough in number to equip half a dozen electoral campaigns with topics for controversy—has scarcely been touched in the political debate. The recall of judicial decisions has, for special reasons, been a focus of animated discussion. The protective-tariff plank has been brought to closer public notice because of the extraordinary interpretation of its purposes by the candidate himself. But of the fifty or sixty other planks of the Chicago platform—including radical declarations on such intricate public questions as the currency, the enactment of a minimum-wage law, the initiative and referendum, and the insurance of workingmen against involuntary non-employment—few have as yet received anything but the most vague and general discussion on the stump, even from the Third Party's own orators.

One of its declarations, however, cannot safely be left to such neglect, because it involves an immediate issue in our public policy, and because, moreover, it marks a certain line of cleavage in opinion, extending beyond the bounds even of the Progressive party. We refer to the attitude of the party and its candidate towards the Trusts. Concerning this, the Convention declared for "a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing, which shall maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce," while Mr. Roosevelt himself has repeatedly asserted that the Anti-Trust law is a failure, that the concentration of given industries into single corporations, on the scale of our present Trusts, is absolutely essential to maintenance of the country's commercial prestige, that such organizations need not be interfered with except when guilty of wicked practices towards competitors, and that the proposed Federal commission should see to it that the prices of their goods are not raised too high.

This is in substance the plan proposed by the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, in his testimony of last year before the Stanley Committee. It was evidently put forth then as a refuge from the awkward alternative of abandoning maintenance of an arbitrary price for steel, or submitting to Federal prosecution under the Anti-Trust law. Our own opinion on that expedient was plainly set forth at the time. We agreed with the chief author of the Anti-Trust statute of 1890, ex-Senator Edmunds, that such a commission, in the light of all human experience, "would be in danger of becoming the victim of political influences, if not the cause of them." The *Call*, the Socialist organ, publicly drew the inference at once that "if what Judge Gary described as Government regulation and supervision does not lead to Government ownership, it leads nowhere and changes nothing." Wall Street itself shrank from the contemplation of so enormous a stride in the direction of State Socialism.

In the current number of *Collier's*, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, one of the highest practical authorities on the subject, dissects in masterly fashion the Third Party's Trust plank. First, he strikes at the commonest of all delusions in the matter—the red herring, skilfully drawn across the trail, which diverted into a bog of chaotic inference at least one United States judge, one Presidential candidate, and one of the three present parties. How can our economic expansion be pursued, they ask, if we prohibit "big business"? How can we compete with foreign manufacturers, if our Government forbids any but small and ill-equipped home concerns?

Mr. Brandeis answers thus:

> No argument could be more misleading. . . . Neither the Sherman act nor any of the proposed perfecting amendments contain any prohibition of mere size. Under them a business may *grow* as large as it will or can—without any restriction or without any presumption arising against it. It is only when a monopoly is attempted, or when a business, instead of being allowed to *grow* large, is *made* large by combining competing business in restraint of trade, that the Sherman Law and the proposed perfecting amendments can have any application.

Mr. Brandeis takes his stand upon the principle, perfectly well known to all practical business men, that "in America there is no line of business in which all or most concerns or plants must be concentrated in order to attain the size of greatest efficiency." Great size may be a handicap to efficiency. This is absolutely demonstrated, he holds, by four facts, established by the whole history of the American Trusts:

> First, no conspicuous American Trust owes its existence to the desire for increased efficiency. On the contrary, the purpose of combining has often been to curb efficiency or even to preserve inefficiency, thus frustrating the natural law of survival of the fittest. Second, no conspicuously profitable Trust owes its profits largely to superior efficiency. Conspicuous profits have been secured mainly through control of the market—through the power of monopoly to fix prices—through this exercise of the taxing power. Third, no conspicuous Trust has been efficient enough to maintain long as against the independents its proportion of the business of the country without continuing to buy up, from time to time, its successful competitors. Fourth, most of the Trusts which did not secure monopolistic position have failed to show marked success or efficiency, as compared with independent competing concerns.

We commend to every one interested in the problem, and to every voter in doubt upon this question, a careful reading of the pointed instances, expert testimony, and inexorable logic, with which Mr. Brandeis bulwarks these positions. When the reader knows the actual facts about the case, he will be considerably less apt, we imagine, to regard with patience a deliberate plan for licensing monopoly in production — something which the world has fought against since modern civilization began, and which is proposed to-day at the very moment when the country is crying out against "monopoly prices" for the necessaries of life.

ON GETTING AWAY WITH IT.

A Socialist orator can usually explain anything. But there was one puzzle which the Socialist State Senator from Wisconsin who several days ago unfurled the red flag under Mr. J. P. Morgan's office windows could not explain. He was discussing the character of various public men. Smith he could understand very well—Smith was only a tool of the interests, and not a very efficient tool at that. Jones was a good deal like Smith, only much more adroit. But Robinson defied classification. And here the orator rose to a pitch of eloquence strongly suggestive of the Authorized Version in its simple elegance, if in no other way. "Robinson is anything you please. Any old thing any old time. And he gets away with it. That's what gets my goat." Now, as we have already intimated, the capture of a Socialist stump speaker's goat is one of the most difficult zoölogical feats imaginable. When such a man declares himself nonplussed in the face of a certain situation, what shall be said of the plain, everyday citizen untrained in the Marxian analysis? And, actually, there are a great many plain citizens to-day who watch with growing amazement Robinson's extraordinary success in getting away with it. Robinson is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. He is one thing in Massachusetts and another thing in Oregon. He is one thing to white men and another thing to colored men. And in Massachusetts and in Oregon, by white men and by colored men, Robinson's gospel is received with equal ardor and confidence.

But the case of Robinson has passed beyond the point of his being able to get away with it with impunity. A large part of his popularity is founded upon admiration for the very facility with which he gets away with it. There are big Robinsons and little Robinsons, but the behavior of their worshippers is very much the same. They love Robinson for the unwarranted assertions he has made. They revel in his contradictions. They delight in the fine audacity of his *non sequiturs*. In his ability to confound black with white whenever necessary they detect a peculiar virtue of the superman. "Is it true," the reporter asks Robinson, "that in Minnesota last October you declared that the moon is made of green cheese and that any one who said it is not is a liar?" "It is true," says Robinson. "Is it also true," says the reporter, "that in Pennsylvania on Monday last you announced your firm belief that only the inmates of a home for the feeble-minded would dream of denying that the moon is made of honey and saltpetre?" "I did make such a statement," says Robinson. "How do you reconcile the two statements?" asks the reporter. "I don't reconcile them," says Robinson. "Both statements are equally true, one in Minnesota and the other in Pennsylvania." And a great many plain citizens, on reading the interview published next morning, smite the table emphatically and say, "That's the man for us. He is not like your ordinary politician. He is not afraid to speak out his own mind."

It is the dramatic contrast he presents to the ordinary politician that constitutes Robinson's chief stock in trade. The old-line politician has worked so uniformly under a mask of sweet reasonableness and virtue that he has brought these qualities under suspicion. We have been betrayed so often by statesmen who can always explain their every action that we have been driven into the belief that the only honest man is the one whose logic breaks down. There is a fine robustness about denying that two and two make four, which seems to qualify a man for the drastic work of social reconstruction demanded by the times. People feel that the man who can break a promise is the man to smash a Trust. The man who can look an inconsistency in the face without blinking is the man who will look a wicked plutocrat in the face and send him about his business. Thus, where the old-type politician employed "pussyfoot" methods, the new-type politician gets away with it. In revolt against the gum-shoe, we turn to the bull in the china shop. When the bull first entered the china shop there must have been people who admired the fine, honest clatter of it all. As Wedgewood dinner sets went crashing into Sèvres teapots, and Bohemian salad dishes became indistinguishably merged with German jardinières, people must have felt that whatever else the bull might be, he was not a hypocrite.

Robinson is not a new phenomenon. His popularity is founded on the ancient belief that a critical disease calls for a violent remedy; also that the men who do things cannot be particular about trifles. Before Danton it was recognized that there are emergencies which demand *de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*. Only Robinson represents the perversion of a well-established truth. He typifies the unjustifiable converse that audacity always means sincerity and effectiveness. He also typifies the wrong kind of audacity. Real statesmen have always been audacious in dealing with matters where the small politician has practiced caution. The small politician lives in a land of ghosts that must constantly be placated. He spends most of his time propitiating the labor vote, the German vote, the Irish vote, the Catholic vote, the Jewish vote, the railway interests, the manufacturing interests, the 'longshoremen interests. The real statesman makes a clean sweep of all these shadows, and by an appeal to fundamental human principles and realities wins his victory. He, too, gets away with it, but in a perfectly legitimate way; in the only right way. Robinson's audacity is of a different kind. It consists in persuading the German vote, the labor vote, the 'longshoreman's vote, and the Wall Street vote that he is for all of them, and if their interests are conflicting he is still for all of them. How he does it is a marvel.

THE REVIVAL IN BUSINESS.

We believe the signs of the times to be unmistakable in their testimony that the country is moving rapidly into a period of great prosperity. Some sort of revival in trade and industry, from the depression which necessarily followed the panic of 1907, would have been fairly due by this time, under any circumstances. Five years have elapsed since the crisis of that year, and in our economic history that is abundant time for the process of liquidation and recuperation. The notable trade recovery which started in the autumn of 1897 and opened a new industrial era for the United States, occurred only four years after the panic of 1893. An interval of six years, after 1873, was sufficient to bring the country up to the great revival of 1879. The business community might reasonably, therefore, have looked now for the return of something like genuine good times, even under ordinary influences and conditions.

But the influences and conditions under which American industry is entering the autumn of 1912 are not ordinary. That the business horizon should have presented a picture of cautious retrenchment, careful economy, prudent use of credit, absence of speculation, and low stocks of every sort of merchandise, was to be expected. It is the lesson of panics like 1907 that the business world must resume such conservative policies before it can get on its feet again after its previous excesses, and the lesson is not thoroughly learned until our merchants and manufacturers have tried to get back to "boom times" without such preparation (as they did in 1909 and 1895) and have met with decisive failure. When they have taken the lesson to heart and have put their house properly in order, it has always heretofore been the case that something happened to bring the movement of real recovery to a head, and hasten beyond all expectations the return to prosperous times.

What has happened this season will bear comparison with most of the famous industrial windfalls of the country's history. During three or four years the United States had been losing ground in agriculture. Our cotton crops had not been large enough to keep the Fall River mills on full time; our wheat crops had left so small a surplus over home consumption that exports fell to an annual total hardly matched in thirty years. The experts told us (as they usually do on such occasions) that the fertility of the American cotton belt was beginning to be exhausted, and that we were reaching the period when the American wheat farms could not feed the people of America.

On top of this situation, with granaries and cotton storehouses as depleted as were merchants' shelves, there came in the first place a cotton crop 16 per cent. above the previous maximum, and now, as the grain harvest of 1912 approaches, the Government's estimates predict the largest crops of corn, oats, and spring-sown wheat in the country's history. The total wheat crop, notwithstanding the bad luck of the early harvest in the Central States, will probably exceed the 700,000,000-bushel yield which has heretofore been recorded only in the years of great agricultural abundance, 1906 and 1901. Much the same story comes from every other grain and fodder crop, nearly all of which ran disastrously short last autumn. In curious resemblance to the seasons which opened the last two genuine industrial revivals in this country, Nature seems this year to have been as unkind to the European grain producer as she has been propitious to our own. In England especially, the best foreign customer for our wheat, the London *Economist* estimates the wheat crop shortage as the most serious since 1879, and that means a large and profitable export trade, for which we shall have the grain to spare.

There is abundant testimony to the bearing of these conditions on American industry at large. Iron production is one "barometer of prosperity," and the country's output in the usually dull months of July and August has broken all records for the period, and, unlike such seasons of temporary expansion as 1909, this is being accompanied by rapidly decreasing unsold stocks. The steel trade, the *Iron Age* testifies, has not been as active as it is to-day since the panic of 1907. Even in the copper industry, which has long been halting, last week's report for August showed the largest production of any month in five years, yet with home consumption and exports absorbing nearly 3 per cent. more than the month's production. What business of all descriptions seems to be preparing for, may be judged from the fact that the freight-car facilities of the railways are so far pressed into immediate service that the side-tracked and idle cars are already at an abnormally low total figure, and railway men expect they will all have been put to active work before the end of the present month.

We have mentioned, without any effort at overcoloring the picture, the facts in the business situation which convince us that a genuine and far-reaching American trade revival is at hand. It will perhaps be answered, by people skeptically inclined, that the stock market, which is supposed to reflect such things, is not moving; that we have an exciting Presidential election on our hands, and that the social unrest of the day is enough to offset big crops or a profitable steel trade and make us unprosperous in spite of everything else. We do not profess to have penetrated the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, except to learn that that market sometimes "discounts" events and situations long in advance, and is also sometimes more concerned with the problem of money-market facilities for speculation than with the general argument for or against that speculation. In the matter of the Presidential contest, experience teaches that, as a rule, prosperity is more apt to affect the result of an election than electoral results are apt to affect prosperity. And even as to "social unrest," is it altogether unreasonable to suppose that at least some part of that trouble, and perhaps the most unpleasant part, was an outgrowth of business reaction and depression?

AUTOMOBILE PROGRESS.

The meeting of garage-keepers of this city to protest against their having to pay higher prices for gasolene than are charged almost everywhere else, brings out clearly one element of uncertainty in the development of the automobile. How can the cost of maintenance be reduced? The price of tires has dropped more than appreciably within the last year; if Dr. Carl Duisberg, the eminent German chemist, now in New York, is correct, his discovery of synthetic rubber will eventually, though not in the immediate future, solve the question of punctures and give to motor owners tires that will not show wear when a set of the present product would have worn out. But if gasolene is to remain the chief source of power, the question of supply becomes genuinely serious as the automobile displaces both the pleasure carriage and the business wagon. In Germany Prince Henry is leading a crusade against the domination of American gasolene, and begs Germans to use a variety of benzol, which is a native product. On this side, a combination of electric vehicle-makers is reported, which is to spread the knowledge of their product and the advantages in their rather limited field of electrically propelled cars.

It was Mr. Edison who promised years ago an electric touring car which should supersede the gasolene motor in every respect. But hope deferred has made the motorist heartsick when he looks in the direction of Orange for relief. Encouragement he may, however, find in the news that the first American yacht equipped with a Diesel oil-burning motor was launched last July. That the Diesel engine is a marine and land success has already been demonstrated. Large steamers and great stationary plants use these motors with complete satisfaction, and the day is near when either the British or the German Admiralty will build a battleship equipped with Diesel engines, because of their economy, their saving in space, and the ease of disposing of their fuel in double bottoms. So far as the new American yacht, the Idealia, is concerned, *Yachting* vouches for the statement that her fuel will cost just one-tenth as much as that of the ordinary gasolene yacht of the same size. In addition, fuel oil is non-inflammable and non-explosive, thus assuring an element of safety now lacking in gasolene boats, as the unusually large number destroyed this season by fire testifies.

The difficulty with the Diesel motor is, however, that it has not yet been worked out on a small scale, and that the first cost is now far heavier than that of the best gasolene engine. Its designer, and the various factories which produce these engines, have not yet concentrated on the small sizes, or, so far as we know, thought of the automobile. Yet it should seem natural that they should turn to that field as well. Meanwhile, the development of the gasolene car has gone on apace. The manufacturers are not responsible for the rise in price of gasolene; they are for the quality of their cars, and they have risen well to this responsibility. The improvement of the American car is nothing less than marvellous. For endurance, power, and comparative freedom from engine trouble our best automobiles rank with the best European, while our cheap cars are flooding England and the Continent. The old joke that the motor-owner spent half his time under his car and half in it went straight to the point in the early days of motoring; it carries no suggestion of truth to-day. One may motor for days and scarcely see a car stalled because of engine trouble; it is the tires which now cause nine-tenths of the automobilist's vexations.

Whether the six-cylinder motor is to retain its present vogue remains to be seen, but it is significant that it is now appearing in cheaper cars. While there are still evidences of a desire to produce cars with new features, the general drift is towards the standardization of type, towards producing a car which shall have the lasting qualities of the old-time Brewster carriage and shall not necessitate the purchase of new cars at frequent intervals. One device of 1912, the electric motor which cranks many makes of cars, has done much to popularize the automobile with the public. Thus women who desire to run their own cars have found one of the two chief obstacles removed; the heavy tires remain to plague. That so simple a device as a storage battery charged by the action of the car should have been so long in coming is certainly astonishing. Now that it is here, besides cranking the car it furnishes all the light necessary in a never-failing supply.

Moreover the companies no longer deliver an incomplete car. The purchaser does not now have to spend from $150 to $200 in putting on head-lights, a top, a speedometer, a horn, and other necessary equipment; the motor car of 1912 is as ready for instant service as was the high-class carriage. Finally, while the introduction of six-cylinders has sent up the price of certain types of the most expensive cars, there has been a decrease in cost in other directions. It still seems as if there should be developed a more durable car for from $600 to $750; but the cars now sold at that figure are by no means to be sneered at, as their success abroad shows.

The *Automobile* has recently printed some remarkable figures and facts, as, for instance, that every tenth family in Nebraska owns an automobile; that there is one car in this country for every 110 people; that the number of motor cars in Maine increased 67 per cent. in six months. Between January first and July first of this year 859,858 cars were registered, the percentage of increase over the year 1911 being 18.8 per cent. No less than 801 new automobile companies have been incorporated in 1912, with a total capitalization of $136,956,740, while automobile exports in the first five months of 1912 have been $11,139,125. Between July 1, 1911, and July 1, 1912, no less than 252,569 cars were produced in this country. New York State leads with 92,407 automobiles, and California is second with 78,603. Commercial vehicles have increased more slowly, as there were but 31,574 on July first last; but this is the branch of automobiling in which there is the greatest possibility for future expansion and development.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN ANECDOTE.

London, September 4.

One of the most interesting personalities among living English men of letters is the Rt. Hon. George William Erskine Russell, grandson of the sixth Duke of Rutland. He is of so modest a temperament that he would probably make no claim himself to be ranked among writers of the day; but his best-known book, "Collections and Recollections," will certainly outlive many productions which literary critics count of higher value. Indeed, while it is nowadays read and re-read mainly for the sheer interest of its stories, it will be highly prized by historians of the next generation for the light it casts on ways and manners of the Victorian era. Among the innumerable volumes of social and political gossip that have crowded the booksellers' shelves of late years, it stands out conspicuously for its first-hand authority in matters of fact, its skill in selection and grouping, its genial temper, and its unpretentious and attractive style. It derives a special piquancy from the blend of the author's radicalism of opinion and his intimate personal association with the most aristocratic of old Whig families.

The book owed its origin to an act of friendship. When James Payn, the novelist, was confined to his house by his last illness, Mr. Russell used to visit him once a week, and amuse him by relating curious incidents he had seen and heard of—mainly drawn from the diaries he had been in the habit of writing since he was a schoolboy at Harrow. The invalid found them a rare tonic, and suggested—as a practiced writer who had been for many years a publisher's reader could scarcely help doing—that there were makings of a book in these reminiscences. Mr. Russell at first thought that personal friendship must have biassed James Payn's judgment. He decided to see whether a newspaper would print them, and to let their publication in book form be determined by their reception as periodical contributions.

Accordingly, he sent them week by week to the *Manchester Guardian*, with which he already had a connection. Their popularity left no doubt as to the next thing to do. As a volume of "Collections and Recollections" they were an instant success. The newspaper editor wished more papers of the same sort, and Mr. Russell found himself engaged as regular contributor of a column and a half to each Saturday's issue. In due time there appeared a second series of "Collections and Recollections," and this has since been followed by "Seeing and Hearing," "A Pocketful of Sixpences," "Sketches and Snapshots," and other books of the same type. Of course, these articles have by no means been composed entirely of gossip or "good stories." Many of them are really essays discussing, in friendly fashion, problems of social and domestic life—a recent topic, for example, was "Fathers and Sons."

Only recently Mr. Russell happened to recall, in his Saturday article, that just twenty-five years had passed since the *Manchester Guardian* first published something from his pen. Thereupon a reader of that paper made the happy suggestion that, as it was customary to remember the silver weddings of one's friends, the anniversary should be commemorated by raising a testimonial fund in shilling subscriptions, the fund to be devoted by Mr. Russell to some object in which he was interested. There was an immediate and hearty response, and some of the letters that accompanied the gifts testified most enthusiastically not only to the pleasure, but to the helpful stimulus and guidance, of Mr. Russell's articles.

H. W. H.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It is fitting that a quaint book should have a quaint title-page—such is the case with William Lawrence's chief publication. It is engraved in seven compartments. The centre contains the title: "Marriage by the Morall Law of God Vindicated Against All Ceremonial Laws of Popes and Bishops Destructive to Filiation, Aliment, and Succession, and the Government of Familyes and Kingdomes." Then follows a verse from Mal. ii, 14, and the date 1680. Underneath this are the words, "Linea Recta Praefertur Transversali." At the top "The Morall Law" is symbolized by the two tables of the Decalogue. and the Ceremonial Law by a Church on which rest an owl, a raven, and a bat, surmounted by a rosary, a mitre, and a ring. On the left side are figures of Religion and Liberty: on the right of Justice and Property. On p. 422, at the end of the second book, the author remarks, "By the interruption of the press, I am compell'd to break off this book abruptly." When it was resumed the second part appeared with this title:

> The Rright of Primiogeniture, in succession to the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland: as declared by the Statutes of 25 E. 3. Cap. 2. De Proditionibus, King of England, and of Kenneth the Third, and Malcolm Mackenneth the Second, Kings of Scotland. As likewise of 10 H. 7. made by a Parliament of Ireland; with all objections answered, and clear probation made, that to compass or imagine the death, exile, or disinheriting of the King's eldest son is High Treason. To which is added an answer to all objections against declaring him a Protestant Successor, with reasons showing the fatal dangers of neglecting the same. . . . London, Printed for the Author. 1681.

This is the third book, and at the end

is an index to the three books. There follows what may be styled an appendix:

> The two Great Questions whereon in this present juncture of affairs the Peace and Safety of his Majestie's Person, and of all his Protestant Subjects in his three Kingdoms next under God depend: stated, debated, and humbly submitted to the consideration of supreme authority, as resolved by Christ. . . . London. Printed for the Author, 1681.

After this tract of fourteen pages comes the table of errata. The three parts are not always found together—a fact of which the collector should take note. The question of primogeniture in these closing years of the reign of Charles II was mixed up with the possible pretensions to the throne of the Duke of Monmouth. It was asserted that the King had in reality been married to Lucy Walters, and a large party favored the exclusion of the Duke of York and the succession of Monmouth. But this is not the main thesis of the writer of whom a word or two may now be said.

William Lawrence was the eldest son of William Lawrence of Wraxhall, Dorset, and was born in 1611 or 1612. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1631, as a gentleman commoner, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, and attained a good position in his profession. He was appointed in November, 1653, one of the commissioners for the administration of justice in Scotland. He was also a member of the English Parliament. At the Restoration he returned to London and resumed practice at the bar. He died March 18, 1680-1, aged sixty-nine, and was buried in Wraxhall Churchyard. In the church there is this inscription to his memory:

> Gulielmi Lawrence, armigeri, Scotiæ judicis infaustissimi belli tempore a 1654 ad 1660.
>
> Welcome, deare Death! let sweetest sleepe here take mee
> In thy coole shade, and never more awake me.
> Like a rich curtayne drawe thy darkness round.
> Like a close chamber make my grave profound.
> In it I'le couch secure, no dreames affright
> A silent lodger! here no cares dare bite,
> Making thy bed seeme hard, or long thy night.
> Let not thy armes, O Grave! yet still infold mee.
> Alas! Thinke not thou canst for ever hold mee.
> Wee'le break at length thy marble wombe asunder,
> Re-issue thence, and fill the world with wonder.
> Envy thou'lt then to see the power divine
> Newe digge his diamond saints from thy deep'st myne;
> Cleanse, cleare, and polish them: then shall by farre
> Each dust of their's outshine the morning starre.
>
> Obiit 18 Martii, anno { Dom. 1680
> ætatis suæ 69.

This epitaph probably came from the pen of William Lawrence, who freely mingles verse with his prose even when discussing technical points of law. His "Marriage by the Morall Law Vindicated," according to Anthony à Wood, was "written upon a discontent arising from his wife, a red-hair'd buxom woman, whom he esteem'd dishonest to him." For this suggestion there appears to be no foundation. Lawrence's thesis, which is debated with much curious learning, many digressions and much plain speaking, is that marriage consists of mutual consent and cohabitation, and that no ecclesiastical ceremonies, and no witnesses are necessary to constitute a moral and legal union. The English marriage law has often been held uncertain, and Lawrence's acquaintance with the different customs of Scotland may very likely have impressed him by their superiority to those of his own native country. In most lands the subsequent marriage of the parents has legitimized children born out of wedlock, but not in England. This has certainly produced many cases of great hardship.

Lawrence's digressions are numerous. In one we have the story of the martyrdom of George "Wichard" (Wishart); with all the articles of his indictment, his prophesy of his adversary's death, and the tragic end of Cardinal Beaton set forth. In another there is a note of a case in which a man sued for payment of a shoulder of mutton eaten in part by a wife, but the judges held that it could not be said to be converted to *her* use as husband and wife are one person! He mentions a Scottish lady who was married before she had reached her twelfth year (p. 92.) He mentions also a curious incident which he witnessed in that country. The wedding feast was prolonged until the following day when, after dinner, it was customary for the bridegroom to stand with a creile or basket on his back, "and the company used as they pleased to throw into the same as into a voider, so long till the bride in good nature took it off from him with her own hand, which the sooner she did, the better wife they judged she would be." His probation was so long that he said, "Sweetheart, will you not help me?" but she refused. The fact was there were two sisters so like each other they could not easily be distinguished, and it was the unmarried one who came down first to tease her new brother. At last when they had made sufficient sport about it the true bride was brought downstairs and took off his burden (p. 106.) A good portion of the second book is devoted to a discussion of all the Biblical terms referring to marriage. Many of these he contends are mistranslated in the English version. Indeed, it is difficult to say what there is not in Lawrence's book, for he is as ready to translate Horace (p. 232) as to discuss whether there is any English law by which a man can be compelled to stand in church in a white sheet (p. 235). He knows who excommunicated flies (p. 356), and when the Judges prohibited the Bishop of Chichester from excommunicating a churchwarden (p. 357).

William Lawrence was a fluent rhymer, but it may be the greater kindness not to quote his verses. Nor is his prose concise. His address, "To the Reader," consists of one sentence and contains four hundred words. The reader of these degenerate days can only gasp and pass on.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

COLLEGE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two statements about Carola Woerishoffer, in Miss Tarbell's account of her life in the July *American*, when put together, challenge the attention of teachers. She is said to have done "good work" in the college of which she was a graduate. Yet Mrs. Kelly is quoted as having said of her:

> She had not learned to write. She had written some notes about this work which she wanted published, and we went over them again and again. She was afraid they would not be accurate, afraid they might exaggerate, and when she finished they were so literal in their statement of facts that they did not present the picture at all.

From an unexpected angle we come by inference upon one of the old charges against academic training. It is not practical, it is not efficient. Here there was good material to work with. The girl knew her facts, had the power of clear thinking, the gift of sympathy, and willingness to work. Yet what ought to have been the simple task of writing down the truth that was in her that others also might know, was beyond her powers. In "Power to Think Straight" (*Nation*, October 13, 1910), the writer says, "Once a man can think straight, the chances are that what writing he needs to do will nearly take care of itself." Many of us have believed that, but it was not so in this case.

For twelve years I have been struggling in school and college with the inextricably mingled problems of teaching English and English literature. What now impresses me most is the waste of effort on the part both of those who are taught and those who teach. A case like that of Carola Woerishoffer seems to me conspicuously pitiful. But in their humble way those poor unknown students whose failure shows in bad grammar, unidiomatic English, and garbled mis-statements are equally pitiful.

No time of my life is so full of humiliation and self-abasement as the end of a semester, when I read the long papers and the examination books of those whom I myself have taught. I carry some of the answers seared into my brain. *Cucullus non facit monachum,* translated in class (for such elementary work is a measure of precaution even with college seniors) as "The cowl does not make the monk," returns thus: "The cow does not make the mud." It is the result of careless listening and utter indifference. Chaucer's squire has a "plaited nose," and his yeoman bears forever under his belt a bundle of twenty-four peacocks. Even the familiar line, "Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages," is transformed into, "Thin, long people go on pilgrimages."

The statements about Miss Woerishoffer indicate one kind of failure on the part of the college. Such absurdities as those quoted above, the like of which are known to every examiner, indicate another. For the two kinds of fault two remedies are needed. One remedy is outside the power of the college, the other rests with it wholly.

As I have watched the work of my students I have become convinced that the primary school is largely to blame for their carelessness and inaccuracy. At the very beginning habits of obedience and accuracy should be inculcated. They are more important than mere information, or any æsthetic qualities that can be developed by the emotional teaching that is so common.

A simple illustration will serve to show what I mean by teaching for accuracy. In the old days we were taught to write the singular possessive case by writing the noun, then the apostrophe, and then the *s*. We were not allowed to join the *s* to the word, and put the apostrophe in afterward. It was therefore impossible to confuse the singular and the plural possessive cases. My pupils, on the other hand, have been allowed to join the *s* to the noun, and go back to put in the apostrophe. As a result, it fails before, after, or over the *s* as chance directs, so that I have to correct, each year, hundreds of errors in the writing of the possessive case.

I have often thought in this connection of the Japanese student who taught me to write the alphabet of his country. It was not enough that I should produce a letter that looked like his. I must make the strokes in a certain order, and I must begin always at that end of the stroke which was fixed by custom.

"What difference," I asked, with American carelessness, "so long as my work looks right?"

"It does make a difference," answered my Japanese instructor. "There is one way that is best, and in Japan the children all learn that way. It is the foundation of our national greatness."

To the carelessness that is allowed in the pupils of the lower schools I attribute the ignorance of English idiom which is so startling nowadays. Our American children write their own language as if they were foreigners. I get such English as the following from juniors and seniors in college: "His writing underwent a detriment," "his love to his sister," "to fight a conflict," "he cannot help from feeling," "the man's use of diction," "he had no difficulty to make her love him," "they were upon very intimate relations." My students have not been trained to know the exact significance of words, or to notice delicacies of idiom.

I believe that our results were better when we read and re-read our old reading books in school, committed poetry and orations to memory, and devoured the Waverley novels and "Tom Sawyer" out of school hours. If, at the beginning, we could teach less, but teach soundly, our superstructure of education would be better. I doubt if the college would then have to deal with students who would translate *cucullus non facit monachum* as "The cow does not make the mud."

The fault in such cases as that of Carola Woerishoffer is the fault of the colleges, and the remedy rests with them. Instruction in the actual writing of English should be, more than it is, in the hands of those who are themselves practitioners of the art, and who speak from experience, not from theory. A double advantage would result. The teaching would be more practical in itself, and the students would have more faith in it.

The best work of the present day is done in the professional and graduate schools. It is not merely because only the better students go on. I have seen very careless and indifferent undergraduates develop a new spirit in their postgraduate work, and I am sure that it is partly because those who then teach them are practicing what they teach—law, medicine, architecture, scientific research, or whatever it may be.

Harvard has been notably successful in putting in charge of its English work men of some creative power or practical experience. While Professor Wendell's early experiments in novel-writing are probably forgotten, they have undoubtedly helped even more than his later books of scholarship to give value to his teaching. And never was better work done than by Mr. Hammond Lamont, whose teaching was only an interlude to his newspaper career, but an interlude that benefited thousands of students who came under the influence of his unemotional, sensible, practical instruction.

Without question, there are some teachers who can help others, although they have not the power of accomplishment themselves. Often, too, an unsuccessful effort at creative work may have taught all that is necessary. On the whole, however, I am convinced that effective teaching of the technique of English composition will more certainly be got from those who have had some experience in writing for the outside world than from those who have had merely academic experience and success.

In addition to more practical and simple teaching, we need more time in which the student can actually study. This all colleges now recognize, and various reforms are being attempted. Relief from our present evil of an over-crowded college year and an idle summer will help us in our other troubles. Prof. Irving Babbitt, in his essay on "Academic Leisure," has aptly quoted from Ecclesiasticus, "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise."

For the improvement of our college English, then, three needs at least are ours: Sounder elementary education; simpler, more technical, or professional instruction in college English courses, and more free time in college for intellectual development.

CARRIE A. HARPER.

Mount Holyoke College, August 15.

Literature

EXPLORATIONS IN SYRIA.

Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria in 1904-1905 and 1909. Section A, Southern Syria. Part 2, Southern Hauran. Section B, Northern Syria. Part 4, Djebel Barisha. Princeton: The University.

Both of the regions covered by these latest volumes of the Princeton Expedition are thickly strewn with ruins. In the southern Hauran some seventy sites were visited. Of these about a dozen are now inhabited villages, a considerable number more are used at harvest time or as refuges for shepherds and the like. About twenty show no signs of modern use or habitation. Now both of these regions are almost deserted; once they were thickly inhabited, wealthy, and prosperous.

The period of greatest prosperity of the southern Hauran, included in the biblical Bashan, was that immediately preceding the Mohammedan conquest, from the end of the fourth to the beginning of the seventh century B. C. The ruins, as we see them to-day, are "essentially ruins of Christian towns of the sixth century," but through and under these Christian ruins are still visible remnants of the Roman and Nabatæan periods (the earliest Nabatæan document discovered is dated about 60 B. C.), and beneath these again some fragments of a still earlier period. The similarity of these earliest remains to the so-called Cyclopean work in Europe suggests to the mind of Dr. Howard Crosby Butler, leader of the expedition, who writes the division of each of these volumes dealing with the architecture, the Bible references to the time when there were "giants in the land." To these giant cities he refers the step pyramids, solid masses of stone, comparable in appearance, and probably in purpose, to the similar pyramids in Egypt and to the Ziggurats of Babylonia, and suggestive to that extent of a certain unity of civilization or religion. But of course excavation will be required before conclusions of any great value can be formed with regard to the older remains.

In the southern Hauran the buildings are the most lithic anywhere known. Even the doors are of stone, and the stone used is in general the very hard basalt, of which the whole country consists, with the exception of the extreme southern boundary, where limestone crops out. The impression produced upon the observer by these massive, clumsy, gloomy constructions is one of depression, and travellers have repeatedly called attention to the singularly ugly character of this Hauranic architecture, with its heavy shapes and dismal, monotonous color. But Dr. Butler's discoveries show that this was not the original appearance of these buildings. From the remnants of stucco which he found in place or on the ground he concludes that the rough walls were "always concealed from view," and that "all buildings of all periods and of all classes were stucco," smooth and rough surfaces alike. The stucco was regularly put on in three coats on the exterior walls, and within sometimes in three, sometimes in two, sometimes in one. Among the colors which he found still distinguishable on fragments of the plaster were grass greens, deep reds, pale blues, browns, and soft yellows. There was also abundant use of stucco mouldings, the ornamental designs in which, like wreaths and garlands, were picked out in still more brilliant colors.

In an appendix on Trajan's Road from Bosra to the Red Sea, Dr. Butler contributes a further piece of information of almost equal interest. The remains of the Roman roads in the East are, as is well known, nothing but blocks of stone, somewhat raised in the centre, sloping to the sides, with a slight combing of stones set on edge to separate them from the surrounding desert. Even where sections of such roads are fairly well preserved, they are absolutely unusable to-day. No caravan can travel on such surfaces; and yet so far as one can judge from the present appearance of these roads, they were not used, certainly to any large extent, for wagon traffic. Then, as now, the traffic of those regions was by beasts of burden—camels, donkeys, mules, and horses. But Dr. Butler found a section of Trajan's Road, between Bosra and Amman, on which the stone foundation of hard basalt blocks had been covered with ground cinders and these again with beaten earth, making a most beautiful, durable, and elastic surface for caravan traffic; which throws a new light on the whole question of Roman roads in those parts of the East.

Of the seventy places visited and studied by the expedition, Dr. Butler gives plans, drawings, or photographs to the number of about twenty-five, but it must be confessed that, outside of what has been mentioned, there is very little of general interest in this material.

The other volume, dealing with Djebel (why not Jebel?) Bārîsha, is much smaller, and, particularly in the inscriptional part, of even less interest. It is curious to note that the architecture of this region, which lies about thirty miles east of Antioch, is quite different from that of the adjacent Jebel-Rîḥā, described in a former publication of this series. The northern region is, relatively speaking, Oriental in its character, the southern classical and Grecian. For physical reasons the former had a closer connection with the countries lying east, which evidently affected its entire development. Jebel-Rîḥā, on the other hand, was in close touch with Antioch. It is rarely that one can find so striking a difference in so brief a space.

It is perhaps interesting to note that the inscriptions from this region (treated by Wm. Kelly Prentice), covering more than three centuries, show, in their phraseology, a primitive Christianity in that they are dedicated to "God and His Christ," sometimes with mention of the Holy Spirit or the Trinity, but without invocation of the saints or even of the Virgin Mary. In this region, as in the Ḥauran, there are almost no Mohammedan remains, the prosperity of both regions having evidently ended with the Mohammedan conquest.

These volumes show the same conscientious care and scrupulous attention to detail as the former volumes of the series. Considering that they represent entirely surface exploration, the results of the work of the expedition here presented are very remarkable.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"If," says Mr. Smith in his preface, "I have dared to veil under a thin disguise some of the men whose talk and adventures fill these pages it is because of my profound belief that truth is infinitely more strange and infinitely more interesting than fiction. The characters around the table are all my personal friends; the incidents, each and every one, absolutely true." A taking and characteristic advertisement. Mr. Smith has won a large audience by seeming to confide in it. His offer of a personal letter of introduction to the landlord of his delectable inn, if it were to be taken up by many of his readers, would, we fancy, prove embarrassing to at least one of the parties concerned. That audience will duly admire him for his boldness in this instance, not pausing to reflect that the really daring act would have been the presentation of his persons and scene *without* that thin disguise which makes them mildly palatable as fiction. As a chronicler of fact (which he appears to identify with truth) this clever raconteur has had, so far as we are aware, small experience. Like Dr. Henry van Dyke, he depends for his effect upon his skill in investing the materials of personal experience with the glamour of romance. The closer such a writer sticks to his actual persons and scenes, the more artificial his work is likely to be—as fiction. Imagination has little or no play: ornament does the trick. Fact is sacrificed, and truth—the truth which inheres in fiction of a high order—has small chance of emerging. These pages are as carefully and as self-consciously "composed" as one of Mr. Smith's Venetian watercolors.

Miss 318 and Mr. 37. By Rupert Hughes. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Whether as a figure of pathos or of humor, the "saleslady" has for some time been a favorite heroine with the short-story writers. Miss Lizzie Mooney, who dreams of herself as Madum'selle Lisette Monet, and is numbered 318 on the staff of the Mammoth Department Store, New York, is of the humorous class. Her view of life, and the strange lingo through which she utters it, are even more amusing than pathetic. But Mr. Hughes has not brought us into her company a second time for her own sake. He has made her the central figure in a highly-colored tract. His theme is the inhuman risk taken by big "selling" concerns like the Mammoth, within the letter of inadequate fire-laws. From the opening pages the red spectre of fire is seen hovering above Miss 318 and her four thousand fellow-employees. She herself is dimly aware of it, and the young fireman, who is Mr. 37, warns her in good set terms. The Mammoth is a perfect fire-trap, the dread of the Force. Why isn't something done, asks Miss 318. Because the Mammoth, "nothin' but a holler shell, chock-full of human bein's and a million dollars worth of the easiest burnin' stuff in God's world," is within the scanty regulations; because the newspapers cannot afford to lose its advertising; because it is not the American way to provide safeguards. "Ye're young and rich," growls Mr. 37, "and we got money to boin—and we like the smell of smoke." So the expected thing happens—the downfall of the Mammoth. What might not have been quite expected is the utterly preposterous series of incidents connecting Miss 318 and her fireman with it.

My Lady's Garter. By Jacques Futrelle. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

That the author of this story went down with the Titanic is a fact not lost sight of by its publisher. He seems to have been a brave man and a skilful maker of magazine fiction. But when the "Literary Note" obligingly pasted on the fly-leaf of this work speaks of it as "final evidence of an author's consummate art," and alleges that "his coronet of fame will be brightened by another jewel in the publication of this masterpiece," we feel that complaisance is being carried rather too far. The "Note" in question will be printed as a review in hundreds of rural newspapers—and some others. Its obvious inanity will add its mite towards stultifying the work of the real reviewer, in such relatively few and strangely lavish periodicals as employ him.

The idea of weaving a mystery story about a theft from the British Museum of the original garter which became the emblem of the Order of the Garter is good. The plot evolved is ingenious, and the style of its telling jaunty and according to the magazine mode of the hour. But the thing as a whole is a flimsy trifle.

Halcyone. By Elinor Glyn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Halcyone was a little English girl who lived with two maiden aunts on the ancestral acres. She had governesses, and she read Kingsley's "Heroes," and she discovered a secret staircase and a wonderful Greek sculptured head. When she was twelve years old there came to live in a cottage at her gates an old Oxford professor, who instructed her deeply and was her guide and friend through her life. An Oxford graduate, his former pupil, comes to see him and has a glimpse of the young student. The young man is an ambitious politician, for whom women are "not even to be considered a factor in the scheme of things." He thinks, however, that it will further his aims to marry a rich American divorcée who has rented an estate near Halcyone's—and the inevitable begins. The destinies fight for control of this gentleman, though it is never made clear why they or any one should want him. Perches a bad Pittsburgh angel over one shoulder and a good Greek angel, Halcyone, over the other. Halcyone is even more than Greek. She is a worshipper of Nature in every form except thunder, an undoubting theist, and a believer in the efficacy of thought currents. It would be a hardened case of error indeed that could withstand the pressure of these forces for good. The story is not without its pretty moments of sylvan presences and Greek lore, and the teachings of the night winds; of a white bearded sage inspiring his pupil, and of the pupil's constant faith in things unseen. But the impression left is of a note forced; of mythology just a little too ready to the hand and of the incongruity of New Thought as her handmaiden.

THE LYRIC.

English Lyrical Poetry: From its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

Professor Reed would have done better not to attempt, as a preliminary to his study, a sharp definition of the lyric. The term has grown vague, yet the old, easy-going categories, which accepted for lyric the greater number of short poems, will continue to be more serviceable than those which he prescribes. "All songs," he says, "all poems following classic lyric forms; all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in rhythm that suggests music, are to be considered lyrics." It is clear that Mr. Reed desires to revive the Greek standard, and the spirit which fostered a perfect understanding between verse and music. But can this be done? The author includes in his definition the various sonnets, because some of them have been set to music. The test is not convincing. What of Shakespeare's sonnet beginning

> When to the sessions of sweet silent thought?

Does its rhythm suggest music to a greater degree than many a passage not usually classed as lyric in the plays?

This brings up a very interesting point which Mr. Reed leaves untouched—the striking similarity of such short passages in Shakespeare to his sonnets. The kinship between them can be shown to be so close that if the sonnets are to be called lyrics, then the other lines should be, too. Macbeth's words spoken after he has been told of his wife's death may serve as illustration:

> She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word.
> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle;
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

These lines deal with a "special instant"—Shakespeare's own definition of what a sonnet should embrace—and light up its various facets in a way that is almost indistinguishable from the manner of the sonnets. The plays furnish dozens of other like instances. "To be or not to be," etc. "We have scotched the snake, not killed it," etc. "Put out the light, and then put out the light," etc., prove upon analysis to have the characteristics of short poems expressing emotion. The fact that they are within a larger structure of drama and so get an intensity which standing by themselves they would not have, does not entirely remove them from discussion. The same might be said, though to a less degree, of the songs in the plays, particularly in "The Tempest."

While not wishing to commit ourselves to any one definition, we have tried to indicate that lyric poetry is not to be classified to-day by the musical test, and that the test of length, though sound, involves wider considerations than our author intimates. It is very possible that the lyric, from first being something pretty definite, has broadened, to all intents and purposes, into merely a quality of poetry. At the present day, for one to insist upon a Greek point of view is bound to seem futile.

Mr. Reed's method, when once he gets fairly started, is partly historical and partly æsthetic, and naturally is chronological. But nowhere is it very effective or consistent. For one thing, he is evidently embarrassed by the amount of his material, even after the restrictions which his definition has imposed. As he thinks it necessary to mention every one who contributed to the type, his study soon becomes a pageant of names with scraps of illustration and comment, and a few of the underlying tendencies roughly sketched. His book is sadly in need of a few striking generalizations. It would have been wiser, we think, to devote most of the volume to the leading lyrists, and also for certain periods to select a few of the more usual poetic themes and to study their treatment at various hands. This could have been done to advantage with the lyrics of Elizabeth's day, with which Mr. Reed finds himself hopelessly swamped. He deals half heartedly with the Petrarchan impulse, neglecting several of its important phases, and because he has not carefully calculated the illustrations, makes a poor comparison of Shakespeare as a sonneteer with Sidney and Spenser. The more's the pity, since a number of special investigations of their work had prepared the way for some keen general statements.

Milton, as great a lyrist as our language ever saw, is referred to countlessly, yet receives but a few pages of concentrated attention. We are told what Sir Henry Wotten said of "Comus"; the well-known blemish in the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" is pointed out, and we turn to Dr. Johnson's condemnation of "Lycidas," and shortly arrive at the conclusion of the whole matter:

> The art of the poem is as great as the inspiration; we are carried on and on by the sweep of the verse until the elegy reads as though it had been struck off in the white heat of the poet's emotion, yet Milton's manuscript shows how patiently he revised word and phrase. Familiarity with "Lycidas" but deepens admiration; its music haunts the ear, its phrases the memory. It is the most truly inspired lyric that England had yet produced.

Exit Milton. Not a word about the breadth of his indebtedness, even in the lyric, and of his amazing power of assimilation. The author neglects also the nice question of Milton's kinship with Shakespeare on the lyric side; nor does he sufficiently work out the genesis and later influence of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

"The genius of Wordsworth," it is stated, "was not lyrical." This is startling until it is seen that here the writer is strictly enforcing the musical test. The sentence continues, "he has not left us a single song, for though lyrical feeling surges through his verse, the gift of Burns was denied him." Then why, it may be asked, did the author call "Lycidas" an excellent lyric? Is it because its irregular verse structure was taken to be an imitation of the Greek lyric—which is one of Mr. Reed's tests? Arbitrary division likewise excludes "The Blessed Damozel" from consideration, and though "The House of Life" is taken into account, we learn nothing about Rossetti's technique, more especially his peculiarly Continental symbolism.

It is needless to cite other instances. Our quarrel is with the author's method, which seems to us fundamentally untrue.

Waterways Versus Railways. By Harold G. Moulton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

This well-written book must be reckoned with by the champions of waterways, for it is a straightforward discussion of the entire problem, and lets in light upon the many weaknesses in their arguments. Much stress has been laid recently upon the success of waterways in Europe, and upon our neglect to take similar advantage of our opportunities. The author, by personal investigation, finds a decline in the amount of traffic carried on inland water routes in Europe proceeding side by side with the development of railways. This declining movement has continued unchecked in England to the present time. It has been stayed on the Continent only by active Government intervention. The states of Europe have been obliged to assume virtually all the fixed charges connected with water transportation, and to turn the water routes over free of toll to the water carriers. Not infrequently the Governments have been compelled to fix railway rates from 20 to 50 per cent. higher than the bare charge for boat carriage in order that the waterways might not be idle.

Passing to the United States, the author follows the same painstaking methods in the examination of the projects that have been most vigorously advocated here. It is estimated that the visionary lakes-to-gulf ship canal would probably cost a billion dollars, that a traffic nearly double that of ports like Philadelphia, Boston, and New Orleans would be necessary to effect savings over rail transportation sufficient to meet merely the annual outlays, and that it is almost certain that no considerable number of ocean vessels could be induced to use such a waterway even if free of tolls. "Fourteen feet through the Valley" would be of no service to lake or ocean vessels, and would be deeper than is necessary for barges. "Eight feet from lakes to gulf" is possible from the engineering standpoint, but traffic contiguous to the waterway is not sufficient to warrant construction, and trans-shipment costs from rail to water would be prohibitive.

Although traffic conditions are more favorable on the Ohio River, the author's exhaustive examination of cost of improvement and maintenance of the channel results in the conclusion that from the standpoint of the nation the expenditure is not economically justifiable. For the Erie Canal the gist of his position is contained in the following quotation (p. 438):

> By the way of summary, it should be restated that this project was authorized through the influence of sectional interests hoping to benefit at the expense of the state as a whole; that no adequate investigation of the possibilities of increased traffic was ever made; that it was decided upon before the vital question of terminals was apparently conceived of; and that absolutely no computation was made of the inclusive cost of transport on the enlarged canal, as compared with the cost by rail.

In short, the fundamental thesis of the book is that the cost of water transportation has not been accurately determined until all the factors entering into *total cost* have been taken into account—the costs, that is, of construction and maintenance, met commonly by taxation, as well as the mere charges for carriage. Such cost is just as truly a burden on the people when disbursed through Government channels as when included in the rate charged. The author places the canal alongside the hand-loom and the spinning jenny of an earlier generation, and insists that to return to this antiquated form of transportation is to turn backward the clock of time.

Notes

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces the following publications for next month: "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," by George A. Birmingham: "The Sea Shore," by F. Martin Duncan; "The English Fairy Book," by Ernest Rhys; "The Magic Book," by G. A. and C. A. Williams, and "A Chronicle of Friendship," by Luther Munday.

The publications of Putnams this week include "Shenandoah," by Henry Tyrrell, based upon the play by Bronson Howard; "With the Merry Austrians," by Amy McLaren; "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," by Dmitri Merejkowski, translated from the Russian by Herbert French; "The Fascination of Books," by Joseph Shaylor, and "Washington and Lincoln," by R. W. McLaughlin.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week a novel by Edward Mott Woolley, entitled "The Junior Partner," and "Woman Adrift: The Menace of Suffragism," by Harold Owen. The latter is announced as "the most complete, temperate, and reasoned criticism of suffragism and allied movements which has yet appeared."

Scribners will publish in their South American series the translation of F. Garcia Calderon's "Les Démocraties latines de l'Amérique," to which the French Premier, M. Poincaré has contributed an introduction. The translation is to be made by Bernard Miall.

The autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Co. includes the following titles in literature: "In the Hands of a Receiver," by Samuel M. Crothers; "The Provincial American," by Meredith Nicholson; "The American Mind," by Bliss Perry; "Time and Change," by John Burroughs; "Americans and Others," by Agnes Repplier; "Masters of Modern French Criticism," by Irving Babbitt; "Emerson's Journals"; "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare," by George H. Palmer; "Charles Eliot Norton," by E. W. Emerson and W. F. Harris; "A Doctor's Table Talk," by James G. Mumford, and "The New Light on the Old Truth," by Charles A. Dinsmore.—In history: "Italy in the 13th Century," by Henry D. Sedgwick; "The Holy Christian Church," by R. M. Johnston; "Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages," by Sidney Heath; "Belgium," by William Elliot Griffis; "A History of the Presidency from 1897 to 1909," by Edward Stanwood; "Merchant Ventures of Old Salem," by Robert E. Peabody, and "History of Plymouth Plantation," by William Bradford.—In biography: "The Three Brontës," by May Sinclair; "The Autobiography of an Individualist," by James O. Fagan; "When I was Young," by Yoshio Markino; "Lafcadio Hearn," by Edward Thomas; "J. M. Synge," by Francis Bickley, and "Life and Letters of John Rickman," by Orlo Williams.—In travel: "Egyptian Days," by Philip S. Marden; "Around the Clock in Europe," by Charles F. Howell; "The Path of the Conquistadores," by Lindon Bates, jr.; "Through the Heart of Africa," by Frank H. Melland and Edward H. Cholmeley; "Gallant Little Wales," by Jeannette Marks; "The Gateway of Scotland," by A. G. Bradley, and "The Loss of the SS. Titanic," by Lawrence Beesley.

There are several volumes of verse on the autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Company. Not the least welcome of these will be "The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody," in two volumes.

John Murray will publish in October the fourth volume of Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers," the proof of which had been entirely read by the author before his death.

"Ants and Their Resemblance to Man" is the subject of an interesting article by Prof. William M. Wheeler, of Harvard University, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. He shows the various methods by which, as social insects, ants have solved the problems of nutrition, reproduction, and protection. Rear-Admiral John E. Pillsbury gives some valuable information in regard to that "grandest and most mighty terrestrial phenomenon," the Gulf Stream, largely taken from his own observations while in command of the Coast Survey steamer Blake. According to calculations the average volume of water passing in one hour through the Straits of Florida is 90 billion tons, and if it could be evaporated "the remaining salts would require many times more than all the ships in the world to carry it." Attention is also called to the fact that its influence on the colonization of America was great. A description of elephant hunting in Equatorial Africa is given by Mr. C. E. Akeley, of the American Museum of Natural History, and there are also accounts of Zanzibar and the recent volcanic eruptions in Alaska.

News has come from Cairo that a number of large rolls of historical papyri have been discovered by Mr. Robert de Rustafjaell. The manuscripts were unearthed by a fellah while sinking the foundations of his mud hut, near a temple of the Ptolemies in Upper Egypt, and belong to the best Græco-Egyptian period. They are about twelve inches wide, all closely rolled, some of the rolls reaching to four inches in diameter. They are in a good state of preservation so far as the writing is concerned, but much discolored, and, owing to their dry and fragile condition, have to be handled with the utmost delicacy. It is believed that the contents will prove to be of great archæological value.

An anthology of "The White Hills in Poetry" has been collected and edited by Eugene R. Musgrove, and Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, himself of "the cult of Chocorua," has contributed a brief and happy introduction. It is not all great poetry, or even good poetry, and some of the poets are men and women of straw; but those who pass their summers in the White Mountains, and those who are fortunate enough to have spent their youth there, will care more for the general atmosphere of the book than for the editor's standard of taste. The volume is well illustrated, and comes from Houghton Mifflin Co.

Richard H. Thornton's "American Glossary," which, in our review of July 4 was accredited to the London publisher, has since been brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia.

Beneath the alien name of Yoï Pawlowska a sentimentalist offers sketches of travel in "A Year of Strangers" (Duffield). Among the strangers who brought solace to a weary spirit yearning for fellowship are grave children, young women with saddened hearts, a lonely Irishman in far-off Tihran, and a dog by whom the sojourner sat upon the floor, put his head upon the dumb friend's coat, and cried. There are many glimpses of scenery, occasionally lighted up by a pale gleam of imagination. The style, of extreme simplicity, evermore takes on a melancholy cadence. Characteristic is the following reminiscence of Persia:

> I stood by a steep cliff above a wide river. . . . The wind shrieked and blew a dust-storm which seemed impenetrable; the frogs croaked all the time: their song, like the wind's song, is the same in all countries, their music was born in the land of despair, and they sing their song to those who have traversed that land.

V. Leuliette's "French Prose Writers of the XIXth Century and After" (London: Isaac Pitman & Sons) is one of the best prose anthologies for the use of somewhat advanced students of French which have appeared in recent years. Mme. de Staël, Chateaubriand, Courier, Lamennais, Stendhal, Thierry, Vinet, de Tocqueville, Quinet, Taine, Rambaud, Hanotaux, and Guyau are among the twenty-five authors represented. Short biographical and critical notices, in French, of the writers are prefixed to the extracts; and the literary and bibliographical notes, in English, are valuable and interesting.

H. W. Boynton contributes the volume on "The World's Leading Poets" to the new series of biographies called The World's Leaders (Holt), issued under the general editorship of W. P. Trent. The book contains about what one should expect under the conditions imposed, and little more. It contains chapters on the first six poets in the world—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe—a list which might be acceptable to every one, barring, perhaps, the countrymen of Molière. But unfortunately the plan of the series demands that the treatment shall be biographical rather than critical or philosophical; it proposes to present the world's great men in their habit as they lived. Obviously this puts the poets who flourished before Boswell at a disadvantage as compared with the men of action, and it almost as obviously precludes the author from saying anything new or interesting even though he is engaged with objects of perpetual novelty and interest.

It is awkward, moreover, for a biographer with a modern conscience to construct a plausible life-history of a poet who possibly never existed. Though Mr. Boynton throws Wolf overboard and preserves Homer, he can spin out for the father of all poets only eight pages of "biography." (It is a slip, by the way, to say that Wolf denied Homer's existence "with Gamp-like directness"; the direct, incredulous lady was not Sairey but her friend Betsey Prig.) Virgil he links rather skilfully with the men and events of the Augustan age, yet he leaves the man himself only a slightly less shadowy figure than the author of the "Iliad." About all that he can do for Dante is to set him somewhat obscurely among the bickering factions of Florence. His Shakespeare the man, like every other biographer's Shakespeare, is a thing of legal shreds and patches, except for a glimpse of him here and there through the works; and Mr. Boynton has in general avoided divination. The fact is that only Milton and Goethe left behind them the materials for anything like an adequate or important biographical record, and even in these cases the biographical facts look pretty small beside the exploits of Cæsar and Napoleon unless they are brought into close relationship with the poetry. Seventy-two pages here are apportioned to the life of Milton, but "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" are disposed of in a single sentence. Each chapter curiously fails to rise to the height of its great argument; Hamlet has been left out. If at the conclusion of the book, one feels that Mr. Boynton has performed an appointed rather than an elected task, one's dissatisfaction is to be charged rather to the limitations of the series than to the shortcomings of the author.

Stoddard Dewey's "Four French Adventurers" (Edinburgh: Thomas Nelson & Sons) gives us true stories of swift lives, of timely interest to-day, when the exploits of Paris bandits fill the columns of newspapers on two continents. But these impostors and convicts achieved notoriety in a less spectacular way than their recent emulators. Pierre Coignard, for example, returning to Paris as lieutenant-colonel in the Peninsular army of France and relapsing into his first profession of burglary, was captured after the briefest struggle by the famous ex-convict detective Vidocq and sent to the penitentiary for life. The ingenious Monsieur Collet, too, gathered thousands of francs from churchmen, bankers, and generals by the simple expedient of a succession of disguises, such as could be done with credit by any lightning-change artist now on the vaudeville stage. More mysterious are the touching, instructive, and grotesque adventures of Charles of Navarre, who claimed to be the "lost dauphin," and as Mathurin Bruneau was therefor sentenced to a seven-year imprisonment during which he disappeared in a manner as baffling as his own childhood. Later still, after the Revolution of 1830, there is offered in the fortunes of Louis and Anna de Marsilly a whole thrilling historical romance.

The lives of these convicts, once so celebrated, now so thoroughly forgotten, are for the first time in English recounted with a scrupulous fidelity to historical record. Even the speeches put into the mouths of the characters are taken from contemporary sources, chiefly the proceedings of sensational trials known as the *causes célèbres*. The four chapters make a very interesting excursion into the byways of history. The true place of Charles of Navarre has not been known heretofore, since the documents in the case were brought to light only last year. An understanding of Napoleon's problem in Spain is deepened on reading of the steps by which a convicted burglar became a high officer in the French army. An illuminating picture of the state and difficulty of colonial life and administration under Louis Philippe is presented in the adventures of Louis de Marsilly in Algiers. The topsy-turvy condition of France in 1812 is vividly shown in the exploit of Collet, who collected, as a pretended Inspector-General Borromeo, some four hundred thousand francs from the military funds. But, aside from all historical considerations, these four adventures engage attention by the human interest of their careers as told in Mr. Dewey's simple, direct, and unembroidered narrative.

Forty years ago, when Mr. Edmund Gosse was young, poetical, and impressionable, he made a visit to Denmark—then smarting from the second war with Germany—to learn the language and explore the comparatively unsunned culture of the country. Two years later, in 1874, he returned to renew and extend his acquaintance with the art and letters of the ancient little nation. From the house of Dr. Brunn Juul Fog, later primate of the Danish Church, he sallied out upon all the lions of Denmark—theologians, booksellers, painters, librarians, philologists, poets, and critics. The record of these adventures, long preserved in his private journals, Mr. Gosse now gives to the world in a volume of 372 pages, entitled "Two Visits to Denmark" (Dutton). In his preface, which sounds decidedly like an afterthought, he tells us that the timeliness of this belated publication is due to the present neglect in the Empire of the "function and value of the small nations in the civilization of the world." The reader will be impressed with the fact that most of the celebrities here portrayed are as little known to the general public to-day as they were half a century ago. Who has read Paludan-Müller, "the greatest living poet of Denmark," or Andreas Munch, till Björnson and Ibsen appeared, "undoubtedly the favorite poet of Norway"?—or Ludvig Bödtcher, "the veteran of the living Danish poets"? Who can persuade any but Scandinavian enthusiasts that it is necessary to read them? The modern Danish literature to which Mr. Gosse and others have long been inviting attention is just enough off the track to be a little difficult of approach, but not sufficiently distinct from the main European movement greatly to pique curiosity. The three really conspicuous figures in this book are Hans Christian Andersen, who wrote in the universal dialect of children; Thorwaldsen, in whom, as Mr. Gosse says, "there is not a trace of the North"; and Georg Brandes, the brilliant cosmopolitan Jew. Students with special Danish interests will doubtless find much to enjoy in Mr. Gosse's personal sketches of literary society in Denmark in its own provincial "Victorian" period, but the general reader will probably find the narrative rather heavy and irrelevant to his business, up to the point where Georg Brandes appears and attempts to lead the "small nation" into the world movement.

In spite of its apparent frivolity, there is other than sentimental justification for the title of Frank Hamel's book about Agnes Sorel, "The Lady of Beauty" (Brentano's). "La Dame de Beauté"—such is the way in which the famous mistress of Charles VII is referred to in more than one contemporary account, the amorous King having bestowed upon her the domain of Beauté, or Beaulté. Agnes Sorel was the first royal mistress of France to be maintained openly in a separate establishment on a scale equalling, if not surpassing, that of the Queen and the other ladies of the royal household. This fact is the more extraordinary in that Charles's reign was notable for its impoverishment, owing to the English wars. This brings up the whole question of the date of Agnes Sorel's connection with the King, and, consequently, of the measure of her influence over him and upon the affairs of his reign. All is vague here, and even the date of her birth, which has been variously set as 1409, 1405, and 1422, is unknown. The earlier historians, following the legend, have assumed a long secret *liaison* before her open acknowledgment about 1444, during which she took up the work of Joan of Arc, and inspired Charles with the whole work of national revival. The chief objection to this assumption is that it would make Agnes forty years old at the time of her death, whereas she is spoken of by all the chroniclers as having been in the flower of her youth at that time. Later authorities, accepting, or, rather, inventing, the latest date to meet this difficulty—which does not seem insuperable in view of the tone of flattery which then obtained—have had to break with this gracious legend; and in making Agnes forfeit the fine rôle which it bestowed upon her, they have limited her influence, for the most part, to minor affairs of the realm and of the royal household—especially in connection with the quarrels between Charles and the Dauphin, Louis. There remains, however, tolerably certain the part she played in encouraging the King to carry out his campaign of reconquest in Normandy. Mr. Hamel states this problem, but does not attempt to resolve it; nor does he forego any of the advantages that accrue to the literary biographer from a free use of legendary material, and even of the acknowledged imaginative inventions of quite recent writers. He carefully gathers together all references to Agnes wherever he finds them, and is principally concerned with reconstituting the charming personality of the most sympathetic, because most disinterested, of French royal mistresses, save Louise de la Vallière, with whom he compares her constantly.

T. T. Geer's "Fifty Years in Oregon" (Neale Pub. Co.) is the autobiography of a native Oregonian, whose life, from 1851 to 1911, has been coeval with the development of a great community. Mr. Geer, the son of an Ohio pioneer, endured hard things in childhood, but fighting his way under the frontier conditions, showed tact and strength in places private and public, and attained at last to the position of Governor. Though the appeal of the book is for the most part local, it is by no means without general interest. It is breezy and informal in manner, abounding in good stories and vivid pictures of men and events. Though dealing mainly with worthies of the Pacific slope, glimpses are given of notabilities of wider significance, as, for instance, of the Presidents Hayes, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley. It is the record of a strenuous American life, the hand now grasping the plough-handle, now the speaker's gavel in a stormy Legislature, now the pen of the Chief Magistrate giving validity to laws, the hand returning ever and again to the plough-handle. It is a record of turmoil. Carlyle says in his "Frederick the Great," of the strivers who made a way for Prussia, they did not wear "especially speckless Sunday pumps," as they trampled their path. No more did the pioneers of Oregon. Indeed the company was very rough shod Delicate things went to wreck before an advance that was often ruthless, even unscrupulous. But in the main the advance was wholesome and virile, and the outcome is noble, a State four-square in Anglo-Saxon massiveness, awaking to knowledge of its defects and disposed to make them good.

Guy de Maupassant shares with Napoleon the distinction of having his daily life recorded in intimate detail by his valet, and to his man, François, author of "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant" (John Lane), the French writer is a veritable hero. Entering his service in 1883, François served his master ten years, or until within a few months of the sad end of Maupassant's life in the private asylum of Dr. Blanche at Passy. They were years of wandering, mostly, for Maupassant could never remain long in one place; and the scene shifts rapidly from Paris to Etretat, to Cannes, to Marseilles, to Aix-les-Bains, and back again to the capital, where the writer had a new apartment nearly every year. The reader wonders how work was possible under such conditions. Yet articles, tales, and even novels continued to flow from Maupassant's pen all this time, and his valet's testimony is valuable concerning his habits and methods of composition. Maupassant was one of those writers who think everything out in advance and who have all the elements of their stories in order when they begin to write. His advice to young authors, by whom François tells us he was besieged, was based upon his own experience in this respect. At the same time his magnificent memory enabled him to forego one very useful practice for young authors, namely, the making of notes. François tells how his master would study a landscape in minute detail, drink it all in, then, turning away, would remark, tapping his forehead: "Now it is all imprinted there!" Afterwards he would reproduce what he had seen, with absolute fidelity. Evidently he appreciated the similar powers of his valet, for he would often employ him for the gathering of material and impressions, sending him to the gaming-halls of the resorts he frequented, and encouraging him to form an intimacy with the servants of some Russian princess whom he was studying with a view to introducing her into a future work of fiction.

Maupassant also talked with much freedom and frankness with this faithful and intelligent servitor about his family affairs, his friendships, his literary plans and projects, and his admiration for Flaubert. He finds that François, whom he discovered reading "Salammbô" in the kitchen, had once waited at table on its author, and greatly preferred "Madame Bovary," lent him by the butler, to the novels of Zola's Rougon-Macquart series. Encouraged to explain his dislike for these works, François said:

> M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants; he puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in "Pot-Bouille," he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. Then that fellow Trublot, I dare say, such people exist, but they are exceedingly rare. I don't say maids and cooks have not their feelings, like other women. . . . No, but to state they are all of them ready to hide Trublots in their kitchens while awaiting the instant when they can have them up to their garrets—no, sir, no!

Maupassant explained to François that it was to make money Zola wrote as he did, and compared him unfavorably with Flaubert in this respect. Later, while living near Zola's residence at Médan, he invited that writer, with his friend, Pessard, to lunch with him. The luncheon was not a success. There was little merriment and little talk on literary topics. After the departure of his guests, Maupassant remarked to François: "I consider that Zola . . . is a great writer. His literary value is very considerable!" Then he added, "with bitterness and repulsion": "As to himself, personally, . . . I don't like him at all!"

The history of the Königliche und Universitäts-Bibliothek in Breslau, written in 1911 by its librarian, Dr. Fritz Milkau, when the university of that town celebrated its first centenary, has now been published separately in a handsome volume (Breslau: F. Hirt). The first part of the book contains the history of the various libraries that were brought together to form the library of the new university. Among these is the Silesian central library, which had been assembled from the monastery libraries of the province, much in the manner of what was then being done in Bavaria, where all the libraries of the various religious orders were brought to Munich to form the magnificent Hof-und Staats-Bibliothek. How the work in Breslau failed, in spite of the youthful enthusiasm of the originator of the idea, J. G. G. Büsching, is vividly related. Then follows the account of the development of the library under the administrations of successive professor-librarians, who directed the library "im Nebenamt." It is a pitiful story of incompetency, mismanagement, and shifting of responsibility. This was the condition then in all the German university libraries. A new epoch began for Breslau in 1872, with the appointment of Karl Dziatzko as librarian. "For the first time in the existence of the institution," says Milkau, "a man was at its head who had nothing else on his heart but its welfare." Dziatzko took office on the 1st of October; on the 7th of November he sent to the Ministry in Berlin a complete plan for alteration of the old library building, and on the 14th the plan for the recataloguing of the library. From this beginning dates the movement which has now culminated in the Prussian cataloguing rules and the printing of cards for the Royal Library in Berlin.

Prof. Eugen Kühnemann of the University of Breslau, the first Carl Schurz Memorial Professor at the University of Wisconsin for the winter semester of 1912-13, will begin his lectures at the University of Wisconsin on September 27. In addition to two regular courses, one on Goethe's "Faust" and one on Modern German Drama, he will conduct exercises in literary criticism for advanced students in connection with the dramas of Schiller.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, a distinguished Jesuit, has died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-eight. He was born in 1834. He was a writer on religious subjects, and had edited from its beginning in 1873 the *Irish Monthly*, a Dublin magazine.

The Rev. Henry Arthur Morgan, D.D., Master of Jesus College, Oxford, and author of several books of travel and mathematics, is dead at the age of eighty-two.

Science

Interior Ballistics. By James M. Ingalls, Colonel U. S. Army, Retired. Third edition. Pp. ix, 221. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $3 net.

This book is the outgrowth of the author's experience as head for many years of the department of ballistics at the Artillery School. The first edition we may here ignore; the second was printed, though not published, as it was limited to the small classes of officers of the school. The third, in the volume before us, is sent forth to the public. The phenomena of the subject of interior ballistics are obscure and complicated; the circumstances under which they occur preclude direct and primary observation, and as yet baffle continuity of observation. Perhaps only two elements admit of direct measurement. Under such conditions, it is not too much to say that interior ballistics is hardly yet a science. There is no body of rational doctrine, eternally true, making inevitable the accurate prediction of results.

After a brief historical introduction, Col. Ingalls gives us a chapter on the properties of perfect gases, his point of view being mechanical rather than chemical, and sums up Noble and Abel's now classic researches on explosives (*i. e.*, black powder). The chapter on Combustion under Constant Pressure treats chiefly the form of the grain, and being thus geometric in its essence, is generally applicable. The remaining chapters, three in number, deal, the first with the combustion of a charge of powder in a gun, which involves, of course, the great question that interior ballistics is called upon to answer; the second with applications; and the third with the rifling of cannon.

Too much must not be expected from Col. Ingalls's book, for the fact is to be noted that he is limited by preferences. Setting out from the domain surveyed by Noble and Abel, he takes Sarrau for his first sign-post, and then proceeds, perhaps unconsciously, under the guidance of Siacci. We are almost of the belief that his course is thus laid because of its convenience. To illustrate: the law of the velocity of combustion in a gun is unknown, but as it must be reckoned with, various approximations have been made.

> Sebert and Hugoniot [says Colonel Ingalls], from observations of the recoil of a ten-cm. gun, mounted on a free-recoil carriage, deduced a law of burning directly proportional to the pressure. This law is the most simple of all, and allows an easy and complete integration of the equations entering into the problem. But, simple as is this law of Sebert and Hugoniot, we prefer to make use of Sarrau's law of the square root of the pressure, because the resulting formulas are easily worked, and give results which agree very well with facts, as stated by Sarrau, etc.

Passing over this point, we cannot but admire the elegance of Col. Ingalls's processes, the simplicity and symmetry of his resulting formulæ. Given his premises, his work is characterized by the logical arrangement which we have grown to expect from him, and his text must be regarded as a contribution to the subject. His applications, the test of all working ballisticians, show suitable agreement, the differences between observation and computation falling well within allowable limits of error. His methods give results in accord with our firings, where some foreign methods fail. This is all that can be expected until a Newton of ballistics shall arise, and brushing aside all paring and whittling of constants, shall sweep into one infallible law the gropings and approximations of the present day.

We observe a serious misstatement on page 11: our powders contain no nitroglycerine. The book is handsomely printed.

In science Frederick A. Stokes Co. announces the following titles for October: "The Curtiss Aviation Book," by Glenn H. Curtiss, and two volumes, "Chrysanthemums" and "Tulips," in their series of Garden Flowers in Color.

"British Trees, Including the Finer Shrubs for Garden and Woodland" (Dutton), by the late Rev. C. A. Johns, F.L.S., edited by E. T. Cook, is the enlarged second edition of a charming treatise written by an ardent lover of trees. It is a volume suggestive of Evelyn's "Sylva" brought up to date. Mr. Johns had always at hand the treasury of facts known as Loudon's "Aboretum," and has rightly made use of good material wherever he found it. The result is, that the volume is a wise and cheerful companion for a summer lounge in any forest, and is even better for a fireside where forest wood is blazing. The Oak begins the book. Its history and its myths receive nearly as much attention as the natural history. The author cites from the writings of an entomologist the surprising statement that nearly half of the British insects which feed on vegetables inhabit the oak. "The total of insects which, during some period of their existence, derive their support either from the tree itself or from their fellow-colonists in it, will amount to scarcely less than two thousand." After this comes an account of the galls and gall-insects of the oak, not as precise as might be, but good enough for all practical purposes, so that one catches more than a glimpse of the mysterious altruism by which the wounded twig or leaf strives to care for the young of the inects that wound it. The general directions for the planting and care of woody plants are safe for England and are fairly applicable here, but the value of the book for Americans lies chiefly in the pleasant style in which woodcraft is described. The volume is fully illustrated, but the black and white drawings are hardly up to the average of good recent work, while the colored pictures are too impressionistic to be of any real use. At first sight, it seems as if some of the plates had been misnamed, but this is not really the case: the artist has allowed a little too much freedom to his brush and has not chosen characteristic subjects. But the text and the editing leave little to be desired.

Edward A. Calahan, inventor, died September 12, in Brooklyn. He was born at Boston in 1838. In 1867 he invented the gold and stock ticker, and organized the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. In 1871 he organized the American District Telegraph Company. In 1872 he went to London, where he organized the Exchange Telegraph Company, Limited. In 1873 he invented the American District automatic messenger call-box. His last invention was the multiplex telegraph system, by which it was made possible to transmit seventy-two different messages over the same wire.

Drama and Music

To his translations of the plays of August Strindberg, Edwin Björkman has added, in a small volume, "Miss Julia" and "The Stronger" (Scribner). Both pieces have already been noticed in these columns, having been put into English by other hands. But Mr. Björkman's work deserves special attention from the fact that it is an authorized translation, and furnishes, in the case of the somewhat notorious "Miss Julia," the author's elaborate preface. This important document helps to explain a certain indefiniteness observable in many of Strindberg's dramas, and especially in the work which it introduces. Julia, a count's headstrong daughter, who, in a rash moment, gives herself to her father's valet, is supposed to embody a complex of human nature. The great Swede had a dread of overediting a character for the stage, and of creating merely a type. He discovers such a tendency in Molière:

> *Harpagon* is nothing but miserly, although *Harpagon* might as well have been at once miserly and a financial genius, a fine father, and a public-spirited citizen. What is worse yet, his "defect" is of distinct advantage to his son-in-law and daughter, who are his heirs, and for that reason, should not find fault with him, even if they have to wait a little for their wedding. I do not believe, therefore, in simple characters on the stage.

So, if Julia appears to the reader vacillating and possessed of no great single passion, such as the situation might seem to require, the author has a reason. She is a modern representative of the man-hating half-woman. She is likewise "a victim of the discord which a mother's 'crime' produces in a family, and also a victim of the day's delusions, and of the circumstances, of her defective constitution—all of which may be held equivalent to the old-fashioned fate or universal law." The author finds it easy to point out the places in the play where these characteristics make their appearance. With such an authentic guide, the play makes good reading, but considered independently, it lacks precision and motive. Mr. Björkman's translation is thoroughly idiomatic, and in certain instances shows an unusual capacity for finding accurate renderings of peculiar Swedish usage.

The probability is that "The Governor's Lady," just produced here in the Republic Theatre, will prove highly remunerative. As drama, literature, or a study of actual life, it can establish no claim to serious attention, but it is a noteworthy specimen of a modern play constructed upon commercial principles. It is understood that it was written by David Belasco, the most artful of stage managers, around a central idea furnished by Alice Bradley, a novice in theatrical work. And the piece supplies abundant internal evidence of the truth of this report. The basic idea, if not particularly fresh, is a good one for dramatic purposes. It conceives the case of a miner, who, after years of poverty and hard labor, suddenly becomes enormously rich and begins to entertain political ambitions. With wealth he has acquired knowledge of the world and social polish. But his wife, to whom he is deeply attached, remains the simple workingman's mate she was before. She will not ape fashionable ways, wear fine clothes, take part in social festivities, or aid him to realize his aspirations. So they drift apart until, at last, he resolves to get a separation, make her a magnificent allowance, and go his own way. To this plan she is disposed to consent, until she discovers that he contemplates divorce and remarriage with a younger and more brilliant woman. Then she fights determinedly for the preservation of her good name, and, having beaten him in decisive fashion, finally gets a divorce on her own account, feeling that the barrier between them is insuperable.

Now, this, in outline, is an effective, coherent, and human story. But in the telling it is so distorted and complicated by the accumulation of obviously theatrical details—political, sensational, and ultra-sentimental—that it becomes absolutely incredible. In the beginning the man and the woman are natural living entities, and the probable reaction upon them of unforeseen circumstances would offer valuable opportunity to a psychological dramatist; but Mr. Belasco, who is only a clever stage manager, with an eye blind to everything but momentary stage effect, has converted them into monstrosities, the one of sentimental silliness, and the other of a repulsive selfishness which must have been fatal to his success in love, politics, or anything else. Yet he makes him triumphant, and caps the climax of dramatic absurdity by a "happy ending," which completely stultifies the whole argument of the play. In his mimicry of the actual he is as successful as ever. Many of his isolated scenes are as realistic and—apart from their context—as truthful as could be desired, but in the aggregate they are utterly, sometimes ridiculously, false to human nature and to art. But the public appetite for clap-trap is insatiable.

It is not amazing, perhaps, that "Fanny's First Play," Bernard Shaw's latest theatrical invention, should have had great popularity in London, for it is packed with comic incident and broad humors—often as disingenuous as they are obvious—well calculated to please the great, uncultivated, and unreflecting mass of theatregoers. But it is amazing that the piece should have been treated so respectfully by responsible critics. Unquestionably it contains a fair measure of the mocking wit, the keen observation, the paradoxical turns, and the felicitous, if often misguiding, illustrations, which characterize nearly everything that Mr. Shaw writes; but it traverses very old ground, and, so far as it has any substantial meaning at all, is but a reiteration of his impatience with principles some of which lie at the foundation of all civilized modern society. In the induction and the epilogue, when he contrasts the ancient romantic with the modern materialistic spirit, touches on the old and new drama, and castigates some of his critics, he is heard at his best, and it is easy to admire the sparkling cleverness of his dialogue, even when disagreeing with his argument. Here the display is, at least, intellectual. But the play is childish enough to be the work of the school-girl to whom it is ascribed. Unfortunately, this result is not due to any sense of artistic illusion or propriety on his part, but to his inability to divorce himself or his notions from the character he is depicting. His Bobby and Margaret, the youthful engaged couple, who, to the horror of their respectable parents, fall into dangerous company and are sent to jail, are presented as typical illustrations of the evils attending the exercise of home discipline and the inculcation of religious principles. Actually they show nothing but the dramatist's lack of all sense of proportion and his inability to discriminate between salutary and foolish discipline, between liberty and license. His assaults upon all sorts of religious conviction are evidences of bad taste as well as of his own illiberality, while his exhibitions of parental humiliation as choice food for laughter indicate a most deplorable cynicism. Social snobbery and hypocrisy are always fair game for the satirist, but virtue can never be served by an open disregard of it. "Fanny's First Play" is a product of pure commercialism, and it is discouraging to meet with it under the sponsorship of Granville Barker.

Granville Barker has been talking to a London reporter about his projected Shakespearean season at the Savoy Theatre. He said:

> Do I propose to introduce at the Savoy any feature of a specially revolutionary character? Well, that depends on what one calls revolutionary. But among the things I want the members of the company to do is to realize the full force and meaning of the rhetorical method employed by Shakespeare, and to adapt themselves to its use. As to scenery, there will be merely enough for all decorative purposes. What we have to remember is that Shakespeare's plays were written to be acted without realistic scenery. Forget this circumstance and sooner or later you find yourself tumbling into some trap or pitfall. Walk howsoever warily you may, you are bound to be tripped up by some unexpected passage in the text. The result is that the discrepancy between the efforts of the scenic artist and the picture painted by Shakespeare generally becomes horribly apparent. There is one point upon which I am absolutely and obstinately set. In producing Shakespeare you must neither cut nor alter a single word as an excuse for creating a scenic effect. And in no case is the transposition of a scene, or even a sentence, permissible. I lay special stress upon these things, because it seems to me Shakespeare's plays are, in point of construction, marvellously perfect; his technique, particularly in the later plays, really wonderful.

Ere long Venetians and those who visit their romantic city will have an opportunity to go directly into the vestibule of a grand new opera house in their gondolas. This opera house is to be built on the Lido. It will be under the management of Cavalieri Rosetti, formerly of the Roman Costanzi Theatre, who intends to make of it a sort of Italian Bayreuth—a theatre in which model performances are to be given every year with the aid of the greatest singers and conductors. The repertory will include the best Italian operas of the past and present. Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and other composers have promised their cordial coöperation, and so have leading singers like Darclée, Pasini-Vitale, Caprile, Garbin, Titta Ruffo, Palet. The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan says that the plans for the theatre, which will hold 2,000 persons, are already sketched out.

The late Jules Massenet was not only the most popular French opera composer of the last two decades, but he also exerted a wide influence on most of his contemporaries. Debussy and Ravel, to be sure, are his antipodes; they scorn melody, whereas, he revels in it. But most of the others—among them Bruneau, Pierné, Vidal, Leroux, Bloch, Malherbe, and Charpentier—were affected in their style and thought and ideals by Massenet. He was, in fact, their teacher at the Conservatoire.

Charpentier's "Louise" was one of the greatest successes of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera seasons. It was announced that the composer was at work on a sequel reintroducing its heroine. This opera is not yet written, but the Paris *Gaulois* declares that he completed another work three years ago—a fairy opera, entitled "Vie du Poète." For this he wrote his own libretto. Paul Dukas, whose "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" has been in the repertory of the Metropolitan for two seasons, has also written his own libretto for a new opera entitled "The Doge of Venice." Xavier Leroux has in hand an opera based on a story by Catulle Mendès; it will go by the name of "Grand Maguet." The director of the Conservatoire, Gabriel Fauré, is using the last file on his "Penelope," which is to be staged at Monte Carlo next February, and a month later in Paris. Camille Erlanger's "Sorcière" is already in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique.

Concerning his latest opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," Strauss has given some further characteristic information to a Viennese journalist. This opera, he said, is the most difficult of all his works. While the orchestra is made up of only thirty-five players, each one of them has to be a soloist. There is no doubling up of parts; each player has something different from all others. The score thus virtually becomes like chamber music, which is perhaps the most difficult branch of the art.

Besides the strings, there will be flutes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, a trumpet, a trombone, a kettledrum, a celesta, a newly invented harmonium, a piano, and two American harps. To show how much value he attaches to sensuous beauty of sounds, Strauss, at the original Stuttgart performance, is going to have all the parts that are assigned to members of the violin family played on old Italian instruments which have been brought together from many cities at considerable cost of money and time. All of which will make talk.

Art

JOHN RUSKIN.

Logical analysis of the deeds and words of John Ruskin must end disconcertingly in paradox. He protested all his life against the slightest alteration of works of art, yet actually dismembered to distribute to his friends and classes a lovely psalter that had been pictured for St. Louis. John Ruskin was the most ornate writer of his century, and again the simplest. He was capable of the most just thinking on the troubled border line of morals and economics, and in the same breath of falling into the most obvious fallacy. Through reckless benevolence he dissipated a large inherited fortune, only to replace it by another gained through a novel and brilliant experiment as author-publisher. So all his doings reflect the oddest jumble of genius and sheer incapacity. He was the first fully to grasp the sublime tenderness of Tintoretto, yet he declared Rembrandt, in every way a kindred soul of the mighty Venetian, a vulgarian. Probably no writer of the century quickened so many readers to positive enthusiasm for art, and none surely has created so many æsthetic prigs to whom all genial apprehension of art is closed. Let us try to find the solution of these antinomies is Mr. E. T. Cook's "Life of Ruskin,"* a dignified, perceptive, and ample work—a model of official biography.

The author, a friend and former student of Ruskin's at Oxford, has chosen a self-effacing part, playing rather the editor than the biographer. None of Ruskin's multiform activities is neglected; his obvious shortcomings are neither glozed nor over-emphasized. In the main, it is Ruskin himself who speaks, and from almost confusingly full materials, though admirably ordered, we must try to follow the main strands of activities singularly deep and ardent, yet seldom quite free from caprice.

To survey such a personality as John Ruskin's is inevitably to be dazzled by the Ariel quality of iridescence that envelops him. At times I think of him as an amplified Mrs. Browning transferred to the neuter gender and to prose. That he regarded "Don Quixote" as the most mischievous of books and thought "Aurora Leigh" finer than Shakespeare, bears out the analogy. And then I recall how Ruskin drew and held such essentially masculine men as Furnivall, Norton, Thackeray, Carlyle; and reflect that he possibly had no more of the androgynous temperament than is proper to all genius of poetic type. The verdict of contemporaries, which is often wrong but unfailingly instructive, may profitably be consulted in his case. They thought him a supreme critic of art. Though, in "Seven Lamps" and Stones of Venice," he left two lasting works upon architecture, and furthered a handful of worthy enthusiasms—Turner, Giotto, Tintoretto, Luini, Carpaccio, Botticelli owed to him a kind of resurrection—yet his art criticism was almost devoid of historic insight. What art had actually signified to the men who demanded it and supplied it he never really knew, substituting instead the forms of his own enthusiasms and the limitations of his own experience. The solid residuum of a merely judicious work like Sir Joshua's "Discourses" is infinitely greater than that of all of Ruskin's writing on art. It is a true document of a period, whereas Ruskin's essays on art are chiefly documents of an extraordinarily interesting personality otherwise well represented.

His authority as an arbiter of the beautiful rested first upon the abject condition of art criticism in England in his time. There simply was no one who thought well on the subject after Hazlitt and Haydon were gone. Then his constant endeavor to harmonize the good, the beautiful, and the true was sympathetic to Victorian syncretism. It was the period of reconciling adventure across the void between science and revealed religion. His romantic mediævalism, too, was akin to such sentimental reactions as the High Church Movement, and Pre-Raphaelitism. Above all, his fervor made him the approved successor of those poets and thinkers who had thrown off the yoke of eighteenth-century rationalism. No English writer is more nearly akin to the Continental Romantics. In fact, if we extract the purely contemporaneous part of his art criticism and except his architectural treatises, rather little is left but a lofty mood and a splendid rhetoric. All the enthusiasms he created have had to be regrounded more comprehensively. And his aversions, including Claude, Rembrandt, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, which were potent in their day, few would now be foolish enough to adopt. His art criticism has reached the stage where it is esteemed much, read little, and believed not at all, which may seem a tolerable definition of a literary classic.

His contemporaries unanimously acclaimed his power and charm as a recorder of natural beauty, and here they were right. At this point, indeed, there was a preëstablished harmony between the man and his public. Nothing has been more characteristic of British feeling for two centuries past than a fairly religious enthusiasm for Nature. Their poets are the first moderns to take Nature in a mystical sense, their painters developed in aquarelle the freshest and swiftest method of catching landscape effects. Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats had familiarized almost every aspect of natural beauty, from pietistic to pagan. And science was bringing into these familiar experiences a sense of awe and of immemorial years. It was the moment when landscape beauty had its fullest content of associations, and Ruskin expressed in the beautiful prose of "Modern Painters," IV and V, the full and definitive emotions of his race as regards Nature—conveyed these emotions not merely with eloquence, but with the most scrupulous accuracy. He "collected skies," he used to say, and the elaborately lovely and apparently ornate descriptions in "Modern Painters" were literally made with the eye on the object. Moreover, the undercurrent of devoutness towards Nature's God and of compassion towards all men gives to a very particularized work a universal bearing. It may be doubted if a volume like that on the mountains could have been written at any other time. Ten years later Ruskin himself could hardly have written anything so massively fine. The advance of scientific discovery was bewildering him, as all the world, and he was taking refuge in petulance and whimsicality. Much beauty, both Alpine and British, which he had captured in its virginal estate, had been smirched or had actually perished. If the purpose of art be, as John La Farge loved to insist, commemoration, Ruskin's writings on Nature have the surest title to immortality. He transferred to prose and immeasurably enriched a form of art that had been largely confined to poetry. In that vein he has seldom been successfully imitated and never surpassed.

In regarding John Ruskin as a wretched political economist his contemporaries judged themselves most severely. His counsels of perfection, which were alternately dismissed as negligible or revolting, have become quite the staple of modern political thought; and large portions of the seemingly fanciful programme of "Unto this Last" is now written into the world's statute books. "The economic man" may still exist, but he is no longer held up as exemplary. The old automatic theories of ex-

---

***The Life of Ruskin.* By E. T. Cook; in two volumes, with portraits. London: George Allen & Co., Ltd.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $7 net.

change have quietly gone by the board. Ruskin no longer appears as a dangerous and irresponsible Radical, but as a remote and quite respectably pious precursor of Matthew Arnold, in "Arminius Letters," and of the sociological speculations of H. G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw. He wrote in the blackest period of political thickheadedness in his land. The rule of hands off and muddle through when you must was still unchallenged. Ruskin's appeal to morality and reason seemed quite stridently ridiculous. It was true, as he once wrote to his father, that any M. P. would more bitterly resent the stopping of his partridge shooting by the Czar than the massacre of all the Russians. And Ruskin was one of the powerful influences that have changed all that, giving us a strangely perturbed and almost unrecognizable Britain faced towards new and uncertain destinies—destinies that one dreads to forecast, yet surely less ignoble in the worst event than was the old materialistic complacency.

In fairness to Ruskin's contemporaries it should be said that he committed the quite unpardonable indiscretion of holding them up to the Christianity they professed. From Savonarola to Tolstoy this has been an intolerable attitude. And with all the sobriety and cogency of his main argument, Ruskin often left himself pitifully weak in details. Where his illustrations were palpably absurd, it was easy to ignore the justness of his general principles. For instance, in "Queen of the Air" he urges that all heavy, imperishable freight should be dragged in barges in order to reduce employment in the dangerous and unsanitary work of the railways. A moment's reflection will show that the recommendation has nothing for it but its picturesqueness. It needs but slight acquaintance with workingmen to perceive that the return to barge freighting would swell a vicious and ignorant class while diminishing a sober and intelligent *élite*. Yet the nobility and general rightness of his political theories should have appealed to a generation that devoured both its Tupper and Tennyson. That it left them cold indicates barriers in the Mid-Victorian mind that have since happily been removed. But to-day we still suffer from the fetish that inordinate production is the highest economic good, while consumption relatively takes care of itself. Ruskin's moral analysis of trade precisely reverses this relation, and in its broader lines his argument should constantly gain force with the progress of politico-moral education. Nor can his general doctrine, that every economic transaction is necessarily tinged with morality, be safely gainsaid. Our complete responsibility for all the effects of our getting and spending is the central point of his social ethics. And here the growth of a more sensitive economic conscience will constantly add to his fame as a prophet.

What most discredited him as a reformer was surely a certain whimsical levity. This amiable personal trait rightly diminished his authority as a prophet. The gravity proper to the rôle he never could sustain. He was wafted about by the sheer richness of his mental associations, so that the deeper analogies of the imagination are constantly diluted into merely fanciful by-play. In fact, Ruskin indulged a Puck-like secondary personality. Like all true romantics, he was an object of amusement to himself. Fundamentally, the most passionately serious of men, he kept something of a spoiled child's interest in his own humors. I think he never deliberately mystified a reader, but he often dallied with an opinion until it looked confusedly like a conviction or dissipated itself in an iridescent whim. Until we perceive the radiant Ariel-streak that runs through the heroic thews of the prophet, we shall study the prophet in vain. And I am not sure but that a rather important document with which to approach Ruskin is his description of Cardinal Manning's hospitality duly rendered to a spinster neighbor at Coniston, Miss Beever: "He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare, and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved cherries like kisses kept in amber." Such was Ruskin at sixty in the intervals when the prophet was put aside. Evidently, no prophet may indulge this vein too often with impunity. If space permitted, it would be interesting to contrast the brilliant fancy of Ruskin with the sardonic humor of Carlyle and the unexpected mother wit of Emerson, both of which are compatible enough with spiritual leadership. Instead, let us recall that true touch in Charles Morrice's striking novel, "Il est ressuscité." Christ returned to modern Paris is greeted with an invitation to chat. The response is, "On ne cause pas avec moi." Ruskin was at most times willing to chat, and it seriously impairs his impressiveness as a sage.

To have written so much on Ruskin without specific analysis of his prose style may require apology. Yet its qualities of aerial eloquence are those of the man we have been considering, and its qualities we may assume to be familiar to all readers. Ruskin himself wrote that he had three styles: first, when he wished to be understood; secondly, when he wished to please himself; thirdly, when he tossed the reins to his invention.

Of the first manner "Unto this Last" is the best example; of the second, perhaps "Stones of Venice," "Sesame and Lilies," or "Queen of the Air"; of the third, "Modern Painters," I, or "Cestus of Aglaia," with large portions of "Fors Clavigera." Since the ornate style of the man, both in its more torrential and more disciplined beauties, is familiar to all readers, let me cite instead from "Unto this Last" a central passage in which Ruskin strove to be understood by plain men:

> The idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespective of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest" represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes, but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest?—yes, truly, but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day, was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more, or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head, or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

This admirable passage is thoroughly characteristic of Ruskin's argumentative style at all periods. Its qualities of rhythm and just emphasis, of ready and rich allusion, are obvious. Less apparent, possibly, is the defect of being unvarying in the superlative mood. Carlyle would have done the thing with fewer adjectives, and his more direct bludgeoning would have bruised more sorely. Ruskin, with all his energy, remains more volatile, at once more persuasive and more subject to misinterpretation. Such a passage as we have chosen seemed to a Saturday Reviewer of the time merely the preachment of "a mad governess"; to-day it heartens like a trumpet blast wherever men turn the light of their better natures upon problems of trade and the state. It is first-class Ruskin of the plainer sort.

It was ever a grief to Ruskin that his style was more often mentioned than his opinions. To whatever conviction, however just and universal, his eloquence lent the tinge of idiosyncracy. It is an interesting speculation what Ruskin's influence might have been could he have written with the energetic simplicity of Mill or Taine, or with the massive and essentially social eloquence of Carlyle or Michelet. As it was, his influence was great, but he carried his readers only half way, and was taken most rhetorically when he was most serious. There is no more pathetic recollection than the aged and baffled prophet vainly pouring out his soul for working folk in the tracts called "Fors Clavigera." To write with his heart's blood and be read for the turn of a phrase—this was his constant experience. And probably the few workingmen who did read "Fors" concurred in Browning's feeling about "Modern Painters," Vol. I, that he "could agree with him [Ruskin] only by snatches."

As to the origins of his ampler style, much ingenuity has been expended. The matter really seems rather simple. Ruskin was brought up on the English Bible, and his father always carried along in the family coach a miniature set of Dr. Johnson's works. This was the boy's reading as they journeyed through the shires. Now Dr. Johnson's periodic and Latinized diction relates him spiritually to the Mermaid Tavern. He represents amid the simplicity of eighteenth-century prose an authentic continuity, through the great divines, of the Elizabethan tradition. Burke and De Quincey more imperfectly belong to the same strain. Ruskin, as the consummate and conscious representative of the tradition, naturally reinforced himself from the great exemplars, Hooker, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, but without such reading his style would have been much what it is—rhythmically eloquent and sustained, various, capricious, teasing—eminently beautiful, and completely unmodern. The irony and curious allusiveness of the manner Mr. Cook plausibly refers to Ruskin's lifelong reading of the Dialogues of Plato. If so, the essential temperateness underlying the Platonic ideality was strangely missed.

After all, it is the man in John Ruskin, multiform and perplexing, which is paradoxically attractive. Of the great romantic temperaments he is the purest type, with the possible exception of Shelley, that England has produced. His affinity with Rousseau and Swift, Ruskin himself asserted. And, in fact, he shared the expansive humanitarianism and cult of simplicity of the Genevan philanthropist with a strong dose of the stern indignation against human folly and ignorance which tortured the Dean of St. Patrick's. Nor are the episodes of Vanessa and of Rose La Touche without their pathetic analogies; while it may seem worthy of note that, during the first separation from his wife, Ruskin took the pains to visit the scene of Rousseau's idyl at Les Charmettes. All of John Ruskin's unqualifiedly great work falls within about nine marvellous years, beginning with 1851 and ending in 1860 with the *Cornhill* essays on political economy. The interval saw the completion of "Stones of Venice" and of the deathless part of "Modern Painters." Only in these years, from his thirty-second to his fortieth, and under especial circumstances of the discipline of mispraise, he seems to have been fully captain of his soul. Such a life is replete with charm, with warning, and with example. A great disordered spirit—magnanimous even in disorder, unfailingly beautiful in self-expression, uniquely alive to the hope of social justice and to the consoling reality of natural loveliness—such is the final impression I retain of John Ruskin. From the smaller defects of his romanticism he was quite free. No one has acknowledged more humbly the supremacy of the serenely poised geniuses—Plato, Dante, Titian, Shakespeare—with whom he never presumed to associate himself. In whatever paradise his soul may have attained, his place should be near his beloved Turner. Both shared a similar reverence for ordinary nature, oddly contradicted by the need of wreaking in the lambent void of pure fancy a tumultuously creative mood. Alike they are great personalities, and, if well short of the greatest, very great artists withal—appealing through a delicate gorgeousness, almost persuasive in a kind of dæmonic irresponsibility.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Scribners are preparing to publish in two sumptuous volumes a book on "Colonial Furniture in America," by Luke Vincent Lockwood. This is technically a second edition of a work of the same name by Mr. Lockwood, but in effect it is a new production more than twice as large as the earlier book and much more fully illustrated.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. will publish in October six new volumes in their Great Masters Series, viz.: "Three French Painters of the Eighteenth Century," "Great English Portrait Painters," "Leaders of English Pre-Raphaelites," "Three Great Florentine Painters," "Three Great Portrait Painters," and "Three Great Modern Painters." The same house is bringing out Flora Klickmann's "Home Art Crochet Book," and "Meissonier" and "Rossetti" in Nineteenth Century Art Books.

One of the most interesting books in the autumn list of Small, Maynard & Co. is a translation by Mrs. Romilly Fedden of Paul Gsell's "Art, by Auguste Rodin." This is to be a large quarto volume, with something like 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone.

The Bruno Hessling Co. is bringing out a new edition of Blunck's "Lessons on Form."

By reducing the lecture amphitheatre of the Fogg Museum, thus improving its acoustic qualities, a new semi-circular corridor will be gained in which the casts will be installed. This will do away with the present confusing juxtaposition of casts and originals, leaving the main entrance hall free for the exhibition of the Museum's larger original sculptures.

Ogden Wood, the dean of the American artists in Paris, died there last Friday at the age of sixty-five. For forty-five years he had lived in an attic near the church of the Sacred Heart.

The death is announced of George Hay, the artist. He was born in Edinburgh, and was elected secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1881. His best-known work was done in illustration of Scotch history and fiction.

Finance

THE GREAT HARVESTS OF 1912.

Nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels more of grain have been raised this year in the United States than in 1911, and 379,000,000 bushels more than in the previous high-record season, 1906. These figures are no longer "trade guesswork." The aggregate of the Government estimate of a week ago is 5,219,000,000 bushels, all of which is safe, with the exception of part of the corn, the potatoes, and buckwheat. As the Government report puts it, the indications are for a total production of all cereals amounting to 133,016,000 tons, about 20.3 per cent. more than last year, 6.1 per cent. more than in 1910, and 16.2 per cent. more than in 1909.

Even the small grains, fodder crops, and vegetables have this year fallen in line. The potato crop's prospect is for 36 per cent. more than last year, 14 per cent. in excess of 1910, and 2 per cent. more than in 1909. It has never been equalled in this country, the estimated yield being 9,000,000 bushels over the previous high record of 1904. Last week's Government estimate on the crop of hay is not only 31 per cent. above last year's, but exceeds by a million and a quarter of tons the largest previous yield on record. It will go far towards replenishing the greatly depleted home reserves, which have followed the very short hay crop of last year and the heavy consumption due to the severe winter.

Furthermore, the present outlook is that when the October returns of threshings of wheat, oats, and barley are in, they will swell the present estimates materially; for the spring wheat yields have been extraordinarily large, and the oats crop has been big everywhere. Last week's Government estimate on the total wheat yield, 690,000,000 bushels, was below what the trade expects, for the mere condition figures this year do not fully represent the remarkable yields that have been made in the Northwest and in Montana.

There is therefore little doubt entertained in the grain trade that the spring wheat crop has been underestimated—just as the Government's July returns underestimated the winter wheat, making increase in the indicated outcome necessary when the actual yields were in evidence. The estimates on oats, according to the grain market's general impression, will probably be raised about five bushels per acre in the final returns; for in that crop also, yields have run so heavy as to exceed all private estimates. Where forty bushels per acre has been considered good in past years, the outturn has risen to forty-five and fifty bushels this season, and a count of many of the leading points in Illinois by private parties shows an average of fifty-five bushels, and some run above 75 to 100 bushels, with returns of even larger size occasionally reported. An average of even forty bushels oats per acre for the country would mean more than 1,500,000,000 bushels for the crop, or 110,000,000 bushels above the recent Government figures.

The corn crop, which has long been the point of doubt, because it went into the ground so late this year and because of the danger of serious damage from premature September frosts, has made unusual autumn progress. The prolonged hot, forcing weather of this month has already largely overcome the handicap of the belated planting, and while there has been some loss in the Southwest by extreme heat, there were more bushels made in other sections by the high temperatures, so that losses appear trivial. Two weeks more will see a great percentage of the crop out of danger of frost, and, in fact, much of it is now already past that stage. All allowances made, a crop of 3,000,000,000 bushels is promised, barring serious damage from killing frosts before the middle of October, and this would set a new record.

In view of the intimations that the home wheat crops, in some European countries which habitually buy from us to supply their needs, are running exceptionally short, it is a highly interesting question how much the United States can spare for such purposes from its crop of 1912. On that will largely depend the volume of our export trade this coming season, the course of foreign exchange, and our command over Europe's gold. What the trade now figures out is that a surplus of 200,000,000 bushels will be possessed by the United States this year, on the basis of a 690,000,000-bushel wheat crop, and, should the estimate of yield be raised in the final returns, that will enlarge correspondingly the available surplus.

This would permit of exports of 100,000,000 bushels, as against something like 79,000,000 in the crop year ending last June, and would still leave a sufficient reserve for carrying over, on July 1, 1913. The indications, therefore, are that the United States is to have an excellent export trade with Europe for some months to come; its actual volume, however, depending upon the supply of ocean freight-room, rates for which (partly in consequence of the impending heavy shipments from America) are now at the highest point in years.

In view of all these circumstances together, the season immediately ahead of us in American agriculture, commerce, and industry bids fair to open a new and exceedingly interesting chapter in the country's financial history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, M. B. Modern Cottage Architecture. Second edition, revised. Lane. $3.50 net.

Adams, S. H The Secret of Lonesome Cove. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Allen, Phœbe. The Last Legitimate King of France, Louis XVII. Dutton. $5 net.

Allyn, L. B. Elementary Applied Chemistry. Boston: Ginn.

Armstrong, R. C. Just Before the Dawn: The Life and Work of Ninomiya Sontoku. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Barbour, R. H. Cupid en Route. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Bashkirtseff, Marie. New Journal, translated from the French by M. J. Safford. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Benson, E. F. Mrs. Ames. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

Birmingham, G. A. Priscilla's Spies. Doran. $1.20 net.

Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 75 cents net.

Borel, Henri. The New China. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.

Bronson, W. C. American Poems (1625-1892). University of Chicago. $1.50 net.

Browning, Oscar. A History of the Modern World (1815-1910). 2 vols. Cassell. $7.50 net.

Cardozo, E. C. Salvage. Boston: Badger.

Carew, R. M. The Contralto. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.

Carito, Diomede. Nella Terra di Washington. Naples: Libreria Detken & Rocholl.

Chambers, R. W. The Streets of Ascalon. D. Appleton. $1.40 net.

Chatterton, E. K. Through Holland in the Vivette. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Cheiro's Memoirs: Reminiscences of a Society Palmist. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Chinese Poems. Translated by Charles Budd. Frowde.

Clark, E. H. The Camp at Sea Duck Cove. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Cleveland, F. A., and Powell, F. W. Railroad Finance. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.

Collins, John Churton. Posthumous Essays. edited by L. C. Collins. Dutton. $2 net.

Collison-Morley, L. Modern Italian Literature. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Comer, C. A. P. The Preliminaries, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net

Comstock, H. T. Princess Rags and Tatters. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.

Conyers, Dorothea. The Arrival of Antony. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Corbett, C. H. Old Testament Story: A Manual for Teachers of Young Students; Pupil's Notebook. University of Chicago Press. $1 net; 50 cents net.

Corneille's Le Cid. Edited by C. Searles. Boston: Ginn.

Daphne in the Fatherland. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Dehan, Richard. Between Two Thieves. Stokes. $1.40 net.

Dell, J. A. The Gateways of Knowledge: The Senses. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Eiselen, F. C. The Christian View of the Old Testament. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Faris, J. T. Men Who Made Good. Revell. $1.25 net.

Foster, R. F. Royal Auction Bridge. Stokes. $1 net.

Frankau, Gilbert. Jack ——: One of Us: A Novel in Verse. Doran. $1.20 net.

Fullerton, G. S. The World We Live In. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Garretson, A. S. Primitive Christianity and Early Criticisms. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

Gates, J. S. The Turkey Doll. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

George, W. L. The City of Light: A Novel of Modern Paris. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Gibson, W. W. Fires. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Gjellerup, Karl. The Pilgrim Kamanita. Trans. by J. E. Logie. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Glaspell, Susan. Lifted Masks (stories). Stokes. $1 net.

Gleason, A. H. The Spirit of Christmas. Stokes. 50 cents net.

Granger, Frank. Historical Sociology: A Textbook of Politics. Second edition. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Gregory, B. C. Better Schools. Edited by J. L. Hughes. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Halifax, Robert. A Whistling Woman. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Hamilton, M. A. Less than the Dust. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Hardy, A. S. Aurélie. Illustrated by E. S. Green. Harper. 50 cents net.

Harrison, E. S. An Elementary Spanish Reader. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.

Heath, Sidney. Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Hegner, R. W. College Zoölogy. Macmillan. $2.60 net.

Herford, Oliver. The Mythological Zoo. Scribner. 75 cents net.

Hill, G. A. The Essentials of Physics. Boston: Ginn.

Hopkins, W. J. Concerning Sally. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

Housing Problems in America. Proceedings First International Conference. National Housing Association.

Houston, E. J. The Boy Electricians as Detectives. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Howorth, H. H. Saint Gregory the Great. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Hrdlicka, A., and others. Early Man in South America. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Kernahan, Coulson. The Man of No Sorrows. Cassell. 50 cents net.

Kimball, L. G. English Grammar. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Krausz, Sigmund. The Cameo of the Empress. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25 net.

Lamb, Charles and Mary. Mrs. Leicester's School. Illustrated by Winifred Green. Dutton. $1.60 net.

Lang, Andrew. A Short History of Scotland. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Lawrence, W. J. The Elizabethan Playhouse. and Other Studies. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Lovat-Fraser, J. A. John Stuart, Earl of Bute. Putnam. 80 cents.

Lucas, E. V. A Little of Everything. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Luther, M. L. The Woman Of It. Harper. $1.30 net.

Macfarland, C. S. Spiritual Culture and Social Service. Revell. $1 net.

Maistre, Xavier de. La Jeune Sibérienne. Edited, with notes, by C. W. Robson. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Maniates, B. K. David Dunne. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25 net.

Méneval, Baron de. The Empress Josephine. Trans. from the French by D. D. Fraser. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50 net.

Morris, William. News From Nowhere. (Pocket edition.) Longmans.

Morse, E. W. Causes and Effect in American History. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Munger, D. H. The Wind Before the Dawn. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

Napier, Rosamond Tamsie. Doran. $1.35 net.

Neal, R. W. Thought-Building in Composition. Macmillan. 80 cents net.

Neff, Elizabeth. Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff. Stokes. $1 net.

Niles, G. G. The Hoosac Valley. Putnam.

Noe, Cotton. The Loom of Life. Boston: Badger.

Nordling, Johan. The Moonlight Sonata: A Novel. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

Patterson, J. G. A Zola Dictionary. Dutton. $3 net.

Peck, G. C. The Method of the Master. Revell. $1 net.

Pepper, J. H. The Boys' Playbook of Science. Revised and rewritten. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Phelps, W. L. Teaching in School and College. Macmillan. $1 net.

Prichard, K. and H. The Cahusac Mystery. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

Rabelais, Francis. Works translated into English. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.

Rawnsley, W. F. Introductions to the Poets. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Reed, Myrtle. The White Shield. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Rice, Alice Hegan. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Century. $1.25 net.

Richards, Grant. Caviare. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.30 net.

Roberts, P. I. The Dry Dock of a Thousand Wrecks. Revell. $1 net.

Robinson, C. M. Rowena's Happy Summer. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 60 cents net.

Sanderson, M. L. Captain Becky's Winter Cruise. Chicago: Reilly & Britton.

Schott, G. A. Electromagnetic Radiation. Putnam. $5.75 net.

Scawell, M. E. The Son of Columbus, Harper. $1.25.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Ben Greet edition. Doubleday, Page. 60 cents net

Silburn, P. A. The Evolution of Sea-Power. Longmans.

Smith, F. A. Pupil's Notebook and Study Outline in English History. American Book Co. 25 cents.

Spearman, F. H. The Mountain Divide. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Spyri, Johanna. Heimatlos: Two Stories for Children. Boston: Ginn.

Stoddard, F. W. Tramps Through Tyrol. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Stone, S. B. The Nonsensical U. S. A. Caldwell Co.

Strutt, J. W. (Lord Rayleigh). Scientific Papers. Vol. V, 1902-1910. Putnam. $5 net.

Stuart, Gordon. Boy Scouts of the Air at Greenwood School. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. 60 cents.

Sutro, Alfred. Five Little Plays. Brentano. $1 net.

Swift, E. J. Youth and the Race. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Swift's Gulliver's Travels. (Books for Children series.) Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Taylor, Bayard. Boys of Other Countries. Enlarged edition, illustrated. Putnam.

Tchekoff, Anton. Plays. Translated by Marian Fell. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Thompson, H. S. Sub-Alpine Plants. Dutton. $3 net.

Thornton, R. H. An American Glossary. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Van Dyne, Edith. Aunt Jane's Nieces on Vacation. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. 60 cents.

Wagiswara, W. D. C., and Saunders, K. J. The Buddha's "Way of Virtue." (Wisdom of the East series). Dutton. 60 cents net.

Washington, B. T. The Man Farthest Down. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Watson, G. L. de St. M. A Polish Exile with Napoleon. Boston: Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

Whitney, Elliott. The King Bear of Kadiak Island. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. 60 cents net.

Williams, Orlo. Life and Letters of John Rickman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.

Yeats, W. B. Poetical Works. Vol. II. New Edition, revised. Macmillan. $2 net.

Zangwill, Israel. The Next Religion: A Play in Three Acts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM

THE NATION:—"It is artificial, badly written, and eminently dull."

THE DIAL:—"A richly human and whimsically humorous story of the most delightful interest, reminding us in many ways of the best work of Mr. W. J. Locke, and inviting quite as close an attention to its details. . . . The characters are all real and the happenings are all significant."

NEW YORK TRIBUNE:—"This admirable novel. . . . Has genuine literary quality, and the quality of the understanding of men and women."

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT:—"Told with marked distinction of style and diction. How the body can be the prison of the soul was never more convincingly, more poignantly shown."

CHICAGO TRIBUNE:—"A novel rich yet pensive in quality. . . . Most unusual in its atmosphere, in its flowing and capable style, and in the impression it leaves upon the mind. True lovers of life and of fiction will rate it highly."

AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION BOOKLIST:—"A novel of exceptional quality and charm."

THE OUTLOOK:—"A most engrossing story, in which events and persons fit together with artistic precision."

NEW YORK SUN:—"The author writes with distinction."

CHICAGO POST:—"This remarkable and artistic novel."

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL:—"Instinct with the quality of charm. The genuine beauty of the telling makes the book so unusually attractive. . . . Emphatically one of the finest examples of the art of fiction that have been put forth in a long time."

SECOND PRINTING.

EXITUS ACTA PROBAT

THE PRISON WITHOUT A WALL. By RALPH STRAUS.
$1.30 net. By mail, $1.42.

Henry Holt and Company 34 W. 33d St. New York

Nearly Ready

An Introduction to Metaphysics

By HENRI BERGSON, Member of the Institute
Professor at the College de France.
Authorized Translation by T. E. HULME
Cr. 8vo, 75 cts. net. By mail 85 cts.

This pithy little volume forms the best introduction to M. Bergson's philosophy. In it the author explains with a thoroughness not attempted in his other books the precise meaning he wishes to convey by the word "intuition." A reading of this book is, therefore, indispensable to a proper understanding of Bergson's position. German, Italian, Hungarian, Swedish, and Russian translations of it have already appeared, testifying to its intrinsic importance and indicating the scope of its appeal.

The present translation has been prepared under the supervision of M. Bergson and contains additions made by him.

New York G. P. Putnam's Sons London

G. STANLEY HALL'S
The GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
G. STANLEY HALL, Ph.D., LL.D.

This is the only ordered and comprehensive epitome of G. Stanley Hall's educational philosophy—the essence of many volumes, and written with President Hall's sanction. It summarizes the advanced educational movement, and the ideas it assembles constitute the most important contribution of all time to education. An invaluable book for every teacher, for normal schools, and for libraries. (12*mo.* $1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.63.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

SAMPLE COPIES
OF
THE NATION
will be sent to any address for several weeks
WITHOUT CHARGE

The Nation
20 Vesey St., New York City

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. L. No. 2—THE STATUS of ALIENS IN CHINA

By VI KYUIN WELLINGTON KOO, Ph.D., English Secretary to the President of China.
8vo. Paper Covers. $2.50.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

E. P. DUTTON'S FALL LIST

SCIENCE

G. Herbert Fowler's
Science of the Sea
12mo, $2.00 *net, by mail* $2.18.

An elementary handbook of oceanography prepared by the Challenger Society.

Wm. H. Booth's *handbook on*
Liquid Fuel and Its Apparatus
8vo, $3.00 *net, by mail* $3.19.

On the importance of liquid fuel in steam raising, power production, etc.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

John Henry Pepper's
The Boy's Playbook of Science
Fully illustrated. $2.50 *net, by mail* $2.74.

Wm. W. Canfield's *new Indian story*
At Seneca Castle
By the Author of "The White Seneca."
Illustrated. $1.25 *net, by mail* $1.38.

Lazette Thayer Woolley's *amusing story*
The Just Alike Twins
Illustrated. $1.00 *net, by mail* $1.10.

A book which mothers enjoy reading aloud as much as the youngsters enjoy hearing it.

SOCIOLOGY

Frank Granger's
Historical Sociology
12mo, $1.25 *net, by mail* $1.34.

An introduction to the study of the problems which underlie all politics.

A. Fingland Jack's Introduction to the History of Life Assurance
8vo, *with bibliog.*, $2.50 *net, by mail,* $2.62.

An examination of the development of the idea from the days of the early gilds.

TRAVEL, Etc.

F. Hamilton Jackson's Rambles in the Pyrenees and Adjacent French Districts
8vo. *Illus.* $6.00 *net, by mail* $6.24.

With over a hundred illustrations in half-tone and line, and many plans.

Mary E. Lacy's
With Dante in Modern Florence
With twenty-eight illustrations.
12mo. $1.60 *net, by mail* $1.70.

C. G. Gallichan's
Santiago
A new volume in the Mediæval Towns Series.
Cloth, $1.75 *net, leather* $2.25 *net. Postage* 7 *cents.*

OF SPECIAL LITERARY INTEREST

The Posthumous Essays of
John Churton Collins
8vo, $2.00 *net, by mail,* $2.14.

Essays on some of the greatest masters of literature, profoundly interesting.

Famous Houses and
Literary Shrines of London
By A. St. John Adcock. *Illustrated with* 74 *pen drawings.* $2.50 *net, by mail* $2.69.
"Rich in delight."—*The Argonaut.*

DUTTON'S NEW FICTION OF VARIED INTEREST

Edward Mott Woolley's
The Junior Partner
$1.25 *net, by mail* $1.37.

Maarten Maartens's Eve: An
Incident of Paradise Regained
$1.35 *net, by mail* $1.45.

Douglas Goldring's
The Permanent Uncle
$1.25 *net, by mail* $1.38.

Dorothea Conyer's
The Arrival of Antony
$1.35 *net, by mail* $1.45.

Miss May Sinclair's
The Flaw in the Crystal
$1.20 *net, by mail* $1.29.

Karl Gjellerup's
The Pilgrim Kaminita
$1.35 *net, by mail* $1.44.

Charles Lee's
Paul Carah, Cornishman
$1.25 *net, by mail* $1.38.

The Widow Woman
Comedies of character, altogether diverting and not without depth. $1.25 *net, by mail* $1.35.

TWO POWERFUL NOVELS BY ROBERT HALIFAX

THE BORDERLAND *and* **LOW SOCIETY**
Each $1.35 *net, by mail* $1.45.

New York E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 31 W. 23d St.

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2465 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library Sep 26 1912

Some Noteworthy Books of the Season

OLD PARIS

ITS SOCIAL, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

A companion volume to "Inns and Taverns of Old London." **By HENRY C. SHELLEY**

"The author's skill in selection and his delicate literary style are delightful. He uses the characteristic, the pleasing and the human, and there is a laugh or a tear or a charming appreciative touch on every page."—*Chicago Eve. Post.*

With many illustrations. Net $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.20.

Two new volumes in the popular SPELL SERIES.

THE SPELL OF FRANCE

By CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

"The particular charm of this volume is in its treatment of the attractive features of Old France."—*Edwin L. Shuman, in the Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE SPELL OF ENGLAND

By JULIA DE W. ADDISON

"A book which makes one feel that peculiar spell of legend, history and modern progress inextricably blended, which is charactertistic of England."—*Boston Herald.*

Each, illustrated, boxed. Net $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.70.

NEW AND REVISED EDITIONS, BROUGHT UP TO DATE, OF

From Page's List

MEXICO and Her People of Today

By NEVIN O. WINTER

"A thoroughly up-to-date description of Mexico, territorially, politically, economically and racially," says the *Review of Reviews.*

PANAMA and the Canal Today

By FORBES LINDSAY

"A story about the country, its people and the vast undertaking in which all Americans are so interested."—*Boston Globe.*

Each in the Series of the Latin American Republics. Illustrated, in a box, $3.00.

THE ART OF THE BERLIN GALLERIES

By DAVID C. PREYER

"This is an interesting contribution to the series on the art galleries of Europe and is the third from the pen of the author. It can be read by art lovers who have seen all the works of art described with as much interest as by the prospective visitors to the galleries who seek, in condensed form, just the information necessary for a reasonable enjoyment of the art. Mr. Preyer's keen discriminating judgment is a delight to the art lover."—*Boston Transcript.*

Illustrated, boxed. Net $2.00; *postpaid,* $2.20.

THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST

By THOMAS D. MURPHY

"The author has caught the atmosphere of the 'Wonderlands' and has the rare gift of being able to make the reader see with *his* eyes; to produce pen pictures second only to the marvelous illustrations themselves," *writes Mr. Charles L. Bowman, president of the Union Library Association. With 16 reproductions in full color from paintings by Thomas Moran and 32 duogravure plates.*

In a box. Net $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.30.

CHILE AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY

By NEVIN O. WINTER

A New Volume in the SERIES OF THE LATIN AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

"A comprehensive narrative covering every phase of life and history which one would wish to know about his country."—*Boston Herald.*

Profusely illustrated, in a box, $3.00.

Special Editions of Grant Allen's five popular works on the Principal Cities of the Old World

PARIS
VENICE
FLORENCE
BELGIUM: ITS CITIES
CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY

Previously published in two volume sets. Now issued each one volume, with sixty-five full page plates, in a box. Net $1.75; postpaid, $1.95

Published by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY 53 Beacon St. Boston

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50 *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 *Vesey Street.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 273

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

- The Emancipation Proclamation 276
- Let the People Rule! 276
- The Bankers' Convention and Currency Reform 277
- "Practical" Education 278
- Circus Lemonade 279

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

- An Ishmael of Science in History 280

CORRESPONDENCE:

- The Violence of English Suffragettes 282
- The Late Gen. Otis 282
- Woodrow Wilson and the Laboring Man 283
- The Head of Windermere 283
- A New Kind of Immortality 283

LITERATURE:

- Present Philosophical Tendencies 283
- The Raid of the Guerrilla—The White Shield—The Red Cross Girl 285
- An American Wooing 286
- The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley (1787-1817)—The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences 286
- Power of Federal Judiciary Over Legislation 287
- The Drama of Love and Death 288
- Victor Hugo: His Life and Work 288

NOTES 289

SCIENCE:

- The Horse and Its Relatives—The Training and Breaking of Horses 291

DRAMA AND MUSIC 292

ART 293

FINANCE:

- The Sequence of Events 294

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 295

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

THE URSULINE ACADEMY, A HOME- School for Girls, delightfully and healthfully situated on the outskirts of Middletown, New York, also accepts young ladies and children during the summer months, and carefully provides for their protection and comfort. Students who wish to cancel College or High School conditions will find Summer Courses of Study provided. Terms on application. THE URSULINE ACADEMY, Middletown, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr.

The Misses Kirk's College Preparatory School

Prepares for Bryn Mawr and other colleges. Certificate privileges. Number of pupils limited. Special schedule arranged for each. Percentage of pupils who have entered Bryn Mawr College unusually large. Gymnastics, outdoor sports. 14th year opens Oct. 3, 1912.

NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL. Day School, Evening School. 174 Fulton St. N. Y. City. "Dwight Method" of instruction. Location near the courts and lawyers' offices. High Standards. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Gesell's Normal Child and Primary Education $1.25

A REVIEW

"This volume is distinctly not of the ephemeral type. Because it deals with the eternal verities of child-life and educational method, and in language which is at once simple, direct, incisive and picturesque, the volume will remain for many years a classic of its kind, comparable in this respect to Ellen Key's THE CENTURY OF THE CHILD, Jane Addams's THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH or Dewey's SCHOOL AND SOCIETY."—LEWIS M. TERMAN, Leland Stanford University, in *The Educator-Journal.*

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Just Published

Hart & Feldman's Plane and Solid Geometry

$1.25

Written by experienced secondary school teachers, and thoroughly progressive in presentation. The indirect method of proof is consistently applied, and practical problems are plentiful.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Grammar and Thinking

By ALFRED DWIGHT SHEFFIELD

A Study of the Working Conceptions in Syntax

Crown 8vo, $1.50 *net; by mail,* $1.65

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK and LONDON

DICTIONARY OF
Hard Words

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

645 pages. *Cloth* $1.20; postpaid $1.32

George Hempl, *Professor of Filology in Stanford University,* writes:—"I have no hesitation in saying that your *Dictionary of Hard Words* is the best book of its kind."

DODD, MEAD & CO., 443 Fourth Ave., New York

THE STATE

ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

"In buying books for our library we are pretty much governed by THE NATION; by its advertising as well as its reviews."

——, Librarian,
—— Public Library.

Letters like the above are frequently received by *The Nation,* in whose columns

IT PAYS TO
ADVERTISE BOOKS

As a weekly review of Literature, Science, Art and Politics, it reaches the scholar, the student, the thinker and the professional man, as well as the homes of people of intelligence; all book readers and book buyers.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS SHOULD READ

The English Journal

A Professional Magazine of the Highest Class

James Fleming Hosic, Chicago Teachers College, Managing Editor.

$2.50 a year; 30 cents a number.

THE ENGLISH JOURNAL

68th St. and Stewart Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

"At McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

Library Dept., A. C. McCLURG & CO., Chicago

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each,* $1.25 *net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

Letters and Memorials
OF
Wendell Phillips Garrison

Editor of THE NATION 1865–1906

In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait

During the forty-one years in which he edited the *Nation,* with a thoroughness, ability, and conscientious devotion unsurpassed in the records of American journalism, Mr. Garrison was an indefatigable correspondent, never employing an amanuensis, but writing tens of thousands of letters with his own hand to his contributors, who embraced practically all the leading American scholars and critics of the period. From a dozen groups of these, which have been kindly loaned by the recipients, a sufficient number of selections has been made to illustrate the relations between Mr. Garrison and his great corps of contributors, the frankness and tact which he exercised towards them, and the wide range of his interests, tastes, and sympathies. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, a dozen of his best poems, and several of his characteristic editorials, reviews, and essays, besides a fine photogravure portrait. It likewise preserves the notable letter of appreciation addressed to Mr. Garrison by more than two hundred contributors to the *Nation* on the completion of his fortieth year of service, and his acknowledgment thereof.

Price $1.50 net, postpaid

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York

Back to the People!!

"We have been boasting that we are the richest nation on earth. What it means is that we have the richest multi-billionaires on earth."

The tenth amendment to the Constitution says:

"The powers not delegated *to the United States by the Constitution* nor prohibited to it by the states are reserved to the states respectively **OR TO THE PEOPLE.**"

Read **THE NEW POLITICS**

by FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.
300 pages. 8vo. Cloth.

One dollar, postpaid.

"A stirring appeal to the intellect and conscience of every good and patriotic citizen."

Oxford University Press American Branch
35 West 32d St., New York.

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—London Morning Leader.

A Candidate for Truth

By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*

486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, Williamstown, Mass.

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

Autograph Letters

of Celebrities Bought and Sold.
Send for price lists.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
225 Fifth Ave., New York.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

Publishers

The Nation has a complete printing plant and can economically do your linotype composition, electrotyping, presswork. Sample pages submitted.

The Nation Press
Twenty Vesey Street
New York City

Plays by Anton Tchekoff

"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea-Gull," and "The Swan Song." Translated from the Russian by MARIAN FELL.

Frontispiece. 12*mo.* $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

These four plays, by one of the greatest of modern Russians, whom Tolstoi declared to be comparable only to Maupassant, show not only the range and depth of his astonishing genius, but they give a picture of Russian life unequalled since Turgenieff. Three of the plays are here translated for the first time into English.

By AUGUST STRINDBERG.

Translated by **EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.**

Miss Julia—The Stronger

75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

"Miss Julia" is more often acted on the German and Scandinavian stage than any other Strindberg play. Masterful construction and gripping theme make it intensely dramatic; whether you like it or hate it you can't leave it. Strindberg's Preface to it, a sort of dramatic creed, given here for the first time in English, is almost as famous abroad as the play.

You could read "The Stronger" in eighteen minutes and you would comprehend the life stories of three people. The play has almost no action in the ordinary sense, but has the effect of fierce, continuous action—it makes a mental conflict as vivid as if a physical conflict.

There Are Crimes and Crimes

The most widely known and acted of the longer plays by Strindberg. A drama of life to-day in Paris, profound and of tremendous power, and more optimistic in its conclusions than most of his work.

Plays by Strindberg

$1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

Strindberg is represented in this volume by three of his best and most characteristic plays—"The Dream Play," a symbolic drama of fairy-like quality; "The Link," a tragedy of modern married life, in one act; and "The Dance of Death," Parts I and II, a sombre, symbolic drama of tremendous power, generally considered to be his masterpiece.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Pigeon

A FANTASY IN THREE ACTS. 60*c. net; postpaid* 70*c.*

"What cannot be made clear in such a fragmentary recital of the story is the charm of the thing itself. Deplore Christopher's super-sentimentality, if you will, it is, nevertheless, a very heart-warming thing, and its humor is irresistible. Admit the worthlessness of the wastrels. They are still mighty human."—*New York Times.*

The Little Dream

AN ALLEGORY IN SIX SCENES. 50*c. net.*

"Can there be found anything more poetic in thought, more exquisite in expression? . . . Galsworthy has outdone himself."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Justice

60 *cents net.*

"Endowed with an appalling and inescapable significance."—*Life.*

Politics

Majority Rule and the Judiciary

An Examination of Current Proposals for Constitutional Change Affecting the Relation of the Courts to Legislation.

By William L. Ransom
of the New York Bar.
60 *cents net; postpaid* 66 *cents.*

The International Mind

An Argument for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes.

By Nicholas Murray Butler
President of Columbia University, President of the American Association for International Conciliation.
75 *cents net; postpaid* 83 *cents.*

Wisconsin: An Experiment in Democracy

By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D.
$1.25 *net.*

The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in America

By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph.D.
$2.25 *net.*

Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint

By Ray Madding McConnell, Ph.D.
Late Instructor in Social Ethics, Harvard University. $1.75 *net.*

The Democratic Mistake

By Arthur George Sedgwick
$1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.10.

Courts, Criminals, and the Camorra

By Arthur Train
Formerly Assistant District Attorney, Author of "True Stories of Crime," etc.
$1.75 *net; postpaid* $1.83.

The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences

By Hilary A. Herbert, LL.D.
With a Preface by JAMES FORD RHODES. $1.00 *net.*

Anonymous
Great Analysis, The . . . net, .75

Horack, F. E.
Government of Iowa . . . net, .75

Howe, F. C.
British City . . . net, 1.50
City (The) . . . net, 1.50
Privilege and Democracy in America . . . net, 1.50

Brooks, N.
How the Republic is Governed . . . net, .75
Short Studies in Party Politics . . . , 1.25

Butler, W. R.
Government of the New England States . . . net, .50

Cable, G. W.
Negro Question . . . net, .75
Silent South . . . net, 1.00

Chadwick, F. E.
Relations of the U. S. and Spain (Diplomacy), net, 4.00
Relations of the U. S. with Spain (Spanish-American War). 2 vols., net, 7.00

Curtis, W. E.
U. S. and Foreign Powers . . . net, 1.25

Godkin, E. L.
Problems of Modern Democracy . . . 2.00

Gomme, G. L.
Village Community . . . 1.50

Old Egyptian Librarians

By Ernest Cushing Richardson
Librarian of Princeton Univ.
75 *cents net.*

Causes and Effects in American History

The Story of the Origin and Development of the Nation.

By Edwin W. Morse

With illustrations, fac-similes, and maps, $1.25 *net; postpaid* $1.35.

Mr. Morse writes from a novel viewpoint. Aiming to convey a sense, unconfused by detail, of such deep currents of thought, economic, political, moral, as have shaped our national destiny, he deals rather with forces than with incidents. In order not to obscure the essential and significant, he avoids crowding his page with the small facts and emphasizes the truly salient. In this way he gives a lively sense of the relative values of the main facts of our history.

Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers

By Frederick Wells Williams

Assistant Professor of Oriental History in Yale University.

$2.00 *net; postpaid* $2.18.

A sympathetic, luminous, and impartial narrative of one of the most striking episodes of modern history.

Gateways to Literature and Other Essays

By Brander Matthews

12*mo.* $1.25 *net; postpaid* $1.36.

His eminence as thinker and writer is reaffirmed in the essays of this volume, "Gateways to Literature," "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History," "In Behalf of the General Reader," "The Duty of Imitation," "The Devil's Advocate," "Literary Criticism and Book-Reviewing," "American Familiar Verse," "French Poetry and English Readers," "A Note on Anatole France," "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame," "Fenimore Cooper," "Bronson Howard," "The Art of Acting."

Youth and the Race

By Edgar James Swift

Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy in Washington University, St. Louis.

$1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

A plea for the more intelligent study of the real boy, with a view to better adapting the school to his needs.

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands

By Charles Sheldon

Author of "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon."

With illustrations from photographs and five photogravures from drawings. By CARL RUNGIUS.

$2.00 *net; postpaid* $2.20.

The vivid narrative of Mr. Sheldon's experiences while exploring and hunting for wapiti, bear, and caribou on Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, Montague, and Admiralty Islands, off the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. His adventures, especially that with the big bear of Montague Island, are as thrilling as they are novel.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1912.

The Week

Mr. Taft may or may not be a "dead cock in the pit," so far as the electoral campaign is concerned; but his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury on the budget shows that he is still President of the United States, and expects to take his duties in that capacity seriously until his term of office expires. He has set his heart upon effecting a thorough reform in the Government's fiscal administration, and he is not deterred by indifference or opposition in Congress, nor by the absorption of popular interest at this time in more alluring topics. The emphasis he is putting at this moment on a matter so commonplace as the mere systematization of the nation's control over its financial ways and means, the adjustment of outgo to income, is, to us, decidedly refreshing, if only as a bit of variety in the political landscape. It is a reminder, too, of the fact that in the introduction of administrative economies, and in the curbing of the general tendency to unlimited expenditure, Mr. Taft has achieved a notable degree of success.

Few things that Gov. Wilson said or did, in his tour last week, evoked more immediate and positive comment among those who read the newspaper reports of his speeches than his references to President Taft. Mr. Wilson, speaking at Minneapolis, in a part of the country where Mr. Taft is confessedly unpopular, had criticised the policies of the Republican Administration. But he added:

> I want to pay my tribute of respect to the President of the United States. I do not believe that any man in the United States who knows his facts can question the patriotism or the integrity or the public purpose of the man who now presides at the executive office in Washington.

We doubt if there was a single listener to that utterance, or a single reader of it the following morning, who did not say to himself: This is a magnanimous campaigner, and a gentleman.

On Monday of this week another comment was made on the President of the United States by another opposing Presidential candidate. Observing, from his platform at Springfield, Mo., a campaign banner bearing the name of the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt said (we quote from the report in his New York organ):

> Any man who supports the receiver of stolen goods stands on a level with the receiver of the stolen goods. He is a dishonest man, and is unfit to associate with honest men.

We wonder how many readers of this remark said to themselves, when they laid their paper down: This may be an energetic public man, but is he a magnanimous campaigner, and is he quite a gentleman?

That it should have fallen to the lot of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Roosevelt's long-time friend, admirer, and political associate, to shatter in an indignant public speech Roosevelt's claim to be the reincarnated Lincoln, must surely be classed as a dramatic episode. Mr. Lodge's speech of last Saturday evening was delivered at Columbus—the very scene of Roosevelt's declaration, on the 21st of last February, for the recall of judicial decisions. The fact that the speech should have been delivered at all is in itself a sign of the way events are moving; for when the reporters asked Mr. Lodge, on the day after Roosevelt's Columbus declaration, what his own attitude would be, he replied, "I am out of this campaign." It was said at Washington, indeed, that Senator Lodge had been invited by Mr. Roosevelt to read over the Columbus speech before it was delivered; that he had criticised as too radical what was then its position on the judiciary; that this part of the speech had thereupon been modified to a conservative declaration, and that Mr. Lodge never learned of the subsequent change to the ultra-radicalism of the speech as it was actually delivered, until he read the report of it in the morning papers. Be this as it may, it is manifest now that the Senator's first purpose of keeping silence on the issue had, six or seven months later, become impossible.

And now the Progressives of Kansas have come to realize that to cry "Thou shalt not steal," and to profit by the receivership of stolen goods, is a pretty unsafe game to play even under the rules of the new morality. It is announced that the Roosevelt electors in Kansas will be placed in the independent column, instead of occupying the place in the regular Republican column which morally belongs to the Taft men. When we say stolen goods, we are not speaking with contumely of the courts whose decisions have been in favor of the Kansas Progressives' claim to the possession of the Republican column; we are merely employing Progressive phraseology. The courts have rendered their decisions on a technicality; and even the most ardent Progressive will admit that, technically, Mr. Taft was nominated at Chicago. To what extent the Bull Moose of Kansas have been influenced by moral reasons and to what extent by prudential reasons, it is hard to say. But Mr. William Allen White is no fool, and it must have been borne in upon him that a genuine third party which places in the field a candidate of high character, as the case of New York and Mr. Straus has shown, will make a stronger impression than a third party which does not hesitate to seize upon the machinery and capital of the party whose iniquities have driven all good men into revolt.

Mayor Blankenburg's first annual message to the Philadelphia City Councils is a document bristling with proposals both of new taxes and of new undertakings for municipal progress. And, remarkably enough, it does not seem to be greeted with a storm of protest, but, on the contrary, is apparently going to be quietly considered on its merits. To what extent the proposed increase of taxation is due to the need resting on the new administration of bringing the city's affairs, fiscal and material, into sound conditions, and to what extent it is to be ascribed to the undertaking of improvements hitherto unattempted, we cannot at this distance undertake to judge. But it seems plain enough that a considerable part of the financial stress with which Mr. Blankenburg proposes manfully to grapple is due to the objectionable methods that have obtained in the past—methods under which a clean showing may appear so far as mere bookkeeping is concerned, but which cover up defects that are bound to be reckoned with sooner or later. As the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says, in commenting on the report of the Mayor's able advisory committee, "there is no financial legerdemain by which a municipality can go on year after year exceeding its revenues by its normal running expenditures, and deftly negotiating a loan by which a deficit is turned into a surplus before the very eyes of the people." That is the kind of inheritance that reform administrations in any of our cities habitually have to shoulder, and that helps to make their task onerous and to endanger their hold on popularity.

Two unrelated facts which daily figure in the industrial news are additional proof that a period of marked prosperity is before us. The first is the threatened railway car shortage, which bids fair to be record-breaking; the other is the growing scarcity of labor. For the first, the official figures of the rapidly dwindling supply are the proof; to the second more than one head of railway or industrial company bears witness. Thus, President Ripley, of the Atchison, reports that "the demand for labor already far exceeds the supply." An official of the Lehigh Valley declares that it is "harder to get men for work on tracks than for many years past." Similar reports come from other railway heads, and it is understood that important development work on the Erie and New York Central lines has had to be postponed for lack of men to carry it on. In the steel and iron business similar conditions exist. The Baldwin Locomotive Works are reported to have nearly doubled their employees since January 1 and to be still in need of workers.

These facts may serve to remind us how fortunate the country has been to escape the limitation of immigration which was so warmly urged in the last session of Congress, and still threatens. There could be no greater folly from the industrial point of view than to require, as does this bill, that every one shall be excluded who cannot pass a literacy test and show some knowledge of English. For certain lines of work no American-born laborers are available —particularly is this true of unskilled labor in the iron and steel trades. In them such a restriction would speedily become crippling. It is no answer to this that conditions of work should be made so attractive as to bring to it a higher class of men. Much can be done, indubitably, in this direction. But American labor will enter certain lines of work on no terms. Foreign labor will; why should it be compelled to master a new tongue before entering? The United States needs immigration more than any other country because here men rise rapidly in the social scale as they cannot elsewhere.

The desperate necessity under which our manufacturers labor, of a tariff to cover the difference of cost between this country and abroad, was strikingly illustrated in two cable dispatches published in this country on the same day. One tells of the arrival at Hamburg of a party of engineers from the Bethlehem Steel Company to arrange for the installation of fourteen-inch guns, armor, and projectiles on the new Greek armored cruiser, the hull of which is to be built at the Vulkan shipbuilding yards at Stettin, and of the mortification of the German steel firms over the fact that this important contract should have been captured by Americans. The other is a London dispatch, giving an account of a meeting of British motor-car manufacturers to take measures for meeting the competition of cheap American cars. But of course it would never do to lower the tariff on iron or steel or manufactures thereof, until the "difference in cost of production" between America and foreign countries had been "scientifically" determined by an expert commission. The mere fact that our manufacturers can undersell the Germans or the British on their own soil should not be allowed to influence the views of our lawmakers in the least.

In the midst of all the hubbub of politics, a little thing like the killing of a high-school boy by hazers cannot be expected to make much commotion. Still, there are some twenty million families in this country in which the opening of the schools a few days ago was an event of some interest, and therefore it may not be out of place to direct attention to an item of news—not the first of its kind—which tells of a "freshman" in the Middletown (O.) High School who is dying as the result, it is charged, of having been compelled to push a pencil across the floor of the school gymnasium with his nose, being urged along in his task by kicks. We hear a great deal nowadays of the beautiful possibilities both of schools as such and of school buildings, in the promotion of good citizenship; but it may be doubted whether, in the long run, anything the schools may do to this end can equal in value what can be done by them in the enforcement of the plain requirements of wholesome discipline. The atrocities of hazing—that is, hazing carried to barbarous and dangerous extremes—are peculiar to the schools of our country; and it is not by any means a mere accident that the other criticism most frequently levelled against them is that of lack of accuracy in the pupils' knowledge. The idea of discipline, of subjection of the youngster's own notions of what is worth while, or what is permissible, to the control of his teachers or his elders, plays an extremely minor part in our schools; and the barbarous lawlessness of hazing is only the most grotesque of the manifestations of this.

What makes the physician play so prominent a rôle in contemporary revolutionary politics? asks the *Medical Review of Reviews*. It cites the example of China and Portugal. The case of China involves, of course, Sun Yat-Sen, who, as we showed the other day, was a busy medical practitioner before he gave himself to the task of liberating his country from the yoke of the Manchus. In Portugal, the *Review of Reviews* points out, Dr. Affonso Costa is leader of the Democratic party, Dr. Antonio José d'Almeida is leader of the Conservatives, and Dr. Brito Camacho is leader of the moderate Unionist faction. We wonder if the *Review* is sure of its facts with regard to Portugal. The doctoral title is very common among public men in Spain, Portugal, and Latin America. It does not refer to medicine at all, but describes men who have pursued the higher university studies and who are probably doctors of law or letters. The explanation that "the physician's experience with the ills of humanity has given him a peculiar fitness for larger services to the state," strikes one as somewhat fantastic. The truth would rather seem to be that in backward countries the medical student is the first one to be brought into touch with the exact sciences and the first to be imbued with a materialistic philosophy.

The proposed celebration of the centenary of the birth of Sir Isaac Pitman will not commemorate the man who invented shorthand, but the man who invented the system of shorthand which the world has found most practicable. The inventor of abbreviated writing is as completely lost in the mists of antiquity as the inventor of books. The Greeks and Romans had more or less imperfect systems of shorthand, which were known as late as the tenth century. It was the nineteenth century that witnessed the triumph of making the human hand as fast as the human tongue, and, as a consequence, of adding immensely to the visible supply of words. What the postal systems of all countries owe to the ability of the least literary to get his ideas on paper, is simply beyond calculation. Even the printing press is outdone by a combination of stenographer and typewriter that turns out personal communications in a flood.

In a memorandum on the Panama Canal issued by the Pan-American Union, Director John Barrett lays emphasis on the elaborate preparations that are being made by commercial and shipping interests all over the world for taking advantage of the Canal a year and a half from now. European shipbuilding yards are busy constructing fleets of ocean-going merchant vessels. European Governments are instructing their diplomatic representatives to make a complete study of new conditions created by the Canal. In Japan new steamship companies are being organized. China plans a line of steamships to Central and South America. Australian commercial organizations are sending representatives to South America to develop trade. The Latin republics are astir. Chili is building a fifteen-million-dollar harbor at Valparaiso. Bolivia is building railways. Peru and Ecuador and Brazil and Argentina are improving their ports. But if Mr. Barrett's implications are that the United States has been idle in the meantime, he is incorrectly informed. We, too, have been busy. We have been sending troops and ultimatums to Nicaragua. We have been keeping the Mexican Government on the razor edge of anxiety. We have dropped hints to Santo Domingo. Everywhere we have been preparing the way for the upbuilding of our Latin American commerce by making it plain that bluster, threats, and intervention follow the commercial flag of the United States.

The Ulster Unionists have hitherto deprecated the injection of the religious question into their campaign against Home Rule. It is not so much the oppression of the Protestant minority by the Catholic majority that they have feared as the economic exploitation of Belfast and the prosperous industrial North by the agricultural majorities from the Southern counties. But in the solemn pact and covenant which has been issued by the Unionist leaders and which is to be signed by former Cabinet Ministers, present members of Parliament, and other men high in public affairs, the pretence of nonsectarianism is cast aside. The Covenant, according to a dispatch, is to be signed in the various Protestant places of worship "after the most impressive religious service." Irishmen are thus called upon to rally round the banner of religious intolerance; the hatreds inherited from times when religious passions ran riot are to be fanned into flame in this, the twentieth, century. It remains to be seen whether such an anachronism can really prove effective. The Liberal Government, in weighing the chances of actual resistance on the part of Ulster, must now take into account the fact that if the enactment of Home Rule will arouse evil passions in the North of Ireland, the failure to satisfy Ireland's claims will leave behind it a spirit of embittered religious partisanship exceeding in virulence anything the island has known for generations.

When the commercial treaty between this country and Russia was abrogated last year, directly by Mr. Taft but indirectly through the action of Congress, the state of resentment aroused in Russia was said to be such as to make any overtures on the part of the Czar's Government for a renewal of the treaty highly improbable. Now there seems to be little doubt that Russia's attitude has changed and that tentative proposals for a renewal of the treaty are discussed in St. Petersburg. That, as a matter of fact, is the only way the old status could be restored. People who wished to see our commercial relations with Russia unchanged argued, last year, that American business interests stood to lose more than Russian business interests by the quarrel, and that the first attempts at a reconciliation would have to come from us. But we need only recall to what degree public opinion in this country was aroused on the subject, the virtually unanimous action of Congress, and the fact that the issue was made one affecting our national dignity, to see that we could not take the first step towards a new treaty. It is true that Russia, too, made the matter one of national honor. But the important difference is that, whereas with us any change of opinion on the subject would have to make itself felt throughout the country, in Russia the Czar's Government is unhampered by public opinion and can easily execute a faceabout if its interests so demand.

The financial world is now busy with a new Chinese puzzle. Nobody as yet has professed to be able to offer a complete explanation of the mysterious Mr. Jackson and his loan. Meanwhile, Chinese Treasury bonds, in comparatively small amounts, have begun to make their way into the London market. While the financial machinery employed by the Peking Government in floating these loans remains obscure, the motives behind them should not be so very difficult to get at. China has not necessarily broken with the six Powers from whom she was to obtain a loan of $300,000,000. Negotiations have been suspended. But instead of waiting resignedly for the good will of the Powers to assert itself, the Chinese Government has evidently decided to apply a touch of moral compulsion. The needs of the new Republic are great, and it seems highly improbable that the elaborate schemes of economic and financial reconstruction which have been formulated can ever be carried out by means of such petty loans as the Government may obtain from unofficial European sources. Yet these loans serve the purpose of a warning against excessive pretensions on the part of the Powers. If the latter believed that the fortunes of new China would be entrusted to their management, they must be undeceived. Having won their liberty from the Manchus, the people of China are now in the mood to issue a declaration of independence against foreign domination.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Last Sunday marked the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's first Emancipation Proclamation. To it he came but slowly; yet no other act so clearly entitles him to the plaudits of mankind. In June of 1862, to a delegation of Quakers, he expressed doubt whether a decree of emancipation would affect the South, since the Constitution itself could not be enforced there. To this the delegation answered in the language of the Scripture: "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." Mr. Lincoln answered that he was deeply sensible of his need of Divine guidance; he was most willing to be an instrument in God's hands for achieving a great work. Yet he hesitated and temporized; he tried to induce the Border States to join him in a plan for either gradual or immediate emancipation—1900 was to be the date of the former!—and he still hoped to remove and colonize the freed people, then as now an impossible undertaking, not to speak of its moral aspects. Reimbursing the States which had inflicted such frightful losses in lives and property upon the Union was still another idea which lingered in his mind, and was urged publicly and privately. Finally, going, as he told his Cabinet, "to fulfil the promise I made to myself and to my God," he issued the Proclamation now celebrated, conferring emancipation in the rebellious States, giving them one hundred days of grace, and providing gradual emancipation for the Border States. Not until January 1, 1863, was the task of liberation completed by the second Proclamation, and during the interval Mr. Lincoln's mind recurred to gradual emancipation by means of a Constitutional amendment.

With the immediate effect of emancipation upon both the slaves and the military operations, we are less concerned to-day than with its larger aspects. No one has yet, it seems to us, adequately measured the services of the colored troops, the recruitment of which, already begun, went rapidly forward as soon as the Proclamation came into being, Massachusetts leading. Nothing in all history was ever more fitting, however, than that the first troops to enter Richmond should have been Gen. Godfrey Weitzel's black men; it was a direct corollary of emancipation, in which it is hard not to see the hand of Providence. Nor have we yet had a complete study of Reconstruction from a master hand—that extraordinary period in which, as Carl Schurz said, the problems were not to be solved in any way without erring and some grave injustice. But the great fact remains that all the efforts to preserve or extend slavery, or to pretend that the issue of emancipation was unrelated to that of preserving the Union, were swept away by the inexorable march of events. Lincoln himself found the public pressure irresistible in 1862; the mills of the gods were grinding exceeding fine that year the hopes both of the slaveholders in the South and of those men in the North who would have compromised.

To-day, however men of the North and the South may differ as to the treatment of the negro, however much they may differ as to their reading of the historic past, no one is to be found anywhere who would reëstablish the curse of unpaid, chattel labor. The most pessimistic of cotton-growers to-day, he who can say no good word for his negro laborers, would not urge a return to the old days. For he knows that those prophets of evil who declared in and out of Congress that cotton could never be made to pay with a wage-cost added have long since been refuted, and that free labor at its worst is vastly better than that driven by the lash. So, too, have those been refuted who were typified by the man who asked Wendell Phillips if he did not know that emancipation would make the entire South impossible as a residence for white men, and particularly women. To him Phillips replied that he "intrenched himself upon the principle of human freedom, and left the working out to God." Never was faith better justified; for, despite many cases of lawlessness—which was not unknown in slavery days—the colored people are to-day among the most law-abiding of human beings, when due allowance is made for the condition of degradation and ignorance, of deprivation of the protection of the law and rights of citizenship, under which millions are compelled to live.

As for the colored people themselves, despite all the injustice under which they still stagger, they have every reason both to venerate the name of Lincoln and to take heart as they look back fifty years. From a chattel to a human being—that is the measure of the effect of Lincoln's pen. To own one's body and one's soul; to know no longer the anguish of seeing wife and child sold to meet a creditor's demand or an executor's order—surely the burdens of to-day are but slight compared with those of half a century ago. And the future is still theirs. How can they falter or fail to have faith and hope when they think not only of the change since 1862, but of the story of the fifty years which preceded the Proclamation? Their weakness to-day is chiefly their inability to organize to defend their rights. United they would stand far better; divided they fall before oppression. Can anything else be expected when one reflects on the conditions of their servitude? Or is there an innate race-weakness such as the Jews have never known in the darkest days of their age-long battle against prejudice and injustice? Time alone will show—not a year, nor a decade or two; Mr. Washington's powerful business league may even now be blazing the way. But even if the colored people should always need help and protection, the glory, the majesty, and the wisdom of the Emancipation Proclamation remain undimmed as the first great step to right the most fearful wrong the Western Hemisphere has ever known.

LET THE PEOPLE RULE!

When Mr. Roosevelt at Denver, in the course of a reply to some questions put by Mr. Bryan, declared that he "should be glad to have the recall for the President," he was not speaking on the impulse of the moment. In a speech at Phœnix, Arizona, two days before, he had said: "I would go even farther than the Progressive platform. I should like to have the recall applied to everybody, including the President." Now this development of Mr. Roosevelt's programme is not interesting chiefly as a practical proposition, or even in relation to its theoretical merits. The real concern to Americans in Mr. Roosevelt's whole agitation and, above all, in the way it is accepted by people of intelligence, is the underlying spirit upon which he depends for giving it irresistible popularity. With whatever qualifications he may begin, along any of the lines that he is pursuing, it appears very soon that those qualifications are purely formal or tentative, and that he really stands upon the bald doctrine of unrestricted majority rule. "Let the people rule" is a fine catchword; but when translated into intelligible fact it turns out to mean simply "let the majority at any given time have its way in everything." "The people" includes the minority as well as the majority; it is not the people in this sense, however, for whose rule Mr. Roosevelt clamors—it is the majority for the time being. But it is just against the dangers threatened by such majority rule, in those crises which try the temper of nations, that the safeguard of constitutional government as the outgrowth of ages of experience has been erected.

"My own experience," says Mr. Roosevelt, "was that I could do nothing as President except when the people were heartily with me." Throughout a wide range of public questions and national contingencies, what Mr. Roosevelt here says must be true of any President. But no mistake could be more fatal than to forget that there are cases of a wholly different kind. There have been Presidents who could do, when the time required it, what Mr. Roosevelt confesses he could not do. The people were not "heartily with" Grover Cleveland when, throughout one of the most critical periods of our history in time of peace, he stood like a wall of iron against the debasement of the national currency. He had enjoyed unbounded popularity in his own party, and extraordinary esteem throughout the Union without regard to party; but there came dark days in which, by a mere count of noses, he was probably the most unpopular man in the country. The plague of low prices was then desolating the masses, and he would not stir hand or foot to relieve them of it. On the contrary, he used all his personal energies, and all the official influence at his command, to put an end, for the time being, to the coinage of silver, and thus to strengthen the hands of those who were preparing for the life-and-death struggle between sound money and currency debasement which was to take place two years later. But where does that divine majority stand now which Mr. Cleveland then defied? How many persons in these United States to-day wish that we had gone to a silver basis in 1894? Time has recalled not the President's decision, but that of "the people"; and nobody approves time's verdict more thoroughly than that same "people" itself.

Yet the essential matter here is not that President Cleveland was right and "the people" wrong. It might have been the other way; the wisest and truest of men may err, as well as the majority. The point is that here was a momentous question in the policy of the nation and in the affairs of all its people, which, upon the principle of unrestricted majority rule, would have been decided by learning whether on a certain given day, in the then excited condition of the public mind, the people who wanted the change made were not more numerous than those who were opposed to it. Now, that change would have been irreversible. The fundamental objection to the silver proposition—the objection alongside which all others must be regarded as minor—was that it altered the monetary standard. Whatever moral wrong, and whatever economic disturbance, might have been caused by this act would have been done once for all and could never be undone. Is it not preposterous to say that a matter of this kind should be passed upon with the same ease, with the same absence of personal responsibility, and by the same crude apparatus of a mere count of noses, as is the temporary filling of an office or the approval of a paving loan? Yet to precisely such negation of the functions of responsible government is the whole of this sudden agitation to "let the people rule" unmistakably committed.

What will happen after the 5th of November we shall not be so rash as to attempt to forecast. But for the present we cannot forbear to say that to our mind the most depressing aspect of the Rooseveltian craze is the evidence it furnishes of a want of serious political thought, or political conviction, in quarters where these things might have been confidently supposed to exist. Projects of the most far-reaching character, changes which would go to the very root of our political being and our national character, are greeted with smiling nonchalance, as though they were mere minor incidents in the accomplishment of certain specific reforms. That many of the followers of Mr. Roosevelt are animated by the purest and highest desire for the improvement of the condition of the masses, is unquestionable; but apparently there is not one of them that has taken the pains to examine into either the necessity or the desirability of the means by which it is proposed to advance those ends; to consider what consequences in the long run may be brought about by the innovations which they welcome as a short cut to their immediate objects; or even in a general way to ask themselves what really is the range and scope of these innovations, to what extent they would amount to a wiping out of our whole national tradition. They enter light-heartedly upon a voyage of which they seem to take no trouble to find out either the probable course or the destined end; they put unquestioning trust in a pilot who is fired with a consuming zeal for every new scheme that occurs to him as attractive, and whose devotion to the project is manifestly grounded primarily upon an unbounded confidence in his own ability to bring to success any undertaking to which he may have committed himself. Such a combination of readiness for rash innovation and of blind following of a plausible leader, on the part of persons of education and intelligence, is a new and far from encouraging phenomenon in American political history.

THE BANKERS' CONVENTION AND CURRENCY REFORM.

The action or inaction—it is described in both ways—of the recent bankers' convention at Detroit, regarding currency reform, has evoked conflicting comment. That the convention neither renewed its endorsement of the Aldrich banking and currency plan, nor appointed a committee to urge the enactment of that plan or any other, was assumed in many quarters to mean that the American Bankers' Association had openly professed indifference to the movement, and that the prospect for reform legislation was seriously blighted. This does not, in our judgment, necessarily follow.

The dispatches from Detroit told of a widespread disagreement among the delegates, first as to undertaking any such propaganda at the present political juncture; secondly, as to the wisdom of declaring themselves specifically for the Aldrich plan. The second consideration was recognized a little late in the day. At New Orleans, in last year's annual convention, the bankers unanimously voted that the Association gave "its unqualified approval to the revised plan proposed by Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, chairman of the National Monetary Commission."

That action was taken without debate on the plan, either as a whole or in its separate provisions; and in view of the fact that even the banking community was not in agreement as to all those details, the vote was pretty sure to cause embarrassment in the future. In endeavoring, at the Detroit convention, to harmonize the difference of opinion which had developed during the year, the bankers voted the following resolution:

> In order that the position of the American Bankers' Association as to a reformation of our financial and banking system may be fairly understood, and correctly placed before the public,
>
> Be it resolved, That this Association will coöperate with any and all people in devising a financial system for this country which shall place us on a par with the other great commercial and competing nations; a system which shall give to the American people, of all classes and conditions, the financial facilities and industrial advantages to which they are entitled.

We cannot honestly say that the convention made a great success of its compromise resolution—"coöperate with any and all people" is a little like invitation for the host of amateur currency reformers of 1907 and 1908 to appear again on the scene—but the convention faced a difficult problem, and perhaps there was for the present no other way out than indulgence in generalities.

It will naturally be asked what effect this negative action of the Detroit convention will have on the general movement. In the first place, existing conditions have made it both necessary and advisable that the currency reform discussion should for the time be allowed to rest in abeyance. It is not a factor in the Presidential contest, and it could hardly be made so without injuring the prospects of legitimate reform.

The attitude of the parties towards currency reform in general, and towards the Aldrich plan in particular, is peculiar. The Republican platform did not mention the Aldrich plan; the essential parts of its declaration on the currency were as follows:

> Our banking arrangements to-day need further revision to meet the requirements of current conditions. We need measures which will prevent the recurrence of money panics and financial disturbances, and which will promote the prosperity of this country by producing constant employment.
>
> We need better currency facilities for the movement of crops in the West and South. . . . In attaining these ends, the investments of individual banks, whether organized under national or State charters, must be carefully protected and our banking and currency system must be safeguarded from any possibility of domination by sectional, financial, or political interests.

This was discreetly vague. So is the Democratic platform's currency plank, which declares as follows:

> We believe the people of the country will be largely freed from panics and consequent unemployment and business depression by such a systematic revision of our banking laws as will render temporary relief in localities where such relief is needed, with protection from control or dominion by what is known as the Money Trust.
>
> Banks exist for the accommodation of the public, and not for the control of business. All legislation on the subject of banking and currency should have for its purpose the securing of these accommodations on terms of absolute security to the public, and of complete protection from the misuse of the power that wealth gives to those who possess it.

This profession of faith is preceded by a statement of the party's "opposition to the Aldrich bill or the establishment of a central bank."

As for the Third Party, its "money plank," along with a statement of hostility to the Aldrich plan, of belief in currency reform, and of the need for protection from Wall Street domination, has this to say:

> We believe the present method of issuing notes through private agencies is harmful and unscientific. The issue of currency is fundamentally a Government function, and the system should have as basic principles soundness and elasticity.

We are ourselves in some doubt as to what this means, and perhaps its authors were not sure about it. Mr. Victor Berger, the one Socialist Representative in Congress, alluding no doubt to the currency plank's denunciation of all but Government-issued money, says that it "smacks of greenbackism." In form, it certainly bears an odd resemblance to parts of the currency plank with which the Populist party entered the field in 1892—"We demand a national currency, safe, sound, and flexible; issued by the general Government only." But this is one of the Third Party's declarations to which no one paid any serious attention.

The point which we wish to emphasize, however, is that nothing could be more futile, to the advocates of the Aldrich bill especially, than to force a disputed currency reform plan into this political arena. If it gained one party's approval, it would probably draw the fire of the other. The Bankers' Convention was entirely wise in refusing to help towards doing so. The country is perfectly well aware that it has several other political matters to settle before it gives up its mind to currency reform. When it has at length reached the time to attend to this matter, the two great parties will, at all events, have declared for conservative measures of reform, and the many unquestionably good points of the Aldrich plan will still be in the field for consideration.

"PRACTICAL" EDUCATION.

The cry for immediate utility as the chief end of education swells in volume every day. In the report of a committee of the National Educational Association, at the annual meeting in Chicago, we read: "High school education is generally bookish, scholastic, abstract, and inadequate to meet the practical problems of life"; and the whole system is just where it was thirty years ago. The cause of the failure is laid bare: "The whole trouble with our high-school education is that it is regarded too much as merely a preparation for the university. Instead of dealing with the problems of life to-day the students are taught to deal with the language, politics, and customs of fifteen centuries ago." The remedy is "a change in high-school teaching, a look in the direction of the farm, shop, and home."

Only about 12 per cent. of the pupils of high schools are preparing for college; and high-school teachers are right in believing that the 88 per cent. whose education ends with the high-school diploma, or even earlier, must be first considered. Moreover, the colleges and universities have led the way in establishing this view. In all of them except four or five endowed universities of the East entrance to college may be through certificate from the secondary school; and within eighteen months Harvard has adopted an examination system based on subjects which are always taught in all good high schools. Thus the need of adapting the high-school course to the demands of the colleges has been done away with by the colleges themselves. The high schools are already free to work out a reasonable curriculum for their pupils as a whole.

The freedom has by no means produced peace, however. Teachers and authorities of the secondary schools are divided over the theory on which the curriculum of those schools shall be constructed. There has been much display of "facts" discovered; but questionnaires on such subjects mostly lead back to the truth that there are two types of human nature, and that teachers divide in about the same way as other people. Prof. William James denominated the two types the tough-minded and the tender-minded. In philosophy they are the pragmatists and the idealists; among the theorists on education they appear as the believers in the practical and the believers in pure culture. At present, the educational pragmatists, the tough-minded believers in the practical, have the floor; and the tender-minded believers in culture are as sheep without a shepherd.

We may admit that the public high schools must regard first of all the 88 per cent. of their pupils who will get no further education. Their business as schools is to do their share in raising the standards of living throughout the nation, and all gains in this direction must be built on economic efficiency. Therefore the schools must think of efficiency. But they must also remember that ultimate efficiency is not necessarily the same thing as the immediately practical.

The difficulty with too many of the present-day reformers of education is that they forget this; and they confuse the inquiry, "Does high-school education pay?" by assuming that it means, "Does the high-school graduate get better pay as soon as he leaves the high school?" As a result, the commercial courses in high schools are cumbered with elaborate methods of computing interest and of keeping books that are never heard of in business, and pupils are loaded up with facts and drilled in set methods that do more harm than good. The boy whose mind closes early on a fixed body of facts and a single, invariable method of doing things makes the man who settles down permanently to the dull monotony of a clerk's desk. The boy who keeps his curiosity and his zest for exploring is the boy who breaks loose from the shackles of routine and becomes manager or partner.

Now, to produce the latter kind of boy, training of the mind is more important than acquisition of facts and drill in methods. Professor Woodbridge of Columbia had a sound article in the *Columbia University Quarterly* on the doctrine that the college exists first and foremost for the increase of intelligence. The high school, as well as the college, should exist first and foremost for the increase of intelligence. But this is not the storing of facts which can be put to immediate use in the shop, the home, and on the farm, nor is it finished expertness in the processes of manufacture or trade. It is rather the capacity to see new facts, to discriminate their significance, and to reason out the general conclusions of principle or action to which they lead. On the whole, this capacity is better developed by the old education than by the new, so-called practical, subjects. It takes not only patience but intelligence to grapple with facts whose significance lies in the mass and below the surface; and the classical languages and mathematics have never been surpassed as gymnasium work for the mind. The fact that Mr. J. P. Morgan might have been to-day a professor of mathematics in a German university is brimming with light for the apostles of the practical.

We have said nothing of the duty of high schools to open new horizons for those of its pupils whose fortune it is to have no further education, nor of their duty to justify and transmit the ideals on which this country was founded and on which it has grown. If these ideals are to live in the nation, its sons and its daughters must know what it is to see visions and what is meant by the prophesying of the spirit; and the high schools, which for so large a part of the select youth of the nation mean the only higher education, must not lose their privilege of being to some degree schools of the prophets.

CIRCUS LEMONADE.

Middle-aged city men at their desks, when they read of the death of H. E. Allott, who first gave pink lemonade to the world, will lay down their fountain pens and gaze out at Broadway through a blur of wistful reminiscence and faded romance. Beyond the skyscrapers and the crowds they will see the circus making its triumphal entry into town. Its way had been prepared. One morning the town awoke to find its available blank walls and fences plastered with visions from an enchanted land. Elephants transcending in size the wildest dreams of the zoölogist, ferocious beasts leaping at their bars with unmistakable intentions upon the surrounding small boys, cavaliers straight from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, beautiful damsels on Arabian steeds smiling simultaneously in all directions, gymnasts riding the high trapeze in defiance of prudence and the law of gravitation, clowns, fat ladies, india-rubber men, untamed denizens of the jungle, infant prodigies—well, what profit is there in recalling all the details of a dream that has vanished? The real circus always fell far short of specifications, but what boy then saw a circus except through the haze of his own imaginings? When the day of the procession arrived, a series of unparalleled disasters fell upon a large part of the school population and its immediate relatives. Grandmothers died in astounding numbers. Ravaging toothaches developed overnight and necessitated an immediate visit to the dentist. Overworked mothers suddenly collapsed under the strain of duty, and so required the imperative presence of their boys at home. Society shifted from its moorings.

The number of small boys who effected a surreptitious entrance under the canvas tent or earned their way by performing valeting service in the menagerie was, after all, not very large. The great majority came in by the front door, openly, even ostentatiously. To make this possible, there was a raid upon hoarded treasure. Tin savings banks were unlocked ceremoniously in the presence of, and with the sanction of, the heads of the family, or were broken open in the dead of night with a hatchet. Sleds, rubber-boots, a set of carpenter's tools, a bicycle, all these became remote ideals in the face of the living present. Where such accumulated treasure did not exist, there was a sudden rise in the moral tone of the school population during the week immediately preceding the advent of the circus. Lessons were mastered with a devotion and facility that was almost alarming. Chores found themselves done without orders from superiors. Cleanliness of face and clothes became the rule. Boys clamored to be allowed to do their home lessons after supper, and these were interrupted only by anxious inquiries addressed to bewildered parents whether it wasn't time for children to go to bed. We firmly believe that the influence of the circus as a moral force in the community has been greatly misjudged. For every boy who ran away to be an acrobat or played truant to be a spectator, a dozen boys experienced an extraordinary spiritual regeneration. It is true that the awakening began the day the circus posters appeared on the fences and vanished the day after the departure of the show, but then what would you ask of poor human nature?

Our children who go to the circus nowadays are fearfully blasé. To them the circus is not an event, but an incident. Its features have been appropriated and familiarized and cheapened by the vaudeville houses, and the roof gardens, and the summer parks. The gift of illusion is waning among fathers and children alike. But in the circus that used to come to town when Garfield was President, illusion prevailed, and in the circuses that come to those happy places that are still towns and not vast acreages of brick and mortar, illusion still prevails. When a magnificent, unparalleled, and totally unprecedented prize of five dollars was offered to any one in the audience who could ride the recalcitrant donkey, the effect of dramatic suspense was perfect. The young soul knew what was coming, but it had not seen the thing happen often enough to lose the capacity for surprise. First a comic Irishman would try to ride the donkey and be thrown off at the first attempt, amidst vast hilarity. Then a Dutchman would try; he lasted a little longer than the Irishman, but he, too, met his fate. Then a clown would enter the lists. He held on long enough to raise the highest hopes, but he also succumbed at the apparent moment of victory. And all this time the young soul knew that somewhere in the audience was the man of destiny who would cling to the donkey's tail with one hand and the donkey's head with the other, and conquer him. The man will make his appearance in the guise of a country bumpkin whose ungainly appearance arouses shrieks of laughter. His ride will be a series of ridiculous contortions and apparent hair-breadth escapes from death. But once he is declared the victor, he will cast his rural garments from him and, revealing himself in the splendor of pink tights and spangles, ride out from the ring amidst the clamorous applause of the multitude.

And now we have three-ring circuses, and glorious Eastern pageants, and revolving stages, and huge tanks of real water, and complicated mechanical daredevil exploits. But where is the zest of other days, when the soul fastened its breathless attention upon one ring instead of scattering it wearily over three? Three rings instead of one; and sanitary ginger-pop in individual bottles drawn through a straw instead of the pink lemonade showing a quota of microbes to the cubic millimetre that would make Dr. Wiley shudder! Where is the tang of intimacy and participation which brought the small boy and the clown and the elephant and the donkey into one bond of sympathy? Will not some Winthrop Ames of the arena give us a Little Circus? Or must we be told by George W. Perkins that the day of the small circus is gone forever, and that only the Big Circus can flourish amidst conditions unforeseen by the Fathers who made the Constitution? Happy those rural portions of the nation where the old ideas still prevail. For us in the city it only remains to remember and regret. The pink lemonade is gone, the steam calliope is gone, the freaks are going; even the advance agent's alliteration is dying out.

AN ISHMAEL OF SCIENCE IN HISTORY.

Paris, September 14.

"La Révolution française et la psychologie des révolutions" (E. Flammarion, 3.50 francs), by Dr. Gustave Le Bon, will, as usual when this author speaks his mind, cause a fluttering in official dovecotes. In his own land of science, he is a wild man; and now that he enters the field of history, his hand is still against every man. His Introduction he entitles "the revisions of history," as it were a succession of Dreyfus cases:

> The modern age is an epoch, not of discoveries only, but of revision of the divers elements of knowledge as well. . . . Science has seen its old principles vanish one by one. . . . Notwithstanding its conjectural side withholding it somewhat from too severe criticism, history has not escaped this universal revision. . . . Among events of which the study seemed finished, there figures the French Revolution, . . . and behold, its most convinced defenders are beginning to hesitate in their judgments. . . . Several causes have brought about the revision of this tragic period. Time has calmed passions, numerous documents have slowly issued forth from archives, and men have learned to interpret them with independence. But it is modern psychology, perhaps, which will act most on our ideas by enabling us to penetrate better into men and the motives of their conduct.
>
> Among its discoveries which may already be applied to history, there should be mentioned chiefly: a more thorough acquaintance with ancestral action; the laws which govern crowds; experiments relating to the disaggregation of personalities; mental contagion; the unconscious formation of beliefs; the distinction of the different forms of logic.

Here, from the start, the author flings in our faces the formulas of the New Knowledge. To some they will seem little but variations of the technical slang that wrappeth up counsel in unskilful words; to others they will prove a darkening of counsel by words without meaning. In reality, Dr. Gustave Le Bon is an author who exceeds his natural right of having one new idea to a page. Perhaps a scientific certificate may be found for him in the respect shown him by Henri Poincaré. What he has to say is really useful, and so is the mental effort which he forces us to make to adjust old thought to new forms of speech. For example, in history the disaggregation of a personality can mean little else but what we used to call the weakening and going to pieces of a character under new strain; for character is the sum of a man's habits of will, and, though habits constitute a second nature for the person, they can evidently do their work only in things habitual. Also, ages before the French Revolution, it had been observed that men who sow the wind reap the whirlwind in themselves and plunge into actions for which there is no precedent in their previous lives. The mere attribution of this to individuals and masses of men who form their beliefs unconsciously and act, not with consistency of reasoning, but by "affective" or "mystical" or "collective" logic, is not new knowledge. Pascal summed it in a sentence: "The heart has reasons which reason does not know." Gustave Le Bon attaches a quite special importance to the "mystic spirit which consists in the attribution of a mysterious power to superior beings or forces, taken concretely as idols, fetishes, words, and formulas. It is the foundation . . . of the greater part of political beliefs."

We may, indeed, look askance at this new labelling of known facts of history, and not admit some of the underlying hypotheses. Yet we must acknowledge our author's searching analysis of the facts; and no reader of his book who exercises the logic of reason can afford to pass lightly over his more or less new interpretation of them. One-third of his book is given to a general first part on the psychological elements of revolutionary movements, scientific, political, and religious, and on the different parts played in them by governments and the people:

> Although a revolution has sometimes a rational origin, we must not forget that the reasons invoked to prepare it act on crowds only after their transformation into feelings, . . . Whatever its origin, a revolution is productive of consequences only after it has descended into the soul of the multitude. . . . A revolution therefore reaches down to the multitude, but it has not there its starting point. The crowd represents an amorphous being which can do nothing and wills nothing without a head to guide it. Very quickly it outstrips the impulse received, but it creates the impulse never.
>
> . . . Lower, and very far from the scientific revolutions which generate the progress of civilizations, there figure the religious and political revolutions; and these are without relation with the scientific revolutions. While the latter derive solely from rational elements, political and religious beliefs have their support almost exclusively in affective and mystical factors. . . . From the single fact that it is considered absolute truth, belief necessarily becomes intolerant. Thus are explained the violence and hatred and persecution which form the habitual train of political and religious revolutions, notably of the Reformation and the French Revolution.
>
> . . . Political revolutions may result from beliefs which have become settled in souls, but there are many other causes to produce them. The synthesis of the causes is represented by the term of discontent. . . . Unless it becomes universal and excessive, discontent is not sufficient to make revolutions. It is easy to lead a handful of men to pillage and destroy or massacre; but to make a whole people rise, or at least a great part of a people, the repeated action of agitators is necessary. . . . In this way were prepared the Christian revolution and the French Revolution. The reason why the latter took but few years while the former needed many is that our Revolution had quickly for itself armed force, whereas Christianity was very late in winning material power. . . . When the triumph follows violent struggles, as in the French Revolution, the conquerors will reject in a lump the whole arsenal of old law. The partisans of the fallen rule will be persecuted and expelled or exterminated. The maximum of violence in persecutions is reached when the triumphant party defends, over and above its material interests, a belief. Then the conquered can expect no pity. Thus are explained the expulsion of the Moors by Spaniards, the auto-da-fes of the Inquisition, and (in France) the executions of the Convention and the recent laws against religious communities.

This sequence of propositions from our author's opening chapter is needed to indicate the fundamental principles of his treatment of the French Revolution, which our grandfathers watched without understanding and which we study multifariously with little more intelligence. There are still too many enthusiasms, too many hatreds, and far too many personal interests involved to expect Gustave Le Bon's particular conclusions to be accepted by every one. Possibly his own ruthless use of scientific methods and theories, and his personal satisfaction in applying them to burning questions of to-day, will stir prejudice against him in many intellectual quarters. It is not given to every historian as to Tocqueville to write a fundamental book on the French Revolution in which, as Lord Acton remarked, later study has found nothing to change. But it may be asserted confidently that no future critic of history already written and no future historian can legitimately write as if Gustave Le Bon's book were not written.

The preliminary chapter on the religious revolution of the Reformation (in France), on account of its "importance for the understanding of great political revolutions," is sure to displease those who persist in realizing their conceptions abstracted from a mid-Victorian Gladstone in a Coligny under the expiring Valois rule. Our author's idea of religious toleration in practice is not essentially different from John Stuart Mill's, that it is possible only in the direct ratio of religious indifference:

> In the ancient world, it was attained only by polytheists. In modern times, nations that practice it may equally be qualified as polytheists, since, as in England and America, they are divided into numberless religious sects. Under identical names, they adore in reality gods sufficiently diverse. . . . Thus we are brought to face a psychological problem not yet resolved—How to possess a belief that shall be at once strong and tolerant.

On this truly crucial question, our author insists whenever he touches on the intolerance of the French Revolution, of recent Radicalism, of Socialism when it is turned into a religion, and of Anarchy which is already so. The answer is vital to Americans, for the legislators of our liberties and the people after them thought an answer could be found by a law-abiding people in an explicit limitation of the powers of government. The keen understanding of Professor Esmein, in his learned work on Constitutional Law, recognizes such limitation of government as an American innovation; but even he fails to see the underlying principle in the minds of all American generations, except perhaps the latest. In the practice of French revolutions, Gustave Le Bon is quite alive to another and physical limitation of all governments:

> If you know only the overturns of France for more than a century, you will suppose that she has been living in profound anarchy. Just the contrary, for in her economic and industrial, and even in her political, life there is manifested a continuity which seems independent of all overturns and all régimes. Beside the great events with which history is occupied, there are the little facts of daily life not related in books and dominated by imperious needs which do not wait. The sum of them forms the real web and woof of a people's life. . . . To make revolutions is easy, to modify a people's soul is very hard.

This leads straight to the study of the part played by the real people in revolutions and of "the entity People and its constitutive elements"; and of the "forms of mentality predominant during revolutions." Here we have characteristic chapters on the mystic and the Jacobin, the revolutionary and the criminal minds, and on the psychology of revolutionary crowds and assemblies.

The second and longer part of the book applies these scientific results as so many general principles of judgment to the French Revolution in particular. First, the opinions of historians are sifted, their old theories of fatalism and their new uncertainties and their impartiality. Then there is a psychological study of the old régime, of the mental anarchy at the moment of the Revolution, and of the part in it attributed to eighteenth-century philosophers. For present utility, the most important of these chapters should be that of the "psychological illusions of the French Revolution" concerning primitive man and the state of nature and the people's soul; illusions of the possibility of separating men from their past and of the transforming power of laws, and of the theoretic value of the great principles of the Revolution.

From the Revolution in its destructive triumph, we are led to consider the inevitably reactionary "struggle between ancestral influences and Revolutionary principles." This gives us the "last convulsions of anarchy" under the Directory, the coming of Bonaparte, the reestablishment of order, and the Consular Republic. With the causes of the duration of the Revolution and the psychological elements which determined the success of the Consulate's work, our revision of history comes to an end; but a necessary chapter traces summarily the "political consequences of the conflict between traditions and Revolutionary principles during a century."

A third part, in which each paragraph might be a page or even a chapter, follows up the modern evolution of the principles of the French Revolution in the slow progress of democratic ideas and the inordinate development of equality at the expense of liberty and fraternity. The consequences of such evolution and the present form of the Jacobin spirit created by democratic beliefs; the new forms of such beliefs in the struggle between labor and capital; and the laboring class organizing itself in syndicalism, while democratic governments transform themselves into administrative castes of state functionaries, are objects of present experience in other countries as well as in France:

> In this book, I in no wise refuse to acknowledge the importance of certain acquisitions of the Revolution for the people's

rights. But, with many historians, I have had to admit that the gain harvested at the cost of so many ruins would have been obtained later, without effort, by the simple onward march of civilization. For a little time gained, what material disasters were accumulated, what moral disintegration from which we are still suffering! Such brutal cutting of the chain of history is mended but slowly—it has not been mended yet.

From his Arabia of science, Dr. Gustave Le Bon addresses a final warning to "the youth of to-day who seem to prefer action to thought":

> If we continue breaking up our cohesion by intestine strife, party rivalry, low religious persecution, and laws to hamper industrial development, the part we play in the world will soon have an end.

S. D.

Correspondence

THE VIOLENCE OF ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All Americans who are interested in English politics must feel mortified at the unenlightened attitude of certain American periodicals towards the movement for woman suffrage in England. I refer especially to an editorial in the *Outlook* for August 31, entitled, "Murder Is Murder Still." The first thing that Americans must try to understand is not only that the Englishman takes his politics more violently than the American does, but also that his campaign tactics are very different. Certain sorts of fundamentally harmless attack on public persons, and annoying but not really serious damages to property, have become politically conventional in England, and have accompanied every political upheaval of any moment. "The first thing a discontented Englishman does to show his discontent is to smash a few of the Hyde Park railings"; and the window-smashing of the suffragettes belongs strictly in this category. Nor need I recall to any student of history the more serious rioting and destruction of property on the part of men which has preceded every advance in the liberties of which England is so proud. The male agitation for the "Great Reform bill," for example, expressed itself, in Bristol alone, by the burning of the Mansion House, the Custom House, the Bishop's palace, the excise office, three prisons, four toll-houses, and forty-two private dwellings and warehouses; not to speak of more serious occurrences in other parts of England.

If then a certain organization of Englishwomen (and a very large and wealthy one) has embarked upon a definite policy of window-smashing, and of "pestering" public ministers, in order to gain certain political ends, these women are merely doing what they have seen their fathers and brothers do, and what the history of their country teaches them that citizens who consider themselves aggrieved have always done. To say that this extraordinary campaign—so carefully organized and so lavishly financed by people in every walk of life—is "the work of hysterical, crazy, and therefore irresponsible, women," is in the highest degree an untrue as well as an ignorant statement. The "militant" campaign, deliberately begun in 1905, and systematically continued up to the present time, with ever-increasing enthusiasm and a constant gain of recruits, might be described by almost any other adjective than "hysterical."

Perhaps few Americans realize how large and powerful an organization the Women's Social and Political Union is. The central offices at Clement's Inn, Strand, London, occupy twenty-three rooms and employ a salaried staff of 110 persons. Here also there is a shop; and another shop and thirteen rooms are situated on Charing Cross Road. The Woman's Press is here, where the suffrage newspaper, *Votes for Women*, is published once a week. According to the report published last year, there were then also 105 local centres of the Union. The income of the central organization of the Women's Social and Political Union during 1910 was $172,500, exclusive of $45,000 made by the Woman's Press, and large sums collected by local unions. By the close of 1910 the $500,000 campaign fund was complete; and the Union is now engaged in increasing this fund to a million dollars. This enormous fund is an accumulation of small contributions; and upon it rests not the smallest taint of corporation or vested interests.

It is true that the acts committed recently in Dublin by Mrs. Leigh and Miss Gladys Evans are by far the gravest yet undertaken by the suffragettes. They themselves are the last persons to underrate the gravity or to seek to avoid the punishment. Both offenders pleaded guilty instantly. The whole object indeed of these protests is of course to advertise the situation as much as possible, until public opinion forces a reluctant ministry to grant the Parliamentary franchise to women.

Do not understand me to be defending such methods as such. To the average American they are as reprehensible as they are perplexing. But although, happily, American politics follow, and probably always will follow, conventions quite different from those under discussion, intelligent Americans will do well in trying to understand before they deprecate what these Englishwomen are doing.

FRANCES BERKELEY YOUNG.

Madison, Wis., September 7.

[Intelligent men, even in England, do not commonly in cold blood justify a course of deliberate violence for the attainment of a political end.—ED. NATION.]

THE LATE GEN. OTIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to utter a word of comment on your appreciative editorial upon the career of the late Lieut.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur, and incidentally to pay a slight tribute to Major-Gen. E. S. Otis, also deceased? I yield to no one in my friendship for and admiration of Gen. MacArthur, a soldier of unusually high standards, who deserved well of his country. But I feel impelled to protest against the slur you appear to cast upon his predecessor in the command-in-chief in the Philippine Islands. That Gen. Otis exercised this command which would have taxed to the utmost the powers of our highest and best officers, with consummate skill and, on the whole, with great success, few officers acquainted with the circumstances will question. Also it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that none such will fail to resent the imputation that the record of our troops in the archipelago was "disgraceful" prior to MacArthur's succession to the supreme command. Quite to the contrary, those who understood the situation will maintain that under the general guidance of Otis both volunteers and regulars displayed soldierly qualities of the highest type in the exhausting operations which fell to their lot. It should be remembered that when Gen. Otis quitted the Islands organized resistance to the authority of the United States had been well-nigh crushed, that the chief and the leaders of the insurrectionary movement, at least those of the latter who had not surrendered or been captured, were dispersed and in hiding—in short, that the backbone of the uprising had been broken. Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that in the pacified provinces of the Island of Luzon the foundation had been laid (much to the satisfaction of the Filipinos) for the establishment of schools on a modern basis, and that methods had been devised, and to a great extent put into operation, for the restoration of civil government.

How highly Gen. Otis's performance, both as general-in-chief and as military Governor, was prized by President McKinley is evidenced by a message the writer carried to Otis in the summer of 1899. "Tell Gen. Otis," said the lamented McKinley, "that he has borne himself magnificently throughout this most trying period, and that he has my full confidence and shall have my unwavering support." Well did Otis merit this encomium. A man of sterling integrity and high purpose, inflexibly intolerant of graft under whatever guise, his face set like flint against depredation upon or undue oppression of the inhabitants on the part of his troops, Gen. Otis never ceased to manifest a lively and sympathetic interest in the Filipino people, and, so far as his mission would permit, to promote their welfare by every means in his power. Though a constant sufferer from a gunshot wound in the head, received in the Civil War, and in hourly danger of assassination (of which warning came to him frequently), he bore for two years the brunt of an awful situation with a courage and serenity of mind which challenge admiration.

As for himself, he was the very opposite of the self-seeker. Uncomplainingly did he witness, after his retirement, the elevation above him in rank of officers who had always been his subordinates, in some cases not even his immediate subordinates. Any future history of the American campaigns in the Philippines, if impartially and painstakingly composed from the abundant materials at hand, must needs do that full justice to the memory of Elwell S. Otis which the remoteness of the scene of his toil and the busy life of the American people, so absorbed in present-day affairs as to give little heed to the past, have thus far withheld from him.

THEODORE SCHWAN,
Brigadier-General, Retired.

Atlantic City, N. J., September 14.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE LABORING MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in the *Nation* of August 1 complains that "a few editors of foreign birth" have spoken of Dr. Woodrow Wilson as "the foe of the laboring man." Why "foreign birth" should be offered as an objection to an editor criticising a Presidential candidate I do not know; certainly the sneer seems to me unworthy of a journal of the reputation of the *Nation*. What, however, I am convinced is an error lies in the use of the term "laboring man." I th that the charge of the "editors of foreign birth," whatever its wording, was based on the presumption that Dr. Wilson is a foe of *union* labor.

This charge is based upon statements alleged to have been made by Dr. Wilson in public. He is quoted as saying in a lecture before the People's Forum of New Rochelle, N. Y., on the 26th February, 1905: "The labor unions reward the shiftless and incompetent at the expense of the able and industrious." And shortly after his nomination to the Governorship of New Jersey (the clipping from which I now quote is unfortunately undated) he is reported to have said: "We shall not act justly or wisely if we attack established interests."

These quotations are taken from accounts published as ordinary news immediately after the delivery of the speeches in which they were said to have had a place, and so far as I know their accuracy has never been denied. If they are incorrect, Dr. Wilson ought to deny them; if they are correct, then at least the former of them certainly furnishes even "a few editors of foreign birth" with reasons for believing that Dr. Wilson is an enemy of union labor.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Cloughton-Newlands, Cloughton, England, September 2.

[No sneer was intended in the phrase "editors of foreign birth." We merely stated a fact.—ED. NATION.]

THE HEAD OF WINDERMERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paper of the 29th of August, you have a paragraph about the attempt to procure a piece of land at the north end of Windermere. It is strange that you have failed to mention the chief reason why the protection of this land is desired, which is, that it is the site of a large Roman camp, which has never yet been excavated. As a resident of the neighborhood, I have contributed to the sum required, but the money comes in so slowly that I fear the needed amount may not be collected in time to prevent the destruction of this camp.

I. A. BRIGHT.

Bowness-on-Windermere, September 9.

A NEW KIND OF IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I discovered it a few years since in Missouri, where things unique and picturesque grow in all their native luxuriance. Down below Jefferson City, where the Osage River cuts a gorge of respectable proportions through the limestone country, the village of Tuscumbia lies partly on the bluff and partly on the bottom-land, while a church stands half-way between, as one of the ways of keeping the peace.

A lawyer lived on the bluff, who took me out for a walk one evening and pointed across to the perpendicular face of the limestone cliff on the opposite side of the river, observing to me that those holes in the face of it were caves. Some of these caves were above high-water mark, for I should state that the narrowness of the gorge often raises the river to unusual heights, and consequently some caves can only be entered in times of high water, unless they have an opening back inland.

"That high cave you see over there with some artificial masonry on one side," said the lawyer, handing me his glass, "has a very curious history. You know, this is an old settled country, and one of the first white settlers to come was a man named Wilson, an original character, who came up here in a boat before the War of 1812, for he took part in the battle of New Orleans, going down and returning in his canoe. When he arrived, however, he discovered that cave and determined to winter in it and settle on the bottoms in the spring.

"In the winter he discovered a small cave, about as large as an ordinary tomb, which had a small opening in the face of the cliff, near the large one he occupied. That artificial masonry you see fills it and makes the cave air-tight, so to speak. The large cave opened inland also, in such a way that he could fortify it against the Indians if necessary.

"Wilson was an educated man, and was one of those followers of 'Tom' Paine, who hailed him as the 'Bob' Ingersoll of those days. He was very thoughtful during that winter, and there it was he conceived the idea of using that smaller cave as a tomb when he came to die. He didn't believe in the old-fashioned immortality of the soul, and then and there determined to impress upon the future community a new kind of immortality of his own invention.

"In due time a family grew up around him on the farm, and as years went on he made known to the family his plans for burial in the cave. In the first place, he wanted no mourning, but ordered instead that there should be a big barbecue with all the people for miles around to enjoy it. Then his remains should be relieved of the viscera, filled with salt, put in that little cave up in the cliff above high-water, with a big demijohn of applejack whiskey, and the entrance closed solidly with masonry. This done, the day was to be concluded with the usual frolic and fun of a holiday. Furthermore, at the end of seven years, the people were to be called together to open his tomb, take out the applejack whiskey, refill the demijohn with new whiskey, and replace it, and, closing up with masonry as before, have another gala day. This was to be repeated every seven years.

"When he came to die, 'Cave' Wilson—for that became his nickname—was buried according to his plans, with one exception, that his wife's earnest plea for the ordinary burial of his heart was respected.

"At the end of seven years, as the anniversary day came near, the opening of the cave and the sampling of the old applejack became subjects of keen interest for miles around. Crowds came to the barbecue, larger even than at the original one. Preparations were on a great scale, and the fun of the day was equal in every respect to 'Cave' Wilson's desires. The time came to open the cave and the crowd started, but at the mouth of the tomb it soon became evident that no one had the nerve to open it. Waiting and suggestions were of no avail; no one would do it. Finally it was decided that they should let that part go until the next time, and the day closed.

"Seven years later the day was celebrated in the same way, with the same lack of nerve to open the tomb. So it has been ever since, until 'Cave' Wilson's barbecue is a regular seven-year anniversary, and big crowds always come to see the opening of the tomb and taste the applejack, but no man's craving for old Missouri whiskey gives him enough nerve to open it. I reckon we'd better go to the house."

The swiftly flowing Osage in the darkening shadows along the base of the cliff, and the glow of the setting sun tipping its crest, made a beautiful scene that summer night, as I thought of "Cave" Wilson's world-old longing and his novel means of meeting it. BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., September 17.

Literature

THE NEW REALISM.

Present Philosophical Tendencies. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

This book is, as the sub-title announces, "a critical study of naturalism, idealism, pragmatism, and realism, together with a synopsis of the philosophy of William James." Whoever wishes to gain a real acquaintance with the problems of present-day philosophy and with the solutions suggested for them by contemporary schools of thought may well give this book a serious and careful reading. He will find no other so useful for his purpose.

Professor Perry begins his presentation by showing how the present tendencies in philosophy have developed out of the age-long conflict between religion and science. Religion and science agree in desiring the truth, and in desiring it for practical purposes. But they differ both in subject-matter and in motive. Religion is interested in the ultimate, science in the proximate. Religion is prompted by hope and despair and by longings for personal well-being; science is indifferent to personal interests and seeks the purely theoretical truth. So long as science was subject to religion, as in the Middle Ages, the philosopher was not compelled to choose between them; but when, towards the close of the eighteenth century, science had quite won her independence and the two had parted company, a corresponding division inevitably resulted among the philosophers, according as the motive of science or the subject-matter of religion made the greater appeal. Thus it came about that the two great philosophical schools of the nineteenth century—and, indeed, of the present as well—were naturalism and idealism. The two younger schools, pragmatism and the "new realism," have sprung up quite recently as revolts against the narrowness and extravagance of their seniors. Every movement of importance in the philosophical world of our time (at least, in metaphysics and epistemology) can be set down as belonging to one or another of these four schools, which our author now proceeds to examine in detail.

"By naturalism is meant the philosophical generalization of science—the application of the theories of science to the problems of philosophy." "It is the assertion that scientific knowledge is final, leaving no room for extra-scientific or philosophical knowledge." And it is in this last clause that its weakness is expressed. On its positive side naturalism is quite justified. It is a mistake, according to our author, to attack natural science as failing to deal with reality—a course so popular in many quarters. The object of science is genuine reality, and its results are genuinely true so far as they go. But, on the other hand, naturalism is at fault in failing to recognize that there are other kinds of reality besides the physical, and that, in fact, the entities of logic and mathematics are even more fundamental than its own:

> There is no sense in which physics can be regarded as the fundamental science; nor is there any sense in which the facts which are determined by physical hypotheses can be regarded as ultimate facts. And this conclusion is fatal to naturalism. It gives to being, *in the last analysis*, a logical, rather than a physical, character; and reduces the experimental method of physics to the position of being a special instance of logical method.

The religious motive is at the basis of idealism, but its cardinal principle is a theory of knowledge—the assertion, namely, that "being is dependent on the knowing of it." It is thus an epistemological rather than a metaphysical idealism that Professor Perry has in mind, and this must be remembered when considering his critique of it. The real essence of idealism our author rightly insists is to be found in Berkeley's identification of all reality with some form of consciousness; but it is questionable whether the essential thing in idealism—even in Berkeley's idealism—can be expressed by the assertion that "being is dependent on the knowing of it."

Idealism (thus understood) our author insists rests upon two specious arguments, which he entitles "the assumption of exclusive particularity," and "the ego-centric predicament." An example of the former is Berkeley's assertion that it is contradictory to suppose that our sensuous objects should exist independently of all minds. It is a matter of common experience, Professor Perry points out, that things can exist in several groups at the same time. "It does not occur to Berkeley, apparently, that a natural body like a tulip can belong both to the order of ideas and *also* to another and independent order." Hence we cannot conclude that because sensuous objects are sensuous they cannot exist also independently of sense and in other relations. Quite similar to this fallacious argument of idealism is the appeal to the "ego-centric predicament" on which Berkeley so often relies. This predicament consists in the fact that "no thinker to whom one may appeal is able to mention a thing that is not idea, for the obvious reason that in mentioning it he makes it an idea." It is put by Mr. Bradley thus: "Find any piece of existence, take up anything that any one could possibly call a fact, and then judge if it does not consist in sentient experience." Professor Perry regards this argument also as quite specious. The fact that only experience can be experienced fails to prove that only experience exists:

> The ego-centric predicament itself prevents the observation of negative cases. It is impossible to observe cases of unobserved things even if there be any. . . . The assertion that an idea is an idea conveys no knowledge even about ideas. But what the idealist requires is a proposition to the effect that *everything is an idea*, or that *only ideas exist*. And to derive this proposition directly from the redundancy just formulated, is simply to take advantage of the confusion of mind by which a redundancy is commonly attended.

This is the essence of our author's critique of Berkeleyan idealism. And it will be observed that very little has been said to prove idealism false, the whole force of the argument being of a negative kind and calculated to show that idealism has not made good its claims as the *only* tenable view. Professor Perry, however, seems to regard his critique as quite conclusive; and after thus annihilating Berkeley he moves upon Kant, Hegel, Royce, Joachim, and the whole army of "objective" and "absolute" idealists. These all prove to be much weaker than their reputations would lead one to suppose, for (though they often deny it) they all stand or fall with Berkeley; and Berkeley has now been laid low. The two chapters on these later idealists are rather dreary reading, but that is not the fault of our author—consider his subject! And his exposition of the half-dozen different kinds of objective idealism will be of value to any one who wishes to familiarize himself with some of the most abstruse developments of modern thought.

Pragmatism fares better with Professor Perry than idealism. Bergson's anti-intellectualism (which is classed with pragmatism) is, to be sure, severely and admirably criticised, and the repeated ambiguities and dangerous subjectivism of American and British pragmatism are pointed out. But, on the whole, our author regards the pragmatic movement, especially that represented by James, as on the right path. With a little modification it would lead on to the true philosophical gospel, which is the "new realism."

Realism is an old doctrine, but in its traditional and dualistic form it succumbed under the attacks of the idealists. In our own day, however, the essential realistic view of nature as independent of experience has taken a new lease of life. In England Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore are among the leaders of the movement, and in the summer of 1910 six American philosophers constructed a realistic platform which they published in the *Journal of Philosophy* and prepared to defend against all comers. Professor Perry is one of these "platform realists" (as they are styled in philosophical circles), and the book under review is intended largely as an exposition and defence of the "new realism."

The new realism repudiates dualism and regards reality as made up of elements of one kind only which may or may not, at any given moment, form part of the content of mind. This obviously necessitates a new view of mind, and it is to this realistic theory of consciousness that Professor Perry first turns. If the individual consciousness is as private and unique a thing as it is commonly held to be, its content cannot be regarded as common to the rest of the world; hence the realist's first task is to break down this traditional view. Professor Perry points out that mind is known in two ways, by introspection and by observation; and he insists that though the latter method is in a sense less direct than the former, knowledge of mind once attained through it is no less knowledge than that obtained by introspection. It is quite possible for me to find out what your present sensations and ideas are, and when I have done so I may genuinely share them with you. These common objects of our minds, moreover, are also parts of the environment. Do we not both see the same rose that is blossoming in the garden? The one identical rose, therefore (unless we return to an impossible dualism or an untenable idealism), is at the same time a member of at least three separate groups—namely, those that we know as your mind, my mind, and the garden. This view of perception as a participation in the external world, Professor Perry borrows from Bergson. Unlike Bergson, however, he does not stop with the perception, but carries the same principle through the entire range of mental states. The content of mind is thus a collection of objects which are at the same time parts of the surrounding environment, and which are selected out by the physical organism according to the principle of utility or biological interest.

Thus we are brought to an "epistemological monism." "Ideas are only things in a certain relation; or things, in respect of being known, are ideas." This proposition, however, as our author admits, "not only fails to establish realism, but appears even to disprove it by bringing the transcendent directly into mind." The real argument for realism must, therefore, now be taken up. In expounding it, Professor Perry first refers us to his critique of idealism—which, it will be remembered, was purely negative in effect. He then tells us that "the most general argument for realism is an application of the theory of the *external* character of relations." But to apply this to the present argument it is necessary to assume the whole realistic contention, namely, that things are external to consciousness and are connected with it by purely extrinsic relations. Possibly Professor Perry sees this himself; at any rate, he admits that "the theory of the externality of relations is not sufficient in itself to establish the case for realism." His next recourse is an appeal to a dogmatic assertion of Mr. Moore's, to the effect that yellow and the sensation of yellow are distinct. Neither Mr. Moore nor Professory Perry seems to see that this again, in effect, begs the very question at issue; but Professor Perry at least admits that it falls far short of proving realism. The reader who for the last fifty pages has been in a state of eager attention, expecting at every moment the sudden appearance of the long-promised proof of realism, now turns the page and finds, with a shock of disappointment, that there are only two short paragraphs left in which the proof must, if at all, be found. The longer of these is purely explanatory. The real core of the argument narrows down to the shorter of the paragraphs, which is here appended entire. It is now or never!

> We need to forsake dialectics, and observe what actually transpires. We then find that consciousness is a species of function, exercised by an organism. The organism is correlated with an environment, from which it evolved, and on which it acts. Consciousness is a selective response to a preëxisting and independently existing environment. There must be something to be responded to, if there is to be any response. The spacial and temporal distribution of bodies in its field of action, and the more abstract logical and mathematical relationships which this field contains, determine the possible objects of consciousness. The actual objects of consciousness are selected from this manifold of possibilities in obedience to the various exigencies of life.

There could hardly be a better illustration than this of the inability of the realist to get at his conclusions without begging the whole question. The "independently existing environment"—independent, be it remembered, not only of your mind and mine, but of all mind, and essentially non-psychical—has to be assumed, or dogmatically asserted, if it is to be had at all. Doubtless these "neutral entities," as Professor Perry calls the things in this unexperienced environment, may exist. But we have as yet been offered not a single reason for supposing that they do. And until some such reason is suggested, it would seem that these "neutral entities" belong rather to fancy than to philosophy.

It is fair to Professor Perry, however, to add that his proof of realism is the only weak portion of his book. For the rest, he has given us admirable exposition, keen criticism, and suggestive construction, all couched in a style that makes a difficult subject pleasant reading. His book is as excellent and important as the length of this review would indicate.

CURRENT FICTION.

[TALES OF SENTIMENT.]

The Raid of the Guerilla. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The White Shield. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Red Cross Girl. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is a good many years now since Miss Murfree began to write her tales of the Great Smoky Mountains. At that time there were not a few corners of America which were yet to find their places on the literary chart. The pursuit of local color had hardly more than begun. Nobody had undertaken to put the Southern mountaineer into black and white; and Miss Murfree's first success was no doubt due in part to the fact that she had a clear field. Since then John Fox, jr., and others have made the Southern mountain region familiar as a literary setting. Fashions in story-telling have changed in the meanwhile. The popular magazines (after Kipling) have established a brisk and matter-of-fact style as the standard. In consequence the manner of "Charles Egbert Craddock," which is exactly what it was twenty years ago, sounds a trifle formal and self-conscious to-day. Now and then it is almost ludicrous in its elaboration. For instance, instead of saying that one of her people saw there was going to be a row and did the only thing possible to prevent it, she says that he, "discriminating the elements of an uncontrollable fracas, seized on the alternative." Not yet is the shade of the Great Cham forgotten! In substance these tales are undisguisedly tales of sentiment, in the respectable sense of the word. If Miss Murfree sees life through a rosy glass, it is a glass, after all, and not a mere film of pink jelly.

As much as that cannot fairly be said of the late Myrtle Reed. She displayed no fear of mawkishness for the reason that she did not dream of its existence. Banality was her native air, and she appealed with absolute confidence and invariable success to that large audience which does not suspect that there is any other atmosphere worth breathing. She has all the sentimentality of that master of her school, "The Duchess," without her saving touch of humor. The editor of the present series of stories has caught the note with perfect success. Myrtle Reed's writings, we learn, "are rich with sympathy and hope which have poured the oil of gladness into many a wounded spirit. . . . "Pathos is not sadness, but it is rather the sunshine gleaming through a passing cloud, and hence the writings of Myrtle Reed are illumined with the gladsome light of unfailing love." In other and ruder words, she has an inexhaustible vein of sentimentality. To a writer with this asset, little else is necessary. Ingenuity of plot is uncalled for; the merest outline of situation is enough. For instance, a youth thinks of enlisting in the Spanish War. His sweetheart hesitates, but lets him go, for the sake of the Flag. He is reported missing after the charge at Santiago, but turns out to be only slightly wounded; and presently "a bronzed and bearded soldier was holding his sweetheart close, and a woman was sobbing out of more happiness than one heart could hold, on the shoulder of her volunteer." Or, again, a maiden refuses her lover because she is determined to become a great novelist. She cannot get her novel published, burns it, and (the lover entering) "gave her lips to his in that kiss of full surrender which a woman gives but once in her life." There is obviously no limit to the variations which may be safely played on this simple theme. Curiosity has led us to note that out of the twenty stories here collected, a round dozen end with what theatrical people call "a kiss curtain." Three of the rest end with scenes of death-bed pathos.

With Richard Harding Davis, sentiment assumes a masculine (or should we say mannish?) garb, but there is no doubt of its importance to him. Van

Bibber will be recalled as a creature of sentiment pure and simple—beneath his fashionable raiment; and the later heroes, Ramson and the rest, however dashing and bachelorish, are really mere slaves of sensibility. These stories are in the familiar vein. In all but one of them the action turns upon some consideration of sentiment. The "Red Cross" girl is really an heiress in disguise. A poor reporter falls in love with her for her own sake, wherefore she throws over the English peer for him. In "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," an American college boy sacrifices his own prospects for the sake of winning happiness for the educationally good-for-nothing old professor who has plucked him. And so on. Throughout is maintained that clubmanly air which is so irresistible to the lay public—a phantom cocktail always at one's elbow, a shadowy cigar-tray always in the act of proffer by an irreproachable ghost of a waiter. And yet our story-teller is human; he has a heart, he is even capable of crediting one of his heroines, in a yielding moment, with "the look that never was on land or sea." We suspect that a stern and unbiassed critic, an observer who had not been, as it were, brought up with Mr. Davis and his heroes, might be unkind enough to docket him as a Myrtle Reed of the smoking-room.

An American Wooing. By Florence Drummond. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

When Elspeth and Moira Menzies came from Scotland to America to visit their aunt, they entered upon the adventure with the zest of the young, the curiosity of the untried, and the metaphysical and analytical bias of the Scot. And a curious group of Americans helped their researches! They lived in "the Newtons" and numbered among their friends some of "Boston's keenest faddists." One was a leader among transcendentalists, combining soulfulness with slang and defective grammar. Another "had no more respect for people who chanced to be dead than for people who chanced to be old. . . . 'I can't kowtow to chronology.'" Another is deftly marked as an American curio by a middle initial. One keeps her guests busy with little house duties on "the principle of non-separateness." One is "the most elegant woman in the States." Another—one of the two prevailing young men—asks Elspeth, "If I have a thought may I not tell it and share it till it is blunted by materialization?" "Don't think you have seen the whole of America," he says, "until you have looked into the soul of each man and woman that belongs to it." Each and all had "dramatic conceptions of themselves" and almost justify Elspeth's conclusion that the American note is the sense of "the dramatic value of being part of an effective whole."

From Boston they go to Bar Harbor, to Gloucester, to a "Mary Wilkins village," to Concord. And everywhere the Scottish microscope is applied to emotions and afternoon teas, while weird souls speak strange tongues. All the Americans say "like I did" and talk of "The States." Elspeth, approaching Boston, thinks of "Philip Brookes." Of the American Revolution she says, "Surely it is one of the strangest of its results that all the resentment should remain on the winning side." If the dramatic quality of America impresses her in social matters, what she feels in a wider sense is "the great, great difference between the old, supporting, influential life of inheritance and the passionate, lonely, experimental individualism that has sprung up so compellingly all over America." Of course, lovers arise and woo; strange, drawling, didactic lovers. Never were suitors so intent on comfortable cushions and soul advancement for their fair ones, sparing neither persiflage nor philosophic counsel. Now and then a shrewdly original comment or a bit of fun or a half-mystical interpretation detaches itself from the queer hodge-podge to the encouragement of the reader.

TWO LADIES OF QUALITY.

The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley (1787-1817). Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. With illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences. By Janet Ross. The same. $3.50 net.

Good birth, high spirits, beauty, a disposition for adventure, and an unfailing consciousness of special privilege, are common attributes of the two great ladies who speak intimately in these volumes. They were born a little more than half a century apart. But Lady Shelley's diaries—the present instalment of them, at least—bring us only to 1817, when she was in her thirtieth year, while Mrs. Ross is still living and has brought her narrative up to the hour. The second narrative was thus actually written a century later than the first, and differences in manner are consequently more marked than any difference of content.

But the half-century which separated Georgian England from Mid-Victorian England was a period of striking change. Young Lady Shelley is a daughter of the eighteenth century—a niece, as it were, to Miss Burney, and a sister to Miss Austen. She accepts the predominance of the male creature as a matter of course, does not expect overmuch of him in the way of the domestic virtues, and regards his foibles with affectionate indulgence. Frances Winckley was the only child of an odd marriage. Her father, Thomas Winckley, a younger son of confirmed bachelor habits, married a widow with seven children, settled her in his country home at Preston in Lancashire, and went back to his gay life in the Temple. On his rare visits to Preston he commonly brought two or three of his boon companions. His fondness for his only child manifested itself in true eighteenth-century fashion by making her the companion of his carouses. She learned to "toss off her bumper of port" with the rest. When her father had drunk his two or three bottles "he played all sorts of mad pranks, and on one occasion insisted on taking me out of my bed in the middle of the night, and carried me in his coach, with four black horses, his servants in tawny orange liveries, to Blackpool. . . . My mother, who was greatly alarmed, dared not at such moments oppose any of my father's whims." At the age of four was thus given an object-lesson in the first duty of woman—to submit.

At the age of six Frances Winckley was made an heiress by her father's death, and reared thereafter as became her station. She was of romantic temperament, and was early pursued for her wealth, but "no one fulfilled her beau ideal of friendship" until, at eighteen, she met Sir John Shelley. He was a gambler and a rake, and twice her age. Certain friends of his wished to promote the marriage for his sake; her own connections naturally wished to prevent it. But the mischief had been done at first meeting. She knew his character and habits, and the risks she was taking, but (so runs her diary):

> I loved his gen'rous nature,
> Bold, soft, sincere and gay,
> Which shone in every feature
> And stole my heart away——

a valuable bit of loot for handsome Sir Thomas, and not so fatal a loss, after all, for the poor little heiress.

In the bride's first season in London unkind gossip did its best to persuade her of her lord's worthlessness. The only result was to make her more determined to hold him against all comers. "I exerted every power with which nature and study had endowed me, to fascinate him as a mistress, and to enchain his affections as a wife." She further established a rule, from which she boasts in the diary that she has never deviated. "I made it a point never to interfere in any way with my husband's mode of life; and I never kept him from the society even of persons whose conduct I could not admire." A dinner was not then, she says, naïvely, "a jumble of pairs like the animals entering the ark; dinners were then arranged with care and thought, so as to secure the most agreeable conversation." And how was this procured? Partly by prearranged contests of wit between professional diners-out like Moore, Rogers, and Sydney Smith; partly by seating not more than three or four women among eight or ten men. Sir Thomas was evidently in frequent demand *quâ* bachelor. The reward of Lady Shelley's magnanimity seems to have been that her husband did actually remain devoted to her.

But Lady Shelley was not merely a dutiful and unexacting wife. She was a great lady and an ardent friend. A large part of the present volume, the part which is of most absolute value, concerns her friendship with the Duke of Wellington, and her recollections of the man himself. She regarded him with something very much like worship, as a creature far above herself—or her husband: "the finest character that any age has produced." His dress, manner, conversation, his whole bearing in private life, are set forth with surprising vividness. His fondness for Lady Shelley made her his confidante in an exceptional sense. He talked to her with obliging readiness and ingenuousness. Her interpretation of his confidences is often open to query, as in the following remarkable passage:

> In ordinary conversation the Duke often spoke of the Battle of Waterloo abstractedly—as if he were Posterity sitting in judgment on his own conduct—not as if he had had any share in the glories of that day. That is the only way in which I can describe the singular manner in which Wellington, without a trace of egoism, or fanfaronnade, spoke of himself. He was always perfectly frank and natural. He said one day:
>
> "It is experience that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost. I told Lord Uxbridge so—an odd thing to say to the second in command, was it not? But I'll tell you how it happened. We were riding together into rather too hot a fire. I stopped him, and said, 'I must not go there, for, should anything happen to me, the battle is lost!' Uxbridge said: 'By the way, should anything happen to you, what is best to be done?' I gave him my instructions for a retreat—as a legacy! Soon after a ball hit him! It must have passed over me, or my horse. But the finger of God was upon me."

Mrs. Ross's book of reminiscences is a sequel to "Three Generations of English Women," which appeared a quarter of a century ago, and found many readers. Her own generation is here delightfully chronicled. Her father was Alexander Duff Gordon, a cousin to Lord Aberdeen, who got him the court post of Gentleman Usher to the Queen, and to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, made him his private secretary, and when Minister for War, gave him a royal commissionership which he held till his death.

Lady Duff Gordon, like her mother before her (Mrs. John Austin, whose career is fully given in "Three Generations of English Women"), was a beautiful and accomplished woman. The only child, Janet's earliest playmates were among the most distinguished people of the day. The guests at her fifth birthday party were the Honorable Mrs. North, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Bayley (the "Thunderer" of the *Times*), Richard Doyle, and Thackeray. Among her other intimates were Rogers, "Eothen" Kinglake, and George Meredith. With Meredith (whom she always speaks of as "My Poet") she remained to the end on terms of closest friendship, and many interesting letters from him are here printed. She was confessedly his model for Rose Jocelyn in "Evan Harrington."

But her precocious friendships were not merely with the literary great, nor was she to become a blue-stocking. She was extremely fond of hunting, and grew to be (like Lady Shelley) a famous horsewoman. None of her memories is dwelt upon with greater gusto than her success in mastering, with the third pummel missing from her side-saddle, a vicious Arab lent her by a malicious sheik; and her later victory over another sheik, and his favorite barb, with an English mount which she had picked up for a song in Egypt. The account of her meeting with her future husband, and their courtship, is in amusing contrast with that of Lady Shelley—the reticence of the twentieth century contrasted with the exuberance of the eighteenth. They meet at dinner, and he tells her stories "about pig-sticking." She is pleased with him, and asks him to call. He looks her up in the country, whereupon "I took Mr. Ross out with the Duc d'Aumale's harriers, and was much impressed with his admirable riding, his pleasant conversation, and his kindly ways. The result was that I promised to marry him, to the dismay of many of my friends, who did not at all approve of my going to live in Egypt." Mr. Ross was a banker, with headquarters at Alexandria. That his wife did not become an exile in the narrow sense is shown by her record of many returns to England and ramblings about the Continent. She kept fast hold upon her English friendships, and became intimate abroad with men of such distinction as Cousin, St. Hilaire, and Guizot. A full and happy life, well worthy of this charming record.

Power of Federal Judiciary Over Legislation. By J. H. Dougherty. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

Mr. Dougherty here undertakes to prove that the power of the Federal judiciary to declare legislative acts void rests not merely upon inference, but upon the express text of the Constitution. Such power has been exercised by judges in other jurisdictions, and the framers of the Constitution were well aware of that fact. It has, indeed, often been contended that a proposition to give the judges such power was repeatedly voted down in the Convention; but Mr. Dougherty's examination of the debates shows that nothing of the kind took place. The rejected proposition was one to establish a council of revision, composed of the judges and the executive, which should have the right to veto not only legislation which it held to be unconstitutional, but also laws which it thought dangerous and destructive. The quotations from the debates in the ratifying Conventions given by the author also tend to show that the existence of such power was assumed and recognized both by the advocates and opponents of ratification.

Of course, the question whether such power could be used to protect the individual against the state was not in the minds of the framers of the Constitution. That document contained no Bill of Rights, and the "due process of law" clause, in so far as it restricts the power of the States (which has aroused such opposition against the exercise of the judicial power to declare laws unconstitutional), was still in the far future. Mr. Dougherty assumes, without discussing the point, that the power exists in such cases. According to the political philosophy which prevailed at the time the Constitution was adopted, it was undoubtedly supposed that the power of the state was limited to the protection of individual rights, which, it was assumed, existed prior to and independent of the state, and that, save in exceptional cases, such reserved rights could not be infringed upon. The question, therefore, whether a statute fell within such prohibition was a question of law and the proper subject of judicial inquiry, and it will remain such so long as this theory is adhered to.

The author admits that the power so conferred should be sparingly exercised and that a law should be held unconstitutional only when the decision is unanimous, or nearly so. He wishes to give the state a right to a re-hearing through its Attorney-General. And he also thinks the Federal Judiciary Law or the Constitution of the United States should be so amended that every case in any court, in which due process of law is invoked against the statute designed to ameliorate human conditions, may be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. This suggestion, although much may be said in its favor, will not conciliate those who deny the right of the judiciary to declare such a statute unconstitutional. Their contention is based on a system of political philosophy totally different from the one prevailing at the time that the Constitution was adopted. If, as they believe, the state is supreme, every act of the state is due process of law, and the question whether individual rights shall be recognized or not becomes one of expediency and not a question of law. The difference is fundamental and cannot be bridged over by any change of procedure or by the cautious exercise of such powers by the judiciary.

The Drama of Love and Death, a Study of Human Evolution. By Edward Carpenter. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

That there is a morbid reticence about the subject of love, and too little consideration of death, is Mr. Carpenter's reason for undertaking this book. Both points may be conceded. Love means that complex human relationship which comes about through a perfect sexual life. It is valuable not, as the biologist asserts, chiefly for purposes of generation, but as providing a higher life for the two persons involved. The sexual relation implies a very complete mutual transference of physical and mental traits, a fortifying and completing of each individual from the other. So far we are in the realm of generally admitted experience, though a physiologist would cavil at the extended physical interchange imagined by the author. Mr. Carpenter constantly writes as if a predestined and single male seed were fused with the ovum, whereas in every fertilization thousands of spermatazoa, each a potential individual, perish, and the choice of the one that actually fertilizes the ovum rests on the sheer hazard of a central collision. In fact, this principle of chance and waste in generation is quite as remarkable as the beautiful suggestions of design upon which our author exclusively dwells. And this cavalier and disingenuous fashion of interpreting scientific phenomena is highly characteristic of the entire book.

Death is the disintegration and redistribution of a complex of four parts. For the body, Mr. Carpenter accepts the ordinary view. What Christian theology calls the soul, he divides into three parts, of which the lowest is chiefly related to the body, while the intermediate soul is chiefly involved in the ultimate individual soul, which is in direct relation to the All Soul. A happy death consists in having the body and lowest soul in such subordination that the upper souls may detach themselves with the least embarrassment. Upon death follows a period of repose after which the purified soul is ready to enter into a fertilized ovum, and, thus reincarnated, resume palpable existence. The soul is both spiritual and material, but soul stuff is extremely thin and minute, being "ultra-microscopic and fourth dimensional." It readily draws other matter to itself, and so becomes the wraith of mediumistic demonstrations. Being fourth dimensional, there is no reason why a soul should not be in several places simultaneously, controlling, for example, several bodies.

We have tried to give quite objectively the substance of an argument in which the student of recent religious aberrations will already have recognized the main outlines of Vedantism. No further comment is really necessary, but we must remark the extreme cloudiness of the plea. In one breath we read that the perfection of two individuals rests on an ideal sexual union, and then that no single partner can generally supply all the needs of one's nature. Thus a variety of liaisons is often right and necessary. One must be prepared to show "a frank understanding and tolerance of such person's other loves." . . . "Two such loves," we read, "are often perfectly compatible and reconcilable." But why thus limit the scope of connubial sympathy? A really complex person could surely not get along with so few soul partners. And the principle of "bilocation" would conveniently permit one to leave the astral body decorously at home while the substantial body was dallying abroad. All of which would make it easier eventually to achieve what Mr. Carpenter elegantly calls "a really big and satisfactory love affair."

Since Mr. Carpenter enjoys a considerable reputation in "psychic" circles, it may be in order to examine the ground of his influence. It rests primarily upon the habit of flaunting as axiomatic such terms as the All Soul, the All Self, Supra- and eke Subliminal, fourth dimensional, radio-activity. Its persuasiveness rests upon a superficial agility in drawing cheap and defective analogies between spiritual and scientific phenomena. Next the vaporousness of the argument is a source of strength. "Love" may be interpreted, so far as this book goes, either as honest marriage or as skilfully calculated libertinism. An easy slurring of all difficulties is an important trait. Individual perfection, for instance, depends upon the ecstatic union of the male and female principle, but childless relations, where there is no such union, apparently, serve quite as well. Finally, add a modicum of the frothy eloquence of the lecture platform, and the recipe for successful "psychic" charlatanism is complete.

Yet this false, mischievous, and confused book is not quite ridiculous. It is at least a pathetic witness to the desire for spiritual leading. The wonder is that anybody should prefer such shoddy improvisations to the dignity of any historic religion, however irrational. One very serious aspect this book has. Any one who assiduously follows Mr. Carpenter's advice about liberating the subliminal self is setting a course towards that home of complete subliminal liberty, the lunatic asylum.

Victor Hugo, His Life and Work. By A. F. Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

Mr. Davidson, whose study of Victor Hugo appears in a posthumous volume, undertook a venturesome task. Frenchmen nearly always resent unfavorable criticism of the poet, and even those who indulge in it themselves are indignant when it comes from a foreign writer.

Yet probably no author in French literary history lays himself more open to ridicule, both by his private life and, unfortunately for his fame, by his written words. Victor Hugo was utterly without a sense of the ridiculous, yet he was a leader of the school to which that sense would have been the most valuable safeguard. It is now fashionable in France, at any rate among those modern "classicists" such as Charles Maurras and Pierre Lasserre, to attack the romantic writers indiscriminately, though unfortunately their classicism is not free from politics.

Thus readers have been entertained of late with amusing books on the follies and exaggerations, intentional or not, of the young men of 1830. Victor Hugo differed from many of his followers, in that their eccentricities were often a pose, whereas he sincerely thought himself a genius above the law. He also had to an extraordinary degree the peculiarity of some great literary men, an imaginative unveracity in which they themselves perhaps come to believe. Edmond Biré was the first iconoclast of the Hugo legend and of the fairy-tales of "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie." Similarly, Mr. Davidson's book would not have been welcome reading for the great writer whose ghost, as the old anecdote tells, wanders on the steps of the Pantheon, distressed at the plural in the inscription, "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." Yet it is an impartial account of Hugo's life and work, even though it does not add anything new to the French biographies. As is frequent with English and American critics, it emphasizes the biography. But Hugo's qualities and defects as a poet and novelist are intelligently brought out.

The resultant impression of the book helps one to understand why Hugo has remained the idol of the average-minded Frenchman. He decked out in Olympian rhetoric or resounding verse those chauvinistic commonplaces about liberty and martial glory which delight the heirs to traditions of the Revolution and the First Empire; he reiterated sentimental commonplaces, without the mawkishness of the pedestrian verse of, for instance, François Coppée; he enunciated humanitarian truisms, now commonplaces, but novel in the glow of social liberation in the nineteenth century. Above all, Hugo flattered the national conceit or spreadeagleism of the French as the leaders of civilization, and the creators of Paris, the *ville lumière:*

> Dithyrambic would be a mild word to apply to those prefatory pages [on the exhibition of 1867] with all their gush about the "supremacy of Paris," the "functions of Paris," etc. It is Chauvinism grafted on to humanitarianism, for we are still to have this famous "United States of Europe," but France is to be their centre, and France means Paris. And so Hugo begs his country to "resign herself to a greatness she cannot avoid," and to accept the predestined expansion by which she becomes the world! Nay, she will "no longer be France but Humanity, no longer a Nation but Ubiquity!"

Mr. Davidson has much to say about Victor Hugo's private life, and relates many details which must have found favor with Francis Gribble, who contributes a preface to the book. The story of Hugo's loves, especially with Mme. Drouet, is not always pleasant reading to those who may sympathize with Mme. Hugo; but the material has its place in the "histoire naturelle des esprits" of the new school.

Mr. Davidson's biography, since such we find it in the main to be, is written in a clear and interesting style, and the text is free from the mistakes and misprints of French which mar so many popular works in English on French literature.

Notes

The editorial papers, "Through the Outlooking Glass with T. R.," contributed to the *Nation* by Simeon Strunsky, have been reprinted in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages. This can be procured by sending eleven cents to the office of the *Nation*.

A welcome announcement is a posthumous volume from the pen of the late John La Farge. The text has been made up from a diary kept by La Farge, and is called "Reminiscences of the South Seas." It is to be illustrated with reproductions of many of the author's paintings of the islands and their people. Doubleday, Page & Co. promise the book for this autumn.

David Graham Phillips bids fair to become the most voluminous posthumous author on record. A new political novel of his, called "George Helm," is coming from D. Appleton & Co.

The third volume of Professor Channing's "History of the United States" is about to be published by the Macmillan Co. It embraces the Revolutionary epoch, extending from 1760 to the election of Washington as President.

Early in October Henry Holt & Co. will issue the following books: "The Soul of a Tenor," by W. J. Henderson; "Phœbe, Ernest, and Cupid," by Inez Haynes Gillmore; "Why Women Are So," by Mary Roberts Coolidge; an edition of "Gulliver's Voyages to Liliput and Brobdingnag," illustrated and decorated by P. A. Staynes; "The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill," by Charles Pierce Burton, illustrated by Gordon Grant; "The Cities of Belgium," in the new series of Grant Allen's Historical Guides, and "Village Life in America," by Caroline Cowles Richards.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. is to come "Our Country Life," by Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson. The book tells the story of ten years spent on an estate on Lake Geneva.

We are to have a volume of "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler," edited by Festing Jones, with a photogravure portrait of 1898 and various other material. It is presumed that this welcome book will be published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., who import the other works of the author of "Erewhon."

The Neale Publishing Co. has the following titles on its autumn list—in literature: "The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce," Vol. XI; "Masterpieces of Southern Poets," by Walter Neale; "The Poetical Works of Rose Hartwick Thorpe"; "Desultory Verse," by La Touche Hancock, and "Idylls of the South," by Mrs. Bettie Keyes Chambers. —In politics, biography, and history: "Our Presidents and Their Office," by William Estabrook Chancellor; "Essays and Addresses," by Roger A. Pryor; "The Soldier-Bishop, Ellison Capers," by the Rev. Walter B. Capers; "The Attack and the Defense of Little Round Top, Gettysburg, July 2, 1863," by Oliver Wilcox Norton; "The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," by Randolph H. McKim; "Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaigns of 1862," by Isaac W. Heysinger; "One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry," by John H. Worsham; "Fighting by Southern Federals," by Charles C. Anderson; "Dr. William LeRoy Broun," by Major Thomas L. Broun; and "Mrs. Fiske," by Frank Carlos Griffith.

The second annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English will be held in Chicago November 28.

Volume V of the "Homeri Opera" has now been reached in the Oxford Library of Classical Authors. This is edited by Thomas W. Allen, and contains the Hymns, Cyclic Fragments. Margites, Batrachomyomachia, and the Lives.

Longmans, Green & Co. have added Morris's "News from Nowhere" to their Pocket Library.

The Century Co. has brought out a second edition of Jesse Macy's "Party Organization and Machinery," with new chapters explaining the change from the old convention to the direct primary.

In conformity with the volumes on Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Meredith, and Hardy, we now have from E. P. Dutton & Co. "A Zola Dictionary," compiled by J. G. Patterson. The characters of the Rougon-Macquart novels are here indexed, and various other material is given, such as synopses of plots, map, genealogy, etc.

A dainty gift for the lover of Northern woods and waters is Bert Leston Taylor's "The Pipesmoke Carry" (Reilly & Britton). The devotees of Lady Nicotine will linger over graceful sketches of carries through "sun-drenched opens where the choric popples sway and sing," or while the smoke curls upward they may drift silently in a canoe where the moon's light, thickened by a mist, falls upon the middle of a pool till on a bridge of moonbeams they cross the centuries and stand with Arthur and Merlin by "a fair water." Literary allusions, indeed, mingle everywhere in the rhythmic flow of the style. The black-and-white decorations by C. B. Falls have the rare virtue of supplementing the mood of revery.

Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels" (Yale Studies in English, XLV; Holt & Co.), edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by Alexander Corbin Judson, is the latest volume in the edition of the plays of this dramatist which we owe to the students of Prof. A. S. Cook. Notwithstanding its attractive title, this particular play is notoriously dull. A French critic has said of it: "il n'existe pas, du moins à ma connaissance, une pièce aussi mortellement vide." Nevertheless, it was written with great care, as a comparison of the revised folio text with that of the quarto shows; it contains some vigorous satirical passages, such as Crites's arraignment of folly and vice at the end of the first act, and the court-ladies' wishes in the fourth, besides two lovely lyrics, Echo's lament and the famous hymn to Cynthia, "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," of which the latter outweighs all the rest of the play in value. And finally it has an interest on account of its connection with the stage quarrel between the boy-companies and the grown-up actors at the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Judson properly adopts the text of the first folio edition (1616) of Jonson's Plays, but gives the quarto (1601) variants in his footnotes along with suggested emendations and other matters.

Mr. Judson's introduction, which shows good judgment, deals with the questions of date, sources, and the relations of the play to non-dramatic satire and character-writing. The poet's obligations to Aristophanes, Lucian, and Lyly are obvious. Mr. Judson is right, no doubt, in accepting Ward's identification of Actæon with the Earl of Essex and his own suggestion that Niobe stands for Mary, Queen of Scots, rather than Arabella Stuart, is plausible. For the rest we approve of his views concerning the relation of this play to the stage quarrel. Obviously, it was not composed primarily with reference to that affair, and it is not well to push too far the identification of Hedon and Analdes with Marston and Dekker. Indeed, egotistic though Jonson was, we cannot believe that even Crites was intended altogether as a picture of the poet himself, although the speeches of the character often have the note of moral indignation which Jonson caught from the Roman satirists, and besides contain occasional unmistakable hits at his personal enemies. The editor's Explanatory Notes elucidate the text in all essential matters. Since Professor Feuillerat's recent discoveries, however, it is incorrect to begin the history of Blackfriars Theatre with 1596. Plays were performed there as far back as 1577. For the sake of completeness, too, it would have been well if Mr. Judson had mentioned the traces (slight, to be sure) of the influence of "Cynthia's Revels" on the later drama. The two or three instances are noted by Koeppel in his work, "Ben Jonson's Wirkung auf zeitgenössische Dramatiker" (1906).

A thorough and careful discussion of the debate between the extreme radical and the liberal critical schools on the question whether Jesus is an historical personality or a myth is presented in "The Historicity of Jesus," by Shirley Jackson Case of Chicago (University of Chicago Press). In America some interest has been awakened in this controversy by the writings of Prof. William B. Smith of Tulane University, whose "Der vorchristliche Jesus" (1906) and "Ecce Deus" (1911) sought to establish the belief that Christianity arose out of a Jesus cult which existed as early as 100 B. C. In Germany no serious attention was paid to these monographs, nor to the similar productions of Kalthoff, Jensen, and Lublinski; but the appearance in 1909 of "Die Christusmythe," by Arthur Drews, professor of philosophy in the Karlsruhe Technical High School, was the signal for a controversy among New Testament critics like that incited by Delitzsch's "Babel und Bibel" a half dozen years ago. The leading writers of the liberal school entered the fray, among them Von Soden, Jülicher, Weinel, Johannes Weiss, and Clemen. Their contentions, as well as the radical views which they combat, are carefully and fairly presented by Mr. Case. His estimate of the negative argument is eminently fair. He concludes that the evidence brought against Jesus' historical existence is entirely lacking in force and cogency, and that the arguments for a pre-Christian Jesus lack any substantial basis; and these are the results at which most open-minded students of Drews and his school are compelled to arrive. The principles of free criticism of the New Testament documents were bound, sooner or later, to be pressed to this extreme conclusion, and now that the radical views have been advanced with great earnestness and cleverness, and met with success, the positions of the modern historical critics are more firmly established than ever. One of the most valuable chapters in the present volume is on Jesus' Significance for Modern Religion, in which it is urged that "He has for men to-day the same essential value that he had for the primitive disciples, in so far as history permits acquaintance with Him, and He answers modern needs." It is creditable to American scholarship that the first survey of the entire debate should have been made by a representative of an American divinity school, and that the treatment of the question is adequate and fair in the presentation of the arguments on both sides, and marked by discernment both of the underlying principles and the consequences involved for the religious life.

The thirteenth volume of the Catholic Encyclopædia, *Revelation—Simon Stork* (Robt. Appleton), edited by Charles G. Herbermann, contains the usual number of important articles. Among them may be mentioned "The English and French Revolutions," both written in an excellent spirit; "Rites," full of interesting information and curious lore; "Roman Colleges and Congregations"; "Sacraments"; "Schools"—all very valuable; "Rome, Russia, and Scotland," profusely illustrated. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's is naturally dealt with from the Catholic point of view, and extenuating circumstances are urged for the unedifying conduct of Pope Gregory XIII, but on the whole the treatment is not unfair. The article on Ritschlianism, an unexpected subject for such a publication, contains the following attack on Modernism:

> Since recent Modernism, with its Agnosticism and Immanentism, adopts the same attitude, it is, whether avowedly or not, the death-knell not only of Christianity, but of every objective religion. Consequently, the regulations of Pius X against Modernism represent a contest in which the vital interests of the Catholic religion are at stake. As the foremost champion of the powers and rights of reason in its relations with faith, Catholicism is the defender of the law of causality which leads to the knowledge of metaphysical and divine truths, the guardian of a constant, eternal, and unalterable truth, and the outspoken foe of every form of Skepticism, Criticism, Relativism, and Pragmatism—always in the interests of Christianity itself, since, without a rational foundation and substructure, Revelation and faith would hang unsupported in the air.

The successive volumes of this great work have appeared with unfailing regularity, and with the publication of the fourteenth volume (*Simony—Tournély*), now at hand the end is in sight. The following articles are worthy of especial mention: "Society of Jesus," "Spain," "States of the Church," "Syndicalism," "Theology," "Third Orders," "Thirty Years' War," and "Toleration." In the section on Toleration are these stalwart words:

> Nowhere is dogmatic intolerance so necessary a rule of life as in the domain of religious belief, since for each individual his eternal salvation is at stake. Just as there can be no alternative multiplication tables, so there can be but a single true religion, which, by the very fact of its existence, protests against all other religions as false.

At the same time the author defends civil toleration:

> Wherever separate religious parties live in the same land, they must work together in harmony for the public weal. But this would be impossible if the state, instead of remaining above party, were to prefer or oppress one denomination as compared with the others. Consequently, freedom of religion and conscience is an indispensable necessity for the state.

Nevertheless, the freedom advocated is far from complete, for the author continues: "From the standpoint of natural law and Christian public law, however, this political tolerance is subject to a three-fold limitation, since neither the completely unreligious character of the state nor the unbridled liberty of all imaginable cults may be set up as a principle of government, nor finally may the separation of state and church be lauded to the skies as the perfect state-ideal." In spite of this last statement, the attitude of the United States receives handsome recognition. After remarking that Leo XIII, in an encyclical of November, 1885, "had declared the harmonious union of the two highest powers the ideal situation," the author goes on to say: "If the United States forms the sole honorable exception to the rule, this is due partly to the fact that the state neglects neither the religious factor at large nor Christianity, as is shown by the strict laws concerning Sunday observance, Christian monogamy, and the celebration of Thanksgiving Day."

Few men would be willing to gather into a volume addresses prepared forty years ago, and few volumes so compiled would convey the impression of freshness and timeliness which one receives from the pages of George Lansing Raymond's "Suggestions for the Spiritual Life" (Funk & Wagnalls). It will not be expected that such a collection should constitute an important contribution to present religious discussion, but it may furnish counsels of wisdom for those who live quietly and who desire to penetrate beneath the superficial questions involved in most current controversy. Life is an old problem, and how to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God is a matter which varies with successive generations only in unessential details. The reason why few sermons outlive their decade is that few are concerned with the real essentials of the spiritual life. Dr. Raymond's chapel talks at Williams and at Princeton may have made no startling impression at the time, but that one may read them now with interest and profit is proof that they deal with the truth in which the quiet souls of all generations are at one.

In his "Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia" (Brentano's), the Most Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, D.D., Archbishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland, gives a straightforward and well-written account of Pope Alexander VI. It is not an easy story to tell, because, in order to explain the events of his reign and the complicated policies of his statecraft, it is necessary to enter upon that tangle of intrigues and alliances among the Italian powers which facilitated and culminated in the invasion of the peninsula by Charles VIII of France. That the chapters devoted to these political events make hard reading is not the fault of the Archbishop, who displays considerable dexterity in his ordonnance of a difficult narrative. He, moreover, manages to keep clearly in view all the secondary members of the Borgia family, and the parts they played. The marriages of Lucrezia, the pageants, assassinations, and military exploits of Cesare—these appear in vivid personal relief against the more purely political ambitions of Alexander. Deserted by all but the undertaker's assistants, who crammed him into his ill-fitting coffin, and lowered him with indecent haste into his grave, Alexander shocks us at the end by contrast with his former state. But this easy-going sensualist of excellent constitution, who had also a side of singular piety, who advanced the work of the Church abroad, who was a sincere patron of the fine arts, and who, as "husband" and father, had many good traits—he was essentially a *bourgeois*, this Borgia. He seems to have lived in a state of complacent self-satisfaction with himself and the world. Yet, with his death, his house crumbled about him. Cesare, his son, whom he had helped to raise to so brilliant a pinnacle, fell fighting, after prison and dispossession of all his wealth, a mere gentleman adventurer, on an obscure battlefield; and Lucrezia, alone of the more conspicuous members of the family, was left, as the pious and retired Duchess of Ferrara, to remind the world of a past that must soon have seemed like a dream. It is strange that out of such a gilded dunghill breed as the Borgias should have arisen in after years a saint. But so it happened. Francisco, great-grandson of Alexander VI, and fourth Duke of Gandia, played an important part in the Society of Jesus in the sixteenth century, and in 1565 was elected general of that order. A man of much religious humility and fervor, and a militant hero of the faith, he was greatly respected and loved during his life, and finally received the honors of canonization from the Church.

The five years covered in William Foster's latest calendar of Anglo-Indian documents, "The English Factories in India, 1637-1641" (Frowde), are notable for the account of the building of Fort St. George at Madras. This station superseded Masulipatam as the headquarters of the English on the eastern coast of India, and eventually became one of the three great centres from which they pushed their trade and their political control inland over the great peninsula. During these five years also a new trade was opened up from Surat to Basra, a town at the head of the Persian Gulf, which is now the proposed terminus of the Baghdad Railway. There were increasing dealings in Deccan pepper, indigo, certain cotton and silk fabrics, and sugar; one English vessel even made a successful trip to Canton in China, and more friendly relations were entered into with the Portuguese who were glad to side with the English against the more prosperous and enterprising Dutch monopolists. But the dangers and tribulations of the English in these years were many: French pirates from Europe and native pirates on the Malabar coast plundered their vessels; Courteen's rival association, to which Charles I had faithlessly given great privileges, lowered the profits of the older East India Company in England and caused political difficulties in the East; and capricious native princes exacted exorbitant tolls. It was also often difficult to get enough English sailors out to India, and keep them alive there, to man the company's vessels; for lack of sufficient English seamen, so the President at Swally complained, he had to pay enormous wages to Lascars, who gave away trade secrets, and "who does not halfe the service good seamen would doe, nor are able in the least to resist an enemy when assaulted."

The publishing firm Albert Bonnier in Stockholm, which shortly before August Strindberg's death acquired the copyright of his works, has begun the issue of a complete edition under the editorship of Dr. John Landquist. Of the forty volumes which are planned more than half will be given to prose fiction, including the autobiographical novels. In this edition "En dåres bikt" will be published for the first time in an authorized Swedish version; Strindberg's work on the relations of France to Sweden, originally written in French and published in Paris in 1891, will also be included, in a Swedish translation. "Kvarstadsresan," printed in a Stockholm paper after Strindberg's acquittal from the charge of heresy on account of the first volume of "Giftas," will now for the first time appear in book form, and one hitherto unpublished manuscript, entitled "Han och hon," and apparently belonging to the autobiographical series, is scheduled for an early volume. The works will be published in chronological order, beginning with the dramas from the author's youth, among them "Fritänkaren," his very first production, which was never played; it was printed without the author's knowledge or sanction by one of his friends, in 1869, and was never republished. The play is, naturally enough, immature, but already shows the spirit of revolt. Each volume will contain bibliographical and biographical notes by the editor. In the notes to the first volume the editor says that "Den fredlöso" was published for the first time in the collection "I vårbrytningen," 1881; as a matter of fact it had been printed already in 1876, in the monthly journal *Nu*.

We regret to announce the death of Alfred Marks, a banking expert of London who was also a learned antiquarian. His published books are "Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?" "Hubert and John van Eyck: the Question of their Collaboration Considered," and "Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals." He contributed many valuable reviews to the *Nation*.

The death is announced of Mrs. Robert Stuart de Courcy Laffan, of London, who published a number of novels under the name of Mrs. Leith-Adams. The titles of her books are: "Winstowe" (1877), "Madelon Lemoine" (1879), "My Land of Beulah" (1880), "Aunt Hepsey's Foundling," "George's Wooer," "Geoffrey Sterling" (1883), "Louis Draycott" (1891), "Bonnie Kate" (1892), "Color-Sergeant No. 1 Company" (1894), "The Peyton Romance" (1894), "The Old Pastures" (1895), "Accessory After the Fact" (1898), "The Prince's Feathers" (1899), "Song, Good-bye, Daddy" (1900), "The Vicar of Dale End" (1906), and "Dreams Made Verity" (1910).

Science

The Horse and Its Relatives. By R. Lydekker, F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

The Training and Breaking of Horses. By Merritt W. Harper. The same. $1.75 net.

While there is little new material available for original research in regard to the horse, Mr. Lydekker gives an acceptable account of the origin and dispersal of the species in all ages. Whether the small fox-like animals whose remains have been discovered in various parts of the world belonged to the horse or to the tapir families is a question for the scientists. The layman is more concerned with the preservation of the modern types. On almost every page the author evidences wide reading and scientific study and brings together in a single volume a pleasing review of the horse and allied animals of the kiang, onager, quagga, and zebra families. The book is singularly free from the dogmatic brevity so often encountered in efforts to embrace so wide a field.

Attempts to identify the original members of which the "chestnuts" or callosities on the legs of the horse are the sole remaining indications furnish food for thought for scientists, but such discussions are not so practical in results or so interesting as the question of inheritance of color, both of the horse's skin and coat. In the development of the modern thoroughbred, stamina and speed were the objects sought by the most far-sighted breeders, and it has remained for the scientist to announce that "evidence is gradually accumulating to suggest that in certain strains there may be a partial coupling of coat-color and racing power." For instance, the chestnut grandchildren of St. Simon have so far proved inferior in racing to their bay and brown brothers and sisters. In the get of this particular stallion the brown fillies have shown themselves superior racers to the bay fillies and colts and to the brown colts, notwithstanding colts are usually supposed to have some advantages over the fillies. The statement is interesting that bays, being of a dominant color, are capable of producing offspring of a color different from their own, while animals of chestnut color are recessive, and the result of their mating will be habitually chestnut. Should these theories prove of general and practical application, the problem of the Government in restoring and maintaining the useful breeds of horses in this country will be simplified.

The volume is exceptionally pleasing in its size, type, and arrangement.

"The Training and Breaking of Horses" is one of the Rural Science series, and embraces so wide a field that it constitutes a popular encyclopædia of its subject. The horse of whatever type is what his trainer makes him. The initial cause of all the bad habits of a horse may be traced to careless or bad management at some stage of the animal's training. The horse, like all animals, is possessed of instinct, but seems devoid of reasoning powers. His trainer therefore should aim to fix habits upon him, while avoiding, as far as possible, the chance of resistance arising from fatigue or fear. The importance of orderly procedure cannot be over-estimated. The colt from birth should become accustomed to man's friendly contact. From the very beginning one should teach a colt useful things, employing always the same terms and the same tone of voice for any particular movement or action expected of him. To lose one's temper is almost certain to invite resistance. Rewarding the young animal with kindness is a more certain way to rapid progress in training than the infliction of punishment.

Much may be accomplished by the student who follows Professor Harper's directions, whether in training the saddle horse or the driver. The field of training embraces a wide range of endeavors, but the increased value and usefulness of the horse justify the expenditure of time and labor. And as the owner who superintends the development of his colts will surely become attached to them, he will wish to know how to correct bad habits and to care for injuries. Many abrasions and seemingly innocent swellings may soon become deep-seated and chronic injuries if the causes be not found and remedied. Herein lies much of the value of books of the popular science type, which, like this one on the horse, furnish the student with carefully expressed explanations of cause and effect. The Government has awakened to the need for concentrated effort to preserve and improve the valuable types of horses in this country, and the dissemination of popular literature on the subject should help to encourage breeders and owners of man's most useful animal friend.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out a new book this autumn by Ernest Thompson Seton, under the title of "The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore."

The International Map of the World received much attention at the meeting of the Geographical Section of the British Association at Dundee. Considerable progress has been made during the past year, and five sheets covering parts of France, Scotland, Turkey, and South Africa are on sale. Other sheets are in course of preparation by the authorities of Hungary, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, and the United States. To cover the whole world, including the oceans, would require 2,084 sheets, but if the oceans are omitted, the number of "full" sheets, *i. e.*, sheets entirely representing land, would be about five hundred.

The *Geographical Journal* for September contains an account by Dr. A. M. Kellas of a remarkable mountaineering tour in the Himalayas, the highest altitude reached being 23,180 feet. Among the scientific results was the discovery that the glacier area of the region explored is much greater than is indicated on the survey maps. Some useful observations are made on mountain sickness and its prevention. Ellsworth Huntington described the ruins of the ancient Hohokam Indians in the Santa Cruz valley in Southern Arizona with a view to showing the fluctuations of the climate of North America. It certainly seems as if the "valley once had at least twice as many people as it could now support, and half of these lived where the white man cannot now get a living from agriculture."

Short cuts to the accepted names of plants are much like short cuts across lots anywhere. Sometimes the path is easy, but often it is disappointingly hard to the foot, and even treacherous. This is particularly true of the many aids to plant-recognition which are based upon the distinctions of color, because not only do different people describe colors differently, but plants do not always keep true to the colors assigned to them in the books. "Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers," by Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey (Harper & Bros.), is one of the most satisfactory handbooks of this class, although it could have been rendered much more useful by the preparation of simple keys under each of the groups of color. The author has been judicious in her notes of localities and in her nomenclature.

Drama and Music

The "Milestones" of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which has enjoyed great popularity in London and is now running in the Liberty Theatre in this city, is not the masterpiece it has been proclaimed by some over-enthusiastic critics, as it is not remarkable for literary brilliancy or dramatic significance, but it is a genuine comedy of substantial merit. If not a very profound or original social study, it is true to life in its personages and incidents, deals logically with the interaction of character and circumstance, mingles humor with pathos, is wholesome in sentiment, and illustrates effectively, although not very subtly, the march of modern ideas. In construction it is fresh and ingenious. There is nothing new, of course, in the imaginary lapse of years between the fall and rise of the curtain, but the employment of this device to show the domestic history of a single family throughout three generations was a happy stroke of invention. It enabled the dramatists to exhibit the mischief wrought by a dominant personality—the embodiment of old-fashioned conventions and prejudices—among his kinsfolk, and incidentally to exemplify the evils of mercenary marriage and the process of degeneracy. The play is consistent in design and sound in purpose, but the outcome is too plainly the result of predestination to be deeply impressive.

The plot of the play is, briefly, this: In 1860 John Rhead, an able and masterful man, dissolves his partnership with his prospective brother-in-law, Sam Sibley, because the latter does not believe in the possibility of iron ships. His sister, Gertrude Rhead, strong-minded as himself, takes his side and breaks her engagement with Sam when the latter declines to admit her right, being a woman, to interfere. Thereupon Sam peremptorily revokes the consent which he had previously given to the marriage of John Rhead with his sister, Rose, a submissive creature, who has already declared that her idea of happiness is to be her husband's slave. So ends the first act. Twenty-five years later John, who has driven Sam out of business and married the unrevolting Rose in spite of him, is the biggest ship-builder in England, and more masterful than ever. His wife, who worships him, cannot call her soul her own, but his daughter, Emily, has a dash of his own independent spirit and wishes to marry Arthur Preece, a brilliant young engineer. John, however, who has political ambitions and the promise of a baronetcy, overrides the feeble opposition of his wife and the outspoken protest of his sister Gertrude—ever the champion of woman's freedom—and virtually compels Emily to marry a silly, middle-aged peer, Lord Monkhurst. In 1912 Emily is a widow, with two children. Her son, the new peer, is a degenerate young wastrel, and her daughter, Muriel, who is somehow strong in spite of her pedigree, has engaged herself to Richard Sibley, the clever son of old Sam Sibley, who had married a vulgar but highly capable Yorkshire woman. Once more old John Rhead—again deaf to Gertrude—puts his veto on a love match which he pronounces disgraceful. But he is broken by age and largely dependent upon Arthur Preece, now a prominent statesman and labor leader, who stands between him and his rebellious workingmen. So he is induced to yield, while he pathetically bemoans the ways of modern labor and the new woman. The curtain falls upon the union of Preece and Emily, and a touching scene of reconciliation between the grandsire and the revolting Muriel.

Evidently, in this intimate domestic drama the element of dramatic suspense is slight, but the three episodes are connected by a continuous vein of human interest. The characters are lifelike, but are all drawn along conventional lines, with the exception of Gertrude, the representative of the new woman, who is a fresh, striking, and pathetic figure. As a whole, the play is an exceedingly creditable piece of work. It has been published in book form by George H. Doran Company.

"The Attack" of Henry Bernstein, of which an English version by "George Egerton" has just been produced in the Garrick Theatre, is a machine-made emotional melodrama of second-rate quality. Like other stage works of the same author, it exhibits constructive skill, and contains several effective theatrical situations, but it lacks sincerity and consistency, depending mainly for success upon exaggerated sentiment and cheap sensationalism. The hero, Merital, is an eminent French politician, whose reputation for flawless integrity has brought him within easy reach of the Presidency. Although of mature years, he has won the love of a young girl, Renée, of ideal loveliness and purity, who, in the opening scene—and a clever scene it is—offers herself to him in marriage. At this moment he hears from Frepeau, a journalist, that his political foes, through the agency of one Labelle, have published the charge that in his youth he was guilty of theft. The charge is true—although the offence had long been expiated and forgiven—and would, he knows, be fatal to his career. So he denies it and sues Labelle for libel. But before the case comes up for trial he discovers proof not only that Frepeau is at the bottom of the plot against him, but also that he is a hypocritical, swindling scoundrel. Thereupon he sends for Frepeau, and, in a scene full of melodramatic thrills, orders him to silence Labelle, by whatever means he chooses, under penalty of instant exposure and ruin. Merital in due course is triumphantly acquitted, but his tender conscience will not permit him to deceive the guileless Renée, to whom, in another effective scene, he makes full confession. She, of course, condones his offence, and the curtain falls upon the desired happy ending. The whole play is unreal and full of cheap and sentimental claptrap, but it does provide opportunities for much delicate, finished, and forcible acting on the part of John Mason, the best of American comedians, whose performance of Merital is the one feature of artistic and dramatic value in the representation.

Mme. Simone will be seen in New York before long in a new play written for her by D. Devere Stackpole and L. N. Parker. It is a French romance of the time of Louis XIV.

It is announced that William A. Brady, early in November, will present here the "Hindle Wakes" of Stanley Houghton, a play that has caused some commotion on the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, he has arranged that Miss Horniman's London company, the original producers, shall come over here to play it. This makes a capable representation virtually certain. Of the value of the piece itself nothing can be said until after its performance. It tells the story of a girl who, having surrendered herself in a moment of intoxication to a casual lover, refuses, after she has become a mother and provoked great scandal thereby, to marry the father—although he is willing—on the ground that he is not of her station and that she will not enter into an alliance which would mean life-long misery for both.

Granville Barker's play, "The Voysey Inheritance," has been revived in the Kingsway Theatre, London, with several members of the original cast. In reviewing the performance the London *Times* says:

> "The Voysey Inheritance" stands high among our modern English plays. The scrupulous veracity of the thing is only a shade less rare now than it was half a dozen years ago, though many young playwrights have followed Mr. Barker in exhibiting the seamy side of midddle-class respectability.

The Adelphi Play Society announces for its next London season Gorky's "Vassa Zhelizynova," Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo," Mr. Clifford Bax's "The Caliph Talisman," "Adolescence," by James Littlewood, and a play by a Russian decadent, Sologub.

Léon Gandillot, playwright, died at his home in Paris, Saturday, at the age of fifty. Among his dramas was "L'Ex," in which he directed attention to the French system of educating young girls. Besides this he wrote "Les Femmes collantes," "La Mariée récalcitrante," "Ferdinand le noceur," "La Tournée Ernestin," "La Tortue," and "Le Sous-Préfet de Château-Buzard."

In his memoirs which appeared a few days after his death, Massenet modestly expressed his belief that he should soon be forgotten. It is now announced that his native town, St. Etienne, will give his name to a high school of music, and also to a street. In Paris steps are being taken to erect a monument to his memory. But he has a *monumentum ære perennius* in his operas, particularly his "Jongleur de Notre Dame," which will grow more and more famous as time passes, like Bizet's "Carmen." And until a new Bizet is born in France, others of Massenet's operas will live, because there is melody in them.

Hans Richter began his brilliant career, so far as his world-wide fame is concerned, as the conductor chosen by Wagner for the Bayreuth Festival in 1876. A few weeks ago he declared that the final "Meistersinger" performance at this summer's Bayreuth festival would be the last occasion when he should ever wield a bâton. His retirement calls attention to the fact that Bayreuth, like the great German cities, is confronted by a serious question of conductorship. The late Gustav Mahler never took part in these festivals, nor has Nikisch ever done so, for reasons which it would be interesting to know. Strauss has not been seen in Bayreuth for twenty years, and Mottl is dead. There remain only Muck, Ballinger, and Siegfried Wagner; but Siegfried is so busy with general managerial matters that he cannot be counted on much for rehearsals and performances. The opinion is gaining ground that he attaches relatively more importance to the scenic side of the performances than Richard Wagner would have done.

Ballinger, who has been chosen as the successor of Hans Richter in Manchester, seems to be one of the coming men—indeed, judging by the critical reports from Bayreuth, he has already arrived. The critic of the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* is quite enthusiastic over his conducting, declaring that he is exceptionally eloquent and poetic in his readings, that his tempi are dramatically aggressive, and that, although he likes to indulge in bold *al fresco* painting, he does not overlook subtle symphonic details in the orchestral score. It is said of him that since he became a conductor he has taken the pains to learn how to play every instrument in the orchestra.

Since Josef Stransky left Berlin to become the conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the Blüthner Orchestra, in that city, for which he had so rapidly won popularity, has been conducted by Von Hausegger. Like his predecessor, Hausegger believes in trying novelties. Among those selected by him for the coming season are Paul Juen's "Wächterweise," Hausegger's "Natursymphonie," a violin concerto by Leopold van der Pals, a piano concerto by Halfdan Cleve; "L'Hiver," by Ernest Bloch; "Aubade," by Cyril Scott, and an "Orchestral Poem" by Walter Lampe. These are mostly names little known.

Weingartner is lucky in having procured Fritz Kreisler to be the first to play his violin concerto. It will be heard in Vienna, and subsequently Kreisler will play it in London, Paris, Boston, and probably in New York.

Verdi conceived most of his melodies while he was taking a walk, either in the city or in the country. On such occasions he was usually bareheaded, with his hands at his back. In this attitude the sculptor, Enrico Butti, has chiselled the great composer in the monument (eleven metres in height), which is to be placed in Milan next year. Other cities, among them Rome, Parma, and his birthplace, Busseto, will celebrate the centenary of his birth by erecting statues.

Chopin, according to his biographers, was so averse to letter-writing that rather than take his pen in hand he would hire a cab and drive miles in Paris to deliver a message personally. Nevertheless, the number of his letters, written mostly in French or Polish, is considerable. A complete edition in a German version has just been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. Among them are some that had not been printed heretofore. They give a vivid picture of the great composer's state of mind during the last period of his life, when he was too ill to compose, too tired to play without utter exhaustion. They show how the minor professionals, then as now and always, were the enemies of genius; how the Scotch women lionized and bored him; how he found it difficult to get $100 for playing in private houses in London, where to-day Chopin II, alias Paderewski, gets $5,000 per evening; and how, in consequence of his inability to earn enough by his playing, or the sale of his compositions, or by giving lessons, he could not think of marrying.

Paris is building theatres at a rate to arouse the envy of Oscar Hammerstein. The season now opening will witness three entirely new theatres and two of the older ones rebuilt. There are already open to the public twenty-one large and sixteen smaller theatres, in addition to about two dozen variety shows and music halls. One of the new structures, which Gabriel Astruc is having built in the Avenue Montaigne, will also be available for operas and grand concerts.

Art

Curator Guiffrey's summer tour in Europe has resulted in the purchase of four interesting pictures for the Boston Museum. Of these perhaps the most important is Gainsborough's full-length portrait of John Eld, painted about 1772. It represents him attired in red before a landscape background. For one hundred and forty years it hung in the Staffordshire General Infirmary, of which Eld was a founder. An even rarer acquisition is Parnassus, by Claude Lorrain, painted for the Constable Colonna of Rome, signed and dated 1680. A cassone-front, Stories of Psyche, by Filippino Lippi, is the first mythological piece of the early Renaissance to enter the Boston collections. Chiefly of curious interest is a nude, Judith, signed and dated by Jan Matsys, of Antwerp, in 1545. These acquisitions represent a thoughtful and commendable endeavor to fill gaps in the collection.

"Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist" (Lane), by T. R. Way, is chiefly interesting for the illustrations lithographed by the author. For many years Mr. Way had the run of Whistler's studios, and he had the habit of making thumbnail sketches of Whistler's work. Many of these have been drawn on the stone for the present book. Here, for example, are thumbnail sketches in colors of the fifty-three Venetian pastels which Whistler exhibited on his triumphal return to London. These notes are charming in themselves, and will help to identify scattered members of the series. Whether it was worth while to copy so many of Whistler's slighter composition sketches may be questioned. This kind of scrawl often has a distressing lack of quality. Whistler's energy was clearly not native, but achieved by much taking thought. On the literary side, not much is to be said for Mr. Way's reminiscences. Some notion of the pertinacity with which Whistler went at lithography may be got, and there are a few new facts and anecdotes, but any valuable residue would have gone into a short magazine article. The author is heavy-handed, and perhaps the severest criticism of his book is that Whistler emerges from it diminished both personally and as an artist. A couple of slight lithographic sketches from Whistler's original stone are among the illustrations, and will commend the book to collectors. On the whole, it is a regrettable book. On Whistler's better activities it sheds little new light, and, quite unintentionally, we believe, it exposes rather crudely certain personal foibles and infirmities sufficiently well known already and needing no further emphasis.

In Miss Helen Marshall Pratt's "Cathedral Churches of England" (Duffield) there is something of the patient and contented spirit of the old-time scholarship, as rare as it is refreshing in an age of machine-made books, when twelve months of research after the data of any projected topic is considered an excess of conscientiousness. To the composition of her book Miss Pratt has devoted eight years of study, and the result repays her labor. A less conscientious writer, with such a subject, might have been tempted to essay a more pretentious work, and would not have produced anything half as useful. Miss Pratt aims merely "to set forth in concise, orderly, and convenient fashion the most interesting features of the history, architecture, and antiquities of the two-and-thirty cathedrals of England, for the use of intelligent travellers and students." These opening words of the author's preface might serve as a review of her book. Throughout it is "concise and orderly," for Miss Pratt has a tidy, methodical mind, which pigeonholes facts and arranges them in their proper sequence. The four preliminary chapters are models of clear exposition, and the subsequent accounts of the individual cathedrals (characteristically marshalled in alphabetical order) are admirably lucid in style and arrangement. There is enthusiasm displayed for a fascinating theme, but it finds expression in thoroughness of treatment instead of in the lyric outbursts of exaggerated sentiment with which descriptive writers too commonly bespatter their pages. By her volume Miss Pratt will have placed in her debt many "intelligent travellers and students" visiting the cathedrals of England.

"Rambles in the Pyrenees and the Adjacent Districts" (Dutton) is something less and something more than a guide book. The author, Hamilton Jackson, has limited his record to the French side of the Pyrenees, even there making no attempt to go over the whole ground. On the other hand he gives us something more of the history of the places he visits than one usually finds in books of this character. Being an architect with special archæological interests, he dwells upon the archæological rather than the æsthetic value of the objects observed, and embellishes his book with many of his original drawings and some excellent photographs of constructional details which a less observant architect might easily overlook. Any book is to be welcomed that draws the attention of the tourist to the intensely interesting and extraordinarily beautiful country the author traverses; but he appears not to have written for the general public, if we may judge from his meagre enthusiasm over the glorious mountain scenery which must always remain the principal reason for visiting this region. The book is evidently a compilation of notes made by the author, partly on the ground and partly in his study; and its parts thus appear to lack connection. This lack of connection is increased by the interjection from time to time of paltry incidents which can only be of interest to him or his travelling companions as reminders of special episodes of the journey. For instance, he closes his brief reference to Pau with the remark (p. 101): "At the hotel at which I stayed the waitresses, one of whom was a married woman, were most efficient, and kept a roomful of customers well supplied." Apparently the author must have had in the past some unusually unsatisfactory experience with married waitresses.

Howard C. Levis, whose "Bibliography of American Books Relating to Prints" we have previously noticed (July 14, 1910), has now issued his long-expected "Descriptive Bibliography of the Most Important Books in the English Language Relating to the Art and History of Engraving and the Collecting of Prints" (London: Ellis), in an edition of 350 copies. The mass of information in this large volume is presented, not in the form of a one-alphabet list of titles, but in regular chapters on specific subjects. Some of the chapter headings are: Books of Secrets and Mysteries, Dictionaries of Engravers, The Literature of Colored Prints, The Various Processes (etching, lithography, etc.), Publications of Clubs and Societies, Water-Marks, Book-Plates, Nielli, Bank-notes. This arrangement, and the plentiful notes and illustrations, emphasize the personal nature of the book. It is not only a book to refer to, but one in which to browse in order to bring back to mind the pleasure in books read or prints seen, long since, perhaps. It is a book to delight the print collector.

Finance

THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS.

There was published in the early stages of the panic of 1907 an article under the above head, whose purpose was to point out what, in the light of past experience, was the series of events that must accompany and follow that great financial panic, as it had accompanied and followed others. Briefly summed up, the sequence as outlined was:

First, the failure of an important bank. Second, a run of depositors on all the banks. Third, a day of outright and hopeless panic, notably in the banks and the Stock Exchange. Fourth, partial or complete suspension of cash payments by the banks. Fifth, hoarding of cash in large amounts, leading to a premium on currency. Sixth, very large import of foreign gold, bought at a premium and paid for in securities and commodities. Seventh, demand on the Government to "do something," with the result that something futile and foolish is usually done. Eighth, a sudden improvement in the situation, due to receipt of foreign gold and to waning panic. Ninth, a flood of propositions from everybody to reform the currency. Tenth, realization by the whole community that an era had been closed in American finance, and that a long period of reaction must be undergone in preparing for the process of reconstruction.

How exactly all this familiar sequence of events and after-events was carried out, it is hardly necessary now to recall. They have led invariably, in our financial history, to what may be called an intermediate period in the cycle of prosperity. That included, in every chapter of our after-panic history, an attempt by Wall Street and the business community to persuade itself that nothing very serious had really happened; then a sudden and determined effort to return to "boom times"; next, discovery that all this was hopelessly premature and that general liquidation must be resumed; after that, a year of profound discouragement and despondency (with the Wall Street oracles telling us that politics alone was to blame), and at last, the beginnings of real recovery. This sums up the characteristic incidents of 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911, as accurately as it does those of 1894, 1895, 1896, and the first half of 1897—or, for that matter, the series of years from 1874 to 1879, inclusive. Every great panic on our records—perhaps excepting that of 1857, when the course of after-panic finance, though its history began as it did after 1873 and 1893, was necessarily altered by the Civil War—has had the same immediate sequel.

Since, then, the history both of our recent panic period and of the after-panic period is seen to have conformed thus closely to precedent of all similar periods in the past, and since we are now admittedly entering on the period of revival, it should be interesting to sum up, in the light of the same past history, the sequence of events which marks that economic chapter. The governing circumstances, in such recovery from panic and from after-panic depression, will naturally be less identical than those which prescribe the incidents of the panic collapse itself. They are in some measure accidental. Yet, in American financial history, there has been a rather remarkable uniformity. These are the usual successive chapters:

First, discovery that, as a consequence of enforced economies, stocks of all sorts of goods in merchants' hands are abnormally low—a subject of reiterated comment in 1878, 1897, and 1911.

Second, sudden and heavy increase in our manufactured export trade—due to low prices and slack home demand, and greatly helped by the fact that European trade recovery had been rather more rapid than our own. In 1878, this caused what was then an absolutely record-breaking export trade and an excess of exports $100,000,000 above all precedent; in 1897, it led to Europe's outcry over the "American invasion"; in 1911 it again swelled our manufactured export trade beyond all records.

Third, and as a consequence of this, an abnormally large foreign credit balance, whereby our markets paid off a heavy debt in 1879, underwrote British Government war loans in 1900, and financed the Berlin money market at the close of 1911.

Fourth, a stroke of economic luck in this country's favor—the famous European harvest failures of 1879 and 1897, coming along with bumper harvests here, and leading to enormous home transportation business, car shortage, increased railway earnings, and exports so exceptionally heavy as to cause actual scarcity of ocean freight room. The great crops of the present season, coinciding with England's threatened shortage, are presenting a picture not wholly unlike this.

Fifth, as a natural consequence, larger imports of gold, on a strict commercial basis, than in many years—our excess of such imports was $76,000,000 in the twelve months beginning with July, 1879, and $105,000,000 in the same period after midsummer, 1897. This year the movement has at least begun, with the $3,500,000 gold now on the way to us from London.

Sixth, a great expansion in American business enterprise and in the market's financial plans—notably a factor in 1880 and in the period 1898-99, but scarcely in sight as yet to-day.

Seventh, a prolonged and vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange; usually helped along by the waning of political agitation and by some consequent highly favorable turn in public affairs—the success of specie resumption in 1879 and 1880, with the Republican victory of the latter year, and the successful enactment of the Gold Standard law in 1900, with the second defeat of Bryan. Nothing of the sort is yet in evidence at the present stage of this year's recovery; but there are some factors in the economic and political situation which may conceivably have to do with producing it, later on.

Eighth, unanimous recognition, at home and abroad, that America had definitely entered upon a new and interesting era of financial, commercial, and industrial expansion. In this, however, so far as concerns the present situation, we are dealing with the unfolded future. It was a full year after 1879, and three or four years after 1897, before that stage of the economic cycle had been reached. Whether it is to be reached again on any such scale, in the present sequence of events, depends on other facts and influences than are visible to-day. Many of the particular causes for the astonishing climax to which the movement of financial excitement rose in 1901 were such as can never return in American finance, and undoubtedly it is best that they should not.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alvord, C. W., and Bidgood, L. First Explorations of the Trans-Allegheny Region by the Virginians, 1650-1674. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.

Arnold, W. H. French Diction for Singers and Speakers. Boston: Ditson.

Bagster-Collins, E. W. First Book in German. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Baker, L. H. Race Improvement or Eugenics. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Bancroft, H. H. Retrospection. Bancroft Company. $2 net.

Bartlett, F. O. Whippen. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.

Barton, G. A. The Heart of the Christian Message. New edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Bennett, A., and Knoblauch, E. Milestones: A Play. Doran. $1 net.

Bennett, A. The Honeymoon. A Comedy in Three Acts. Doran. $1 net.

Black, Hugh. Three Dreams. Revell. 50 cents net.

Biklé, L. F. C. The Voice of the Garden. (Compilation of verse.) Lane. $1 net.

Blackwood, Algernon. Pan's Garden. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Blaisdell, A. F., and Ball, F. K. The English History Story-Book. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents.

Blaisdell, M. F. Cherry Tree Children. Boston: Little, Brown. 60 cents.

Boutroux, Emile. Historical Studies in Philosophy. Trans. by F. Rothwell. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Boydstun, J. F. The Science of Human Nature. Boston: Sherman, French. $2 net.

Bragg, W. H. Studies in Radioactivity. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Brainerd, E. H. For Love of Mary Ellen: A Romance of Childhood. Harper. 50 cents net.

Bryan, W. J. A Tale of Two Conventions. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.

Buckrose, J. E. A Bachelor's Comedy. Doran. $1.25 net.

Bullard, F. L. Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Butler, H. J. Motor Bodies and Chassis. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Call, W. T. You and I and the Stars. Hawthorne, N. J.: C. M. Potterdon. 50 cents.

Cantlie, J., and Jones, C. S. Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China. Revell. $1.25 net.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Edited by S. C. Hart. Holt.

Chalmers, Stephen. Footloose and Free. Outing Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Cheiro. *When* Were You Born? Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents net.

Chester, G. R. The Jingo. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Clarke, I. Prisoners' Years. Benziger Bros. $1.35 net.

Clark, J. B. and J. M. The Control of Trusts. Revised, enlarged. Macmillan. $1 net.

Conway, J. J. Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris. Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Cook, F. A. My Attainment of the Pole. Kennerley.

Crawshaw, F. D. Manual Arts for Vocational Ends. Peoria, Ill.: Manual Arts Press. 85 cents.

Dark, Sidney. William Makepeace Thackeray. Cassell.

Daugherty, L. S. and M. C. Principles of Economic Zoölogy. Philadelphia: Saunders. $2 net.

Daulton, A. McC. The Gentle Interference of Bab. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Davidson, E. B. The Bunnikins-Bunnies. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents net.

Deland, E. D. The Fortunes of Phœbe. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Deland, Margaret. The Voice. Harper. $1 net.

Delano, E. B. Zebedee V. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Dickens's Children. Ten drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith. Scribner. $1 net.

Dimock, J. A. Outdoor Photography. Outing Pub. Co.

Dodge, W. P. King Charles I: a Study. London: John Long.

Douglas-Irvine, Helen. History of London. Pott & Co.

Drummond, W. H. Poetical Works. Putnam.

Duncan, S., and Thorne, G. The Complete Wildfowler. Outing Pub. Co. $3.75 net.

Eaton, A. H. The Oregon System of Direct Legislation. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Edginton, May. The Adventures of Napoleon Prince. Cassell. $1.25 net.

Eldredge, Z. S. The Beginnings of San Francisco. 2 vols. San Francisco: Zoeth S. Eldredge.

Fitzhugh, P. K. Along the Mohawk Trail: Boy Scouts. Crowell. $1.25.

Ford, Sewell. Trying Out Torchy. E. J. Clode. $1.25 net.

France, Anatole. At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque. Trans. by Mrs. W. Jackson. Lane. $1.75 net.

Frazer, J. G. The Golden Bough. Vols. I and II. Part V. Third edition. Macmillan. $6.50 net.

Freeman, Mary E. W. The Yates Pride. Harper. 50 cents net.

Froissart's Chronicles. Retold for young people by M. Edgar. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Fuess, C. M. Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25 net.

Garrod, H. W. Oxford Poems. Lane.

Gask, Lilian, and Pogány, W. The Fairies and the Christmas Child. Crowell. $2 net.

Genung, J. F. The Man with the Pitcher and His Story. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Gerry, M. S. As Cæsar's Wife. Harper. $1.30 net.

Giles, J. A. Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. New edition. Macmillan. $1 net.

God, and Other Poems. Translated by J. Bowring; compiled by M. S. L. Parr. Boston: Badger.

Goddard, H. H. The Kallikak Family: A Study in the Heredity of Feeble-Mindedness. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Green, A. S. The Old Irish World. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Guerber, H. A. Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Hering, D. W. Essentials of Physics. Van Nostrand. $1.75 net.

Hilton-Simpson, M. W. Land and Peoples of the Kasai. Chicago: McClurg.

Hirn, Yrjö. The Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. Macmillan. $5 net.

Holland, Clive. In the Vortex. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

Holt, E. B., and others. The New Realism. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Homeri Opera. Tomus V. Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. Frowde.

Huckel, Oliver. Spiritual Surgery. Crowell. 75 cents net.

Jefferson, C. E. The Minister as Shepherd. Crowell. $1 net.

Jenks, Edward. A Short History of English Law. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Johnson, Lionel. Post Liminium: Essays and Papers. Kennerley.

Jones, E. R. The Art of the Orator. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Judson, K. B. When the Forests Are Ablaze. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Kaufman, Jessie. A Jewel of the Seas. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Kent, Elizabeth. Who? Putnam. $1.25 net.

Knoop, Douglas. Principles and Methods of Municipal Trading. Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Kullmer, C. J. A Sketch Map of Germany: The "2x3 Diagonal" Method. Syracuse, N. Y.: Kramer Publishing Co. 25 cents.

Lansing, M. F. Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Lapworth, C., and Zimmern, H. Tripoli and Young Italy. London: Swift & Co.

Leacock, Stephen. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. Lane. $1.25 net

Love Poems of Three Centuries, 1600-1900. Edited by J. F. O'Donnell. New edition. Putnams.

Lowber, J. W. Thought and Religion. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Macgowan, J. Men and Manners of Modern China. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.

McKinney, F. L. Nora-Square-Accounts. D. Appleton. $1.50.

McLaren, Amy. With the Merry Austrians. Putnams. $1.25 net.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

McLaughlin, R. W. Washington and Lincoln Putnam.

Mains, G. P. The Godhood of Jesus Christ. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.

Matthews, Brander. Gateways to Literature, and Other Essays. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Mezger, R., and Mueller, W. Kreuz und Quer durch Deutsche Lande. American Book Co.

M. F. Kirstie. Crowell. $1.25 net.

Miall, L. C. The Early Naturalists, Their Lives and Work (1530-1789). Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Miller, J. R. The Joy of the Lord. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Milligan, R. H. The Fetish Folk of West Africa. Revell. $1.50 net.

Murray, J., and Hjort, J. The Depths of the Ocean. Macmillan. $7.50 net.

Myer, J. S. Life and Letters of Dr. William Beaumont. St. Louis: C. V. Mosby Co.

Newte, H. W. C. Pansy Meares. Lane. $1.30 net.

Nitchie, E. B. Lip-Reading. Stokes. $1.50 net.

Noye, Edwine. The Forest: An Idyll. Buffalo: Otto Ulbrich Co.

Ogg, F. A. Social Progress in Contemporary Europe. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Oswell, K. F. Stories Grandmother Told. Macmillan. 40 cents net.

Otis, James. Building an Airship at Silver Fox Farm. Crowell. $1.50.

Parkman, The Boys'. Selections compiled by L. S. Hasbrouck. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.

Pergaud, Louis. Tales of the Untamed: Dramas of the Animal World. Adapted from the French. Outing Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Prideaux, E. B. R. Problems in Physical Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Pumphrey, M. B. Stories of the Pilgrims (For children under twelve.) Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1 net.

Pyle, W. L., and others. Manual of Personal Hygiene. Fifth edition, revised. Philadelphia: Saunders. $1.50 net.

Rogers, A., and Aubert, A. B., and others. Industrial Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $5 net.

Rohland, Paul. The Colloidal and Crystalloidal State of Matter. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Ross, John. The Carnegie American Benefactions in Operation. Dunfermline, Scotland. Romanes & Son.

Ryan, W. P. The Pope's Green Island. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

Sabin, E. L. Pluck on the Long Trail: Boy Scouts. Crowell. $1.25.

Saintsbury, George. History of English Prose Rhythm. Macmillan. $4.50 net.

Saunders, C. F. The Indians of the Terraced Houses. Putnam. $2.50 net.

Sears, J. S. Concentration. E. J. Clode. 50 cents net.

Seltzer, C. A. The Coming of the Law. Outing Pub. Co. $1.35 net.

Shaylor, Joseph. The Fascination of Books. Putnam.

Sheldon, Charles. The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. Scribner. $2 net.

Sibree, James. Our English Cathedrals. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50 net per set.

Smith, D. T. Vibration and Life. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Smith, E. Boyd. The Seashore Book. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Sowerby, Githa. Rutherford and Son: A Play in Three Acts. Doran. $1 net.

Stanley, C. A. The First Church's Christmas Barrel. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Stapp, E. B. Uncle Peter Heathen. Philadelphia: David McKay. 50 cents net.

Stephens, James. Mary, Mary. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Stephenson, Andrew. A History of Roman Law. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Stewart, Mary. Once Upon a Time Tales. Revell. $1.25 net.

Stiles, P. G. Nutritional Physiology. Phila: Saunders Co. $1.25 net.

Strode, Muriel. My Little Book of Life. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Swettenham, Frank. Also and Perhaps. Lane. $1.25 net.

Talbot, M., and Breckenridge, S. P. The Modern Household. Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. $1 net.

Thurston, Edgar. Omens and Superstitions of Southern India. McBride, Nast.

Tootle, H. K. The Daughter of David Kerr. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.

Van Slyke, L. B. Eve's Other Children. Stokes. $1 net.

Veer, Lenore van der. Wayfarers. Putnam.

Wade. M. H. The Wonder-Workers. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.

Wadmore, J. M. Elementary Chemical Theory. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Walcott, C. D. Cambrian Geology and Paleontology. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Wallace, Dillon. Packing and Portaging. Outing Pub. Co.

Warren, C. F. Little Peter Pansy. Philadelphia: David McKay. 50 cents net.

Wayne, K. H. Building the Young Man. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Wheeler, H. F. B. The Boys' Nelson. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Whipple, H. B. Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. Macmillan. $2 net.

Williams, F. W. Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers. Scribner. $2 net.

Wollaston, A. F. R. Pygmies and Papuans. Sturgis & Walton.

Wood, C. S. "Don't Give up the Ship." Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Zwingli, H. Latin Works and Correspondence, edited, with notes, by S. M. Jackson. Vol. I, 1510-1522. Putnam.

Revised Edition *Just Ready*

HERTWIG'S MANUAL OF ZOOLOGY

Translated by PROFESSOR J. S. KINGSLEY. $3.00

The revision, which is thorogoing, is based on the last German edition of this standard work, which is still considered, by many good judges, the best treatment of the subject in a single volume.

Henry Holt and Company 34 W. 33d St. New York

The Moonlight Sonata

By JOHAN NORDLING

The love of Beethoven for the beautiful Countess, Julia Guicciardi, is the theme of this story, which has just scored a success abroad in three countries. A moving novel of fine artistry that is also a faithful picture of the master, of his fair inamorata, and of the social and artistic life of Old Vienna. *Cloth, 12mo. Color frontispiece and other illustrations. $1.25 net.*

The Cahusac Mystery

By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD
Authors of "Don Q," Etc., Etc.

A tale of London and Paris, presenting the reader to vivid and interesting men and charming women. A son's desire to clear his murdered father's memory from disgrace and offer it untarnished to the lady of his choice is the motive of the story. *Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated with colored frontispiece,* $1.25 *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

THE INDIANS OF THE TERRACED HOUSES

By CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS
Author of "A Window in Arcady," Etc.

8vo. With nearly 50 illustrations. $2.50 *net; by mail,* $2.70.

The author describes, from a personal observation extending over several years, the present-day life of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The book contains valuable information on Pueblo arts, especially pottery, for which the race is noted, and is illustrated with many striking photographs.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

THE AUTHORITY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, D.D., Rector of Grace Church in New York.

Crown 8vo. $1.80 *net; by mail,* $1.95.

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. L. No. 2—THE STATUS OF ALIENS IN CHINA

By VI KYUIN WELLINGTON KOO, Ph.D., English Secretary to the President of China.

8vo. Paper Covers. $2.50.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

Six Months Subscription Free

THE NATION will extend SIX MONTHS the term of any subscriber who sends a name not already on our list with remittance for the new subscription for one year

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street New York City

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2466 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 489 26 Oc'12

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY'S IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

The Three Brontës By MAY SINCLAIR

A biography of the Brontë family by the author of "The Divine Fire," showing singular intellectual and temperamental understanding. "Nowhere, not even in the book by Mrs. Gaskell, has so fine a novelist made so fine a biographer."—*N.Y. Times.* With photogravure illustrations and facsimiles. $3.00 *net.* Postage 18c.

Life and Letters of John Rickman By ORLO WILLIAMS

"A book that should prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of Charles Lamb and his circle, apart from the individual interest attaching to its subject."—*Westminster Gazette.* "Altogether this is a most interesting and informing collection of letters."—*London Morning Post.* With 9 illustrations. $3.50 *net.* Postage 15 cents.

J. M. Synge: and the Irish Dramatic Movement
By FRANCIS BICKLEY

In this brief biography, Mr. Bickley, one of the ablest of the younger English critics, tells the story of Synge's brief but picturesque career and analyzes his work in a convincing and instructive way. With portrait. 75 cents *net.* Postage 5 cents.

Lafcadio Hearn By EDWARD THOMAS

A brief biographical and critical study of the life and work of Lafcadio Hearn. The little book will be most helpful to readers wishing to obtain in a small compass a compact account of Hearn with a critical summary of his work. With portrait. 75 cents *net.* Postage 5 cents.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

A History of the Presidency, from 1897 to 1909
By EDWARD STANWOOD

Gives authoritatively and with full detail a history of the Presidential elections in this country from 1897 to 1909. The book will be indispensable to every student of our history, government and politics, while in this current presidential year it is of course of special timeliness. $1.75 *net.* Postage extra.

Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages By SIDNEY HEATH

"Mr. Heath has brought together a vast amount of curious and interesting lore bearing on his subject. It is a very entertaining and informing volume, and one that should prove popular." —*London Daily Telegraph.* With 43 illustrations. $4.00 *net.* Postage 19 cents.

Egyptian Days By PHILIP S. MARDEN

This timely successor to Mr. Marden's successful travel books on Greece and Spain is like them in being an indispensable volume for the intending traveller, and even richer in entertainment and humor. With more than two score excellent illustrations from photographs and numerous maps. $3.00 *net.* Postage 19 cents.

Through the Heart of Africa By F. H. MELLAND and E. H. CHOLMELEY

This story of the adventures of two British explorers makes fascinating reading, while it throws important light upon many geographical, ethnological, and political problems. With 80 illustrations from photographs. $4.00 *net.* Postage 20 cents.

Belgium: the Land of Art By WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS

A clear and lucid account of Belgian history and of the development of its fine arts. The book has 16 carefully chosen illustrations, and should prove of distinct service to the increasing number of travellers who are visiting Belgium every year as well as to home students and club members. $1.25 *net.* Postage 12 cents.

Gallant Little Wales By JEANNETTE MARKS

Miss Marks, who has acquired fame for her intimate knowledge of Wales and Welsh history, here deals with the most picturesque regions of that country as well as with some of the more interesting phases of its present day life. The illustrations, from old prints in the possession of the author, add to the interest and value of the book. $1.25 *net.* Postage 10 cents.

The Holy Christian Church By R. M. JOHNSTON

This able and brilliant book by the author of "The Corsican" tells of the history of the Church from the beginning to the present day in a most compact, lucid and informing manner. $1.50 *net.* Postage 13 cents.

OF WIDE PUBLIC APPEAL

The Task of Social Hygiene By HAVELOCK ELLIS

This timely and important book deals in a most instructive and authoritative fashion with some of the most pressing and momentous questions of the day. "A singularly powerful book, the whole argument deserves careful study. It will supply much food for thought."—*London Daily Graphic.* $2.50 *net.* Postage 15 cents.

THE LATEST FICTION

The Preliminaries By CORNELIA A. P. COMER

"The three short stories which make up this little volume are worth reading for the wholesomeness of their true sense and their true feeling."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* $1.00 *net.* Postage 7 cents.

Concerning Sally By WILLIAM J. HOPKINS

An absorbing story of the development of an unusual girl. Mr. Hopkins will be remembered as the author of that charming idyl, "The Clammer." $1.35 *net.* Postage 11 cents.

THREE NEW EDITIONS

The First Complete Pocket Edition of

The Writings of Bret Harte

Overland Edition, in 19 volumes. With photogravure frontispieces. Bound in flexible leather. Each, narrow 16mo, $1.50 *net.* Postage extra.

Among distinctively American contributions to literature, Bret Harte's works take rank with Cooper's and Hawthorne's. This new edition offers his stories in a most acceptable form and at a popular price.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, Early Tales, etc.
Tales of the Argonauts.
The Story of a Mine, etc.
In the Carquinez Woods, etc.
Maruja, and Other Tales.
The Crusade of the Excelsior, etc.
Cressy, and Other Tales.
A First Family of Tasajara, etc.
A Waif of the Plains, etc.
In a Hollow of the Hills, etc.
Thankful Blossom, Eastern Tales, etc.
Poems, Two Men of Sandy Bar, etc. Index to Poetical Works.
Gabriel Conroy, Bohemian Papers, etc., 2 vols.
Three Partners, and Other Tales.
The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, and Other Stories.
A Niece of Snapshot Harry's, etc.
A Treasure of the Redwoods, etc.
Trent's Trust, etc. With Glossary, Index to Characters, and Index to Prose Writings.

The Latest Riverside Set

The Writings of George Eliot

Riverside Edition, in 22 volumes. With photogravure frontispieces. Each, 12mo, $1.25 *net.* Postage extra. The set in cloth, $27.50 *net;* in half calf, $52.50 *net;* in half morocco, $66.00 *net.*

At the present time, more than half a century since the production of her first book of fiction, the writings of George Eliot are more widely read than ever before. This edition will make a welcome addition to any household library.

Scenes of Clerical Life. 2 vols.
Adam Bede. 2 vols.
Mill on the Floss. 2 vols.
Silas Marner and Brother Jacob.
Romola. 2 vols.
Felix Holt. 2 vols.
Middlemarch. 3 vols.
Daniel Deronda. 3 vols.
The Spanish Gypsy.
Poems.
Theophrastus Such, etc.
Essays. 2 vols.

American History in a Popular Set

The Historical Works of John Fiske

Popular Edition, in 11 volumes. With maps. 16mo, $10.00 *net.* Carriage extra. (Sold only in sets.)

Fiske's Histories are everywhere recognized as works of great brilliancy. His wonderful clearness of perception, his depth of thought, his genuine scholarship, and the brilliancy of his style, have caused his writings to be sought for by all classes of readers, more and more each year, as these qualities come to be more widely known.

The present Popular Edition offers his complete Historical Works in a convenient and attractive form and at a very reasonable price.

Illustrated Fall Bulletin sent **FREE** on request.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, 4 Park Street, BOSTON

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

(Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.)

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50 *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, *New York.*

Publication Office, 20 *Vesey Street.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 297

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Wilson in Connecticut 300
A Progressive Illusion 300
From His "Practical" Past 301
Professing Literature 302
Books for the Busy Man 303

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

International Congress for the History of Religions 304
News for Bibliophiles 306

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Pendulum Swings Back 306
A Central Parliament for Europe.... 307
College Athletics in the Northwest.... 307
Presidential Experience 307
Gentlemen at the Wicket 307
Should Our Militia Service Be Compulsory? 307

LITERATURE:

The Life of Andrew Jackson........ 307
The Black Pearl—Friar Tuck: Being the Chronicles of the Rev. John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A... 308
Marie 309
Where There's a Will 309
Who? 309
The Secret of Lonesome Cove........ 309
The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912 309
Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament 310
Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London 311

NOTES 311

SCIENCE:

Animal Life in Africa 314

DRAMA AND MUSIC 315

ART:

Engraved Gems 316

FINANCE:

Taking Europe's Gold 317

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 318

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

NEW BOOKS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Courts, The Constitution, and Parties

Studies in Constitutional History and Politics. By ANDREW C. MCLAUGHLIN, Professor of History in the University of Chicago.

The work consists of five papers, the first of which discusses the power of a court to declare a law unconstitutional. Two deal with the growth and essential character of political parties, and are followed by one on the history of differing theories of the Federal Union. The work fittingly concludes with a discussion of the written constitution in some of its historical aspects. 308 *pages,* 12*mo, cloth, postpaid,* $1.63.

American Poems

Selected and edited with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies. By WALTER C. BRONSON, Professor of English Literature, Brown University.

The book offers a most carefully chosen and well-balanced presentation of the poetic works of Americans, covering the entire period of our history. For the teacher as well as the student the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the comprehensive Notes, Bibliography, Glossary, and Index. It is believed that the book will have the wide popularity of Mr. Bronson's earlier collection, English Poems, which has been adopted by all leading American colleges. 680 *pages,* 12*mo, cloth, postpaid,* $1.68.

The Minister and the Boy

By ALLAN HOBEN, Associate Professor of Homiletics in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

From the first chapter on "The Call of Boyhood," through one on "The Approach to Boyhood," the author leads us by suggestion and informing principles to realize the enormous opportunity afforded by the raw material, "boy," on which the minister may work. Later chapters on play and vocational choice show how to train the boy for citizenship, how responsive he is to the right sort of impetus, and how his religious life may indirectly, and even unconsciously, be stimulated by the proper appeal to his manly instincts, while furnishing him with a normal outlet for his natural enthusiasm.

Illustrated, 180 *pages,* 12*mo, cloth, postpaid,* $1.10.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Just Published:

QUAINT OLD STORIES TO READ AND ACT

Edited by MARION F. LANSING.

35 cents

This latest addition to the *Open Road Library* comprises twenty-nine tales gathered from the folk literatures of England, Denmark, Greece, and the Orient, rewritten in dramatic form for reading and dramatization in the primary grades. Nonsense stories, fairy tales, and wisdom stories are equally represented and are by turns merry, instructive, and full of surprise—just the sort to appeal to little folks.

The Open Road Library.

RHYMES AND STORIES........35 cents
QUAINT OLD STORIES..........35 cents
FAIRY TALES (two volumes) each 35 cents
TALES OF OLD ENGLAND......35 cents
LIFE IN THE GREENWOOD.....35 cents
PAGE, ESQUIRE, AND KNIGHT..35 cents

GINN AND COMPANY
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Just Published

SMITH'S PUPIL'S NOTEBOOK AND STUDY OUTLINE IN ENGLISH HISTORY

By **Francis A. Smith,** Head of History Department, Girls' High School, Boston.

25 cents

So planned as to give the pupil the best understanding of English history and the clearest idea of the relative importance of events.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

"TO LIBRARIANS"

It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Educational

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS SHOULD READ

The English Journal

A Professional Magazine of the Highest Class

James Fleming Hosic, Chicago Teachers College, Managing Editor.

$2.50 a year; 30 cents a number.

THE ENGLISH JOURNAL
68th St. and Stewart Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE STATE

ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

SOME OF LITTLE, BROWN & CO.'S AUTUMN PUBLICATIONS

THE NEW GRANT WHITE SHAKESPEARE Pocket Edition.
Richard Grant White's authoritative text. Edited by William P. Trent, Benjamin Wells, and John B. Henneman. *With 48 photogravure plates. 12 vols., 18mo, full limp leather, $1.50 net per volume.*

A POLISH EXILE WITH NAPOLEON
By G. L. DE ST. M. WATSON
Rich in material, illuminating the St. Helena period. *Illustrated. 8vo, gilt top, $3.50 net; by mail, $3.65.*

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR AND ITS HIDDEN CAUSES **By EMILE OLLIVIER**
A masterly work on an important event in history. *With portraits. 8vo, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.68.*

ROMANTIC DAYS IN THE EARLY REPUBLIC **By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD**
Depicts vividly the social history of the old Atlantic seaboard cities. *Profusely illustrated. In box, $2.50 net.*

A BOOK OF HAND-WOVEN COVERLETS **By ELIZA CALVERT HALL**
The first book on old-time coverlets, enumerating 350 varieties. *With 64 plates, etc. 8vo, $4.00 net; by mail, $4.20.*

HISTORIC SUMMER HAUNTS
By F. LAURISTON BULLARD
Describes historic landmarks along the New England coast from Newport to Portland. *With 32 sketches in tint by Louis H. Ruyl. Boxed, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.70.*

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES **By T. D. ATKINSON**
Historical and architectural descriptions of famous edifices. *Illustrated in color. 8vo, boxed, $3.50 net.*

THE PARTY BOOK
By WINNIFRED FALES and M. H. NORTHEND
A comprehensive work on party-giving, invaluable to every hostess. *Fully illustrated. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.16.*

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION **By MAUDE M. HOLBACH**
Recalls one of the most interesting characters in history. *With 32 full-page illustrations. 8vo, $4.00 net; by mail, $4.18*

JOHN HANCOCK, THE PICTURESQUE PATRIOT **By LORENZO SEARS**
A genuine biography of a striking personality. *Photogravure frontispiece. 12mo. $1.50 net; by mail, $1.61.*

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE
By LACY COLLISON-MORLEY
An invaluable book on Italian literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. *12mo, $1.75 net; by mail, $1.89.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW **By EDWARD JENKS**
Covers the whole ground in due proportion and in a readable manner. *8vo, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.21.*

THE ROMANCES AND TRAVELS OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER Pocket Edition.
Translated and edited by Professor F. C. de Sumichrast, of Harvard. *Romances, in 10 vols., with 30 photogravure plates. Full limp leather, $15.00 net. Sold only in sets, Travels, in 7 vols., with 21 photogravure plates. $1.50 net per vol.*

INTIMATE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON III. **By BARON D'AMBES**
The private diary of a life-long friend of Louis Napoleon. *Fully illustrated. 2 vols. 8vo, gilt top, $6.00 net.*

MYTHS OF THE MODOCS
By JEREMIAH CURTIN
A valuable addition to the folklore of America. *8vo, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.20.*

A MANUAL OF SHOEMAKING
By WILLIAM H. DOOLEY
The first American text-book on the subject. *Fully illustrated. 12mo, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.65.*

THE BROAD HIGHWAY **By JEFFERY FARNOL**
New illustrated holiday edition of Jeffery Farnol's masterpiece. *With 24 full-page colored plates by C. E. Brock. 8vo, boxed, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.21.*

COLONIAL HOMES AND THEIR FURNISHINGS **By MARY H. NORTHEND**
A handsome volume, describing old-time houses and their contents. *With 100 full-page plates, etc. Royal 8vo, $5.00 net; by mail, $5.26.*

SWITZERLAND IN SUNSHINE AND SNOW **By E. B. D'AUVERGNE**
Treats of the life and customs of the Swiss people. *Fully illustrated. 8vo, boxed, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.18.*

TRAMP THROUGH TYROL
By F. W. STODDARD
Depicts the attractions and beauties of this crown land of Austria. *Fully illustrated. 8vo, $2.50 net; by mail, $2.63.*

LORDS AND LADIES OF THE ITALIAN LAKES **By EDGECUMBE STALEY**
Revives vanished scenes and fascinating people. *Fully illustrated. 8vo, $4.00 net; by mail, $4.15.*

LITTLE WOMEN **By LOUISA M. ALCOTT**
Players' edition of Miss Alcott's masterpiece. *Illustrations from scenes in the play. 8vo, $1.50 net; by mail $1.66.*

WOMAN IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA **By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE**
A historical review of woman's activities in our development. *Illustrated. 12mo, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62.*

A HISTORY OF ROMAN LAW
By ANDREW STEPHENSON
A clear account of the history of Roman legal institutions. *8vo, $3.00 net; by mail, $3.22.*

Fiction

A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS
By MARY E. WALLER
A powerful story of present-day life in New York and French Canada. *With frontispiece by Arthur I. Keller, $1.30 net; by mail, $1.42.*

THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
In which an unromantic young Englishman learns a few things about women. *Illustrated. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.36.*

GOOD INDIAN **By B. M. BOWER**
Another realistic Western ranch story by the author of "Lonesome Land." *Illustrated. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.36.*

THE WHITE BLACKBIRD
By HUDSON DOUGLAS
An amazing adventure story with a charming heroine. *Illustrated in color. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.36.*

PRIDE OF WAR **By GUSTAF JANSON**
Remarkable stories showing the tragedies of the Turko-Italian War. *$1.30 net; by mail, $1.42.*

THE DESTROYING ANGEL
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
A rapid-fire story of a beautiful woman's love, by the author of "The Bandbox." *Illustrated. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.36.*

ALL THE WORLD TO NOTHING
By WYNDHAM MARTYN
A realistic tale of man's fight against great odds. *Illustrated. $1.25 net; by mail, $1.36.*

A LITTLE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
Stories of Christmas Eve in New York. *Illustrated in color. $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., 34 Beacon Street, BOSTON

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

TRAVEL, HISTORY

BRYCE. South America: Observations and Impressions. By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, *Author of "The American Commonwealth."*	*Cloth, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.70*
LOWELL. The Government of England. Revised edition, with additional chapter. Two vols. By A. Lawrence Lowell, *President Harvard University.*	*Cloth, $4.00 net; carriage extra*
CHANNING. A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Vol. III, "The American Revolution, 1760-1789."	*Cloth, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.77*
COMAN. The Economic Beginning of the Far West. By Katharine Coman, *Author of "The Industrial History of the United States."* Maps. Illustrations. Two volumes.	*Cloth, $4.00 net the set; carriage extra*

PUBLIC QUESTIONS, Etc.

CLARK. The Control of Trusts. By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark. Revised edition.	*Cloth, $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.10*
CLOPPER. Child Labor in City Streets. By Edward N. Clopper. Illustrated.	*Cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.33*
GODDARD. The Kallikak Family. By Henry H. Goddard. Illustrated.	*Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.62*
ROBERTS. The New Immigration. By Peter Roberts, *Author of "Anthracite Coal Communities."* Illustrated.	*Cloth, $1.60 net; postpaid, $1.73*

PHILOSOPHY

FULLERTON. The World We Live In. By George Stuart Fullerton (*Columbia University*).	*Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.63*
HOFFDING. A Brief History of Modern Philosophy. By Dr. Harald Hoffding (*University of Copenhagen*). Trans. by C. F. Sanders (*Pennsylvania University*).	*Cloth, $1.60 net; postpaid, $1.73*
ARMSTRONG. Just Before the Dawn. The Life of the Japanese Sage Sontoku. By Robert C. Armstrong.	*Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.62*

RELIGION

LEUBA. A Psychological Study of Religion. Its Origin, Function and Future. By James H. Leuba (*Bryn Mawr*).	*Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.15*
BARTON. The Heart of the Christian Message. By Dr. George A. Barton (*Bryn Mawr*).	*Cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.35*
GILBERT. Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, *Author of "The Interpretation of the Bible," etc.*	*Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.62*

LITERATURE, ORATORY

FOWLER. A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C. By Henry Thatcher Fowler (*Brown University*).	*Cloth, $2.25 net; postpaid, $2.42*
SMITH. The Spirit of French Letters. By Mabell S. C. Smith.	*Cloth, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.62*
WINTER. Public Speaking; Principles and Practice. By I. L. Winter (*Harvard University*).	*Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.15*

DRAMA, POETRY

ZANGWILL. The Next Religion. By Israel Zangwill, *Author of "The War God," etc.*	*Cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.34*
GIBSON. Fires. By W. W. Gibson, *Author of "Daily Bread," "Womenkind," etc.*	*Cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.35*
HALLOCK. Introduction to Browning. By Ella B. Hallock. Frontispiece.	*Cloth, 75c. net; postpaid, 81c.*

ART, ARCHITECTURE

POWERS. Mornings with Masters of Art. By H. H. Powers.	*Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.21*
WHITE. Successful Houses and How to Build Them. By Charles E. White, *M.A.I.A.* Illustrated.	*Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.22*

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY **64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.**

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1912.

The Week

The President deserves great praise for extending the classified service over the 36,000 fourth-class postmasters still outside of it. The history of civil service reform is as odd a series of spasmodic steps as could well be imagined. The idea has long been accepted by all parties, and has come to be singled out for especial notice from Presidential candidates. And yet, from the manner in which successive steps are taken, one ignorant of its successful working might suppose that in every fresh extension of the classified service there was a grave doubt whether it was a safe thing to break away from the spoils system. As a matter of fact, it may be doubted whether all the new devices for purifying our politics, such as Presidential primaries and corrupt practices acts, equal in importance this taking of myriads of offices out of the hands of those who would continue to make them the medium of political exchange.

The New Jersey Senatorial preference primaries constitute another milestone successfully passed by Gov. Wilson in his political progress. For an academic dabbler in public affairs, he seems to be doing pretty well. Indeed, in his own State he has turned the trick so completely that the difficulty is to remember that there ever was in New Jersey the condition that he has overthrown. In fact, when he met with uncompromising defiance the ex-boss's announcement of a desire to return to the United States Senate, the point was conspicuously raised against Gov. Wilson that he was simply fighting a dead man and deserved no credit for the performance. Well, for one thing, the man didn't know then that he was dead; and, for another, if he really was so dead that there was no merit in fighting him, that shows a clearness and completeness of performance on the part of Mr. Wilson that it would be hard to match in our political records. For it was not the killing of one boss, and letting another take his place; it was the uprooting of a system—and a bi-partisan system at that—which had been so impregnably intrenched in the State for many years that it had come to seem as much a part of the order of nature as the Jersey mosquito.

The obstinate refusal of the Republican party to die is well-nigh like a flying in the face of Providence. Besides, it is a flat defiance of the highest medical authority. Good Dr. Roosevelt on Saturday pronounced the Republican party dead, *secundum artem*. He listened for its heart-beats, held a mirror to its lips, and then turned to his Southern audience with the verdict: "The Republican party is dead." But the party itself persists in saying that, like the Irishman, it may be dead but is not conscious of it. It has a will to live which, after Dr. Roosevelt's sentence of death, is positively wicked. Why can it not be "resigned" and give up the struggle? Instead, we see it acting as if it were very much alive—holding conventions, making nominations, raising money, working like beavers, even pretending to be cheerful. President Taft actually has the impudence to assert that it is the Third Party which is dying, and that the Republicans are getting more vigorous and hopeful every day. Such effrontery naturally troubles good Dr. Roosevelt, who announces that he is again to sit on the corpse and prove by many infallible signs that life is extinct.

Mr. Taft carries his audacity even beyond the point of denying that he is a dead cock in the pit. He declares that he is going to be elected, and this largely on the very issue which the Third Party has sought to make so much of—that is, "passing prosperity round." This is what Roosevelt promises to do; but Taft asserts that his Administration has already done it. And he cites figures of railway earnings and manufacturing output and crop values in a way to enrage every true Progressive. For pledges of prosperity are those which are oftenest on Roosevelt's lips. He has whooped it up against the ruinous Democratic tariff policy in the finest standpat fashion, and has explained how his own unspecified revision of the tariff will make each section of the country that he visits rich and happy. Hence the peculiar turpitude of President Taft in now coming forward to claim the political benefits of prosperity as all his own. It is enough to make the Colonel swear that there is no such thing as loyalty to old friendship.

The singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" at the Republican State Convention plainly indicates that Mr. Barnes and his associates regard their own cause, too, as essentially a religious movement. Upon the two fundamental issues of the campaign Mr. Roosevelt and the old-line Republicans are therefore in harmony. Both parties are marching under Divine guidance to the defence of the protective system. There is no reason why the entire resources of the hymn-book should not be called into play. To the subdued strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" Mr. Hilles might expound the principles underlying Schedule K. Mr. Roosevelt himself could doubtless explain the precise difference between the cost of production in this country and abroad to the tune of "Jerusalem, the Golden." A diligent search of the hymnal will undoubtedly reveal other appropriate selections bearing upon the assurance of prosperity, the peril of foreign pauper competition, and the happy conditions prevailing in the Pittsburgh steel mills and the Lawrence woollen mills. Against such a formidable combination of psalmody and standpatism, piety and profits, how shall the Democrats hope to prevail?

There is a difference between laughing with a man and laughing at him. This distinction is the vital one to make in the case of Mr. Job Hedges, for years known as almost a professional humorist, but now the Republican candidate for the Governorship in New York. A long tradition has it that such a man labors under a handicap. His audiences will look for quips and quirks even when he is most seriously discussing grave affairs of state. Moreover, it is said that a democracy does not take kindly to the idea of putting a fellow of infinite jest into a position of great power. This they think is carrying the joke too far. Melancholy instances are cited of aspiring politicians who have lived to regret that they had ever tried in public to be as funny as they could. And there can be no doubt that in this regard Mr. Hedges has something to repent of and to try to live down.

Yet while Mr. Hedges has often provoked laughter—not invariably: some of his sallies have fallen very flat—the laughter has not been at his expense. People have not laughed *at* him. He has not made himself ridiculous. And along with his weakness for humorous turns in his speeches, he has shown real ability and decided force of character. It is by virtue of these qualities that he won the nomination at Saratoga, and it is by dint of them that he will attain whatever success comes to him in the campaign. We may be very sure that his speeches during the next month will be as sober and weighty as he can make them. He is not such a fool as to be deluded into thinking that the people want a flippant man for Governor, or that he can be floated into office on a wave of merriment. Lincoln was in private a renowned story-teller and a man of whimsical humor, but in his speeches he never made jokes.

In his strong and well-weighed declaration for a "free and unbossed" Convention at Syracuse, Gov. Wilson reaches the heart of his message when he says:

> The Democracy of New York is at a critical turning point in its history. The whole country awaits its action at Syracuse with deep attention and concern. Democrats everywhere look to it to set an example and vindicate the fair name of the party. They will feel the chill and discouragement very keenly if it should fail them, and will be stirred by added hope and enthusiasm if it should accomplish what is expected of it.

This is something very different from mere opposition to a particular candidate for the nomination. Nor can the requirement it sets forth as the just demand of "the whole country," as the object of "deep attention and concern" on the part of "Democrats everywhere," be met by the mere outward show of a "free and unbossed" Convention. The sentiment, now so thoroughly aroused, of uncompromising resistance to Tammany rule in this State, cannot be conciliated by putting forward any candidate whom the public regards as fundamentally identified with Tammany politics and whose nomination will have been the result of a pleasant understanding with Murphy.

Gov. Hadley's long-awaited statement of what he is going to do on November 5 shows him still valiantly uncertain. Roosevelt he seems to have dismissed from the possibilities, but he is not sure that he will vote for Taft either. If the President will only come out for Presidential primaries and a new basis for Southern representation in National Republican Conventions, then he will vote for him. The rather ridiculous position in which such an announcement would now leave Mr. Taft does not appear to have occurred to the Missouri Governor. But—and here is the serious portion of the Hadley explanation—if Mr. Taft does not come out for these things, then Mr. Hadley will not vote for anybody for the next President of the United States. Such an ultimatum must force a prompt and unconditional surrender, for who could contemplate the awful alternative thus threatened?

Here is President George F. Baer of the Reading System—widely known as "Divine Right Baer"—taking ten whole years to set the public right on a matter which, one would have supposed, it was decidedly to the interest of himself and his class to have set right promptly. Thus Sir Isaac Newton acted about the publication of the Principia, the enunciation of his great discovery of the law of gravitation; he would not give it to the world until he had completely cleared up the one apparent inconsistency which seemed to stand in the way of its unqualified acceptance. Probably if we knew more about the ways of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, or of still more ancient sages, we should find a willingness on their part to wait half a lifetime for the sake of giving out the result of their cogitations in the most perfect form of which it was capable. But that these leisurely habits have survived into our time, and especially in railway and mining circles, we should never have supposed. It would be interesting to know what have been the pros and cons in Mr. Baer's mind, during the past decade, as to the question of giving to the public, or withholding from it, the explanation he now presents of the alleged declaration at the time of the coal strike of 1902 that in his guardianship of the coal trade he was the representative of Divine Providence. For the explanation itself is simple to the last degree. He was replying, he says, to a minister who wished him to let Divine Providence settle the labor trouble, and was simply passing back to the well-intentioned clergyman the language he himself had used.

Senator Warren's reply to the charges of *Collier's* fills nine columns of the *Wyoming Tribune.* Parts of it are specific and convincing, but on other points, and these some of the gravest, he will have to say more before he can clear himself in the eyes of the impartial. His defence against the accusation that he had his son-in-law, Capt. John J. Pershing, jumped over the heads of 862 officers into a brigadier-generalship, seems to be complete. He declares that neither he nor any member of his family knew that such a person as Capt. Pershing existed until after Pershing and his friends had the promise of President Roosevelt that he should have the appointment. This statement is accompanied by a typical letter from the Colonel, dated November 18, 1910, in which the former President "cannot remember" whether Pershing was married or engaged to the Senator's daughter "at the time he won the victory because of which I promoted him," and cautiously remarks that "unless I am mistaken, you never spoke to me on the subject until I had announced that he was to be promoted." In any case, of course, he was promoted "strictly on his own merits." It is obvious that this letter, with its qualifying words, adds nothing to the Senator's defence, but on the contrary tends to weaken it. Senator Warren, too, should have known better than to talk about a man and his friends having "had the promise of President Roosevelt that he should be made a brigadier-general"; such language smacks of favoritism, and is far less categorical than the Colonel's smashing phrases of "purely on the merits" and "tissue of malicious falsehoods."

Upon the charges of having obtained Government land in Wyoming and Colorado by illegal methods, the Senator is less convincing. He quotes from reports of Federal officers who investigated these charges in 1889 and 1907, but these reports are as significant for what they do not say as for what they do. The first and more favorable report says:

> That he did reside on said land and probably for the period required by law, and used said land as a ranch and was also frequently in Cheyenne, I believe can be established by claimant.

But the second report apparently pays no attention to the complaint, which it quotes, "that the Warren Live Stock Company had for a number of years been maintaining an unlawful enclosure of public lands," contenting itself with finding that

> in August, 1907, the date when final investigation had been completed, no unlawful enclosure was being maintained by said company either in the State of Colorado or in the State of Wyoming.

And so the case was closed. The fact that, while the complaint was officially made in 1905, the report appeared two years later, and confined itself with notable exactness to the condition of things in August, 1907, seems to deserve some comment from the Senator.

Dismissals of students at a Southern university for a hazing which culminated in the death of a freshman should not be unthinkingly accepted as signifying a reaction in our colleges toward the anæmic ideals of other days. The faculties of the most red-blooded universities are compelled to take some action when relatives and friends of a slain student raise a clamor, but even if hazing should be seriously interfered with for a while here and there as a result, the fortunate opening of the football season just at this time will prevent any real retrogression in the direction of nervelessness and excessive devotion to mere study. We must ever be on our guard against the menace of the academic in our halls of learning, and especially this year, when the excitement of a Presidential campaign is likely to give a certain amount of stimulus to debating societies, if not, indeed, to courses in history and government. Luckily, the campaign is characterized in one party at least by vigorous epithet and pugnacious metaphor, which cannot be entirely without effect upon the English of undergraduate arguments. Next in educational value to fighting is making a fighting speech.

King William and the Battle of the Boyne were enlisted on the side of Ulster the other night in its fight against Home Rule. Despite the undoubted enthusiasm of the immense meeting at Belfast, however, the significant thing was the comparative absence of talk about armed resistance. Even Mr. Bonar Law wrote merely to assure the people of Ulster that they did not stand alone, but could rely upon the support of the whole Unionist party. This is hardly in the nature of news, and is certainly mildness itself beside some utterances which the Conservative leader has permitted himself. More sternly defiant was the announcement of Sir Edward Carson that the signing of the covenant "may be either the end or the beginning of drastic action." The net result of all this tumult and shouting is to leave the situation unchanged. Ulster is prepared to resist the "dissolution of the Union" to the last ounce of her supply of oratory and resolutions, and she likes to think and to be told that she is going to resort to more martial weapons when the right moment comes. But it is as certain as anything can be that if her hot-heads attempt any violence, they will promptly suffer a great disappointment in the attitude of no less a personage than Mr. Bonar Law himself and his Unionists. These men may be willing to encourage wild and whirling words about armed resistance, but they will be among the first to discourage its practice. Such conduct may not be altogether ingenuous, but its ultimate effect will not be on the side of the Ulster last-ditchers.

The Irish farmers are suffering heavily from the embargo put on the exportation of cattle by the British Government in consequence of the recent outbreaks of foot and mouth disease. This has been in effect now for several months, and is likely to last for a considerable time longer, as the disease is not yet completely under control. They usually supply England with quantities of sheep and pigs, and not a few goats. All this trade is now cut off, but it is in the cattle trade that they are the chief sufferers. This amounts annually to $50,000,000, in ordinary circumstances, and represents the sale of store stock raised specially for shipment to England and Scotland. The unlucky farmers have all this stock upon their hands, with no prospect of a market in the near future and no provision made for feed in the winter. The unusually wet summer has helped them somewhat, by supplying them with plenty of grass. But this relief is only temporary, and the time is rapidly approaching when they will find themselves loaded up with animals which are not fit to be killed and which can only be fed at a ruinous cost.

Spring has always been the open season for Balkan eruptions. The present unrest in the peninsula is directly traceable to the war in Tripoli. The seizure by Italy of several islands in the Ægean has raised the hope among the Panhellenists that the Turkish flag may never be raised again over the occupied territory, and that Greece will succeed to the inheritance. This possibility in turn has stirred patriotic aspirations in Bulgaria, and naturally when Bulgaria begins to make preparations, its traditional rival, Servia, commences to display symptoms of high fever. So far as Turkey is concerned, there is something in the suggestion that the Porte would not be averse to a trial of strength with Bulgaria, under cover of which the inevitable surrender of Tripoli to Italy might be accomplished. In case of a Turko-Bulgarian war, the chances are by no means all against the Turks. The Bulgarian army may be a very efficient instrument, but the fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier are well recognized.

Chinese political parties have been reduced at a stroke from six to two, the stroke being the combination of five of them into one. This one, which calls itself the Kuo Ming Tang, is evidently determined to make a strong bid for popular support. Not only its name, but its platform, indicates an ambition to be "The People's Very Own." It stands for the consolidation of the Republic, local self-government, the assimilation of the races, and international peace. All these, as the Shanghai *Mercury* remarks, are so extremely desirable, and so generally accepted as such, that the whole world might welcome them. This only shows, however, that the Chinese are getting on rapidly. More specifically, the new party seems to be opposed to Yuan Shi-Kai, an attitude that is regarded by the *Mercury* as satisfactorily definite, since this journal believes that there are in reality just two parties among the Chinese people, a pro-Yuan party and an anti-Yuan party.

WILSON IN CONNECTICUT.

It is an interesting fact that Gov. Wilson should have chosen what used to be known as "the land of steady habits" as the place in which to give fuller expression to his views on the programme of political radicals than he has done in any previous part of his campaign. The tone in which he addressed his Connecticut audiences was that of a radical speaking to conservatives. So far as regards the initiative, referendum, and recall he made no qualification of opinions favorable to these innovations that he has expressed elsewhere. He reaffirmed his opposition to the recall as applied to the judiciary, but apart from this he gave what looks like a blanket endorsement to the whole programme. With this position we cannot pretend to be in anything like entire agreement; furthermore, on a particular—and a very important—aspect of the initiative and referendum question, to which we shall refer in detail presently, we conceive that the Governor's statement of the case will prove misleading. Nevertheless, the speech stands out in marked and most favorable contrast with most of the current utterances in the Progressive campaign, and above all with the whole tone and temper of Mr. Roosevelt's agitation. We believe Mr. Wilson to be sincere when he makes such a declaration as this:

> We ought to go very slowly and very carefully about the task of altering the institutions we have been a long time in building up. I believe that the ancient traditions of a people are its ballast. You must knit the new into the old. If I did not believe that to be progressive is to preserve the essentials of our institutions, I, for one, could not be a Progressive.

We believe that, if entrusted with the powers and charged with the responsibilities of the office of President of the United States, both his official acts and the influence which he would exert by his addresses to Congress and the people would be in keeping with the sentiments here so emphatically expressed. Of these sentiments one finds little or no trace, either in the words or the acts of those who represent Rooseveltism, and certainly none at all in the conduct of the Colonel himself. This more than anything else makes us look upon the Progressiveness of Wilson and the Democratic party as a thing wide asunder from the Progressiveness of the Rooseveltians.

Mr. Wilson bases his support of the new political schemes upon the failure of our existing instrumentalities of government in many of the States to work out reasonably satisfactory results, or to reflect with reasonable correctness the deliberate desires of the communities they are supposed to represent. He states these things with emphasis, and we do not see how any one can sincerely deny that the emphasis is warranted. It is this fact which gives to the movement for the initiative and referendum such force as it has among sober and thinking people; and to some extent the same thing is true of the recall. But when it comes to the recall of judges, Mr. Wilson finds a permanent consideration bearing on the question which outweighs all that may be said about the evils for which it is proposed as a remedy. In order to justify his opposition to the recall of judges, he does not find it necessary to deny that there have been gross and flagrant abuses in judicial office. But he says, first, that the recall of judges is not the right way to remedy these evils, being a treatment of symptoms instead of the disease; and, secondly, that "the judiciary process is the last ultimate safeguard of the things that we want to hold stable in the country." In his speech at Kansas City on May 5, 1911, Mr. Wilson said:

> Their [the judges'] independence, their sense of dignity and of freedom, is of the first consequence to the stability of the State. To apply to them the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law is must respond to popular impulse and to popular judgment.

And we may conclude from the Connecticut speeches that his position on this subject is now what it was then.

We come now to the passage above referred to concerning the initiative and referendum. "Let no man deceive himself," said Mr. Wilson, "by the fallacy that anybody proposes to substitute direct legislation by the people, or the direct reference of laws voted in the Legislature to the vote of the people, for representative government." As may be seen by the context, the Governor meant in saying this that Constitutional provisions instituting the processes of initiative and referendum had been resorted to only in States in which the people "had become convinced that they did not have representative government"; but even if this context be born in mind, the assertion is almost sure to mislead. The latest event in this domain is the recasting of the Constitution of one of the greatest States in the Union, Ohio. The initiative, as now embodied in that instrument, permits the enactment of any amendment whatever to the Constitution itself, upon petition by one-tenth of the electorate and approval, at the next general election, by a majority of those actually voting on the proposal; and the enactment by popular majority of any law for which a petition has been sent to the Legislature by three per cent. of the electorate, upon the reinforcement of that petition by another three per cent. in the event of its rejection by the Legislature. All this may be wise, or it may be unwise; it may be necessary, or it may be unnecessary; but certainly few persons who stop to reflect on the compass of the Ohio innovation will be able to reconcile the facts with Mr. Wilson's assertion that whoever believes "that anybody proposes to substitute direct legislation by the people for representative government" is deceiving himself by a fallacy.

A PROGRESSIVE ILLUSION.

It seems worth while to enter a mild protest against the rapidly growing tendency to imagine that until there grew up a movement that called itself Progressive—with a big P—no progress was being made in the matters to which the Progressive label is now attached. Men and women who have labored for workmen's compensation acts, for limitation of women's working hours, for child-labor laws, for tenement and factory laws, and have achieved great results in a comparatively short time, have not been shouting from the housetops that they are Progressives, and have accomplished much progress in many States without attacking in any way the foundations of our system of government.

A curious minor instance of the tendency to which we refer is the widely prevailing belief—for which Judge Lindsey, we hasten to say, is not in the least responsible—that the idea of the juvenile court originated at Denver, whereas this institution had been in operation on a large scale in Chicago before it was introduced in the Colorado city. The commission form of government is a bold experiment, which was put into motion at Galveston under the stress of a practical exigency, and which rapidly spread to scores of other cities, without any stimulus from rhapsodical Progressivism. Public service commissions have been instituted in State after State, either under the pressure of general public sentiment or through the energetic labors of able and high-minded leaders like Gov. Hughes, who have not at all worn the label of the professional Progressive. That the Progressive movement, dating back to such agitations as that of La Follette in Wisconsin, has been an important factor in some or all of these things, we would not deny; but there is all the difference in the world between recognizing this influence and imagining that without it we should all have stood still or gone backward. And there is a practical difference between seeing the thing as it is and viewing it through a magnifying and distorting haze. In the one case we shall walk carefully and firmly, whereas in the other we are in danger of rushing into all sorts of follies under the impression that only so can we make any advance.

That our governmental machinery in State and nation has fallen far short of the ideal requirements of representative government is, unfortunately, only too true. Nevertheless, the degree of its shortcoming in relation to the great questions of public welfare with which the Progressive programme is concerned may easily be exaggerated; and, furthermore, there exists a widespread confusion of thought concerning the nature and the origin of its defects. A parliamentary system may fail to be representative either because it is hopelessly dominated by a ruling class, or because it is permeated by corruption. In our own country, in so far as representative institutions have failed, this has been chiefly because of the corrupting influence of machine politics and the boss system; and it would be a strange confession of ineradicable national weakness to suppose that this state of things is incapable of remedy. It is true that powerful interests have here and there controlled machines and bosses in order to block legislation demanded by the welfare of the masses; but it is far from true that the wealthy or prosperous classes as a whole, or in any great part, have taken their stand with these forces. The most that can be alleged as against these classes is indifference or inertia; which may, indeed, be reprehensible, but is so far from being invincible that it yields readily to any genuine and earnest effort for humane and beneficent legislation or administrative improvement.

It would be easy to cite innumerable examples of this, some of them very striking. One of the most recent is the enactment by the Maryland Legislature of a law limiting the hours of labor of women, which was carried to success in a short and spirited campaign, conducted chiefly by a few women, and in large measure by the enthusiastic efforts of a young girl hardly out of college. In Louisiana a few years ago one woman got the credit of having procured the enactment of a child-labor law by a Legislature which, at the beginning of its session, was regarded as immovably opposed to it. These, to be sure, are piecemeal achievements; but it has been the way of reforms in this country, to the need of which the public mind has been thoroughly awakened, to make rapid though piecemeal progress until they have, in a short time, covered the whole extent of the Union. This was the case, for example, with the Australian ballot, which has effected a fundamental and essential, though simple, reform in our whole political machinery; and workmen's compensation, the regulation of public service corporations, direct primaries, control of campaign expenditures, are now going through the same history.

Imperfect as may be the representative character of our legislative systems, they do respond infallibly, though doubtless with some unnecessary delay, to the clearly and deliberately adopted desires of the community. And if legislation by direct vote of the people would expedite the process, it would, on the other hand, make possible conditions which cannot be viewed by sober-minded people without serious solicitude. There are proposals of a wholly different nature from any of those which we have mentioned—grave proposals which should not be adopted until it is known that they have the unmistakable approval of a deliberate, well-considered, and permanent public sentiment. When this is the case, they are sure, with more or less delay—delay essential to the establishment of this certainty—to be adopted under our present machinery. Our Government may respond slowly, but it responds surely, to any demand truly bottomed on a sincere and solid public sentiment, truly representative of the settled desire of the community. But it does not permit the sweeping away of old institutions, or the establishment of fundamental and irreversible innovations, by a mere count of noses at a single popular election. It compels these new things to show their credentials. If they have the staying power necessary to overcome the natural resistance with which they are met at first, a second, and perhaps a third and fourth time, they will be adopted; if they have not, they fail because they have failed to prove their title in a manner befitting the gravity of the issues involved.

FROM HIS "PRACTICAL" PAST.

Little that is absolutely new, but much that is overwhelmingly confirmatory, was brought out Monday by the Senate committee inquiring into the relations of E. H. Harriman and Theodore Roosevelt from 1901 to 1906. We see the then President on the most friendly and even intimate terms with the railway magnate whom he afterwards denounced as an "undesirable citizen." He showered attentions upon Harriman. He rained invitations upon him. Wouldn't he be in Washington soon? Couldn't he come to luncheon? How would Monday at 1:30 do? If not then, what did he say to dinner on Wednesday or Thursday? President Roosevelt sent Harriman copies of his messages and addresses. He consulted him about appointments to office. From him he accepted with thanks congratulations on his renomination by the Republican Convention in which, Mr. Harriman wrote, "I was only too glad to have been able to take part." And Roosevelt did not demur when Harriman expressed his readiness to "exercise my influence" in the campaign for the President's reëlection. On the contrary, he wrote that "as soon as you come home I shall want to see you." The whole picture is of two souls with but a single political thought.

Now, it is said that all this relates to far-off unhappy things. That was 1904; we are in 1912. Yes, but we cannot rightly get our bearings in 1912 till we know exactly what the man of this year was doing eight years ago. Moreover, in this very year of 1912 Col. Roosevelt has put forth again a version of his connection with Harriman which is broken down by the fresh material now brought to light. For example, in his letter to Sherman, re-published by himself with approval just a month ago, he declared, after quoting certain of the letters that passed between him and Harriman, that they were "incompatible with any theory that I was asking Mr. Harriman to come down to see me in my own interests or intended to make any requests of any kind for help from him." The view which Mr. Roosevelt wished to be accepted was that he had seen Mr. Harriman purely on that gentleman's initiative, just as he felt it his duty to receive at the White House labor leaders or cowboys or prizefighters. But this convenient gloss upon his intercourse with Harriman is completely swept away by the President's cordial notes to the wicked financier, now first published.

Fully as awkward for Roosevelt is the evidence submitted in respect to Harriman's contribution of 1904. The ex-President has repeatedly denied, in the first place, that he asked Mr. Harriman for money, and has asserted, secondly, that whatever he gave was not to the National Republican Committee, but to the New York State campaign fund. Against this we now have both oral testimony and documentary evidence. Two men now make oath that Mr. Harriman told them at the time that President Roosevelt had sent for him to help finance his campaign. These are Mr. Harriman's private secretary and his personal counsel. It is first-hand testimony that they give, and the best that is attainable, since Mr. Harriman is no longer living. It will be noted that it confirms absolutely the statement of ex-Gov. Odell before the committee. Harriman may have been mistaken, but there can be no doubt that he thought Roosevelt wanted him to make a large contribution. And the fact that he did it is certain. At last we have Treasurer Bliss's receipt for $50,000, given to Mr. Harriman on November 2, 1904. There was no Higgins or Odell string to this; it was money given directly to Roosevelt's Treasurer, just as Mr. Harriman said. On that point there is an end of controversy.

The whole case, however, is one in which the separate details, no matter how important, do not count so much as the entire mass. What we have is a general revelation of the sort of thing that was going on. We get the very atmosphere of the time. That a sordid and bargaining spirit was then regnant in our politics is put by the evidence beyond dispute. Roosevelt was terribly nervous and worried about his election—unduly so, as everybody can now see. Large financial interests had been chilled by some things he had done, and he set himself the task of warming them in his support. His letters to Harriman show how he went about the job. Personal invitations, flattery, cajolery, the desire to "talk things over"—all these means, and doubtless many others, were used to bring about what we know to be the fact, namely, that the leading corporate managers finally decided, only late in the campaign, and more or less reluctantly, to finance Roosevelt. This was made known to Judge Parker, and was really the basis of his belated attacks upon Roosevelt. Little by little the tell-tale facts have come out. The insurance investigation of 1906 made a beginning, with the revelation of the way in which Perkins had diverted the funds of the New York Life—a way which the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals declared to be criminal—to the service of Roosevelt. From that down to this year's Senate inquiry, the uncovering of the truth has been going on, until now the wayfaring man knows where Roosevelt got his campaign funds in 1904.

Upon only one point will we add a comment. It is said that Roosevelt made no promises. There was no bargain. But by the men with whom he was dealing this was not thought necessary. Their understandings in such affairs were always tacit. If a man took their money, they expected him to act accordingly. And this must have been perfectly well known to Roosevelt. Yet he took the money and then did not live up to the implied agreement. He sought their help and then sold them out. This is what they have consistently said ever since, and it is an interpretation which the ugly facts bear with ease.

PROFESSING LITERATURE.

The vague but persistent feeling on the part of students and the general public that the teaching of literature at the present time is no better than it should be has found voice again in an address of Sir Gilbert Parker before the Imperial Conference of Teachers' Associations. Possibly out of courtesy to his audience, the speaker conceded that modern methods of instruction have improved, but the burden of his message was a somewhat bitter charge that the prevailing system is hostile to the originality and independence of the student. When the professor of literature and the literary man fall out, as not infrequently happens, the public, which has its own grievances, is likely to side with the man of letters as probably the more valuable, and certainly the more entertaining, member of the commonwealth. Commenting sympathetically upon the speech of the novelist, the Manchester *Guardian* gave this diagnosis of the case:

> The trouble is that a sort of mandarin learning tends to settle on English literature when it is badly taught, and turns it into a subject about as stimulating to the mind as the collection of postage stamps or cigarette pictures. Badly taught, it accumulates a minute lore of small facts and allusions, and worse still, it has settled exactly the relationship of every writer to every other writer, his indebtedness to every influence, and exactly what the student ought to think of him. The whole thing could be learned by heart by any one with a good memory without reading a single line of English except the illustrative quotations.

This is doubtless crediting the professor of literature with considerably more than he claims for himself; this perfect science of literary history is not his present state, but the far-off divine event towards which his whole creation moves. If he were actually there, he would probably confront Sir Gilbert Parker and the *Guardian* with the bewildered question, "What else do you expect of me and what more do you want?" And they, exactly as dissatisfied as before, would pause and grope for a reply, as most of us are doing in advance. They might hastily retort that he had defrauded them, that they had come to study with him the great monuments of English literature, and that he had lured and enticed them into the pursuit of a purely academic and antiquarian science of his own. They might—more prudently—admit that accumulated small facts and allusions and relations and influences constitute a considerable part of the subject matter of literature which is directly teachable. And yet they would protest with deep earnestness that the one thing needful was forgot.

Precisely what the great teacher gives to his students which cannot be gained from a text-book or even from the "Cambridge History of English Literature" is not so clear. If you interrogate men who have read "Don Quixote" with Lowell, or Dante with the late Professor Norton, you are likely to be put off with obscure phrases: it was something in their "brilliant digressions"; it was the "amenity of their personal atmosphere"; it was an indefinable "illumination." Most witnesses testify to a certain inner commotion and change which helped them to find themselves. The gift that we are seeking is what the ingenuous Boswell found in himself after a talk at the Mitre with Johnson. It is the virtue that William Hazlitt discovered in his own breast when he touched the hem of the mystical robes of Coleridge. It is the quickened drum-beat that Froude heard in his own pulses when the river of Carlyle's talk flowed over him. To return to the class-room, it is the gift that the young woman sought when she said to her teacher of Shakespeare, "This is all very interesting, but when do we come to the *deep* things?"

The mere professor in the teacher's chair regards such a question as an indication of most culpable callousness, and he seeks to draw the questioner's attention to more wholesome topics, such as the authenticity of the signatures or the chronology of the three parts of "Henry VI." But the anointed teacher, with a right reverence for the personality of his students, looks upon such a query as a token of spiritual grace and a hint of the improvable greatness in our natures. He knows that the simple-hearted hunger of these young and plastic souls for the magnificent and consolatory things with which he is presumably conversant is his appointed opportunity. Himself primarily concerned with the "deep things," he conceives highly of the function of literature and its interpreters, and presses constantly forward through grammars and lexicons and libraries towards a clearer apprehension of those profound currents of feeling and those master ideas which produce world-literature, and from generation to generation shape the destinies of men. He does not meet his students always with a philological journal in his hands, but sometimes with a fine idea in his head. For your true teacher, as distinguished from your popular trifler and your cataloguer and your antiquarian and your descriptive historian, is by necessity what Carlyle called a "believing soul," and he does not shirk the responsibilities of leadership. His colleagues live in a desperate and ill-grounded fear of turning the beam by throwing into the scale the weight of their own judgment; they do not wish to "bias" the minds of their pupils. He, on the other hand, believes that the first step towards intellectual independence is the recognition of intellectual constraint. He believes in giving his pupils something to react against. He is aware that most are intellectually shapeless and inarticulate, incoherent and purposeless. They are full of miscellaneous information and vague appetites and undirected potentialities. They cannot understand why the French and the Russians quarrel about their literary gospels as seriously as they quarrel about their politics and their religion. They are in need of what the leader of a literary movement gives to his followers and what a timid professorial ethics proscribes—a definite point of view and the rudiments of a literary platform. He leads them to a position from which they can see for themselves the natural links and alliances between literature and the other living issues of the day and age. He gives, in short, the one thing needful that was not in the text-book: the kindling touch to the judgment and the will, which persuades a man that literature contains important ideas of truth and beauty that concern *him*. The teacher of literature who has not this gift, though he chart the course from Cædmon to Corelli, is a failure. He will kindle no torch.

BOOKS FOR THE BUSY MAN.

What books shall a man read who has but little time for reading? There are thousands of men in business life and in the professions to whom the question is very real. On the one hand there is the desire to keep one's self from being completely absorbed in the daily struggle for existence. The longing for the printed word can never be quite extinguished where once the appetite has been indulged. The memory persists of those spacious realms of human thought into which one just caught a distant glimpse during the pleasant, idle days at college, and cheerfully passed by. On the other hand there is the discouraging reflection that such reading as one undertakes must be necessarily carried on by fits and starts, prolonged over ridiculous periods of time, and without assurance that the book begun will ever be finished. Under such circumstances the proper answer would seem to be that if the busy man of the world is to do any serious reading at all, he must read little books, or else bigger books condensed for the purpose of rapid consumption. Such at least is the belief of the publishers in this country and in England, as appears from the present profusion of literary handbooks, scientific handbooks, historical primers, and the like. The presumption is that the tired business man will pluck up the necessary courage when confronted by a thin, small volume which can be disposed of in a few half-hours.

Experience, however, by no means justifies such a conclusion. It is no paradox to state that, for the man who has little time for reading, the only proper book is the very big book; and if the book consists of half-a-dozen volumes, so much the better. In this connection we may quote a bit of sound advice administered the other day by President Butler of Columbia to an audience made up of men who, like the busy man of the world, seem to find little time for reading—namely, our college undergraduates. "Resolve to pass the year," said Dr. Butler, "in company with some one high and noble character." And he went on:

> Let the year be made noteworthy by passing it in company with the poetry of Alfred Tennyson. Or, if in another mood, pass the year in close and familiar company with the essays of Emerson, or with that masterpiece of biography, Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone." The nineteenth century left no nobler or more inspiring life than that of Pasteur. Perhaps you may prefer to pass the year in company with that life as told by Vallery-Radot.

The point is that a man should choose a big book for companionship, and, having made his choice, should be content to spend a year in its company. The speaker had in mind the moral influence of such an exercise. But it has also educational and recreative value. With the same amount of time and attention to invest, the casual reader will derive a higher profit by making his investment in one solid piece of work than in a dozen scattered volumes.

We may take specific examples. Smith

confesses that, with a great fondness for historical reading and with little time to indulge his passion, he chances upon Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." As it turns out, the press of business compels Smith to spend several months even over that admirable example of compact historical writing. Under such circumstances what use is there in trying? But perhaps we shall find another reason for Smith's slow progress with Mr. Bryce's book if we compare his case with that of Robinson, a business man like Smith, laboring under approximately the same disadvantages. Robinson's choice fell upon the six volumes of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." It was a stupendous task, but Robinson set himself no daily stint and no time limit. He simply made Frederick the Great his principal intellectual concern for an indefinite future. He read little at first, but gathered impetus as he went on. It resulted in Frederick the Great and Thomas Carlyle and Robinson being brought together in an intimate companionship that constituted one of the deepest sources of pleasure to the least celebrated man of the three. It may be confessed that Robinson was at times in danger of becoming a nuisance to his friends. His anecdotes were no longer about his latest-born but about the man who laid the foundations of modern Germany. Robinson seemed also in danger of losing all sense of proportion between present and past. Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt interested him chiefly because they reminded him of something in those six heavy volumes by Carlyle.

We have spoken of history because that is a field which, for obvious reasons, exercises a broader appeal than any other form of literature outside of fiction. Robinson chose Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" as much, undoubtedly, for the sake of Carlyle as for the sake of Frederick. This is proved by the fact that after he had finished with Frederick, Robinson passed on—we are discussing an authentic case—to Carlyle's Cromwell. Robinson would have chosen well if he had taken Macaulay's England in five volumes. He would probably have fared well with Gibbon's Rome. He might have done well with Grote's Greece. For Robinson had this great advantage over Smith who began with Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire": he found in the array of volumes a breadth of horizon, a dramatic sweep of narrative, a world of human action and human character and human motive which the most perfect handbook on history can never hope to provide. In other words, once Robinson had conquered his initial awe of the vast stretch of pages before him, their very amplitude became an attraction. He had made acquaintance not with a book, but with a world. His half-hour's reading at night speedily ceased to be an exercise, and became a habit.

So much for the ultimate ease with which big books can be read. Of their value there can, of course, be no question. No man can spend half a year with Gibbon or Macaulay or Carlyle without finding his mental stature expanding in that high company. Even if Robinson had not passed on from Frederick to Cromwell, he would have gained a great deal. For he would have accomplished what the best type of thinker and writer tries to achieve, he would have attained, in degree, the ideal of the true scholar; namely, the mastery of one small field of human knowledge. With a mind trained in that one field, Robinson, in his humble way, is the better prepared to approach life, men—and other books.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

LEIDEN, September 14.

The choice of Leiden for this fourth meeting, September 9-13, was particularly appropriate. Next to France, no other country has done so much to advance the historical study of religion as Holland. More than thirty years ago chairs for the subject were established at her four universities in Leiden, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Groningen. These were the first chairs of the kind, and the work done at Leiden acquired special prominence through the international reputation achieved by the first occupant, the late Prof. C. P. Tiele.

About 300 scholars from all parts of the world gathered on Tuesday morning at the Stadszaal, for the opening ceremonies. The Governments of Belgium, Denmark, the United States, France, Italy, Japan, Holland, Norway, Russia, and Sweden had sent official delegates, as did the leading universities of Europe and America and a number of learned societies. The United States was officially represented by Prof. T. C. Hall of Union Theological Seminary, Prof. B. W. Bacon of Yale University, and Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. In addition, the American Philological Association was represented by Prof. J. B. Carter, the director of the American School of Art and Archæology at Rome, the American Historical Association by Prof. H. V. Ames of the University of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society, and the American Oriental Society by Professor Jastrow. The American Government's delegates also acted as representatives of the institutions with which they are connected.

The sessions of the eight sections into which the Congress was divided were held in the lecture-halls of the University—a venerable structure, rendered still more impressive by the long array of distinguished scholars whose portraits adorn the walls of the senate-room. Some seventy papers were presented, embracing the entire range of the history of religions—primitive cults, the religions of China and Japan, the older Semitic religions, Islamism, the religions of India and Persia, of the Greeks and Romans, of the Celts and Teutons, and finally Christianity.

In the first section, devoted to the general and comparative aspects of the subject and to questions of method, the three most important contributions were by Goblet d'Alviella on the manner in which the historical and comparative methods are to complement each other in the science of religion; by Prof. A. Bertholet of Basel on the Atonement Idea in Religion, and by Prof. D. Titius on the origin of the belief in God.

Count d'Alviella defined the historical method as a study of the facts of religion from the point of view of time, while the comparative method looked at them from the point of view of space. In the interpretation of the facts ethnography can be of limited service only because, more particularly in the case of advanced peoples, the social and cultural conditions are factors that constantly vary and bring about divergent results.

Professor Bertholet's paper was an endeavor to show by means of the conception of Atonement how we are to proceed from a merely analytical presentation of religious phenomena to a synthetical view, so as to pave the way for a history of Religion as the goal lying beyond a mere history of religions. The Atonement Idea, traced analytically through all religions, may be defined as the restoration of a favorable relationship between man and God. In its earlier, more materialistic, phases, the Idea assumes, or is at all events compatible with the view that the gods are evilly disposed or subject to whims, but when it becomes religious these qualities are transferred from the gods (or from God) to man; and the anger of the Deity involved in the endeavor to bring about a reconciliation is ascribed to guilt on the part of man—a guilt conceived at first in its physical aspects but advancing to an ethical point of view.

Considerable discussion was aroused by Professor Titius's paper on the origin of the belief in God. The belief—however varied its manifestations—has an historical background and an historical origin, even though we must pass for its origin to what we term prehistoric conditions. The two chief and oldest factors leading to the belief in gods, according to Professor Titius, were the worship or respect paid to departed souls, and the adoration of the great forces of nature, but even the belief in "high gods" as found in Australia, Africa, etc., not associated directly with powers of nature, must be regarded as very old. This belief, however, leading eventually to the conception of a highest God, must not be placed at the beginning of a spiritual religious development, but represents a result of such development in one of its early phases. In the course of the discussion on this paper, Prof. T. C. Hall made the interesting suggestion that the attitude of the child towards its parents, and more particularly towards its mother, must be regarded as a factor in leading man to a belief in God.

Mention should also be made of the suggestive paper of Dr. K. Th. Preuss of Berlin, on the religious basis of exogamy, in which he opposed the rationalistic theory which would ascribe the prohibition of marriage within a certain group to accidental circumstances. Social conditions, and more particularly the abhorrence of incest, represent the two factors involved. The nearest relations as the members of a group were regarded as a magic unity, corresponding to the tendency to regard groups of external objects, such as the starry heavens, the clouds, the various forms of fire, an animal or a plant species, as a magic unity—of which at the same time each specimen represents that unity. Applying this idea to social relations, we are led by a natural process to exogamy; and the institution was further reinforced by the dread of incestuous relations within the group—regarded as a unity—which is so very pronounced among primitive peoples.

Passing to the section of the Greek and Roman religions, first mention should be made of a paper by L. H. Farnell of Oxford, the author of the well-known work on "Greek Cults in Greek States." Mr. Farnell maintained as a general thesis that hero cults are not so ancient as has been supposed, and that so far from inspiring the epic poetry of Greece, it is the Greek epic that gave rise to the cult. He illustrated this by taking up the Hercules cult which, he showed by a detailed examination, rested upon the Homeric poems. A valuable paper was read by Dr. K. H. E. de Jong of The Hague, on the doctrine of astral bodies in neo-Platonism. Tracing the theory back to the materialistic view of the soul in Greek philosophy which still prevails in the systems of Plato and Aristotle, Dr. de Jong set forth the gradual transformation of this conception of the soul into an intangible substance capable of diffusing light and heat and variously pictured by neo-Platonic philosophers, like Plotinus and Porphyrius, as formed of the ether or of a substance akin to the sun or to the planetary spheres. It is not, however, till the time of Damascius that the soul is spoken of as an "astroid," by which was meant what we should call an "astral body"—belonging to the light substance of the heavens which entered the body at the time of birth. The popular vision of the soul ascending to heaven when it leaves the body is merely another phase of the neo-Platonic conception. A paper by Prof. W. N. Bates of the University of Pennsylvania, dealt with Ægean survivals in Greek religion as seen in vase-painting.

Professor Jastrow's paper on Babylonian, Etruscan, and Chinese Divination was an attempt to trace the spread of divination methods developed in the Euphrates Valley to the west and east. The general thesis was maintained that we are justified in seeking for direct connections between ancient civilizations in what may be termed the lower strata of culture—in fables, myths, folk-lore, and in rites of a distinctly popular origin such as are involved in endeavors to forecast the future.

In the Islamic section the two most notable papers were by Professor Littmann of the University of Strassburg and C. H. Becker of the Colonial Institute at Hamburg—two of the younger Arabists of Germany, who have already achieved an international reputation. Professor Littmann's contribution was an account of the life and exploits of Ahmed el-Bedawi, the most popular of the Mohammedan saints of Egypt, whose tomb at Tantar, between Alexandria and Cairo, has been a great gathering-place for Moslems from all parts of Egypt, ever since the death of Ahmed about 600 years ago. The usual marvellous stories are told about him: that he was born with all his teeth, and talked from the moment of his birth, and performed miracles of all kinds. His particular function was to recover lost property and to release prisoners from their captors; and to this day those who have incurred losses or who languish in prisons appeal to the saint. The interesting feature of the tales told about him in epic form by professional story-tellers is the attachment to him of myths and legends associated with great figures of the past. Even Joseph and Jesus contribute to the result.

Professor Becker's paper was on the development of the Islamic cult. He showed how closely in many respects the Catholic ritual was followed in the Friday service of the mosques, and how, also, the introduction of the pulpit in mosques and the attachment of the minaret or tower to the "house" or temple proper were due to Christian influences, just as the Mohammedan festivals are virtually Christian institutions, transferred and adapted to Islamism. The result of this influence was to change the mosque from a communal clubhouse—originally Mohammed's own house in Medina—in which the faithful gathered for all kinds of purposes, to a place set aside for worship and religious instruction.

A paper with direct bearings on present-day conditions was that of Dr. M. Hartmann of Berlin, who showed how Islamism had been combined in China with Confucianism; and he gave an interesting account of the spread of Islamism throughout the Chinese Empire. The Mohammedan theologians of China themselves recognize Confucianism as the "garment" of this religion, of which Islam represents the "nourishment."

Unusual interest was aroused in the section devoted to Christianity by a number of papers that marked a pronounced tendency among New Testament scholars away from the theory that early Christianity was developed largely under the influence of the mystic cults of Asia Minor. Such eminent authorities as Professors von Dobschütz of Heidelberg, Clemen of Bonn, Lincke of Jena, and K. Lake of Leiden appeared to be in accord in the view that we must seek for the explanation of the mystic elements in Christianity in movements of Jewish thought within Palestine.

Perhaps the most strikingly original paper was that by F. C. Burkitt of Cambridge, on the famous passage in Josephus's History in which Jesus is spoken of and which has been generally regarded as an interpolation by a Christian who felt offended by Josephus's silence. Mr. Burkitt put in a strong plea for the genuineness of the passage, on the ground that it is entirely in keeping with the style of Josephus and fits in well where it stands; he contended that a Christian would have made the reference to Jesus as the Messiah much stronger, and would have emphasized the significance of the crucifixion. The only words in the passage that might be regarded as pointing to a Christian author were those at the close, "This was the Christ"; but if we place the words "the Christ" in quotation marks as a reference to the view taken of Jesus by his followers, and not Josephus's own opinion, the objection that they could not have been penned by a believing Jew falls to the ground. In the discussion on the paper it was urged by Professor von Dobschütz that the interpolation was purposely put in such a form as to give the impression that it was written by Josephus, to which Professor Burkitt replied that, to assume such a subtle forgery, was virtually to admit that the passage could be genuine.

At the closing session on Friday morning, September 13, the announcement was made that invitations had been received from Heidelberg, Rome, and San Francisco to hold the next Congress—a gratifying indication of the interest taken in these gatherings of scholars devoted to the historical study of religions. The ultimate decision was left in the hands of the International Committee. The indications are that Heidelberg will be chosen, but a hope was expressed by many of the delegates that it might be possible to have the Congress meet at some time in the United States, perhaps in combination with the International Congress of Orientalists, the Congress of Archæologists, and the International Congress of Anthropologists.

The scientific meetings passed off without a jarring note. Despite the delicacy of some of the subjects presented, the discussions were entirely courteous, and the proof was once more furnished that it is possible to hold a congress of this kind without introducing "questions of religious belief," which the laws of the Congress distinctly exclude from consideration. M. J., JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Meredith was once guilty of a crime against his art. He permitted one of his greatest novels to appear in an incomplete and mutilated form. And poetic justice has ruled that an appropriate and, it may be, eternal punishment should be visited upon him. It has been his doom that thousands of readers should make their sole acquaintance with him through this pitiful, mutilated story. "Diana of the Crossways" was originally one of those "three-deckers" celebrated by Kipling. And it now appears, in authorized editions, a substantial book of forty-three fúll-bodied chapters. But many an unwary reader has taken home from the bookstall an attenuated volume whose twenty-six lean chapters will scarce more than provide an evening's entertainment. The story of Diana, in its complete form, leads to the happy marriage of the adventurous heroine with a wealthy railway magnate, the faithful servant of love marked from the first for the happy man. But in one flourishing form of the novel, the reader is barely assured of Diana's recovery from the shock of desertion, and is left to provide for her future out of his own poor fancy. And more than that, he has been cheated out of full ten chapters from the account of her career up to this point; for the twenty-six chapters of which this fragment consists correspond to the first thirty-six chapters of the complete novel. Several chapters are omitted altogether; and in some cases two or more chapters are "telescoped" into one. Thus chapter xx of the short form, entitled "A Woman's Reputation," presents all that is retained of chapters xxvii, xxviii, and xxix.

Whether this form of the novel has circulated in England I cannot say. In America it is possible that it has been more widely read than the regular form. For it is this form that prevails in the paper-cover and other cheap editions which are properly described as popular. It is this form that appears in the Seaside Library[*] of George Munro, in the Acme Library of Rand, McNally & Co., and in the Cornell Series of A. L. Burt Co. This last issue (not mentioned in the "Memorial" bibliography) is an exact likeness of that in the Acme Library, even to pagination and printer's errors, save that the poor paper and careless inking make it appear much cheaper. In such a form and in such a soil the delicate flower of Meredith's genius has much the effect of "Bouncing Betty" escaped from the fenced garden and flourishing weedlike along the New England roadside.

And the question arises, how did she make her escape? This is the point at which the guilt of Meredith appears. When the novel was first printed serially in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1884, the convenience of the publishers dictated that it should be cut down sufficiently to be included in the numbers from June to December. So Meredith set to work to cut out whatever could be sacrificed. In the first six numbers he managed to convey the substance of twenty-five chapters in eighteen, printing an average of three chapters a number. In the December number were huddled together eight chapters, representing eleven of the original number. But eight skimping chapters were all they could manage in the ultimate number for 1884, and the remaining seven chapters were simply left in the air. The early American issues of "Diana" were evidently based upon the *Fortnightly* version. The novel proved a success. The plates had a money value. Issue after issue was printed from them by various publishers, according to whatever arrangement or want of arrangement proved feasible; and the novel is still currently sold in a form in which the legend announcing "the end" is printed at the conclusion of the chapter illustrating "the heartlessness of women with brains." This explicit announcement of the end is the most graceless thing about the whole performance. For, in the *Fortnightly* version, Meredith did make announcement that the end was not yet, and did even suggest that the present story was a condensation. "Thus," he informs the reader, "was the erratic woman stricken; and those who care for more of Diana of the Crossways will find it in the extended chronicle."

The "extended chronicle" was perhaps being printed, or was already in print, when Meredith wrote these words, for it was made public almost at once, early in 1885. It bore on the title page the misleading description, "considerably enlarged from the *Fortnightly Review.*" Misleading, unless I am wrong in my assumption that the briefer form is a condensation of the more extended original. That my assumption is correct I shall show in the sequel.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

THE PENDULUM SWINGS BACK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Chief Justice Marshall evolved for our courts of last resort the power to annul legislation as inconsistent with Constitutions, it was recognized by courts that the power was one which should be used with care. The rule was early established, and never in theory has been changed, that legislation should be annulled only when it is plainly in contravention of the fundamental law, and that in construction all doubts should be resolved in favor of the act under consideration.

For many years this wise attitude was maintained by the courts. But during the last generation a change in actual practice came about. Courts became more and more ready to hold laws invalid, and to do so by bare majorities. If a court is sharply divided, it can hardly be asserted that the case against the law is plain, or that all doubts have been resolved in its favor.

The decisions which were most conspicuous and caused the greatest protest annulled legislation intended to better the condition of laboring men and women as to their health and conditions of work, and did so in many cases on the ground of protecting their liberty. The statutes were based on the police power, and upon the Legislature's theory of public policy. But the courts refused to hold that the police power was broad enough to include these regulatory acts, and in some cases even frankly challenged their policy—the function of the legislator, not the judge.

The protest against the decisions grew steadily in depth and breadth, including not only the class immediately affected and social workers, but also constitutional students. Beginning as mere protest, it has developed radical plans for reform. But the courts themselves are now swinging back to their earlier and sounder principles, one of the best examples being a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Washington in upholding an eight-hour law for women.

Speaking of police power, the court says:

> Circumstances and occasons calling for its exercise have multiplied with marvellous rapidity in recent years, by reason of the well-recognized fact that modern social and economic conditions have called into existence agencies previously unknown, many of which so vitally affect the health and physical condition of laborers, and especially female laborers, that legislation of the character here involved has been sustained with greater liberality than was formerly evinced under less exacting conditions.

On the public policy phase of the law it declares:

> We have before us then the question whether in this particular act the Legislature has so far exceeded the necessary and reasonable exercise of the police power in fixing the maximum daily labor at eight hours, as to render the act invalid. Any legislative enactment must be regarded as valid unless it unquestionably and palpably violates some right secured by fundamental law. All doubts as to its validity must be resolved in favor of the statute. Courts are not concerned with questions of propriety, advisability, or wisdom of any statute. Those questions are for the exclusive consideration of the Legislature. Legislative functions are not to be usurped by the

---

[*] In the later pocket edition, the Seaside Library has, I am informed, the more extended version. The shorter version is that, I presume, of Harper's Franklin Square Library, whose "Diana" was published in 1885 under the same conditions as that of the Seaside Library. The "Memorial" Bibliography also lists one edition in the Globe Library of Rand, McNally.

courts. After we have given the statute a careful consideration in all of its bearings, if we are not clearly convinced that it is unconstitutional we should resolve all doubts in its favor and sustain it.

This is in noteworthy contrast to the reasoning of the long line of decisions annulling social legislation as contrary to liberty of contract. It would have been better for the courts and better for the country if the reasoning of the Washington court had been applied to constitutional interpretation a quarter of a century ago.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois approving the extension of the ten-hour law for women is welcome evidence of the new willingness of courts of review to uphold well-considered social legislation as valid exercise of police power.

J. H. Rockwell.

Springfield, Ill., September 25.

A CENTRAL PARLIAMENT FOR EUROPE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Speaking at Dundee, Scotland, Mr. Churchill (English First Lord of the Admiralty) has advocated an American system of government for England, with four separate parliaments for that small country. If we add the parliaments for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, which we presume are also parts of Mr. Churchill's scheme, we have a total of seven parliaments for Great Britain. This is laughable. Mr. Churchill (although half American) does not appear to have informed himself with regard to the United States. He does not seem even to realize that virtually every individual State in the Union is as large as a European kingdom.

If Mr. Churchill really proposes to copy accurately the government of the United States, he should advocate, not seven separate parliaments for Great Britain, but one Central Parliament for the whole of Europe. In such a confederation of Europe, each country would, of course, retain its own individual parliament, while sending representatives to the Central European Parliament.

Bertrand Shadwell.

Chicago, Ill., September 24.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS IN THE NORTHWEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following clipping from the issue of the *Spokesman-Review*, of Spokane, Wash., of September 12, will furnish some proof of the low level upon which intercollegiate athletics are conducted in the Pacific Northwest:

> When Bill Hayward, the veteran coach of the University of Oregon, left Monday for Eugene he took with him Cook and Fred Purdy, Cœur d'Alene High School football stars. There probably never was a better all-round High School athlete developed in the Inland Empire than Cook. His bulk and speed combine to make him an ideal backfield man who would be a welcome addition to any college in the Northwest.
>
> The wily Hayward was in Spokane and Cœur d'Alene for a week before he finally persuaded the two stars to attend Oregon, and once he had them in the notion he packed their trunks and hurried them off to Eugene before they had a chance to change their minds.

It should be understood that the town of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, is more than six hundred miles away from Eugene, Ore., the seat of the University of Oregon. The "wily" Mr. Hayward, therefore, made a trip of above twelve hundred miles to procure the two young football "stars" to add to the Oregon constellation. One wonders what the president of the State University of Oregon thinks of this, and how it is regarded by the faculty and alumni and undergraduates. If the action is approved it would be interesting and perhaps instructive to learn the grounds upon which the approbation is based. If, on the other hand, the action is disapproved what will be done about it? Are they going to allow those two boys to stay at their institution under the conditions upon which they were brought there? Are they going to permit the "wily" trainer to stay there and continue his notorious career (for this is by no means his first offence of the kind) in the moral debauching of youth?

Onlooker.

Moscow, Idaho, September 13.

PRESIDENTIAL EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We still hear often the assertion that Woodrow Wilson is inexperienced in public life. The same statement has been made of some of our greatest Presidents before their election. As James Russell Lowell pointed out in 1860, Lincoln "has proved both his ability and his integrity: he has had experience enough in public affairs to make him a statesman, and not enough to make him a politician. That he has not had more will be no objection to him in the eye of those who have seen the Administration of the experienced public functionary whose term of office is just drawing to a close."—(Lowell, "The Election in November," in his "Political Essays," p. 43.)

Hinsdale, Ill., September 24.

GENTLEMEN AT THE WICKET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The members of the cricket team which is representing Philadelphia against the Australian team, now in this country, have modestly styled themselves "the Gentlemen of Philadelphia." Why not extend this valuable idea, and call a girls' basketball team "the Well-Bred Girls of Bryn Mawr," or a men's football eleven, "the Polished Sons of Penn"? Or is it cricket alone which is essentially a "gentleman's" game? What was it that Kipling said about "the flannelled youths (?) at the wicket"? One seems to remember that his opinion of the British national game in its effect on fighting ability was not high.

Harry T. Baker.

Philadelphia, September 27.

SHOULD OUR MILITIA SERVICE BE MADE COMPULSORY?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent participation of the German Emperor in the Swiss army manœuvres and the generous tribute paid by him to the effectiveness of the Swiss militia organization have revived European interest in a system of national defence which, while in no way tending towards the formation of a military class, has proved its usefulness as a means of training all classes of citizens in manly devotion to the common weal. There can be no doubt that the Swiss people, peaceful and unaggressive as they are, look upon their compulsory militia service as the chief instrument of the maintenance of genuine democracy and are as proud of it as of any other national institution.

The American militia has the same aim and a similar organization as the Swiss militia. But it loses its highest usefulness by not being compulsory. Far from being a common ground for all classes of citizens in public service, it has come to be restricted to a certain class of people particularly inclined towards this sort of sport. By large masses of the working people it is looked upon with unfeigned hostility, as a bodyguard of the rich and as a menace to labor organizations.

Is it not in the interest of democracy to consider whether the State has not a right to demand of each of its citizens such a modicum of military service as the few weeks annually of a militia encampment imply? Would not compulsory militia service help to reduce the bitterness of class feeling from which we are suffering? Would it not most likely prove to be the best means for introducing the immigrant from Europe into the spirit and the tasks of American citizenship? Would it not supply a most valuable element of education to our youth, especially in our large cities, which neither baseball nor vocational training has been able to supply: the sense of comradeship of high and low in a great common cause? And is there any real reason why some individual State, such as New York or Massachusetts, should not make a beginning with this experiment?

Kuno Francke.

Harvard University, September 23.

Literature

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Life of Andrew Jackson. By John Spencer Bassett, Professor of History in Smith College. 2 vols. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5 net.

Since Parton published his entertaining, and in many respects indispensable, "Life of Jackson," no one has attempted any very comprehensive biography. Professor Sumner's volume in the American Statesman series, excellent in many ways, is not comprehensive, and is perhaps after all history rather than biography. In any case, the wealth of new material which has been made accessible in the last decade amply justifies the design of Professor Bassett to correct the false impressions left by Parton and "to write a more intimate and complete biography" than any one else has attempted.

Perhaps no character in American history is so well suited to be the subject of a great historical biography as Andrew Jackson, because no character has ever been at once so completely identified with a great movement and so essentially a personal embodiment of it. Without Washington the Revolution would probably have failed, but Washington is less typical of the revolutionary spirit than is Samuel Adams. Lincoln owes his fame to certain universal qualities of mind and heart, and a satisfactory biography of the man must be something more and better than the history of his times. But Jackson is the very incarnation of the spirit of that frontier democracy which, through the growing influence of the Middle West, and at the critical moment under his leadership, so profoundly transformed our public life in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. By inheritance and environment he was the child of the frontier. In him both the qualities and the defects of the frontiersman were accentuated: the self-reliance and the violence, the frank honesty and the narrow-minded suspiciousness, the splendid idealism informing material and practical interests, the unconscious provincialism of intellect united with an instinctive insight which often gave right solutions by wrong methods—such was the frontiersman. Such, also, was Jackson, and he was little else besides. Hence it is that the life of Jackson may conveniently be made the centre of the story of the period which saw the first insurgent movement of the West against the East, against "aristocracy," against the money power and an official class in control of the Government. In fact, apart from the historical setting, Jackson falls to the level of an eccentric personality, less interesting than John Randolph; but observed against the background of his times, he is seen to be, with Franklin and Lincoln, one of the great representative Americans.

Professor Bassett seems to have conceived Jackson in some such way. He has aimed, he says, "to give the story its legitimate setting in the general history of the country"; to show "in the faithful story of his life the exact trace he left in the national history." Not an easy task, as the author is well aware. He has accordingly fortified himself by an exhaustive study of the sources, both manuscript and printed. His knowledge is comprehensive and minutely accurate. He has lived with his subject, one would infer, for many years, so that what he has to say does not strike one as having been mechanically transferred from a systematically arranged note-book. And yet one lays down the book with a clearer conception of the man Jackson, to be sure, and more informed in the detailed knowledge of the events of which he was the central figure, but wondering a little why, after all, Jackson bulks so large in our history, and without any very distinct idea of those profound social forces which were transforming the America of Washington and Jefferson into the America of Polk and Harrison.

If we seek an explanation of this, it will be found partly in the fact that Professor Bassett has had in mind, not only the "legitimate setting in the general history of the country," but also what may be called the personal setting in the more immediate surroundings of Jackson—the individuals whom he met day by day, the events that were the occasion of his particular actions. "I have sought, also," he says, "to present a true picture of the political manipulations which surrounded him and in which he was an important factor." Now, in this Professor Bassett has achieved his principal success. He has more talent for the exposition of detail than for the effective grouping of detail. The result is excellent when we have to do with the military activity of Jackson; less excellent, but still valuable in its way, when it is a matter of his career in national politics. All the personal intrigues that accompanied the campaigns of 1824 and 1825 are exposed with great explicitness. A detailed narrative of particular facts enables us to follow every step in the formation of Jackson's first Cabinet. The personal interests concerned, the conferences, the letters written and received, the masterly reticences of Van Buren—all the tangled skein of the intrigue, the "political manipulation," which isolated Calhoun is picked out with great skill. And so with the Maysville veto, the nullification business, and the destruction of the bank. It is true that from all this detail the figure of Jackson emerges clear and distinct, but relatively a little opertopping, with something of the air of a lion walking among jackals.

Certainly all this detail is worth having. And no one would wish the "political manipulation" glossed over. But it ought somehow to be subordinated, introduced in such a way as to bring into relief rather than to obscure the more general and important aspects of the situation. We need to know the intrigue that accompanied the formation of Jackson's Cabinet, but we wish to see a little more clearly the general significance for American history of such a Cabinet being formed at all. The manner of destroying the bank is less important than the general conditions which made possible its destruction in so ruthless a manner. Professor Bassett has so emphasized the immediate personal setting of Jackson that we lose sight of the "legitimate setting in the general history of the country."

However, the masterpieces of historical biography are soon numbered. To regret that Professor Bassett has not written one is not to say that he has not given us an excellent life of Jackson, the best one there is, one that will long be useful to all students of American history.

CURRENT FICTION.

[TWO WESTERN TALES.]

The Black Pearl. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Friar Tuck: Being the Chronicles of the Reverend John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A., as set forth and embellished by his Friend and Admirer, Happy Hawkins, and here recorded by Robert Alexander Wason. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Desert and cañon and mountain, miner and outlaw and sheriff's posse, are among the familiar properties of this far-Western romance. We have almost ceased to look for freshness in their handling, and certainly Mrs. Woodrow has done no wonders with them. Still, there is a sort of zest about her narrative which distinguishes it from the ordinary manufactured article. When the outlaw is trapped by the sheriff, he does not escape by rule; and even the avalanche which descends upon the hero and the heroine in the last scene but one is composed of firmer materials than rock-pasteboard and snow-paper, and dodges them after a recipe of its own.

The Black Pearl herself is a not altogether "convincing" person. She is an immediate product of the desert, but her parents have both been "show people," and her mother has trained her for a dancer from childhood. When the story begins, she has already won success on a minor circuit, and her path lies straight towards world-wide fame. But the desert calls her, and she has to escape to it now and then, at the expense of contracts and future prospects. On the occasion of one of these professional backslidings, a manager follows her, falls in love with her, and presently makes her a double proposal of a not unfamiliar kind. Hence the action. Given the Pearl's father, a semi-criminal Spaniard; her desert lover, a masterful but chivalrous Westerner of the type of Mr. Wister's Virginian; a witty and accomplished outlaw, "Crop-eared José" (a little after Bret Harte); and the inevitable sheriff—and you have melodrama plainly in sight. The disconcerting fact is that a third man is introduced rather late in the action who turns out to be the real hero, shares the avalanche scene with the Pearl, and wins that somewhat doubtful prize from all comers. Two broad comedy figures, the manly Mrs. Nitschkan and the romantic Mrs. Thomas, with their contrast of make-up and their always amusing lines, are the most original persons on this stage.

The new reminiscences by Mr. Happy Hawkins have lost nothing in cheer and gained nothing in consecutiveness. But his creator gives warning that this is a story told as stories *are* told—in the open by a campfire, or in a log cabin of a winter night—by the Happy Hawkinses of real life. "This is not the proper way to tell a story. A story should travel in an air-line and not stop at smaller stations, while Happy prefers to take his bed along on a spare horse and camp out wherever the mood strikes him." The inference seems to be that this is a method of story-telling not hitherto employed in print—as if Cervantes had not used it, and Fielding, and Sterne, and Thackeray, and twenty novelists of the present hour. But if it is not a fresh method, it is always a good one. The only requisite is a central thread of plot, however tenuous, from which to digress. If it were not for the figure of "Friar Tuck," this book would be simply a string of more or less amusing anecdotes and reflections, and would have small chance with the novel-reading public.

Friar Tuck himself is by no means a novel figure. We have met him or his kin frequently in recent fiction. He is the roving, genial, muscular young parson (with a sad past), who, falling from the blue into some backwoods neighborhood, thrashes all the local bullies to begin with, and saves their souls to end with. The contrast between cowboy and "sky pilot" is always piquant, though almost a matter of convention by now. "Friar Tuck" comports himself well in the rôle, and is suitably rewarded. The adventures shared by Happy, the Friar, and Horace Walpole Bradford (reformed tenderfoot) are sufficiently fantastic; but it is generally understood that there is no such thing as probability in the West of fiction. For Happy's anecdotes the reader needs a strong stomach: many of them are brutal, and some of them are filthy.

Marie. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

To the middle-aged reader whose youth rejoiced in "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," this story offers an uncommon sensation. It is almost as if Jules Verne, or Capt. Mayne Reid, or what other among our boyish idols, had returned to life on the title-page of a current novel. There is a touch of the uncanny about it. The hero of this narrative is none other than our ancient crony, Allan Quatermain. He himself tells the story in an old familiar voice, the voice of the conquering hero who prides himself on being a modest man. He recalls here an episode of his first youth. The action takes place in the Cape Colony of the thirties, when the first strong clash came between the English and the Boers. "Of this blood-stained time," says the author in his Dedication to Sir Henry Bulwer, "I have tried to tell; of the Great Trek and its tragedies, such as the massacring of the true-hearted Retief and his companions at the hands of the Zulu king, Dingaan." There does, indeed, seem to be more foundation in fact than is strictly desirable in a romance, but it goes without saying that Sir Rider is as little hampered by his data as one could well be. The elements of mystery and magic which belonged to "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" are regrettably absent; but the incidents are as fantastically improbable as the most exacting urchin could desire. Young Allan's crowning feat, perhaps, is the killing of two falcons at one shot, in order to even up a shooting-match with a rival in love and war:

> I saw that the larger hen falcon was about to cross directly over the circle of its mate, there being perhaps a distance of ten yards between them. I aimed; judged—for a second my mind was a kind of calculating machine—the different arcs and speeds of the birds must be allowed for, and the lowest was ninety yards away. Then, with something like a prayer upon my lips, I pressed while every eye stared upwards.

Where There's a Will. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The will in this case is a document, by which the proprietor of a medicinal spring and sanatorium leaves the property to his son, with the proviso that if said son does not operate the institution successfully for the first month, it shall be sold to a certain purchaser and made into an ordinary summer hotel. There are two heroines: the girl who dispenses the medicinal water (and, incidentally, makes the spring medicinal by the proper addition of drugs) and a guest, the daughter of a Senator, who is engaged to a foreign prince. There are two heroes: a stalwart young fellow who personates the absent inheriting son, conducts the sanatorium, and falls in love with the Senator's daughter, and a red-headed doctor who falls in love with the Hebe of the spring. The complications that ensue are as ingeniously tangled and untangled as in any of the detective stories which have given Mrs. Rinehart a unique place in that delectable field of fiction. The fun is fast and furious. The author has caught up the mantle of Frank R. Stockton, and needs only a surer knowledge of the English language to come very close to that master of amusement.

Who? By Elizabeth Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A British soldier, landing at Newhaven and taking the train to London, finds himself alone in a compartment with a fair and fainting young woman. To protect her from police officers who search the train for a woman charged with murder, he declares her his wife, and under this title takes her to a private hospital in London. The murdered person turns out to be his cousin, Lord Wilmersley, to whose estate he thus becomes heir. Lady Wilmersley, the supposed murderer, has disappeared. Is the hero's protégée the missing person, or is she not? Here is a pretty problem for a detective story, but, unfortunately, the detectives are left quite in the background of the plot, in such a way that the reader is deprived of the exciting interest of the chase.

The Secret of Lonesome Cove. By S. H. Adams. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The "secret," it is scarcely necessary to say, is the identity of a body discovered in a lonely spot on the Maine coast, and bearing evident marks of a violent death. The detective is a scientific gentleman who alternates between periods of intense activity and of apparent inertia, after the manner of all legitimate sons of Sherlock Holmes. An artist is involved in the plot, and a mystic star-gazer of Boston, and a rather original group of country folk. Altogether, the yarn is up to the average in cleverness and interest.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912. By James H. Blount. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

Judge Blount has spent six years in the Philippine Islands; two years as an officer in the volunteer army, and four years as district judge under the civil government established there by President Taft. He must know the Philippine situation, therefore, much more intimately than a mere resident would know it: his experience as a judge brought him into direct relations with the Filipinos on the one hand, and with the Government on the other; while his connection with both the army and the civil régime should enable him to judge impartially the disputes between the civil and military authorities. Besides, he has apparently examined carefully all the official documents necessary to an understanding of the policy of the United States Government, and he has doubtless read most of the controversial literature on the subject. Naturally, Judge Blount has his prejudices, like any one else; but he writes from experience and excellent first-hand knowledge, and he writes with an honest purpose.

From first to last, the Philippine business has been managed for the people by the Government. The public has been allowed to know, not what happened, but what, if it had happened, would have been to the credit of the party in power. It has been easy to manage this. In 1898, when the word Philippines was first printed in the newspapers, few people in this country had ever heard it before. We had heard of the Philippians, but never of the Philippines. To show the thing shaped like a camel or backed like a weasel, the

Government had only to suggest one or the other. Informed that the Filipinos were half-savage people somewhere in the Pacific, crushed for centuries under Spanish misrule which the United States had decided to bring to an end for humanity's sake, we were ready to believe it. We were told that the Filipinos, with the exception of a small minority of malcontents, desired nothing better than to be governed by the United States. It seemed more than likely. The malcontents, of course, had to be suppressed; which would be easily done; which was done forthwith; and a civil government was established which transformed an oppressed race into a happy and contented people—we were told all this, and we believed it. We believed it because we have never really cared whether the Filipinos were oppressed or not: what has touched us is the belief that the United States must always be doing something heroic and splendid as an example to the nations of Europe.

The truth has, of course, leaked out in time, but not in time to do much good. The truth, as Judge Blount sees it, is somewhat as follows: After the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the United States sought out Aguinaldo and made "a gentleman's agreement" with him that if the Filipinos would get up an insurrection on their own account and help us drive Spain out of the islands, we would not stand in the way afterwards if they wished to establish an independent government. The Filipinos, under the lead of Aguinaldo, thereupon organized, not only an insurrection, but an efficient government and army, made themselves masters of the most important islands, and gave us much-needed assistance in taking Manila city. But long before this happy event the United States Government changed its mind; it decided that it would be a good thing, both for the increase of trade and for the reputation of the republic, to take and hold the Philippines. Now it seemed hardly worth while to inform Aguinaldo of this change of intention, for it was quite certain that he would not fight to overthrow Spanish rule in the islands in order to set up the rule of the United States instead. Since we intended to take the Philippines anyway, it would simplify matters to let the Filipinos help us do it. This plan was adopted, and Gens. Anderson and Merritt were so instructed. When we had at last succeeded, with the aid of Aguinaldo, in getting rid of Spain, President McKinley informed the Filipinos that independence in their language meant the same thing as benevolent assimilation in ours. Unfortunately, they had never thought of it in that way; and it required 120,000 troops, six years of fighting, and $300,000,000 to assimilate the Filipinos benevolently; and to this day they remain assimilated only because we maintain in the islands a government that is despotic in fact, however "essentially popular in form."

Why have we done all this? Is it a debt we owe the cause of humanity? We give the Filipinos stable government and good schools; but they prefer to govern themselves, and Judge Blount thinks they could do it very well; while if they really wish to be educated, they could find the way. But perhaps we have developed their economic resources? It seems not. The sugar and tobacco industries are less flourishing than they were under Spanish rule, and the hemp market is controlled by the International Harvester Trust of America. At least, the Philippines are necessary to the United States for military purposes? Competent judges say they are worthless. Can it be, then, that we have raised an army of 120,000 troops and spent $300,000,000 in order to increase the profits of the Tobacco Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the International Harvester Trust? Judge Blount's account of it would lead one to think so.

Under the circumstances, the government of the Philippines must inevitably be a difficult business. But behind all the temporary conditions which make it difficult now, Judge Blount thinks he sees a fundamental obstacle which must remain so long as our form of government is what it professes to be:

> "The weakness of the American colonial system," he says, "has always lain in the fundamental unfitness of republican governmental machinery for boldly advocating and honestly enforcing doctrines which deny frankly . . . that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . . Thus it is that to get home support for the policy, the supreme need of the colonial government is constant apology for its own existence, and constant effort to show that the subject people do not really want freedom to pursue happiness in their own way as badly as their orators say they do."

This is certainly a very old-fashioned doctrine, but perhaps there is something in it after all.

Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament. Translated and edited by Robert William Rogers, Professor in Drew Theological Seminary. New York: Eaton & Mains. $4.50 net.

English and other translations of cuneiform texts are scattered through many books, and are not always accessible to non-specialists; and particularly, those whose object is comparison between the cuneiform records and the Bible do not find the material ready at hand in trustworthy form. Though much useful matter for this purpose is to be found in works like Schrader's "Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament," Harper's "Assyrian and Babylonian Literature," and Winckler's "Keilinschriftliches Textbuch zum Alten Testament," there has been up to this time no book that supplies just the requisite illustrative documents, and this is what Professor Rogers has undertaken to do.

The parts of the Old Testament on which light may be got from Babylonian and Assyrian sources are the early chapters of Genesis, occasional allusions elsewhere to myths, the pre-Israelite history of Palestine, Israelite history and chronology from the ninth century to the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, religious ideas and usages, and ethical and legal codes. The material of the present volume, following this order in a general way, is arranged under the heads: Mythological Texts (creation, Adapa, the Gilgamesh epic, Ishtar's descent to Hades, legend of Sargon of Agade); Hymns and Prayers; Liturgical and Doctrinal Texts; Chronological Materials; Historical Texts; Legal Texts (including the Code of Hammurabi). The texts are not attached to Biblical passages, and there is no attempt at comparison; this is left to the reader. In connection with each text its history is given—its first modern publication, and the principal works that deal with it; and the original is added (in transcription) so as to enable the student to control the translation, and also to encourage him to examine it in an independent way. There are a few brief explanatory and introductory remarks, a list of works quoted or mentioned, a map of the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian empires, many illustrations, and an index. The volume is thus an excellent manual for the study of the material treated. It contains the most recently discovered texts, and the latest suggestion for emendations and translations; and, the author believes, "the largest body of cuneiform literature yet assembled in any language for the illustration of the Old Testament."

Professor Rogers has done his work carefully and well. It is impossible here to attempt an examination of all points of interest in the wide field covered by this volume; but two or three of the author's historical interpretations may be mentioned. Semitic influence on Egyptian thought in the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries B. C., has been unduly emphasized by some recent writers, but, whatever its nature, it cannot be regarded as a determining influence in the religious revolution effected by Amenophis IV (about the year 1400). The king's exclusive worship of the sun was virtually monotheism, and, as far as our knowledge goes, no Semitic people of that period had a cult approaching monolatry; nor is there good ground for supposing that his mother or his wife imported monotheistic conceptions into Egypt. Along with them, however, Professor Rogers mentions "philosophizing priests" as factors in the new movement. This is a suggestion in the right direction; the Egyptian literature of the time exhibits the tendency of priests and poets to concentrate worship at a particular moment on the deity prominent in the writer's mind at the moment, and the king, who seems to have been a religious genius, grasped the essence of this tendency, saw that one supreme god was sufficient, and chose as the embodiment of divine rulership the deity who was worshipped all over the land. Some such hypothesis as this seems to be the only one that fits the facts. A related point of interest occurs in the section on the pantheon. The author gives examples of the identification of deities—that is, a great god is credited with the functions of certain minor gods. But, in a late Babylonian text it appears that some of the greater gods are identified with Marduk, and this representation Professor Rogers calls "pantheism" (p. 191). If, however, the text is purely Semitic, there can hardly be any question of pantheism, a conception alien to Semitic religion and never reached by a Semitic people out of its own resources merely. We have here simply a glorification of the chief god of Babylon by making him the real source of the powers of Sin, Shamash, and other deities—he has absorbed their functions. Such absorption may be a step towards monotheism, as it was in the case of the Jews, who gradually made over to Yahweh the powers and functions of the foreign deities with whose cults they came into contact. One geographical remark may be added. In the inscription describing Tiglathpileser's campaign in Western Asia the term "Musri" supplied in line 226 cannot mean Egypt, but, from the connection, must designate a district in Northern Arabia.

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London. By A. St. John Adcock. Illustrated by Frederick Adcock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

London, all in all, is for the man whose interest is in letters, the most fascinating city in the world. That the capital is less expressive of England than, for instance, Paris is of France, is a truism with which every one is familiar; but it does not apply to the literary associations of the island. In the case of these, with very few exceptions, London is England. There are other shrines scattered through the land to which the cultured tourist makes reverent pilgrimage—Stratford-on-Avon, the Lake district, even Johnson's native Lichfield—but ninety-nine times out of a hundred London holds for us as intimate associations with the great names of literature as any of the provincial places which, by reason of birth or of residence, have since been peculiarly identified with them. The Mecca of every literary Englishman, great or small, is London; and sooner or later he drifts there, to the centre of things and the society of his fellows. And thereafter his feeling towards the great city, particularly if he unwisely abandons it for a country home, is more often than not that expressed by Lamb, when, from the wilderness of Enfield, he cries: "I would live in London shirtless, bookless."

The literary and artistic shrines of London are everywhere—from the mean streets of Soho, where Blake saw the earliest of those strange visions, to the impeccable clubland of Pall Mall, where stately, genial Thackeray passed most of his waking hours; from riverside Chelsea, with its memories of Turner, Carlyle, Whistler, to the middle-class respectability of South Kensington and the respectable bohemianism of St. John's Wood. Most of these literary shrines are inconspicuous, commonplace dwellings that one may pass without so much as a glance, and it needs no inconsiderable amount of historic imagination to invest them with the radiance that should properly cling around the former habitation of genius. Mr. Adcock, however, not only possesses that imagination himself, but he has the gift of imparting it to his readers. In his preface the author modestly declares that what he has written is to be taken merely "as the complement of my brother's drawings"; but while the drawings referred to, seventy-four in number, deserve nothing but praise for their delicate pencilling, we must protest against the author's depreciation of his own contribution to the whole.

Mr. Adcock's manner is that of the genial raconteur rather than of the essayist or of the historian. Consequently, and very happily, even if, as his preface would hint, he feels himself under some sort of obligation to be impartial, his natural predilections, his likes, his dislikes, and his prejudices at times carry him away with them, with the result that, in revealing the characters of whom he writes, he reveals also himself. Towards Johnson his attitude, as was that of the great Doctor's contemporaries, is one of respect; Goldsmith he loves, and loving him, is almost petulantly angry with Boswell, to whom he is not a little unjust. Blake is another favorite, and the chapter devoted to that odd genius is among the best in the book. Lamb, of course, holds a large place in his affections, and so does poor, brave, pathetic Hood. Reading of the last-named, your reviewer was conscious of hastening over the lines to make certain that the oft-repeated story of the mustard plaster had justice done to it. It had; and that instance is illustrative of the peculiar charm of the book: which is, in great part, a re-telling of some of the best stories in the English language.

Mr. Adcock's work, we may be sure, was a labor of love, and the *labor limæ* is skilfully concealed, yet it is obvious that the compilation of such a volume must have involved a vast amount of patient and laborious research.

From Chaucer down to men whose lives have touched our own, scarcely a name that has been great in the literature or art of England is omitted; for, though all were not London born, all, with few exceptions, spent some part—and that a not unimportant one—of their lives in the metropolis.

Notes

In "La Follette's Autobiography: A Narrative of Political Experiences," which will come this season from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co., there is the full story of the Senator's break with Mr. Roosevelt.

We shall shortly have an opportunity to read the work of Richard Middleton, the young English poet who recently committed suicide at the age of twenty-nine. His two posthumous volumes, "The Ghost Ship and Other Stories" and "Poems and Songs," will be published this month by Mitchell Kennerley.

Little, Brown & Co. are bringing out Thornton W. Burgess's "Mother West Wind and Her Animal Friends," and Mary E. Waller's "A Cry in the Wilderness," which is a story of the entanglements experienced by a young woman attempting to earn her livelihood unaided.

In a fourth edition, now appearing from the press of Smith & Elder, J. Ellis Barker has greatly enlarged his "Modern Germany." Nine new chapters have been added, including discussions of Anglo-German relations, the Morocco crisis, the Social Democrat party, and German industrial conditions.

Five hundred and seventy-eight memoirs, written by 181 contributors, are contained in the second volume of the second supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography, which is published this week. "Faed to Muybridge" is the caption.

Maurice Hewlett's new novel "Mrs. Lancelot" is announced by the Century Co. for October 16. It is a tale of the love of three men for a beautiful woman, with the scenes set in the Georgian period.

The same house will publish shortly Prof. Charles A. Beard's "American City Government: A Survey of Newer Tendencies," and "Russian Wonder Tales" with twelve pages in color by the Russian artist, Bilibin. The illustrations were made originally by the Bureau of Issuance of Crown Papers of the Imperial Russian Government, and are used in this edition by special permission.

"Philip Dru, Administrator: A Story of To-morrow, 1920-1930," has been written for B. W. Huebsch by a financier who withholds his name. According to the plot, our present Government is overthrown by a graduate of West Point, who establishes himself dictator and before he resigns institutes many reforms. The book will be issued in a few weeks.

The autumn announcements of Ginn & Co. include: "History as Past Ethics," by Philip Van Ness Myers; "Through Our Unknown Southwest," by Agnes C. Laut, and Charles H. Levermore's "Forerunners and Competitors of the Pilgrims," being two large volumes of original narratives of voyages to the New England coast from 1600 to 1620.

Among the forthcoming books in Putnam's list are the following: "The Blackberry Pickers," by Evelyn St. Leger; "The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851," edited by William Toynbee; "The Japanese Nation," by Prof. Inazo Nitobé; "A Book of Discovery," an account of exploration from earliest times to the finding of the South Pole, by M. B. Synge; "The Knave of Diamonds," a novel by E. M. Dell; "Prisoners of War, 1861-65," a record of the ways in which prisoners were treated by both sides in the Civil War, by Thomas Sturgis; "Henrietta Maria," by Henrietta Haynes; "Romance of the French Châteaux," by E. W. Champney, and "The Peace Movement in America," by Julius Moritzen.

William J. Locke's latest story, "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," is issued this week by John Lane Company.

The following are books which Houghton Mifflin Company publishes this week: The Jessie Willcox Smith edition of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas"; "Licky and His Gang," by Grace Sartwell Mason; "Forfeit," a story of the days of witchcraft, by Clara Lathrop Strong; "Egyptian Days," by Philip S. Mardeu; "The Best Stories to Tell to Children," by Sara Cone Bryant; "The Holy Christian Church," by R. M. Johnston; "The Gateway of Scotland," by A. G. Bradley; "Gallant Little Wales," by Jeannette Marks; "The Historical Works of John Fiske," Popular edition in eleven volumes; "The Writings of Bret Harte," Overland edition in nineteen volumes; "Readings in American Constitutional History," selected and edited by Allen Johnson; "English for Foreigners, Book II," by Sara R. O'Brien; "Ralph Roister Doister," edited with introduction and notes by Prof. Clarence G. Child.

Dodd, Mead & Co.'s list of recent and forthcoming books includes in fiction: "One of the Multitude," by George Acorn, with an introduction by Arthur C. Benson; the following works of Wilkie Collins, in an edition similar to the same publisher's popular edition of Trollope—"The Woman in White," 2 vols., "The Moonstone," 2 vols., "The Dead Secret," and "After Dark"; "The Epic of Ebenezer," a Christmas story by Florence Tinsley Cox; "The Sign," by Mrs. Romilly Fedden (Katharine W. Douglas); "The Golden Rose," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann; "The Vanishing Man," a detective romance by R. Austin Freeman: "Miss Philura's Wedding Gown," by Florence Morse Kingsley; "Mr. Achilles," by Jennette Lee; "The Squire's Daughter," by Archibald Marshall; "The Hollow of her Hand," by George Barr McCutcheon; "The Old Loves," by Weymer Mills; "Rose Royal," by E. Nesbit; "The Saving Pride," translated from the French of Yvette Prost by Frank Alvah Dearborn; "The Closing Net," by Henry C. Rowland; "Adrian Scroop," by R. A. Wood-Seys (Paul Cushing), and Anthony Trollope's "The Belton Estate," now brought out in this country for the first time.—Travel: "The New China," by Henri Borel, translated from the Dutch by C. Thieme; "The Philippines Past and Present," by Eleanor Franklin Egan; "Men and Manners of Modern China," by J. Macgowan; "Panama, Past and Present," by George Henry Payne; "A Guide to Florida," by Harrison Rhodes and Mary Wolfe Dumont; "China, as Seen and Described by Great Writers," compiled by Esther Singleton; "The 'Flower of Gloster,'" by E. Temple Thurston; "Alaska, an Empire in the Making," by John J. Underwood, and "The Tourist's Russia," by Ruth Kedzie Wood.—Biography and history: "The Romance of Sandro Botticelli," by A. J. Anderson; "Reminiscences of a Diplomat's Wife," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, and "A Short History of Scotland," by Andrew Lang.—Miscellaneous: "This and That, and the Other," a volume of essays by Hilaire Belloc; "A Miscellany of Men," by G. K. Chesterton; "Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays," by H. A. Guerber; "On Emerson, and Other Essays," by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Montrose J. Moses; "The Land of Lost Music," a volume of lyric verses by Robert Munger; "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," by Robert W. Service; "Efficiency in Giving," by William H. Allen, and "Race Improvement, or Eugenics," by La Reine Helen Baker.

The principal article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for August is by Prof. Lawrence Martin of the University of Wisconsin, descriptive of his explorations of the Alaskan glaciers, especially those of the Copper River. In the military department there is an account of Palmyra Island, with the reason why it was annexed to this country last February. A map of the island is given as well as one of the Pacific, showing the distances, both of miles and of days' journeys, between the Panama Canal and the principal islands and ports.

"Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsche's," by his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, was published in three volumes in 1895, 1897, 1904. It was sown from the full sack, and consists of a vast mass of half-digested documents, letters, reminiscences, analyses of works, etc. It is also, despite its formlessness and prolixity, and whatever we may think of the all-embracing *pietas* of the author, a biography of extraordinary interest. In accordance with various requests the author has now undertaken to present this work in abridged form, and the first part of this abridgement, under the title of "The Life of Nietzsche; Volume I, The Young Nietzsche," has just been translated into English and published in this country by Sturgis & Walton. In the main the new work follows the plan and even the language of the old, though a good deal of the documentary material has been dropped. Especially in the earlier chapters we seem to be reading the life of the biographer almost as much as of Nietzsche himself. Some of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's remarks about herself might well have been omitted, but on the whole there is no reason to take offence. Her relations with her brother were extraordinarily intimate, and her naïveté brings out with great clearness the home life of the future philosopher. The biographer says truly: "I, alone, can speak with any real knowledge of these years, for, as Baron von Gersdorff and Rohde once said to me: 'We are acquainted only with small portions of his life; but you know everything that links those isolated portions together.'" The present volume carries the life to the year 1876; when the second volume appears we may take occasion to speak of the work in greater detail.

"Through Holland in the Vivette" (Lippincott), by E. Keble Chatterton, is a somewhat technical account of a cruise which the author and a friend made in a small sailing yacht during portions of two successive summers. The book will prove instructive for any one who is minded to follow in their path, for Dutch waters, even inland, are treacherous and require expert attention. Mr. Chatterton is an enthusiastic yachtsman, with a love for all manner of sailing craft, and Holland, the land of contrasts, offered him an excellent chance to compare old-fashioned and modern rigs. Aided by photographs and clever drawings by his "Mate," he acquaints the reader with such types as the "bok," "boier," "tjalk," "hoogarts," "hotter," and "paviljoen pom." Casual mention of Dutch scenery and customs gives a certain charm to a narrative which, aside from technical explanations, is little deserving. As he freely admits, the writer is not strong in the Dutch language, but even the knowledge of his limitations has not kept him entirely out of error. "Gouda" is not pronounced "K'hooda," the "G" having a sound much like that of "ch" in the German "ach," and the diphthong being the same as in the English "found."

Critics who are in the habit of bewailing the decline of serious reading will find little comfort in the history of the publishing trade during the last few years. A rising standard of prosperity and improved methods of marketing may account in part for the rapid output of collections of standard authors, elaborate historical compilations, libraries of science, and Best Books in varying foot-lengths. But for the most part we are bound to assume that a genuine demand exists for books of a permanent nature. In this country we have concentrated on the ornamental and rather expensive subscription book; but when English publishers began to show the way in the matter of putting out serious reading at popular prices, we were not slow in finding that there was a market for such wares among us. The enormous success of Everyman's Library on both sides of the Atlantic has given rise to similar enterprises which are even more significant in that they eschew fiction and aim to cover the entire field of human knowledge in the form of the text-book or manual adapted for home readings. Thus we should seem to be witnessing a revival of the educational people's books which enjoyed a vogue during the years following the great scientific discoveries of the later part of the nineteenth century, and which have continued to flourish on the Continent. One such collection, the Home University Library, has received notice from time to time in the columns of the *Nation*. A new series that calls for mention is "The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature," which was begun in 1910, and at the present moment has a list of more than two-score volumes.

The Cambridge Manuals (Putnam, 40 cents net) are attractive little books, averaging 150 pages, bound in flexible linen, and showing a clean type page. A detailed review is here out of the question. The writers are evidently men competent in their field though there is no exceptional parade of distinguished names. Professor Skeat and Professor Judd are, perhaps, the two names most familiar in this country. Even a hasty examination, however, is enough to show that in nearly every instance the writers have lived up to the ideal of a popular handbook. They treat their subject in a simple style, and without any attempt to exhaust the field or to make original and therefore contentious, contributions to knowledge; a fault which we have occasionally pointed out in other publications of this type. This does not mean that only the most general treatment is attempted. On the contrary, we have separate volumes devoted to such highly specialized topics as "The Migration of Birds" (Coward), "Rocks and Their Origin" (Cole), "Spiders" (Warburton), and "The Natural History of Clay" (Searle), subjects which would seem to lie outside of the scope of the general reader. The series is evidently strongest on science. The range of literature is wide enough: "Greek Tragedy," "The Ballad in Literature," "English Dialects," "History of the English Bible," "Religious Poetry of the Hebrews," "Religious Poetry of Persia," "Goethe in the Twentieth Century." If Goethe is included, we might easily have had one or two specific names in English literature; but these will probably come in time. History is but poorly represented, and apparently not because the series is intended to live up closely to its name, and confine itself to science and literature. In that case, we should not have had a volume on New Zealand, one on ancient Assyria, and several volumes dealing with religious sects in England. It is to be doubted whether two volumes on the architecture of the English parish church is quite in place in such a collection. On the other hand, such books as Harper and Ferguson's "Aerial Locomotion," and Barker's "Cash and Credit," are distinctly useful. Every volume is provided with an index, and, where the subject requires it, there are illustrations.

Two more parts of the "Publications of the Babylonian Section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum," constituting Volume II of the new series, have appeared. These are both by Prof. Albert T. Clay, now of Yale University, formerly curator in Philadelphia. The first part contains autograph texts of 228 of the business documents of the Murashu Sons, of Nippur, dated in the reign of Darius II, discovered by Dr. Haynes in the third expedition to that site, together with fifty Aramaic dockets or endorsements on the same. No translations of selected texts are given, as was the case in Professor Clay's former publications of the Murashu tablets (Volumes IX and X of series A of the Publications of the Babylonian Expedition), but, as in those volumes, much space is given to a careful index of proper names occurring in the tablets. The second part continues Dr. Clay's similar publication of "Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur, dated in the Reigns of Cassite Rulers" (Volumes XIV and XV of series A). In the introduction to this part is given a restoration from several imperfect seal impressions of a representation of an ancient plough and seed drill (one of the earliest yet found, fourteenth century B. C.), drawn by two humped oxen and worked by three men. This is a good commentary on a tablet in volume XIV of the old series, which is a pay-roll of just such a plough gang of men and oxen, the share of each ox per month being equal to that of two and a half men.

"An Encyclopædist of the Dark Ages: Isidore of Seville," by Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D. (Studies in History, Columbia University), strengthens the suspicion that the purpose of Doctor's dissertations in our American universities is to assemble such bulk of material as will draw forth the desired Ph.D. The object is blameless, and the diligence, as in the present instance, may be praiseworthy. Whether the result will be of interest either to scholars or to the educated public is another question. Dr. Brehaut has brought together quite a sufficiency of information as to the famous Bishop of Seville, his connection with the intellectual past, and his own squalid epoch; also as to his treatises and the sources from which he drew their substance. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to the famous "Etymologies." An introduction is given to each of the first sixteen books (though the author seems rather to have balked at the last four), followed in each case by a number of pages of "Extracts." Although Isidore was enormously used in the Middle Ages, no one but a special student would care to read the "Etymologies" now; and if that student were a scholar, he would doubtless prefer the original Latin to abridged translations made by another.

If the jail at San Quentin is typical and we accept the statement of Donald Lowrie, in his "My Life in Prison" (Kennerley), we must admit that American prisons have missed their mark, that they are not correctional. His views on the parole system can be applied to nearly every phase of prison life. Speaking of the parole system, he says: "Viewed from the standpoint of the prisoner, of the 'down-and-outer,' these rules are eminently unjust. If the law says I may have a chance to redeem myself I do not think it is right that I should have to pay for the opportunity." What distinguishes this narrative of prison life from others is the lack of malice on the part of the author. Whatever else may be said about this work, it is undoubtedly fair to those who are trying to improve conditions, and, except in the case of the prison chaplain, it displays no hatred towards individuals in charge. Mr. Lowrie shows a keen understanding of human nature and devotes his work to the effect of the modern prison on the character of the convict. The author states that 85 per cent. of the paroled prisoners "make good," whereas the majority of those who serve their sentence come back for another term, and he makes the point that this is due to the system of "correction."

A new book by William James seems like a gift from the other world. And such a gift is particularly welcome when it brings together into a closely knit unit a dozen of his most important essays. For the "Essays in Radical Empiricism" (Longmans) have been so well chosen and so carefully arranged as to constitute not a collection but a treatise. Most of the essays will be familiar to readers of James's more technical work, having been published in various philosophical journals, but their presentation in one volume and in logical sequence greatly enhances their value. The doctrine which they unitedly expound is to be sharply distinguished from pragmatism. It is, in fact, a much larger thing than pragmatism, and one which James himself regarded as much more vital. And it may well be that future generations will regard "radical empiricism" as James's most important contribution to philosophy.

Joseph McCabe's "Goethe, the Man and His Character" (Lippincott) is intended as a biography for English readers for whom Lewes is antiquated and the translation of Bielschowsky may be too cumbersome. As the title indicates, the book deals chiefly with the personal career of Goethe and enters upon no extensive analysis of his works. These are, of course, mentioned, and are connected with those experiences of the poet which they "confess," but the treatment of them is somewhat perfunctory, and no memorable judgments are passed. Mr. McCabe regards "Werther" as Goethe's greatest work. We miss also any very penetrating delineation of the many men and women with whom Goethe came into contact during his long life. A certain prevailing lack of precision may be illustrated in a single reference: Carl Friedrich's "wife Maria (formerly Maria Paulowna, a Russian princess)" was Maria Paulowna to the end of her days. Does Mr. McCabe know that she was the daughter of the Czar Paul? This does not appear from her position in the index under "Pavlovna, Maria" (*sic*). It is only in his characterization of Goethe's mother that the author departs from the methods of a compiler, and to the view that Frau Aja—so called "after some ancient German princess," we are told—"had little or no influence on her son, and he had little or no affection for her during the greater part of his life," Mr. McCabe will not persuade many of the knowing. As to his other opinions, the sources of his information are the most recent and are generally trustworthy. In spite of occasional lapses from entire seriousness, he writes with sustained interest, but without enthusiasm.

Prof. Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America," despite its shortcomings, is no doubt still the best work on the subject; it is not likely to be superseded by its latest rival, "A History of American Literature" (Frowde), by Prof. W. B. Cairns, of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Cairns candidly acknowledges that he "places greatest emphasis on general movements, because American literature is first of all important as an expression of national life." Waiving the question whether "sectional" is not more accurate than "national," is not American literature first of all literature? Are Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Poe of value chiefly as expressions of American life? When we think of English or of French literature, we Americans may, indeed, feel that our possible achievement has been only hinted at in the past, but surely we need not blush with shame. If the writings of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods are of interest mainly as an expression of American life, it is true that the writings of the nineteenth century (when American literature properly began) are primarily important as books, as literature, and not as reflections of social manners and modes of thought. Professor Cairns, as his point of view might lead one to suppose, is weak in his discussion of the great writers, and strong in his treatment of general movements. In comprehensiveness, as well as in treatment of movements, the book is notable, indeed unrivalled; everybody who has a sizable claim to admittance wins a place—James Hall, for example, receives a whole page.

"The Essentials of Civil Government: United States and Wisconsin" (Milwaukee: Gillan & Co.), by S. Y. Gillan and W. C. Hewitt, is a brief manual for grade school pupils. The first part deals with the Constitution of the United States. The authors have adopted the plan of quoting in full a section or paragraph of the Constitution and then explaining in brief and very simple terms the meaning of the statements contained in it. The second part is devoted to the government of the State of Wisconsin. The book should prove a satisfactory text.

"The History of Pennsylvania" (Lippincott), by Charles Morris, is designed for any "course of study embracing the history of the State of Pennsylvania." It is hardly a history in any vital sense, but rather a collection of facts and events strung on a chronological thread, and possessing little continuity of any other sort.

Science

Animal Life in Africa. By Major J. Stevenson-Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

The author of this book, as warden of the Transvaal Government Game Reserve, a district of some 14,000 square miles in the bush country bordering on Portuguese East Africa, has had peculiar opportunities for the successful discharge of his task. The work is restricted chiefly to Southeast Africa, and even there the author wisely refrains from attempting to give a complete account of every variety of wild life. The selection is made of such mammals, birds, fishes, and reptiles as are most likely to be found by the traveller and sportsman in this region. But the volume appeals, by its sympathy with the animal world, to many who may never hope to visit the Transvaal, so vivid are its descriptions of bird and beast, and so attractive are its accounts of their changing habits and their attitude towards man. Major Hamilton rightly stresses the fact that animals are by no means mechanical in habit, and, as he says:

> The best of observers often contradict one another upon points of fact, and subsequent investigation may demonstrate that the disagreements were due, not to want of accuracy on their part, but to the individual eccentricities of the wild creatures themselves. . . . The wider knowledge a man has of wild beasts and their ways, the less prone is he to disbelieve anything he may hear concerning them. Man, even savage man, is utterly outside the economy of wild life. There exists among the beasts of the forest a sort of freemasonry, to which he and to some extent his domestic animals also, are strangers. The observer little by little becomes conscious of this, and the longer he studies wild animals in their native haunts the more forcibly does he realize his ignorance of the motives which often control their individual and collective actions.

It is interesting to see how unaggressive wild beasts—even the *carnivora*—naturally are, and that "there is still considerably less danger in traversing the African jungle by day than there is in crossing a thoroughfare in modern London"; nor is the account of the gradual acquisition of fear of man and of *carnivora*—and its loss when the occasion of alarm disappears for a relatively short time—of less interest to the student of what we may term "animal psychology." Major Hamilton's chapter on The Destruction of Great Game is unpleasant reading, but it shows conclusively the wisdom of the British Government in creating such game preserves as that over which the author exercises control. The sordid story of the wanton slaughter of game has only too many parallels throughout the world, but it seems to have been the good fortune of British Africa to have checked the destruction while there was yet time.

In his introductory chapter on the ungulates, Major Hamilton considers the various diseases to which they are liable, with particular reference to the tsetse fly. He then discusses—in nearly every case with full reference to habits, breeding, utility, etc.—a great variety of mammals, birds, and reptiles. Fishes are restricted to the tiger-fish, yellow fish, and South African carp. As is natural in a treatise from this point of view, the mammals are most fully considered, and yet it is obvious what wealth Africa possesses for the sciences of ornithology and ichthyology. It is impossible not to regret that, among his numerous anecdotes of hunting experiences and his accounts of his own pets, such as the amusing eland Alfonso, Major Hamilton did not include at least a little of the abundant folklore which must prevail concerning the varied animal life of Africa. The two instances noted by the author are that, among the Amatshangana, the tail of a cane rat must be cut off by its captors before reaching their village, since on no account may it be seen by a married woman; and that crossed sticks are often placed on the apex of a hut to ward off owls, which are ill-omened. The latter case is plain, but the former is not clear. So exceptional are Major Hamilton's opportunities that he would probably be able to furnish valuable information on the beliefs and folklore of the Africans of his section regarding birds, beasts, and reptiles.

The three concluding chapters of the volume are distinctly practical. In his Hunting Notes the author discusses the best hunting seasons, weapons and equipment, methods of the chase, and the skinning of trophies; his Travelling Notes include advice on health, African diseases and accidents, the daily routine, clothing, and camping; and under the caption of Transport in Africa he considers the advantages of various modes of travel. In fact, it would not be easy to imagine any contingency in which the hunter in Southeast Africa might not consult this volume. On page 383 Major Hamilton refers to technical literature which the hunter and traveller in these regions should carry with him. The future African Nimrod should most certainly add to the books there enumerated Major Hamilton's own "Animal Life in Africa."

Stokes will bring out this week "The Curtiss Aviation Book," by Glen H. Curtiss.

In "The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth," announced by Moffat, Yard & Co., Isador H. Coriat makes a special study of abnormal psychology.

Readers to whom their alopecy is a burden will derive some consolation from the perusal of the little book by Andrew Simpson on "The Bald-Headed Man" (Broadway Pub. Co.), but hope will not be awakened thereby nor the sale of hair restorers increased. While this author evidently recognizes that baldness has many causes, though he lays little stress on the considerable number of varieties very well known to students of the skin, he strives rather to explain the wide prevalence of the "natural" trouble, which he finds in the nations that are most wealthy, most progressive, and best fed. The fact that women generally retain their hair much better than men, and that in certain races the loss of hair is unusual, is held to be a sufficient reason for rejecting the view that any general external cause, such as micro-organisms, can be in play. The bald-headed man is bald headed not because of weakness or sinfulness, but by virtue of a strength which compensatively makes him less easily the victim of tuberculosis. His constitutional endowment is such that his digestive powers can put more solids into the blood, and this enrichment leads through the nervous system to a more vigorous action of the heart, and this in turn leads to a congestion of the scalp by forcing more blood to it. In this way the blood vessels become engorged and are weakened, the scalp is over-heated, the hairs die and fall out, and the scalp becomes thin and wasted. Natural alopecy is thus a disease of prosperity, and of cold climates which create appetite; "therefore the lusty, vigorous men of the northern nations of the world become bald while the thin-blooded dweller of the tropics does not." Women, having weaker muscles and particularly less active hearts, cannot so readily develop these conditions. When once this baldness clearly shows itself the damage is already done, and the original healthy state of the vessels cannot be reëstablished; the bald must remain bald. These constitutional peculiarities may be inherited, but the author does not even suggest that something might be done early in life to overcome the tendency thus acquired. This explanation of natural baldness is ingenious, but far from convincing. Very much more study is needed to establish even the existence of the fundamental differences on which the theory is based.

Drama and Music

Prof. Felix E. Schelling has assumed the general editorship of a new series, Masterpieces of the English Drama (American Book Co.). It proposes to furnish a scholarly and yet popular edition of great English playwrights, outside of Shakespeare, from the later years of Elizabeth's reign to the latter part of the eighteenth century. Each volume will contain a brief biographical preface, and each play will be preceded by a note on its source, date of composition, etc. Three volumes have now appeared—"Beaumont and Fletcher," "Webster and Tourneur," and "Christopher Marlowe," under the special care, respectively, of the general editor, Prof. A. H. Thorndike, and Prof. W. L. Phelps. To judge by these samples, the work expended on the series promises to be accurate and thoughtful. The make-up of the volumes is not unattractive.

Spectacular representations of Shakespeare generally result in the substitution of the shadow for the substance, but in "King Henry V," at Daly's Theatre, Lewis Waller has paid attenton to the text, as well as to the pictures. These latter are often artistic enough to justify their existence, if not the wholesale excisions made on their account. Such of the text as remains is very well treated. Mr. Waller's Henry is a virile, consistent, and picturesque impersonation, lacking in romantic charm and youthful impulse, but forcible, dignified, and attractive. The actor was at his best in such vigorous appeals as the "Once more unto the breach" and the Crispin Crispian speeches. He did not sound the deeper notes in "Upon the King" and "Oh, God of Battles," but he was always intelligent, even when uninspired. The whole cast was competent, but the comic characters, ordinarily very mournful, were uncommonly excellent. Fluellen has rarely been played so well as by A. F. Thompson, and the Bardolph of Charles Francis was a most racy study. The sullen humors of Nym found a capital interpreter in Thomas Louden. The Pistol of Herbert Jarman, striking in design, was less satisfactory in execution, but ought to grow into a notable characterization. Annie Hughes played Quickly with too much refinement, and so missed an essential element in her description of the dying Falstaff, but all the members of the group were played with sympathetic insight. Miss Titheradge, a clever and versatile actress, was a most piquant Katherine, but had not the declamatory power needed for Chorus. "Henry V" has not been so well played in the last forty years.

If not altogether surprising it certainly is not encouraging to find Winthrop Ames, whose managerial enterprises are supposed to be inspired by a zeal for the higher drama, standing sponsor for such an insincere and insignificant piece as the "June Madness," of Henry Kitchell Webster, which he has produced in the Fulton Theatre. This, indeed, has thus much in common with some plays of the modern school that it treats the ancient subject of the relations of the sexes with more frankness than discretion, but it has nothing new to say, while the specific example which it offers to prove the feasibility and expediency of "free love" as a social institution is too obviously theatrical fiction to have the slightest value as argument. The whole play is a most disingenuous bit of special pleading. In its original form, that of a novel, the story may have seemed more plausible, but on the stage the essential facts are less easily disguised, and the supposed consequences of them are clearly contrary to the vast bulk of human experience.

The heroine is a refined and accomplished woman of the world, whose abilities have won her an assured position while she is still young. Nothing is said of her friends, relatives, or environment. One day, in June, being alone, she has yearnings for companionship and a mate. She goes to a holiday resort, makes advances to an attractive young man—who promptly responds—and lives with him for ten delirious days, after which, by mutual agreement, they part, never to meet again. Twenty years later, unharmed in character or repute by her experience, she is the secretary and factotum (at a fabulous salary) of a multi-millionaire, whose son is in love with her daughter, an angelic creature who knows nothing of her origin. Her old lover, now a famous novelist, is to be married to the millionaire's daughter and heiress. The latter is jealous of the secretary—whose secret she has discovered—and tries to drive her from the house. But the famous novelist renews his old allegiance, falsely declares that he had been married to the fair secretary, whom he now claims as his own, and all ends happily, the millionaire being only too glad to give his son to the daughter of chance, while his own wife and daughter, with no past to speak of, are left to console themselves as they may. As drama the piece is feeble because of its obviousness, its coincidences, its improbabilities, and its evasions, but chiefly because of its shallow and essentially vulgar conception of womanhood.

Sir John Hare has determined to make another provincial tour in England. Leave-taking is such sweet sorrow, especially when it is remunerative.

Gertrude Kingston will begin her season at the improved Little Theatre, in London, with a revival of Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Bernard Shaw has revised his "Cæsar and Cleopatra" for the use of Forbes Robertson.

The criticisms of the London press on Walter Browne's "Everywoman," as it is played in Drury Lane Theatre, make amusing reading. Most of them evince serious consideration. The writers are impressed by the moral pretence of the thing, by the appearance of such an actor as H. B. Irving in the part of Nobody, and by the splendor of the spectacle. But they all find difficulty, apparently, in reconciling the poverty of the text—in spite of the emendations of Stephen Phillips—with the magnificence of the setting. They do not know that the original idea of the author was to produce the piece without any scenery beyond the bare decoration of the Elizabethan stage. He wished to depend entirely upon the moral and sentiment of the lines. To the managerial sense, however, it appeared that the morality would be much more attractive if the vices which it assailed were graphically and luxuriously illustrated. Soon morality was swallowed up in spectacle, and it is not strange that the critics had some difficulty in finding it. Mr. Phillips's task, however he has accomplished it, was hopeless from the first.

At this summer's Sängerfest in Nuremberg, the audience was treated to what was virtually a Wagnerian novelty. In 1861 the composer of "Tannhäuser" made a special arrangement of the Pilgrims' Chorus for the Vienna Männergesangverein, with orchestral accompaniment, and this arrangement the Viennese Society allowed the Deutsche Sängerbund to use at the festival in Nuremberg. It was the first time that so large a choir had sung that sublime chorus with orchestra, and the effect on the audience was overwhelming.

Oscar Hammerstein's excellent production of Charpentier's "Louise" was one of his most notable achievements at the Manhattan Opera House. It aroused, also, much curiosity as to its composer, his personality, and his plans. It was reported that his success with "Louise" had spoiled him for other operas—that he had become dissipated and averse to work. These rumors he has set at nought by quietly composing, not only one opera, but a trilogy. The first of them is entitled "L'Amour au Faubourg." The scene is placed partly in the Cabaret des Fêtes Galantes. The second describes the "palace of wretchedness," while the third has for its subject a strike.

"Parsifal" will probably be produced at Covent Garden, London, next year, after the expiration of the copyright. German singers and a German conductor will be obtained.

Something new under the sun was heard a few weeks ago at Cracow. Moniuszko's opera "Halka" was sung, with the libretto translated into Esperanto.

Stuttgart has again become a centre of interest in the musical world. It is not only that Richard Strauss's latest opera is to have its first performance there, but there is something of very much greater importance. Two new theatres have been built, and they represent the greatest advance in this branch of architecture since Wagner erected his Festspielhaus in Bayreuth, nearly forty years ago. Prof. Max Littmann had evidently given the matter a great deal of thought before he erected these two structures, which are not only externally such as to arouse every one's admiration, but unite in their internal arrangements all things that the experience of centuries has shown to be best for acoustic results and for the comfort and enjoyment of the public.

Professor Littmann's plan, which doubtless marks the beginning of a new era in theatre building the world over, is that of a combination of music and drama in the same house—or, rather in two houses. Just as there are operas, like Wagner's, and

Verdi's "Aida," which require a large stage and auditorium, so there are spectacular dramas with elaborate scenic effects and ensembles that demand a big building. To these, accordingly, the larger one of Professor Littmann's new theatres is consecrated. The smaller one is intended for operas like Mozart's and Lortzing's, and those of many of the French composers. Thus, instead of having an opera house either too large for some operas or too small for others, and a separate theatre with the same defects, Stuttgarters now possess two houses, in which full justice can be done to all kinds of plays, with or without music.

Perosi is finding admirers in Austria-Hungary. Last spring his opera, "Pompei," was staged in a Viennese theatre, and next spring the same city, as well as Budapest, will witness the production of a new opera, which he is at present completing. Its title is "Jenny," and he calls it "a drama of longing." The story is based on incidents happening partly in Switzerland, partly at Monte Carlo.

Concert-goers at Weimar will have an opportunity next winter of hearing a composition by Liszt that has never been performed in public. It is entitled "Titan," and is based on the legend of "Prometheus." The score is for baritone solo and orchestra.

Art

Engraved Gems: Signets, Talismans, and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern. By Duffield Osborne. With thirty-two plates. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6 net.

Most popular manuals are extorted by the bribes of publishers from half-trained bookmakers or unwilling experts. This handsome volume on engraved gems is an exception. It represents nearly twenty years of travel and collecting and is written for those of like zeal. Mr. Osborne tacitly includes himself among the class which he names "romantic archæologists." What he asks of his studies is not the æsthete's limited joy, but the widest range of association with the past. This trait determines the character of his book. While alive to the beauty of the finest intaglios, he is chiefly interested in iconography. Hence he gives more attention than is usual to later stones of poor workmanship which happen to be peculiarly interesting in subject. This policy corresponds very well to the needs of the actual collector, for whom the book is chiefly planned. Gems of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. are virtually unattainable. He who lands a Hellenistic intaglio is more than lucky. For all but very rich or fortunate collectors an Augustan gem must represent the high level. From then on the situation changes. There are few Italian jewellers who do not possess a saucerful of gems of the late Empire. These can still be had for a song. Some are beautiful, and most are interesting. It is this field that Mr. Osborne has especially cultivated, though he has also studied deeply in the earlier and finer periods.

Being a popular manual, the book makes no display of authorities. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, and at the end are gathered thirty-two plates comprising about seven hundred half-tone cuts from casts. These, under close scrutiny, will generally betray the workmanship, whether it be the diamond point, the drill, or the wheel. On all these technical and necessary matters Mr. Osborne is an excellent guide. He has frequented the few modern gem-cutters, most of whom become, often unwittingly and through the dealers' guile, forgers as well. The preface is given up to the history of gem collecting, a romantic narrative. There never was a greater collapse in a fad than was caused by the sale of Prince Poniatowski's specious forgeries in 1839. The result has been a heyday for the museums and for the few surviving collectors. It is thanks to Prince Poniatowski's misplaced archæological zeal that Mr. Osborne is able largely to illustrate his book from his own and his friends' collections. The introduction treats of the classic interests in gems, forgeries, materials, size, workmanship, designs, signatures, and inscriptions—in general, what the collector needs to authenticate and date the examples that come under his eye. Twelve chapters are devoted to a chronological survey from Minoan to modern times. In every case the materials and subjects proper to a period are carefully given.

A second part treats the subjects that are found on carved gems. A third part includes an elaborate description of tools and technical processes, of the stones used, a useful list of historical signets mentioned in literature, and a concise description of the plates. There is as well an alphabetical list of attributes and things, and a general index of names. Everything is clear and orderly. And the collector who cannot possess the massive volume of Furtwängler, could ask for nothing more accurate and convenient. We know of no handbook in any language that so nearly meets the practical needs of the average person interested.

It should be added that Mr. Osborne excludes cameos, which are merely a form of small relief sculpture. One or two suggestions may be offered for a second edition. After the book went to press Sir Martin Conway published in the *Burlington Magazine* a casket in the treasury of St. Maurice d'Agane, which contains several classic intaglios. Since it also contains an interesting mediæval forgery of a classical cameo, it is possible that here may be found also mediæval intaglios—rarer they are than black swans. In general, this mediæval field much needs to be cultivated. Mr. Osborne is surely right in supposing that the art never wholly died out. Among historic signets might have been included that chalcedony belonging to Nicolaio Nicoli, which is highly praised by Ghiberti in the third of his Commentaries. Mr. Osborne's implied doubt as to the nude Three Graces on antique gems seems unwarranted. Furtwängler reproduces several examples in the Berlin Catalogue, and the subject is rather common on Levantine coins of the later Empire.

Charles F. Kelley and William L. Mowll have written "A Text Book of Design," which Houghton Mifflin Company brings out this week.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water Color Club announce that under their joint management an exhibition of original work, or illustrations in whatever medium will be held at the Academy, beginning Sunday, November 10, and ending Sunday, December 15. A prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded for the best work in the exhibition that has been reproduced in color for the purpose of publication. Following are the committees: Jury of selection—Hugh H. Breckenridge, George M. Harding, Thornton Oakley, Philip L. Hale, F. Luis Mora, and Fred Wagner. Hanging committee—George Walter Dawson, Thornton Oakley, and Hugh H. Breckenridge. Academy's committee on exhibition—Clement B. Newbold, chairman.

An interesting account of the work of the Dutch excavations at Argos has appeared in the London *Times*. These excavations have been carried on since 1902, when Prof. W. Vollgraff, of the University of Groningen, commenced operations on the low, flat hill known as the "Shield." In successive annual campaigns he laid bare an important prehistoric settlement of about 2000 B C., with heavy fortifications; then at the foot of the hill, a number of large Mycenæan rock-tombs of the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries B. C., the contents of which are now in the National Museum at Athens. Professor Vollgraff then succeeded, by experimental trench-cutting, in getting a clear outline of the topography of ancient Argos, discovering among other objects of special interest the stadium, the gymnasium, the sanctuaries of Apollo Pythios and Athena Oxyderkes, a round temple of unknown age and dedication, the Roman aqueduct, the Nymphæum, and a large stone terrace, which in all probability is the *kritêrion,* or ancient place of judgment, mentioned by Pausanias. The chief interest, however, lay in identifying the *agora,* which in ancient Greek cities was the centre of the civic life. It is an immense rectangular area of some 3,000 square metres, which was partly roofed in and was surrounded on all sides by walls, temples, and colonnades. On the north side, which is above 100 metres in length, the colonnade has been unearthed almost intact, the columns still standing to a height of several metres, while most of the capitals are lying about near by. This colonnade apparently dates back to the fourth century B. C. An *agora* belonging to classical times of these dimensions and such arrangement is thus far unique in Greece or Asia Minor. Pausanias describes the Argive *agora* quite elaborately, and names no fewer than seventeen temples abutting on it. One of these temples has already been unearthed by Professor Vollgraff; it is 32 metres long by 15½ metres broad, and was built of fine white limestone. The substructure and numerous fragments of the superstructure are preserved, as well as the shattered statue of the goddess, whose name may perhaps be determined when the pieces are put together. Professor Vollgraff's excavations are to be continued, and one may confidently hope for even more important discoveries.

The recent excavations on the Palatine in Rome will soon be opened to the public. When the clearing of the débris from the *atrium* of Domitian's palace has been completed, a good view will be obtained of the vast *impluvium* of the palace of the Cæsars. This colossal fountain had a capacity of a thousand cubic metres. The water was distributed in lead pipes from Nero's aqueduct, fifteen feet below the *impluvium*. The foundations of the Golden House and earlier Cæsarian dwellings have been laid bare. Below these have been found some interesting remains, including twelve ancient lifts. One of these lifts, which descend into the earliest known city, is being cleared and put into working order.

One of the largest, most complete, and most important temples of Mithra is being unearthed in the vast excavations now proceeding at the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. The temple proper underlies the stadium, which consists of a central nave 75 feet long, flanked on either side by an aisle. Many relics of Mithra worship are coming to light, among them a number of valuable inscriptions.

Richard George, son of the late Henry George, died Saturday at the age of forty-two. He was a sculptor. He made portrait busts of the late Tom L. Johnson, William Jennings Bryan, and the Rev. Father Edward McGlynn.

John Leighton, whose death at the ripe age of ninety is announced from London, was one of the original proprietors of the *Graphic*, was a founder of the Ex Libris Society, for which he designed many bookplates, and illustrated a large number of books. Under the pen name of Luke Limner, he published in 1881 "Suggestions in Design."

Finance

TAKING EUROPE'S GOLD.

Last week there arrived at New York, by the incoming European steamers, $1,300,000 gold. A further $2,500,000 was taken from the London market and consigned to New York, and on Monday of the present week, $5,000,000 more was engaged for import. Thus far these engagements for America have been exclusively taken from the newly-mined Transvaal gold, delivered in England by the weekly steamers from South Africa, of which last Monday's $6,000,000 arrival was the largest cargo ever brought from the Cape on a single steamer. All the engagements, made on the basis of a movement of foreign exchange decidedly in our favor, were the response of the international market to the great demand on American bank resources, due to the sudden expansion of this country's internal trade, to the unprecedented movement of grain to market, and to revival of financial activities—reflected already in a 6 per cent. rate for long-time discounts in the New York money market and an 8 per cent. rate, last Monday, for demand loans on the Stock Exchange.

It will thus be seen that the "gold-import movement," whose postponement Lombard Street has been anxiously advising, is fairly under way. How large is the movement likely to be, and what will be its effect on financial Europe?

This westward flow of gold across the Atlantic is the first movement of the kind, on a genuinely commercial basis, that has occurred in half a dozen years; for the $17,000,000 brought from England and France in July and August, 1910, was wholly a result of international stock market operations, and the $100,000,000 imported from outside countries, in the two months after the panic of 1907, was bought at a heavy premium, as if it had been pork or iron.

So far as Europe is concerned, we sent $20,000,000 gold to Europe earlier in this present year, to help out the Paris market, and, until September, we imported virtually none. Last year, we neither exported nor imported any considerable amount. In 1910 we sent Europe $15,000,000 more than we got from her. In 1909 the excess of gold exports, in our trade with Europe, was $24,000,000; in 1908 it was $43,000,000. Even in 1906, when our gold engagements from Europe were, all told, $87,000,000 and our shipments virtually nothing, it needed the active help of the United States Treasury to stimulate the movement, and the gold was obtained from England, not only on the basis of prodigiously large foreign borrowings by rich American speculators, but by reason of abnormally heavy payments by England to America, necessitated by the losses of English fire insurance companies in that year's San Francisco conflagration.

The amount of gold which comes to us from abroad, in a season of sudden American trade revival and of heavily increased agricultural and other exports, has usually been very large; but its total magnitude would depend on circumstances. In the twelve months which began with July, 1897—the most recent period of the kind in our history—we imported $120,000,000 gold, though only $70,000,000 came from Europe. In the autumn of 1879 we took $60,000,000 gold from England, France, and Germany. Those periods were in many respects analogous to this, so far as concerned the United States.

It is as yet, however, wholly impossible to predict to what extent this season's gold import movement will approach those totals. That must largely depend on the other question, how a large and continuous gold engagement for New York would affect financial Europe. The English cables declare that its effect would be highly disturbing; if so, and if the Bank of England rate were to rise, say, to 6 per cent., we should have to reduce our expectations. But there are some other things to keep in mind in that connection.

In the first place, we have thus far been taking gold, not from the Bank of England's vaults, but from the weekly arrivals of new Transvaal gold on the Cape Town steamers. That is how we drew the $17,000,000 gold in July and August, 1910, without causing a ripple on the European money markets. On the other hand, it must be remembered that London had been reckoning on these very South African consignments to provide the gold which the English market had expected to send to India, Egypt, and Germany. If, because of New York's successful bid for the series of South African arrivals, the gold for those other markets has to be drawn, contrary to previous expectations, from the reserve of the Bank of England, then it might be argued that we have indirectly imposed the burden on the Bank itself.

But this would still leave the question open, how much gold Europe itself can comfortably spare, and that question has two sides. The large gold shipments to us, in 1897 and 1898, are commonly said to have troubled nobody, because the Bank of England's gold coin and bullion holdings were then so exceptionally high. It is true that the £49,200,000 gold in that institution on June 24, 1897, was the high record of its history. But the Bank held only £40,386,000 at this time in September, 1897, its ratio of reserve to liability being 48½ per cent.; whereas last Thursday's weekly report showed £41,693,000 gold and a reserve ratio of 51⅜. When one turns to the great Continental banks, one finds by their statements of last week that the Bank of France holds $33,000,000 more gold than a year ago, and the Imperial Bank of Germany $34,000,000 more. The present gold holdings of the German institution break all records for its history, and both it and the Bank of France have made heavy reduction in outstanding loans since this time in 1911.

In 1879, too, it was generally supposed that Europe needed its own existing supplies of gold. The building-up of the French reserve of gold, after the payment of the huge war indemnity to Germany, was still in progress. There were in those days, moreover, no weekly arrivals of new gold from the Transvaal. Yet, although our demands of 1879 on Europe's gold supplies came with wholly unexpected suddenness (our Treasury's London agent had just quoted the Rothschilds as predicting a steady gold export movement from New York), the Bank of England's official discount rate did not go above 3 per cent. that season.

So that the question is still left open, whether London is or is not altogether justified in its apprehensions regarding a large and continuous gold movement to America. That will be determined by events. It is probable enough that, if the New York requirements should be exceptionally large, some of last summer's financial plans of the English and Continental money markets would have to be revised. But that is a somewhat inevitable incident of a sudden and unexpected change in the international position. It is perhaps not an unreasonable conjecture, therefore, that when the season has progressed a little further, Europe itself will find that the necessary gold can be provided with a minimum of inconvenience.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, A. A. Principles of Parallel Projecting-Line Drawing. Part I, Engineering Drawing. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Altsheler, J. A. The Texan Star. D. Appleton. $1.50.
American Jewish Year Book 5673 (1912-1913). The Jew and Agriculture. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Atwater, G. P. The Young Crusaders at Washington. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Audoux, Marguerite. Valserine, and Other Stories. Doran. $1.20 net.
Babbitt, E. C. Jataka Tales Retold. Century Company. $1.00 net.
Barbour, R. H. Change Signals. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Barbour, R. H. Crofton Chums. Century Company. $1.25 net.
Barker, Bruce. "Young Honesty" Politician. Boston: Wilde. $1 net.
Bartlett, F. O. The Lady of the Lane. Century Company. $1.25 net.
Beach, E. L. Lieut. Ralph Osborn Aboard a Torpedo Boat Destroyer. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.
Bell, A. F. G. In Portugal. Lane. $2 net.
Blanchard, A. E. The Four Corners in Japan. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1.50.
Bradley, Shelland An American Girl at the Durbar. Lane. $1.25 net.
Brewster, F. S. Rhody. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1 net.
Brooks, Amy. Dorothy Dainty's Holidays. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 each.
Brownlee, Jane. Character Building in School. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.
Bryant, E. A. Yule-Tide Cheer: a Book of Verses. Crowell. $1 net.
Burgess, T. W. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.
Burns, J. A. The Catholic School System in the United States. Benziger Bros. $1.75 net.
Carpenter, Edward. Towards Democracy. Kennerley.
Chalkley, A. P. Diesel Engines for Land and Marine Work. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Channing, Edward. A History of the United States. Vol III. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Channon, F. E. Henley's American Captain. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Chateaubriand, A. de. The Keynote. Translated by T. Davidson. Doran. $1.20 net.
Clopper, E. N. Child Labor in City Streets. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Comstock, A. P. The Problem of the Negro. Reprint from the American Journal of Sociology. University of Chicago Press. 5 cents.
Continental Legal History, a General Survey by Various European Authors. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown. $6 net.
Cooper, C. S. Why Go to College. Century Company. $1.50 net.
Courtney, M. K. The Pictures of Polly. Harper. $1 net.
Cox, J. H. Folk Tales of East and West. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Daviess, M. T. Sue Jane. Century Company. $1.25 net.
Dealey, J. Q. The Family in Its Sociological Aspects. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Dooley, W. H. Manual of Shoemaking and Leather and Rubber Products. Boston. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Dryer, C. R. High School Geography. American Book Co. $1.30.
Duffey, Arthur. For Old Donehester. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Durell, F., and Hall, E. Advanced Arithmetic; Elementary Arithmetic. C. E. Merrill Co.
Eaton, W. P. The Boy Scouts of Berkshire. Boston. Wilde Co. $1 net.
Edward, Albert. A Man's World. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Ellis, Havelock. The Task of Social Hygiene. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Ellwood, C. A. Sociology in Its Psychological Aspects. D. Appleton.
Flitch, J. E. C. Modern Dancing and Dancers. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Fowler, H. T. History of the Literature of Ancient Israel. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Garrold, R. P. The Black Brotherhood: A Story of Home and School. Benziger Bros. $1. 35 net.
Godfred, Hollis. Dave Morrell's Battery. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Graham, Effie. The "Passin'-On" Party. Chicago: McClurg.
Green, H. C., and M. W. Pioneer Mothers of America. 3 vols. Putnam.
Hale, L. C. Her Soul and Her Body. Moffat, Yard. $1.20 net.
Hallock, E. B. Introduction to Browning. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Harben, W. N. Paul Rundel: A Novel. Harper. $1.30 net.
Harte, Bret. Poems and Stories. Selected by C. S. Thomas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents.
Hawkins, C. J. Ned Brewster's Year in the Big Woods. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.20 net.
Hayes, D. A. The Synoptic Problem. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.
Heyliger, William. The Captain of the Nine. D. Appleton. $1.25.
Holland, R. S. The Knights of the Golden Spur. Century Company. $1.25 net.
Hopper, James. The Freshman. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Hyatt, A. H. The Charm of London; The Charm of Venice. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net, each.
Irwin, L. G. Mystery of the Grey Oak Inn: A Story for Boys. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Kaufman, Herbert. Do Something! Be Something! Doran. 25 cents net.
Knapp, G. L. The Face of Air. Lane. $1 net.
Knight, A. F. The Right to Reign. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co.
Knipe, E. B., and A. A. The Lucky Sixpence. Century Company. $1.25 net.
Knipe, H. R. Evolution in the Past. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Leonard, M. F. Everyday Susan: A Story for Girls. Crowell. $1.50.
Leonard, W. E. The Vaunt of Man, and Other Poems. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
Lockhart, Caroline. The Lady Doc. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
London, Jack. Smoke Bellew. Century Company. $1.30 net.
Lyons, A. N. Clara. Lane. $1.25 net.
McSpadden, J. W. The Alps as Seen by the Poets. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Mathews, F. A. A Christmas Honeymoon. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Merejkowski, D. The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci. Trans. by Herbert Trench. 2 vols. Putnam. $1.50.
Merrick, Leonard. Cynthia; The Man Who Was Good. Desmond FitzGerald.
Methley, N. T. The Life-Boat and Its Story. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.
Murphy, E. M. Lois Morton's Investment. Topeka, Kan.; Crane & Co. $1.25 net.
Nelson, E. W. Birds from Panama, Colombia, and Ecuador. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Neuman, B. P. Roddles. Doran. $1.25 net.
New Jersey Industrial Directory, compiled by the Bureau of Statistics. 1912 edition. Trenton.
Newton, A. B. Mother and Baby. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Norris, Kathleen. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
O'Conor, J. F. X. A Study of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." Lane. 50 cents net.
Ogburn, W. F. Progress and Uniformity in Child-Labor Legislation. (Col. University.) Longmans.
Paine, A. B. Mark Twain, a Biography. Harper. $6 net.
Paine, R. D. The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.
"Pansy." The Long Way Home. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Pennell, Joseph. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Phillips, D. G. George Helm. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Pollak, Gustav. Michael Heilprin and His Sons. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Prelini, Charles. Tunneling. Sixth edition. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Rader, William. Shakespearean Studies. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Randall, J. H. The Culture of Personality. Caldwell Co. $1.50 net.
Ray, A. C. Buddie at Gray Buttes Camp. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Redesdale, Lord. A Tragedy in Stone and Other Papers. Lane. $2.50 net.
Redfield, Martin. My Love and I. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Robertson, A. T. Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament. Third edition, revised. Doran. $1.50 net.
Roberts, Peter. The New Immigration. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Sabin, E. L. Old Four-Toes. Crowell. $1.50.
Scott, G. F. Jean Cabot at Ashton. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Shakespeare's Richard II; The Winter's Tale. (Tudor ed.) Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.
Sihler, E. G. C. Iulius Cæsar. Leipzig: Teubner.
Smith, M. S. C. The Spirit of French Letters. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Stiles, G. W., jr. Sewage-Polluted Oysters. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Studley, J. T. The Journal of a Sporting Nomad. Lane. $3.50 net.
Taggart, M. A. Six Girls Grown Up. Boston. Wilde. $1.50.
Tolman, A. H. Questions on Shakespeare's Comedies. (7 pamphlets.) University of Chicago Press. 17 cents each.
Tootle, H. K. The Daughter of David Kerr. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Wade, M. H. White Bird, the Little Indian. Boston: Wilde. 60 cents net.
Wagner's Master-singers. Translated in poetic narrative form by Oliver Huckel. Crowell. 75 cents net.
Watanna, Onoto. The Honorable Miss Moonlight. Harper. $1 net.
Watson, R. M. Poems. Lane. $1.50 net.
Webster, Jean. Daddy-Long-Legs. Century Company. $1 net.
Weir, H. C. The Young Skipper of the Great Lakes. Boston: Wilde Co. $1 net.
Wells, H. G. Marriage. Duffield. 1.35 net.
White, C. E., jr. Successful Houses and How to Build Them. Macmillan. $2 net.
White, J. W. The Verse of Greek Comedy. Macmillan.
Williams, Hawley. Quarterback Reckless; Batter Up! D. Appleton. $1.25 each.
Williamson, Margaret. John and Betty's Scotch History Visit. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Woolley, E. M. Donald Kirk. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.20 net.

Henry Holt & Co.
31 W. 33RD ST.
Publish this week

Mary Roberts Coolidge's
Why Women Are So

Explains and traces the development of the woman of 1800 into the woman of to-day. "It interprets and justifies to women their struggle for better things: they can draw from its conviction and argument." An authoritative book.

By the author of "Chinese Immigration," "Almshouse Women," etc.
340 pp. $1.50 *net.*

W. J. Henderson's
The Soul of a Tenor

A romance of "Opera Land" by this famous musical critic.

With frontispiece in color by GEORGE GIBBS. $1.35 *net.*

Inez Haynes Gillmore's
Phoebe, Ernest and Cupid

The further adventures of these popular young people. The *Evening Post* said of *Phoebe and Ernest*: "For young and old alike we know of no more refreshing story." Illustrated by SCHABELITZ. $1.35 *net.*

Caroline Cowles Richards'
Village Life in America (1852-72)

The very human diary of a school girl, largely in war times. Illustrated. $1.30 *net.*

Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag

Perhaps this is THE young folks' Gulliver. Every page is illustrated or decorated in color by P. A. STAYNES. $2.25 *net.*

Chas. Pierce Burton's
Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill

The fourth in the popular Bob's Hill series. Illustrated by GORDON GRANT, the official artist of the Boy Scouts. $1.25 *net.*

The Cities of Belgium

In GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDES. *Revised and up-to-date.* Illustrated. Pocket size, $1.50 *net.*

Postage on net books 8% additional.

Washington and Lincoln
Leaders of the Nation in the Constitutional Eras of American History.
By Robert W. McLaughlin
Crown 8vo. With portraits. $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.50.

A discussion of the central problem of constitutional Government, a problem uppermost in the minds of the people to-day, namely, that of power in its derivation, expression, and abuse. The two commanding personalities of the Nation are revealed at work upon this mighty problem of power in Government. It is this revelation of masterful leadership, with the comparison suggested and the relation traced, that constitutes the distinctive contribution of this book.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

Four Stories by a New Writer
CHARLES LEE
The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each*, $1.25 *net.*
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC
Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America
By "WILLIAM CARLETON."
The most notable book of our day.
Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32
Send for descriptive matter free.
Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
By FREDERIC J. HASKINS
O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITING for authors; proofreaders, revising, etc. Address LECTOR, Box 3, Station D, New York.

The Moonlight Sonata
By JOHAN NORDLING

The love of Beethoven for the beautiful Countess, Julia Guicciardi, is the theme of this story, which has just scored a success abroad in three countries. A moving novel of fine artistry that is also a faithful picture of the master, of his fair inamorata, and of the social and artistic life of Old Vienna. *Cloth, 12mo. Color frontispiece and other illustrations.* $1.25 *net.*

The Cahusac Mystery
By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD
Authors of "Don Q," Etc., Etc.

A tale of London and Paris, presenting the reader to vivid and interesting men and charming women. A son's desire to clear his murdered father's memory from disgrace and offer it untarnished to the lady of his choice is the motive of the story. *Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated with colored frontispiece,* $1.25 *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLVIII. No. 2—PROGRESS AND UNIFORMITY IN CHILD-LABOR LEGISLATION
By WILLIAM FIELDING OGBURN, Ph.D.
8vo. Paper Covers. $1.75.

Vol. L. No. 2—THE STATUS OF ALIENS IN CHINA
By VI KYUIN WELLINGTON KOO, Ph.D., English Secretary to the President of China.
8vo. Paper Covers. $2.50.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, 47 W. 52d St., New York City.

Publishers

The Nation has a complete printing plant and can economically do your linotype composition, electrotyping, presswork. Sample pages submitted.

The Nation Press
Twenty Vesey Street
New York City

"It is 'a possession unto everlasting.' . . . It will be read by myriads and shed light on the millions."—*S. Reinach.*

ECCE DEUS

(English Edition—much enlarged). Large 8vo, xxiv, 352, $2.25 net.

By WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH

This book, continuing and transcending its forerunner, *Der vorchristliche Jesus*, sets forth "a totally new orientation of the history of religion in the time of the Roman Emperors" (*Schwen*). Its cardinal contentions are these:

1. That the primitive Christian preaching proclaimed the Savior-God, Jesus. 2. That Protochristianity was an aggressive Monotheism, the "Eternal Gospel" of Rev. xiv, 6, 7: "Fear God and give Him Glory." 3. That this Gospel was "veiled" in symbols that represented the heathen gods as "demons," pagandom as a "sinful woman" or "prodigal son," etc. 4. That its slogan "Repent!" means "Turn!"—from the Sin (Idolatry) to true worship of the true God.

"To say that I have read this book with interest would be to say too little. . . . As historian of the most remote origins of Christianity, William Benjamin Smith appears to me as superior to all the German radicals as Renan was superior to Dupuis and to Voltaire."—*S. Reinach,* in *Revue archéologique.*

"On the whole, to read this book is to take a shower-bath before breakfast."—*H. U. Meyboom,* in *Theol. Tijdschrift.*

"In my opinion Professor Drews and his authorities are right in the main."—*T. K. Cheyne,* in *Hibbert Journal.*

"Smith, the most learned and the keenest-witted among Drews' authorities, possesses extraordinary erudition and productive power. . . . The spuriousness of the Christ-passages in Josephus is strikingly demonstrated; the discussion of the Tacitus-passage seems to me quite as worthy of attention."—*H. Windisch,* in *Theol. Rundschau.*

"From a critical point of view, undoubtedly more significant is the delightfully logical and every way masterful *Ecce Deus* of the American mathematician, who in technical knowledge and sagacity lays many a theological specialist deep in the shade. . . . The work is a brilliant demonstration of Feuerbach's great thesis. . . . The proof of his proposition Smith has, it seems to me, accomplished with the clearest logic."—*Dr. W. v. Scholz,* in *Die Zukunft* (Berlin).

"The weight of proof brought forward is crushing. . . . The book is a plenitude of wisdom and of startling suggestions."—*Baars.*

"As the reader sees, the book is as far as possible from being a depreciation of Christianity. Indeed, the pious readers of the Bible, as well as expositors, owe Smith a debt of thanks."—*K. Jentsch,* in *Die Zeit* (Vienna).

"One can not but admire the solidity of learning and the patience of research that the Tulane professor brings to the discussion of a large and difficult problem."—*C. H. Toy,* in *International Journal of Ethics.*

"We have all along been misreading the early Christian records. The trend of criticism has been to convert the Jesus of the New Testament into an utterly ineffectual source of Christian influence; and Professor Smith, with his insistence upon the fact that original Christianity was the worship of the One God . . . has scuttled liberal theology and restored the original idea of the divine object of worship, while destroying the idea of a Palestinian personal originator of the new religion."—*A. Ransom,* in *The Literary Guide* (London).

"In this way Smith essays to unveil the secret of Protochristianity and to make its true nature intelligible. And I am certain that whoever takes his work in hand will be as much amazed at the acumen with which the author establishes his conception in detail as at the multitude of new insights that he affords us. In fact, his *Ecce Deus,* no less and in truth still more than his 'Prechristian Jesus,' throws an altogether new and startlingly bright light on the New Testament and on the whole history of early Christianity. . . . And above all, we now understand correctly and for the first time the deeper sense of the Gospels themselves and many otherwise wholly incomprehensible details of their narratives. . . .

"But enough of particulars. He who seeks for deeper insight must betake himself to the works of Smith. And whoever does so will, beyond question, agree with me in the judgment that the American may calmly match himself in learning with every theologian of our day, while in *Geist* he overtops them—well, pretty much all. This appears especially clearly in the Appendix to his work, where he repels with equal skill and high-bred gentility the odious attacks of Weinel on his earlier work, 'The Prechristian Jesus,' and visits upon the hostile specialist an overthrow that is literally annihilation."—*W. v. Schnehen,* in *Volkserzieher* (Berlin).

"Like a flash of lightning, the book illumines the New Testament. What was dark before, becomes bright as day."—*A. Joeckel* (Leipzig).

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, CHICAGO

Gerhart Hauptmann's fiftieth birthday

will be celebrated this fall. In America the event will be marked by the publication of his new novel, "Atlantis," and by the issue of the first two volumes of his complete dramatic works in English translation. Since the death of Ibsen, Hauptmann has been the undisputed head of Continental dramatists.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE NOW OBTAINABLE:

THE FOOL IN CHRIST, *a novel.* $1.50 *net; postpaid,* $1.65.	THE WEAVERS, *a drama.* $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.10.

IN PREPARATION FOR EARLY PUBLICATION:

ATLANTIS, *a novel.* $1.50 *net; postpaid,* $1.65.	DRAMAS, Volumes I and II. *Each,* $1.50 *net; postpaid,* $1.65.

The novels have been translated by Adele and Thomas Seltzer. The dramas are translated in part and edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Vol. I will contain an introduction and four plays; Vol. II will contain three plays. For further information address the publisher.

B. W. Huebsch, 225 Fifth avenue, New York

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

READ

MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.

Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

OCTOBER 17th

THE NATION

WILL PUBLISH AN

Autumn Book Number

Several thousand extra copies will be mailed to clubs, libraries and literary people.

Usual rates for advertising.

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2467 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 480 26 Oc 12

A BOOK THAT HAS BEEN LONG WAITED FOR

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Now first put into modern English by

John S. P. Tatlock AND **Percy MacKaye**

Author of "The Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works"

Author of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" "Jeanne d'Arc," etc.

Illustrated by 32 full-page quadri-color plates from paintings by the celebrated English artist, Warwick Goble.

Chaucer's entire works have never before been put into modern English.

Fugitive fragments retold in prose and verse by Pope, Dryden, Wordsworth and others of lesser fame exist, but the wit, beauty and wealth of this great English poet are practically unknown to the modern reader.

This condition is now removed by this work in which the editors—specialists in their knowledge of CHAUCER—adhering closely to the original, have rendered into modern English all the wonderful tales of this early poet.

The editors have kept as much of Chaucer's raciness and archaic savor as is consistent with the reader's ease and have been strictly faithful to the original, paraphrasing as little as possible, and never misrepresenting.

It is believed, therefore, that the present volume will be welcomed by a great number of cultured people everywhere, who, desirous of becoming fully acquainted with this classic English poet, but unversed in old English, have experienced difficulty in reading Chaucer in the original.

Handsomely bound in gilt stamped decorated blue cloth

Quarto. $5.00 *net; expressage extra*

OF ALLIED INTEREST

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE

The Sacred Scriptures

Presented in Modern Literary Form. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by

RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A., Ph.D.

Complete in One Volume, Octavo, round corners, gilt edges

FULL LIMP MOROCCO,
$5.00 net; postpaid $5.17

Olive green cloth binding,
$2.00 net; postpaid, $2.17

PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 321

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Responsibility to the People 324
"Real" Popular Government 324
A Time of Violent Language 325
Psychology of Election Odds 326
Rewards of Literature 327
The Return of Side-Whiskers 328

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

News for Bibliophiles 328

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Semester Course and Cultural Studies 329
Secession in California 330
The Dynamiting at Lawrence 330
A Correction 330
A Prophet of Progress 330
Coleridge and the Susquehanna 330

LITERATURE:

The Chinese Revolution—Where Half the World is Waking Up 331
The Chinese at Home 331
The Sin of Angels 332
Eve Triumphant 332
Priscilla's Spies 332
The Lovers 333
Eve 333
Johnsonian Gleanings 333
The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century 333
My Life Story 334
Mezzo Secolo di Storia Italiana (1861-1910) 335

NOTES 335

SCIENCE:

The Physiography of Australia 337

DRAMA AND MUSIC 339

ART:

Life of Harriet Hosmer 340

FINANCE:

Stock Exchange "Reaction" 342

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 342

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston — 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York — 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago — 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver — 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Fulton and Trueblood's
BRITISH AND AMERICAN ELOQUENCE
JUST PUBLISHED. **$1.25.**

This volume presents accounts of the lives and public careers of twenty-two noted British and American orators of the last one hundred fifty years, together with selections from their greatest speeches, the purpose of the authors being to point out by concrete example the abstract principles of public speaking which should guide the beginner. The book is for practical use in the classroom and for the general reader who desires valuable material on this subject.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston New York Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

Just Published
Mezger & Mueller's Kreuz und Quer Durch Deutsche Lande
60 cents

An account of a trip through Germany, suitable for second year classes, and introducing conversations, letters, stories, ballads, and songs. Contains notes, conversational questions, vocabulary, map, and illustrations.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.
D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

TYPEWRITING for authors; proofreading, revising, etc. LECTOR, Box 3, Station D, New York

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS
OF
Wendell Phillips Garrison
Editor of The Nation, 1865-1906

In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait.

During the forty-one years in which he edited the *Nation*, with a thoroughness, ability, and conscientious devotion unsurpassed in the records of American journalism, Mr. Garrison was an indefatigable correspondent, never employing an amanuensis, but writing tens of thousands of letters with his own hand to his contributors, who embraced practically all the leading American scholars and critics of the period. From a dozen groups of these, which have been kindly loaned by the recipients, a sufficient number of selections has been made to illustrate the relations between Mr. Garrison and his great corps of contributors, the frankness and tact which he exercised towards them, and the wide range of his interests, tastes, and sympathies. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, a dozen of his best poems, and several of his characteristic editorials, reviews, and essays, besides a fine photogravure portrait.

Price, $1.50 net postpaid.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
BOSTON NEW YORK

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid 55 cents.*
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
By FREDERIC J. HASKINS
O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

Six Months Subscription Free

THE NATION will extend SIX MONTHS the term of any subscriber who sends a name not already on our list with remittance for the new subscription for one year.

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street New York City

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)
IDEOFONIC
Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, 47 W. 52d St., New York City.

On the Art of the Theatre
By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG
8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14
The most important book about the theatre published in years.
Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

"TO LIBRARIANS"
It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by
PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES
A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold.
Send for price lists.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
225 Fifth Ave., New York.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

"Mr. Beresford has arrived."
—*London Morning Leader.*

A Candidate for Truth
By J. D. BERESFORD

"More than by any novel we have read for months we are captivated by 'A Candidate for Truth.'"—*Chicago Evening Post.*
"Raises its author quite definitely to the front rank of living novelists."—*London Standard.*
486 *pages. Cloth.* $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.46.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Four Stories by a New Writer
CHARLES LEE
The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman
Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each,* $1.25 *net.*
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**
Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.
Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.
For sale everywhere.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

AMERICAN AUTOGRAPHS
The 250 Signatures of the Members of Congress of 1841 (collected in an album) for sale.
Interested parties will please make an offer.
Ritter & Flebbe, 120 Boylston St., Boston

NEXT WEEK

THE NATION
WILL PUBLISH AN
Autumn Book Number

Several thousand extra copies will be mailed to clubs, libraries and literary people.

Usual rates for advertising.

LONGMANS' NEW BOOKS

The Book of Saints and Heroes

By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. With 12 colored Plates and 18 Other Illustrations by H. J. Ford. Crown 8vo. *Gilt Edges.* $1.60 *net; by mail,* $1.75.

The Story of the Discontented Little Elephant

Told in Pictures and Rhyme.

By E. Œ. Somerville, Author of "Slipper's A. B. C. of Fox Hunting." With 8 Colored and 16 Uncolored Illustrations. Crown 4to. $0.60 *net.*

A "Cautionary" tale for the young, told in rhyme. It sets forth, with respectful fidelity to the standard of infant morality laid down by Mrs. Fairchild, the adventures of a little Elephant who wanted to have as long a trunk as his parents.

Old Rhymes with New Tunes

Composed by Richard Runciman Terry, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O., Organist and Director of the Choir at Westminster Cathedral. With Illustrations by Gabriel Pippet. 4to. $0.80 *net.*

A set of original tunes (with pianoforte accompaniment) to the old Nursery Rhymes "Baby Bunting," "Little Jack Horner," "Humpty Dumpty," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," etc.

Civilization at the Cross Roads

Four Lectures delivered before Harvard University in the year 1911 on the William Belden Noble Foundation

By John Neville Figgis, Litt.D., of the Community of the Resurrection; Honorary Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. $1.60 *net; by mail,* $1.70.

The Eve of Catholic Emancipation

By the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward, F.R.Hist.S., President of St. Edmund's College. With Portraits and Other Illustrations. In 3 vols. 8vo. **Vol. III.** 1820 to 1829. $3.75 *net.*

Introduction to Experimental Education

By Robert R. Rusk, M.A. (Glas.), B.A. (Cantab.), Ph.D. (Jena), Lecturer on Education to the St. Andrews Provincial Committee. Crown 8vo. $1.40 *net.*

Educational Classics

The Educational Writings of John Locke

Edited by John William Adamson, Professor of Education in the University of London. Crown 8vo. $1.25 *net.*

Rousseau on Education

Edited by R. L. Archer, M.A., Professor of Education in the University College of North Wales, Bangor. Crown 8vo. $1.25 *net.*

Vives and the Renascence Education of Women

Edited by Foster Watson, D.Litt., Professor of Education in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Crown 8vo. $1.25 *net.*

Published by **Longmans, Green, & Co.** **Fourth Ave. and 30th St. New York**

PUTNAM'S NEW BOOKS

The Story of the Bronx

From the purchase made by the Dutch from the Indians in 1639 to the present day.

By STEPHEN JENKINS,

Author of "The Greatest Street in the World—Broadway." 8vo. With over 100 illustrations and maps, $3.50 net; by mail, $3.75.

The romantic history of the northern section of Greater New York from the days of Jonas Bronk, after whom the Bronx was named, through the centuries crowded with events that have issued into the present. The geographical landmarks acquire a new significance as around them this accurate historian of local events and conditions weaves the substantial fabric of fact and more sparingly the lighter web of tradition.

The Hoosac Valley. Its Legends and Its History

By GRACE GREYLOCK NILES

8vo. With 110 illustrations and maps. $3.50 net; by mail, $3.75.

The early history of the Hoosac Valley is inextricably interwoven with that of the very foundation of our Great Republic. Miss Niles's purpose is not to furnish new pages for history, but rather to present the story of beginnings in historic Hoosac in its true relation to the world's great history. A mass of legendary material hitherto uncollected, together with profuse illustrations of Revolutionary heroes and historic fields, combine to make the volume valuable and attractive, not only to the residents of the Hoosac and Wallomsac country, but to all students of American history.

Little Cities of Italy

By ANDRE MAUREL

Translated by Helen Gerard. 8vo. 40 illustrations. $2.50 *net; by mail,* $2.75.

MILAN — MODENA — FERRARO — RIMINI — ASSISI — PAVIA BOLOGNA — RAVENNA — URBINO — SPELLO — MONTEFALCO SPOLETO — ORVIETO — VITERBO — PESARO — PIACUZO PERUGIA, ETC.

These little sketches will open new and charming fields of interest. M. Maurel has wandered from town to town, painting in vivid colors his impressions of their historical and artistic aspects, showing with keen insight how closely allied are these, what each owes to the other, and how indebted is the present to both.

The Japanese Nation

ITS LAND, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS LIFE

With Special Consideration to Its Relation with the United States.

By INAZO NITOBE, A.M., Ph.D.

Professor in the Imperial University of Tokyo, author of "Bushida." Crown 8vo. $1.50 *net; by mail,* $1.65.

A thorough study of Japan by one of her foremost scholars. It is one of the very few existing accounts of this much misunderstood nation. The book is thoroughly vital, infused with thought, brilliant in style, and should prove serviceable to all who want to arrive at a true impression of the Japanese people.

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci

By DIMITRI MEREJKOWSKI,

Author of "The Death of the Gods," "Peter and Alexis," "Tolstoi as Man and Artist," etc.

Exclusively Authorized Translation from the Russian by Herbert French.

New Edition, entirely reset. 2 vols., with 64 illustrations. 8vo. $5.00 net; by mail, $5.50.

"It amazes, while it wholly charms, by the power of imagery, the glowing fancy, the earnestness and enthusiasm with which the writer conjures Italy of the Renaissance from the past into the living light."—*London World.*

NEW YORK
2, 4 and 6 W. 45th St.
27 and 29 W. 23d St.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

LONDON
24 Bedford Street
Strand

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1912.

The Week

The detailed allegations of extensive frauds in the Roosevelt primary vote in New York, made by Ogden Mills before the Senate investigating committee, can hardly make pleasant reading for the Armageddonites; but it is not so much the charges themselves as their relation to the genesis of the Roosevelt movement at Chicago that gives them interest. However deep may be the foundations of Roosevelt's candidacy, and however wide its appeal, the thing that made it a practical reality was the cry of "Thou shalt not steal," with which the Colonel rallied his followers at Chicago after the nomination of Taft. Since that time, the reverberation of this cry has been growing extremely faint; as is natural enough in view of the facts about contesting delegations manufactured for "psychological effect," about Harriman and Archbold and Morgan contributions, about sharp practices aimed at the capture of Republican electoral tickets, that have been coming before the public. To have on top of this a story of fraudulent votes in the New York primaries, and of other corrupt practices specified in detail, is painful indeed. How strange, too, that with the sentiment of the party so overwhelmingly for the Colonel, it should have been found necessary to employ the kind of professional talent to which his interests seem to have been entrusted in the New York primaries. In Pennsylvania, to be sure, the vote was brought out by the exertions of Flinn and his $144,000, more or less; but that's different.

One of the achievements with which Col. Roosevelt has been credited in the popular mind is the passing of the Pure Food law. That he discovered Dr. Wiley, ordained him to the ministry of making what we eat and drink fit to be eaten and drunk, endowed his crusade against poisons and lying labels with the munitions of war—in short, gave Wiley his chance—is not all this written down in the chronicles of the Roosevelt Administrations? What does the doctor mean, then, by joining Roosevelt with Taft as hostile to pure-food legislation and enforcement? But yesterday Pinchot and Jimmie Garfield, yes, and Root and Taft and even Heney and Lindsey were all doing their marvellous exploits because they were sheltered under the ægis of the Mighty One. The forests were being preserved, Cuba was being enlightened, the Trusts were being busted, the farmer was being uplifted, our meat was being inspected, all because He had said the word. Now comes Dr. Wiley to explain that he could have got along better in his task if Omniscience and Omnipotence had deigned to look upon it with favor instead of superciliousness.

Gov. Hadley's outright declaration for Taft must be accounted a severe blow to the Roosevelt cause. Hadley was the very soul of the Roosevelt fight at Chicago, and it will go hard with the Colonel to get his followers to accept the view that he is now an accomplice of thieves, an accessory after the fact in the most tremendous act of grand larceny known to history. We do not believe, indeed, that he will undertake to make this charge explicitly against his former champion; but he has made it against others, in the most comprehensive terms, and if it does not apply to Hadley it breaks down in regard to any other public man of good repute. Moreover, the alignment of the Missouri Governor at this time coincides with what looks like a general weakening of the Colonel's cause all along the line. As for Mr. Taft's declaration concerning Presidential primaries, which Gov. Hadley had stated that he was waiting for, there was in it a somewhat unwonted display of shrewdness on the President's part; for he simply quoted and reaffirmed his own declaration of March 18:

> Wherever full and fair notice of the election can be given, wherever adequate election safeguards can be thrown around to protect a preferential primary for the Presidency, wherever the Constitution of the State permits its being made applicable to the present election, I favor it and welcome it.

One of the more notable features of this Presidential campaign is the part taken in it by college men as college men. The real distinction of Mr. McCombs's success at Baltimore is not that he should have attained the nomination of the man he set out to have named. Senator Hanna, W. C. Whitney, and others had done that years before Mr. McCombs put his finger into politics, and for Hanna, at least, the job was as new as it was for McCombs. But the Princeton man won his success, so far as it was won by organization, not only by bringing into activity a class of citizens that had not been depended upon before for political work of that sort, but by working through them almost exclusively. The triumph of Wilson was accordingly the triumph of the amateur, and not the less impressive or fortunate upon that account. This aspect of the campaign is thrown into higher relief by the rapid spread of the Woodrow Wilson College Men's League, which both financially and otherwise has stood on its own feet from the start. Despite its name, it looks upon itself as non-partisan, and aims to be a permanent factor in national political campaigns, since it proposes to throw its influence on the side of the most worthy, regardless of his party badge. It has already enrolled thousands of men who had never belonged to a political organization, and by so doing has rendered a valuable service, not only to its candidate and his party, but to the whole country.

Whether the Syracuse Convention was or was not unbossed; whether, as some believe, the whole appearance of an uncontrolled Convention was merely a Tammany pretence, the fact remains that the nomination of Congressman Sulzer for the Governorship of New York State must be a bitter disappointment to Democrats everywhere. The Convention has chosen a man who in no wise measures up to the needs of the hour, or to the needs of the office. So far from clearing the present confused situation or uplifting a standard to which patriotic citizens might repair without any harassing doubts and with complete certainty that this was the way to better and freer government, the Convention has repelled thousands of independent Democrats and Republicans alike who wished to vote against Roosevelt. Sulzer is the Murphy candidate; he could not have been chosen save by Murphy's full approval. However independent he may have been at times, he is and has been essentially a part of Tammany Hall, against whose infamies he has never taken up arms. Nor is there the slightest reason to believe that, if elected, he will really free himself from the influences which have made him what he is and kept him in public life.

With the aid of the "Washington" Party and Boss Flinn, that generous political contributor and seller of gold bricks, Pennsylvania apparently has moments of seeing the light. From Harrisburg it is announced that the Allied Civic Bodies Committee, representing the third-class cities and larger boroughs of the State, is preparing to frame a bill to provide a commission form of government for municipalities of that class. The bill, to be submitted to the next General Assembly, will call for commissions of five members, each commissioner to be the head of a department; councilmen elected at large for two-year terms, and a non-partisan ballot. After protracted debate, the Committee decided not to include a provision for the recall, but the new bill will embody the initiative and referendum. It is not difficult to imagine how the gorge of the Progressive Flinn must rise at the prospect of such an invasion of his field.

With commendable restraint the people of Arizona have gone nearly a year without trying out that shining new recall pocket-knife which they cried so heartily to get. But human endurance has its limits. Recall petitions are being circulated in Arizona. They are aimed at no corrupt judges, at no venal creatures of the reactionary régime, but at the Governor of the State, who was himself an ardent champion of the recall. Moreover, the issue on which the Governor has been tried and found wanting is the question of prison administration. Gov. Hunt is in favor of a liberal parole and pardoning policy which is everywhere a feature of the humanitarian, progressive programme. His opponents, reactionaries presumably, are now using the recall for their own purposes. Simultaneously, recall petitions are being circulated against two State Senators who are opposed to woman suffrage. Thus it is fully demonstrated that the recall is a game which two can play at, and that the people of Arizona will go on playing it with great spirit for some time, until the novelty of the game has worn off.

Comments upon the death of ex-Senator Peffer illustrate American good nature better than they do American clear thinking. The late Kansas Populist was covered by the press with ridicule during his term in the Senate. He was then held up as the very type of the wild-eyed crank. His ideas were preposterous and his personality absurd. But now that he is gone we are told that he was, after all, a reformer before the reformers; that his doctrines were simply in advance of his time. He is now described as "an original Progressive." He lived to see his crying in the wilderness caught up by great political parties. The scorned planks of the Populist platform of 1892 have become the pride of the Progressives of 1912. There is a deal of talk like this. Similar language is often used of Mr. Bryan. It is said that others are in office, but that he is in power. The banners under which he went to successive defeat are now borne aloft by others. He, too, fought for years, hated and unrewarded, for causes which were merely ahead of the age. The age has now caught up with him, and his causes are triumphant. In the speech which Gov. Wilson made at Lincoln the other day, he referred to Mr. Bryan as the one who had shown the way and who had "freed" his party. We are asked to believe that, in the case of Bryan as of Peffer, it is the old story over again: the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.

We freely admit that some of the proposals which the Populists favored, and which Bryan borrowed from them, have lived to win favor from the leading parties and from the country. But even after generosity has been strained in making such concessions, what is the net result that stands plain before any one who looks at the whole movement historically, and with unclouded eyes? Why, indubitably, that a little good was mixed with a great deal of evil. The Populists and Mr. Bryan could not go wrong at every point. Look at the Populist platform of 1892, and recall Mr. Bryan's speeches of 1896 and later years. Both were drag-nets to catch every possible cause of popular complaint, and to propose every conceivable remedy. It would go hard if some genuine reasons for dissatisfaction were not hit upon, and if a few promising reforms were not proposed. A machine-gun spouting bullets could not fail to hit the target now and then, though thousands of shot went wild.

No comfort can be got from the statistical study of homicide in the United States, by F. L. Hoffman, in the insurance journal, the *Spectator*. His survey covers the figures in the leading American cities for the past thirty years, and shows conclusively an increase of homicide in the last ten years. The rate in the aggregate of these cities—with a total population in 1911 of nearly 16,000,000—was 5 per 100,000 in the decade 1882-1891, and 4.9 in 1892-1901; but in the decade 1902-1911 it rose to 7.2, an increase of more than 40 per cent. This is a startling result; and, while one cannot help suspecting that investigation might to some extent explain it away—as being due, more or less, to changes in statistical arrangements—the increase is so large, and the number of years covered so considerable, that it is hardly possible to doubt the general truth of the conclusion. Moreover, the article takes occasion to bring forward another aspect of the question, which is only too familiar, and on which there is no room at all for doubt. This is the shameful preëminence of our country, as compared with other civilized nations, in the matter of homicide. The homicide rate for the "registration area" of the United States is nearly five times as great as that for England and Wales; and if there is any incompleteness in the statistics, this would only further emphasize the discrepancy, as the English figures are unquestionably almost absolutely complete. Here is a phenomenon most discreditable to our country. For it the people cannot shift the responsibility to the Trusts or to malefactors of great wealth.

The statement issued by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in regard to the terrible disaster near Westport, Conn., on Thursday night of last week, contains this information:

> First 53, a few minutes ahead of second 53, went through this crossover, which is a No. 10, all right. Second 53 took the crossover at high speed in spite of the fact that home signal was at danger, or in stop position.

The high speed was not only in spite of the signal, but also in spite of the company's standing rule that the speed at such a crossover shall not exceed fifteen miles an hour. On July 11, 1911, at Bridgeport, Conn., on the same railway, a fearful and fatal wreck was brought about by precisely the same cause. Now, the question of vital interest to the public is not that of the degree of blame to be attached to the engineer. Individuals will take risks under stress, unless held in check by a constant and firmly enforced rule, obedience to which becomes an absolute habit. This cannot be brought about by the mere posting of rules. Unless the rule is vigorously enforced by a stern penalty for every violation, it will be habitually violated when the temptation arises, and out of every so and so many violations there will be one that brings about agonizing loss of life. The crucial question as to this latest wreck is: Have there been violations of the crossover-speed rule on the New Haven since July 11, 1911, and, if so, have these violations been punished? If, after its warning of last year, the company has not taken the only course that can be effective in preventing just such accidents, the responsibility for the lives destroyed last Thursday night rests squarely upon its shoulders.

Upon whose head rests the blood of our marines slain in Nicaragua? Who can defend the orders that sent them to their death? Washington declares that we are at peace with that republic; that our soldiers are in Nicaragua only because we have been asked to protect Americans. So, going far beyond a legation guard or a capital police, we have manned and operated railways, and then deliberately taken sides with the existing Government and attacked and defeated the rebels, killing and wounding 300 or 400. If we are at peace with Nicaragua, it is an extraordinary thing. If we can attack the rebels there, for what reason should we hesitate to attack the rebels in Santo Domingo or Hayti or Venezuela or Brazil or anywhere else that a revolution is or may be? And if we are going to take sides with the existing Governments, why not issue an ultimatum once for all and say that there shall be no rebellions anywhere to the south of us? It is a most dangerous precedent, full of the possibilities of mischief.

It has been our observation that most of the American capitalists engaged in business in Mexico are patiently awaiting the outcome in that country without bombarding the United States Government with demands for intervention. Especially is this true of certain mine-owners, who are cheerfully bearing the loss due to the shutting down of their mines. There is a different class of our countrymen, however. From one of them we have seen a letter which declares that "if the United States would intervene, lands in Mexico would double and treble mighty fast. As soon as the United States takes a hand, there will be the greatest influx of people to Mexico you ever saw." "This land-speculation matter," writes an American in business in Mexico City, "is one of the leading causes that produce this agitation for intervention." To the best of our knowledge, if the question of intervention were left to the American colony in the City of Mexico, there would be an overwhelming vote against it. The crossing of the boundary by American troops would be the signal for a general uprising against the Americans, and there would be more American property destroyed in the first week than could be replaced in months and years of hard labor.

The English newspapers, in reviewing Lord Kitchener's first nine months as British Agent in Cairo, have much that is favorable to report. Ever since his arrival the gates of the Agency have been open to any person in need of counsel or aid, with the result, so one enthusiastic correspondent writes, that "Lord Kitchener's smiles have done more to conquer Egypt than all the guns and troops together." To those who recall Kitchener as the grim Sphinx of the Boer War, this sounds like a fairy-tale. Yet we hope that it is true and that this correspondent is right in saying that the English Agency "has been the Mecca of an Egyptian social, political, commercial, industrial, and agricultural renaissance." Whether it is also true that by his tactics Lord Kitchener has put an end to the Nationalist movement, we are inclined to doubt. We fear that with England in Egypt, as with ourselves in the Philippines, there never can be native happiness under foreign rule. It is, however, pleasant to record that drainage works are now under way which will bring two million acres more of land under cultivation and add to the country's annual revenue no less than $15,000,000. Among other desirable reforms the new Agent has introduced peasant savings banks, with some minor court improvements, and has rescued the fellah from some of the exactions of the usurers who abound in the country.

The Russian Government, according to the news given out in Washington, has proposed to the other six Powers concerned in the recent Chinese loan negotiations that certain deferred claims against China, based on the Boxer affair of 1900 and amounting by estimate to $50,000,000, be now pressed for immediate payment. The dispatches, which must have been based on information from our State Department, strongly intimate that the purpose of this manœuvre is to give "a sharp and forceful rebuke to the Chinese Government for contracting loans with independent bankers in disregard of the warning of the Powers, and after rejecting the proposed international loan." It is further declared that "no official intimation is given" as to the attitude of the United States towards this reported Russian invitation. Such a proposal, if it has actually been made, would in one sense not concern our Government, which voluntarily waived its own claims on the Boxer indemnity years ago. But in a larger interpretation of our Government's duties in the premises, our State Department has a definite concern, and ought to reply emphatically to Russia and the other Powers. The status of the Boxer indemnity has nothing whatever to do with the question what bankers China shall select to finance her loans to-day. The one is purely a governmental matter; the other, whatever may be said of "dollar diplomacy," is a matter of the money market. To use the one situation as a club to punish China for her action regarding the other would be a piece of international bullying for which not a shred of decent apology exists. The United States Government has already gone dangerously near to compromising its own position in these matters; but the very fact that it has done so calls for plain language by our State Department, if any such iniquitous proposition as this is laid before it.

RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PEOPLE.

It has been noted that the language held by the Hon. William Sulzer is amazingly like that of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Both are tremendously strong on giving "the people" exactly what they want when they want it, and on compelling all office-holders to be rigidly accountable at all times to the voters. Indeed, in this doctrine, Mr. Sulzer long anticipated Mr. Roosevelt. He has proclaimed it in season and out of season, with thought and without it—mostly the latter—these many years. The sonorous old phrases naturally, therefore, come more trippingly from his tongue than they do from Mr. Roosevelt's. All power direct from the people, all responsibility immediately and continuously to the people—that has been the "bountiful answer" that fits all political questions, which Mr. Sulzer set forth in a hundred speeches long before the Colonel took it up. In this respect, Roosevelt and Sulzer to-day illustrate the fellowship of kindred minds.

Responsibility to the people has often, as we all know, been made to cover a multitude of political sins. It is a glib and mouth-filling phrase, the real meaning of which, in any given case, depends upon the spirit and purpose of the public man who uses it. We know what Gov. Hughes meant by it. He announced that he held his commission from the people of New York, and that he intended to be their responsible Executive, but the result was to fill the State with cries of rage by offended politicians. Hughes, they said, was a compound of the revolutionist and the renegade. Much the same was said of Woodrow Wilson when he followed the same line as Governor of New Jersey. On the other hand, bosses and political corruptionists have always loudly professed the desire to know what was the popular will in order that they might carry it out. They, too, have said that all their influence came from the people, and that it was their constant effort to satisfy them, knowing that the people held the power of life and death over them. In this, so far as lip-professions go, Boss Barnes would be at one with Charles E. Hughes, "Jim" Smith with Gov. Wilson. It is obvious that a phrase like "responsibility to the people," which is thus capable of covering, as by a single blanket, Richard Croker and Theodore Roosevelt, requires analysis and explanation. The thing cannot be so simple as it looks. There must be some catch in it, some misunderstanding.

The whole question was examined by Mr. Arthur Sedgwick in his Godkin Lectures at Harvard, which have now been issued by the Scribners under the title "The Democratic Mistake." Mr. Sedgwick does not in the least reject the idea of the necessity of political responsibility to the people, under our form of government. Rather he exalts it. But he shows by an inquiry into the history of the conception, and its actual working out in practice, what abuses have crept in under guise of it, and what changes are needful if the fundamental idea is to be made of real value. In the beginning, the thought was to find some authority other than the Crown or the Ministry to whom public officials should be "answerable," by whom they might be censured if unfaithful, and deprived of their positions. It was natural, and it was wise, in our young democracy, to substitute "the people" for the old reviewing and controlling power of King or Cabinet. But from this it did not at all follow that the only way to enforce responsibility to the people was by frequent elections, by a large multiplication of elective offices, and by the creation of complicated political machinery. "When annual elections cease, tyranny begins." There may be some force in that venerable saying, but it all depends upon the political conditions prevailing. If there is in existence a greedy boss or an all-powerful machine, dictating all nominations and demanding all patronage, the election of a lot of officials every year would merely mean glorious new opportunities to build up the only tyrannous power within the state which we have any reason to dread, and really would make it harder than ever for the people to make their will known and effective.

This is the theme which Mr. Sedgwick suggestively develops. He is certainly in line with the best opinion, and also with the best practice, of our time, when he insists that actual responsibility to the people has been too much obscured and dissipated, and that the way to restore it is by electing fewer men to office, while appointing more, fixing accountability in officials to whom we give more power and a longer tenure, and everywhere simplifying political machinery as much as possible. Commission government, the concentration of authority in executives, the short ballot, biennial or triennial Legislatures, continuity in office of useful public servants during good behavior—all these things, so much cried out against by politicians of the baser sort, are truly devices to make responsibility to the people more real. Contrast all this with Mr. Sulzer's notion of making spoils of all the offices as speedily as possible. He would have "rotation in office," as a means of making the people a force in the government, but what he would actually bring about in that way would be a demoralization and degradation of the public service, while leaving the people in such a whirl of being "rotated" that they would not know whom to commend or whom to punish.

"REAL" POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

The decision of the California Supreme Court in the Taft-Roosevelt electoral contest is an illuminating comment upon the glib charge that our courts have usurped legislative functions, and, besides, are so fossilized that they cannot properly interpret acts which are in accord with modern ideas of justice. To the mind of every judge of the California court, the primary law which he was interpreting was anything but a guarantee of political justice. Its practical effect is the disfranchisement of scores of thousands of voters. Yet the court meekly bowed its head to the sovereign will of the people, constitutionally expressed, and set the seal of legality upon the morally indefensible course of the Johnson Republican organization. The recall of decisions could have done no more. Such incidents as this make one wonder whether, after all, the indictment of our representative institutions is so complete as to call for their condemnation. To ask a still bolder question, Is direct legislation synonymous with popular government?

An answer, one would think, must be found in the pages of the September *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, which is concerned with the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. As one proceeds through the volume, it becomes evident that the work of getting the people to rule themselves has not been without its difficulties. Certain kinds of measures, indeed, are regarded as unsuited for popular consideration at all, not because of any preconceived theory of the limits of a pure democracy, but because experience, even a short experience, has shown the folly of submitting them to popular vote. Among these are any measures that fail to interest the people, also complicated questions, and competing or alternative proposals. This last class has caused advocates of direct legislation much trouble. The unruly voter, apparently determined to justify at all hazards the confidence reposed in him, is not unlikely to vote for both of the alternatives instead of one of them. This is such an embarrassment of riches for even the greatest admirers of genuinely popular government that various States have been compelled to provide against it by some such device as that proposed for Wisconsin, by which, in the solemn language of the pending amendment to the State Constitution, "if measures which conflict with each other in any of their essential provisions are submitted at the same election, only the measure receiving the highest number of votes shall stand as the enactment of the people." This is almost as arbitrary an interpretation of the popular will as we are accustomed to have from the courts.

More striking than this deliberate withdrawal of whole categories of measures from the domain of direct legislation is the attitude of its supporters towards the majority of the voters. In the very act of pleading the right of "the people" to originate, consider, accept, and reject legislative proposals, they confess a profound skepticism regarding the activity of the bulk of the electorate in reference to such proposals. In the first place, the percentage of signatures necessary to invoke the authority of the initiative and referendum is usually small. The favorite figure for the initiative in ordinary legislation is 8 per cent., for the referendum 5 per cent., although Ohio has settled on 3 per cent. This arrangement is modified here and there by a provision similar to that proposed for Wisconsin, according to which not more than half of the signatures shall be from a single county.

But the significant thing in this respect is the position of advocates of direct legislation with reference to the number of votes that shall be necessary to carry a measure. Almost, if not quite, invariably, this number is not a majority of those voting at the election in which such measures are presented, but only a majority of those voting on the measures. That this often means government by a minority is demonstrated by the records of such elections, which have doubtless influenced the adoption of this very provision. It is not so common to find an advocate of direct legislation standing up for this condition. The usual attitude is one of apology for the people, and of hope that in time they will do better. Prof. W. F. Dodd, however, of the University of Illinois, says squarely: "It is not necessary that such a popular judgment be represented by a majority of all persons voting at a general election, or by a majority of all the electors of the State. Indeed, such requirements are practically prohibitive, because of the fact already referred to that a larger vote can ordinarily be gotten for candidates than for measures." Voting under representative forms, then, is still the "popular" method of government.

Such a philosophy as this simply means that the portion of the people interested in a subject should have the right of legislating upon it. If the mass of voters is indifferent, let it be virtually disfranchised. G. K. Chesterton argues vigorously for the opposite theory, that every vote not cast should be counted in the negative. We are not concerned to answer in that matter here. We wish to note now the complete admission, explicit as well as implicit, that, while parts of the American people have allowed themselves to be led to the initiative and referendum water, broadly speaking, they have not drunk of it. This may prove that it is a very foolish people, but it also proves something else, viz., that, in our experience with both representative and direct government, the results have not been of such a character as to permit the stigmatizing of the one as oligarchical, and the honoring of the other as "popular." Each is an imperfect device, dependent for its working upon imperfect human beings. The Republican platform adopted at Chicago contains a sentence that puts the point pithily: "Indifferent citizenship is an evil from which the law affords no adequate protection, and for which legislation can provide no remedy."

A TIME OF VIOLENT LANGUAGE.

Of the heathen it was said anciently that they thought they should be heard for their much speaking. But the modern man appears to think that he shall be heard for his much shrieking. Violent language seems to be on the increase the world over. Dr. Crothers has an amusing and instructive article in the October *Atlantic* on the universal tendency at present towards vehement speech and ferocious attitudes on the part especially of public men. He was in England when the bitter controversy over the Republican nomination for the Presidency was going on in this country. Certain bits of personal vituperation were cabled to the London newspapers, whereupon one of them remarked that "all this is characteristically American, but it shocks the unaccustomed ears of Europe." This moved Dr. Crothers, as a puzzled American abroad, to jot down a few of the things which the ears of Europe were getting from men in European public life. In the House of Commons itself the members were called "miscreants," and the Prime Minister was covered with personal vilification. At Budapest the commonest parliamentary expressions were "swine," "thief," "liar," "assassin." What the Unionists said of Lloyd George, and what he said of them, measured up to the highest American standard. If the ears of Europe have not been accustomed to such verbal assaults, they are rapidly getting to be.

Dr. Crothers has his own theory of the causes of this sudden rush of the democracies of our day into linguistic riot. Vast and impatient bodies of men discover, either that—as they believe—their rights are being taken from them, or that something which they intensely desire is denied them, and by a common impulse they take to shouting and throwing stones and making violent threats. But whatever the explanation, there can be no doubt of the fact. Political argument has come very often to have a shrill and abusive note. Speeches are expected to rise in a violent *crescendo.* Interviews and statements are couched in the most savage words. Writing is thought to be feeble unless it splits its cheeks and tears the language to tatters. A typical instance is the first of Tom Lawson's new articles, which is one long blowing off of epithets and unintelligible invective.

Only by such frantic hurling about of adjectives is it thought that a controversialist can establish a reputation for being truly forcible, or induce people to listen to him.

This is quite explicable, and not all of it is to be condemned. As a sign that men feel strongly about public questions, it is to be welcomed. Indignation and hot convictions are not bad things in politics. Only, it is important that they be well founded, that the fury be directed against real political sins and the right political sinners, and that roused citizens do not content themselves with "slaying Krüger with their mouths." And it is equally desirable that people in a democracy should not forget that there are other ways than vehement oratory and loud outcries to produce a deep impression. Of this we have had a noteworthy instance in the present campaign. It has been remarkable for din and vociferation. But one day a man of detached position and long-established reputation addressed himself to the public. He analyzed the political struggle now going on and gave his opinion of the protagonists in it. He did this in a spirit that was entirely calm and in language that was strong without rage. Not one heated expression escaped him. From his pen there dropped not a single objurgatory word. Yet the opinion was general that this contribution of ex-President Eliot's to our great political debate was more effective than that of any other man.

We are not objecting to vehemence as such. It is sometimes necessary, and it may frequently be useful. But there is danger of its becoming monotonous. Not every man who seeks to get a hearing from the public should think it needful to adopt the 'Ercles vein. The constant strain of noise gets to be tiresome. There are other ways of obtaining attention. By very force of contrast to the strident methods in which we have been over-indulging, a quieter tone would have an excellent chance of attracting notice. Our political speakers and writers would do well to try the effect of a little variety. They might profit by reading Emerson's essay on "The Superlative." Restraint is often more forcible than raging; under-statement than exaggeration. We believe that the excess of violence from which we have been suffering this year is but a passing phase of our political temperament. It seems popular now, but is bound to wear out; for, like opium, its use compels a constant increasing of the dose, thus defeating its own end.

PSYCHOLOGY OF ELECTION ODDS.

Although betting on election results has seen its best days, there is still enough of it left to make statements of prevailing odds of interest to those on the lookout for "straws"; and these straws are much more to be relied on for a knowledge of the way the wind blows than are the straw votes, little or big, with which individuals and newspapers amuse themselves. Whenever the prevailing odds are decidedly and steadily in favor of a given candidate, the opinion they reflect is almost always verified by the result of the election. In the present campaign, the odds have been steadily quoted at about 2 to 1 on Wilson against the field; and, in the light of past experience, it will be extremely surprising if the man picked out in the betting as so emphatically the favorite should prove to be a loser.

But while the mere selection of the winner—in a case where the battle is not a close one—is executed with a high degree of trustworthiness by the higgling of the bettors, the like can by no means be said as to the arithmetical measure of his chances. Indeed, from the very fact that whenever the standard odds in favor of a candidate are at all heavy the choice is vindicated in the outcome, it may be inferred that these odds are, generally speaking, not heavy enough. If it hardly ever happens that a candidate on whom the odds are 2 to 1 is defeated, it follows that in most cases these odds, to reflect the actual situation, ought to have been much heavier. If, for example, it could be established that out of every ten instances in which these odds prevailed the favored candidate was successful in all but one instance, this would be a sufficient inductive proof that when the betting odds are 2 to 1, the candidate's actual chance of winning is such that the just odds should be 9 to 1. Whatever the reason, the fact seems evident: bettors who feel almost certain that a given candidate will win are either unwilling to offer, or do not find it necessary to offer, odds anything like as high as those which that conviction would justify.

A not uninteresting confirmation of this general view is furnished by the juxtaposition of the rates said to obtain during the present campaign as affecting the three Presidential candidates, Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt. It is stated that the odds on Wilson have been, all along, 2 to 1; that on Taft the betting stood first at 1 to 4 and afterwards became 1 to 3; and that on Roosevelt the odds were 1 to 3 and later 1 to 4. We have, then, for the three possibilities (ignoring, as the bettors doubtless do, the off chance of Col. Harvey's imagined deadlock) odds of 2 to 1, 1 to 3, and 1 to 4. Now, assuming that Wilson's chances are correctly measured by odds of 2 to 1, the odds against Roosevelt and the odds against Taft are necessarily too low. This is a simple arithmetical fact. For the odds of 2 to 1 mean that the probability of Wilson being defeated is one-third; and hence that, if Taft's and Roosevelt's chances were equal, each of them would have a chance of one-sixth of being elected. That is, the odds on either Taft or Roosevelt, if alike, ought to be 1 to 5; and if either fared better than this, the other should fare worse. Instead of this, the odds are 1 to 3 and 1 to 4; showing that even the degree of confidence reflected in the Wilson odds fails to get registered where a higher numerical preponderance is required to embody it. The Wilson figures doubtless lag behind the reality of the situation; and the Taft and Roosevelt figures lag behind even those.

To explain the general phenomenon of which we are speaking might form an interesting study in psychology. But it must be remembered that election odds do not register the attitude of the participants towards a known or agreed state of facts, such as belongs to an ordinary game of chance; nor can they properly be regarded as a mean between different estimates of the mathematical probabilities. They are the result of a bargaining process, like the play of demand and supply in the market. There are many men of many minds; some regard the favored result as almost certain, others as somewhat doubtful, while still others feel that there is a reasonable chance of the opposite result. If, for the sake of simplicity, we exaggerate this condition of things, and imagine bettors divided simply into two classes, those who feel sure that A will win and those who feel that there is a very fair chance of his losing, then, if the former class are decidedly more numerous than the latter, the odds will be heavily in favor of A; but the figure at which they will stand will depend simply on the relative strength of these two bodies, and there is not the slightest reason why it should correspond to the actual probabilities of the case, as they would be viewed, say, by an extremely well-informed and impartial observer. Thus the fact that the odds in A's favor are 2 to 1 expresses, not anybody's deliberate estimate of the mathematical chances of the election, but the undeniable fact that among those engaged in betting there is a heavy preponderance of opinion that A will be elected. And, viewed in this light, the actual experience of campaigns seems just what it should be; for it is not surprising that when the dominant opinion among so large a number of shrewd observers points emphatically and steadily to one result, that opinion is almost sure to be correct.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

There is one very considerable portion of the British people for whom the question of minimum-wage legislation must possess peculiar interest. The condition of the large body of men and women who are engaged in the production of novels that do not sell very well, if the subject were only brought up in Parliament, would stir public sympathy quite as powerfully as the case of the coal miners or the railway workers has done. What Parliament would be facing is not a problem but a mystery. The question how a mine worker can live and bring up a family on his meagre wages is a problem. The question how a minor novelist lives is a mystery. One minor novelist has just recounted his experiences in the *National Review.* It is a brief, matter-of-fact record of thirteen years' hard labor at the writing game, involving an output of fourteen published novels, three unpublished novels, and a volume of sketches, and showing a gross profit of £646, or a little less than two hundred and fifty dollars a year. This author now announces his intention of giving up literature and setting up as driver of a taxi-cab; a position, it may be remarked, for which he should be eminently qualified. Any man who has been able to steer his way through life for thirteen years on five dollars a week should find no difficulty in threading a taxicab through the most congested traffic in Piccadilly. It is true that in some quarters this confession by the writer in the *National Review* has been characterized as unduly pessimistic. Another minor novelist has written a reply in which he shows that in the last nine years he has written eight novels and made an average profit of a thousand dollars a book, thus lifting himself by strenuous effort to the economic level of a motorman or an assistant bookkeeper.

Patriotic Americans will note with pride a striking difference between this country and England in the matter of literary "confessions." In England the magazines print the confessions of novelists who do not sell. In this country the magazines print the confessions of best-sellers. The difference cannot be explained simply on the ground of differences in national temperament. It may be that as a people we know how to take our medicine better than the Englishmen do. If an American writer's books refuse to sell, he either drops out of the "game," or else sticks to the game without making a fuss about it. Our characteristic optimism induces us to lay emphasis on the men who have "arrived." Nevertheless, the preponderance of cheerful confessions over the other kind must be accepted as proving that the rewards of authorship in this country are much higher than abroad and are much more generally diffused. But the interesting question is, Just how much better paid are our novelists than their fellow-craftsmen abroad, and does even our higher average of pay supply the members of the profession as a whole with a living wage? A careful study of several recent human documents in this field leads one to the conclusion that, even in this country which proudly counts a dozen men who ask a thousand dollars for a short story, and which produces every season a half-dozen novels that sell by the hundreds of thousands, the fiction business hardly pays.

We mean that it hardly pays when you consider the mental, physical, and moral effort that goes towards the attainment of success. There are instances, of course, where writers have succeeded in hitting the bull's eye with a first or a second book. But from the published confessions as a whole it is plain that, to the average "best-seller," success comes only after years of hard work, discouragement, and, what is most important of all, disenchantment. And here our native writers are at one with the Englishmen. The American producer of best-sellers is at pains to show that he has no illusions with regard to his work. Commercial success is the only thing he claims to have achieved. He did nourish artistic ideals in those far-off days when the high price of beef was a much less vexing problem to him than the high cost of postage stamps. To-day he is engaged in giving the public what it wants. Now and then a novelist will venture to argue that writing the kind of literature the public wants is not a very degrading occupation, after all, but even this writer will seldom pretend that he enjoys doing it. So we still face the question why men will go on writing books which they do not regard as worth while, when the same amount of labor, persistence, and brains would be sure to bring them much higher rewards in any other line of business. Suppose there are a dozen writers in this country to-day who get a thousand dollars for a short story, and earn twenty-five thousand dollars a year. What other profession or calling is there whose twelve most successful practitioners, in a nation of one hundred millions, must be content with so modest an income?

The only profession that is worse paid than literature is the ministry. The number of clergymen in the United States who receive even half of twenty-five thousand dollars may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. But then the minister does enjoy those non-monetary compensations which the writer of best-sellers expressly has sacrificed. Joy in creative effort, joy in one's mission, the good opinion of one's fellow-workers—all these, according to our printed confessions, the successful novelist has thrown overboard. The writer in the *National Review* defines a minor novelist as one whose books average a sale of two thousand copies. If these two thousand copies were "The Egoist" or "What Maisie Knew," the problem would be a simple one. But our writer tells us that he was not engaged in turning out masterpieces, but pot-boilers; and what is the use of writing pot-boilers that do not even serve to make the pot boil? The case of our own best-sellers is essentially the same. It is true they do keep the pot boiling, with something over for dessert, and even an occasional motor car and a house in the country. Only, the motor cars and the bungalows could be more easily and more plentifully earned if our writers gave up literature for business. There at least one finds the opportunity for doing honest work. Business men do not work with their tongue in their cheek, in order to make a handsome income. They do not have to say to themselves, "I could turn out a very superior brand of soap, but if the public wants bad soap, I give the public what it wants."

THE RETURN OF SIDE-WHISKERS.

It is in France that they keep the closest eye on fashions, and it is from a French source that we learn of the beginnings of a movement in England to restore the side-whisker. So far it is only a tentative and modest effort to return to an earlier style. There is no question as yet of bringing back the long and sweeping hirsute appendages which used to frame the faces of Englishmen in the first years of the last century, falling from the ear far below the chin, as Canning is pictured for us, or as Byron appears in D'Orsay's sketch of him. Not even so far as the "mutton-chop" has any bold innovator yet ventured to go. The first step that costs amounts at present to no more than a slight tuft of hair hardly going below the cheek-bone. But this is now admitted by fashion and soon may be decreed. At the recent marriage of a popular actress in London it was noted that the bridegroom as well as each of his best men wore this faint suggestion of a side-whisker. Note of this was instantly taken by the devotees of the latest style, and the reporters made haste to interview the best-known coiffeur of Mayfair. He solemnly predicted the speedy coming in of the side-whisker, though he added the warning: "It is not sufficient for the man of fashion to have side-whiskers. The essential thing is to know how to wear them."

He, of course, as an expert, was prepared to give advice to young elegants to whom Jove, in his next commodity of hair, might send a beard. He had prepared a series of carefully designed models, some of them in wax, showing the various arrangements of whiskers permissible. Naturally, the comic papers took the matter up. One of them had the whimsey to print some portraits of modern English statesmen as each of them would appear with the new hairy ornament. Sir Edward Carson might have seemed even more portentous in Ulster if he had worn the truculent whiskers here assigned him, while Winston Churchill, similarly arrayed, could no more be exposed to the taunt—which, for that matter, was flung at Pitt—of Angry Boy.

Most public men in England are careful of their appearance, and their prevailing style has been to go close-shaven. The full beard is, to be sure, tolerated: one could hardly imagine the Duke of Devonshire without it, and the gray wisps at the side of Gladstone's face are familiar. Lloyd George's belligerent moustache is an exception, but it goes well with his reputation for being unconventional if not a trifle revolutionary. The general rule is a hairless face: and it is most often seen in the Englishmen of to-day. One recalls the maxim of Mr. Podsnap: "Rise at eight, close-shave at a quarter past." To many of his fellow-countrymen this has long seemed as indisputably as it did to him a fundamental part of the British Constitution. But with a whisker not so large as a man's hand now on the fashionable horizon, what mad excesses of beard may not be impending!

The fluctuations of custom in this regard have certainly been extraordinary. Women are entitled to turn the laugh on men, in any long view of the styles of wearing a beard, or going without one. The velleities of feminine fashions could show no greater vagaries or more sweeping changes. Go to the library of any college and look at the class-pictures of students graduating between about 1840 and 1855. The faces are clean-shaven. That was then the orthodox American fashion. An old German, who came to this country in those years, has told of his vain looking for work in all the shops and offices up and down Broadway. At last one kind merchant drew him aside and informed him what was the trouble. He wore a heavy moustache. There was no hope of finding employment till he cut that off: it was too defiant of custom, too suspicious. Who could trust a man with hair on his face? But pass on a dozen years to the Civil War period and later, and the land was filled with flamboyant whiskers. Some of the pictures of college baseball teams of that date, as of the first football elevens—or fifteens—look as if no one were eligible unless he were bearded like the pard. The beard, instead of being a badge of irregularity and something like opprobrium, became a symbol of respectability and even dignity. Everybody knows that Lincoln, when he was elected President felt it necessary to "raise a beard," with a result that was little short of a national misfortune.

There ought to be the largest individual liberty in all this matter. To some faces a beard means salvation; to others a calamity. We have all seen clean-shaven men who appear almost as if making an indecent exposure of their character. There is a story of Gibbon allowing Madame du Deffand, who was blind, to finger his face, but she found his features so repulsive that she instinctively cried out: "Why, this is a bad joke!" A stout hedge of beard would have prevented that; and there are plenty of men whose friends ought to advise them not to stop with the incipient side-whisker of the coming English style, but to cover up as much of their faces as they can.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

That the briefer form of "Diana of the Crossways" was a condensation of the more extended novel for the convenience of serial publication is made virtually certain by the statement of Meredith in one of the letters printed in the September *Scribner's*. In May, 1884 (before the appearance of the first instalment of "Diana"), Meredith writes that he is conducting his heroine on "her sad last way to wedlock," showing that he probably has already got her through the scene that ends the story in the *Fortnightly*. My view is further borne out by the following considerations, of interest also on their own account.

It is known that "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," and "Harry Richmond" were all, in the original form, much longer than as now published. "Shagpat" and "Richard Feverel" did not appear serially. In the other cases, the principal reductions were made from the version common to the periodical and the first edition in book form.* In all these cases, the earliest form is the longest;

---

*In the final volume of the Memorial Meredith is given an extensive table of alterations "on the original text" of Meredith's novels. But it should be observed that, while no statement is made to that effect, the "original text" is taken to mean, in the case of the prose works, the text of the first edition in book form. This is just the contrary of the method followed with the poems, in which case the original text is stated to mean that of "the first publication of the poems, whether in a periodical or in a volume." As a result of this policy in reference to the prose, there is no statement given of the very great alterations made in some of the novels when published serially—viz., those discussed in the following paragraphs.

and there is established a presumption that, in general, Meredith cut down the original versions of his novels instead of enlarging upon them.

It is not generally known that very great differences exist, in the case of "One of Our Conquerors," "The Tragic Comedians," and "The Amazing Marriage," between the book and periodical forms. "The Tragic Comedians," as it appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, has but fifteen chapters, as against nineteen in the book, two abbreviated chapters having, in several cases, been run together. "The Amazing Marriage," in serial form, has but one chapter less than in book form; but the aggregate difference in bulk amounts to some thirty-five pages of the Memorial edition. The difference is greatest in the case of "One of Our Conquerors." It is, perhaps, sufficient to point out that, in one place, no less than seven consecutive chapters (xii-xviii) were entirely omitted in the periodical.

In this most striking instance, we may be certain that the difference represents a cutting down of the extended novel for serial publication. For there is extant an agreement between Meredith and the publishers, Chapman & Hall, in which was conveyed the right to run the novel serially in the *Fortnightly*, the author to "undertake to reduce the same so that it can be passed through the said *Review* in not more than seven monthly issues." So that here we have Meredith actually contracting to treat "One of Our Conquerors" as we accuse him of treating "Diana."

Hardly less convincing is the evidence in the case of "The Tragic Comedians." The MS. of this novel, recently offered for sale in New York, which was that used for printing the first edition of the book, is stated to be the extended form of the novel. The owners of the MS. write:

> It is apparent that the book was put in type from the manuscript, and then, in order to condense it for the magazine, passages, generally complete paragraphs, were cut out. . . . The book seems to have been printed in 1880, and as the later instalments in the magazines were in the numbers for January and February, 1881, we may presume that the story was condensed in order to prevent it running on in serial form until March or April.

In this case, at least, we seem justified in setting aside the description on the title page of the first edition, "Enlarged from the Fortnightly Review."

But exactly parallel are the cases of "Diana" and "The Amazing Marriage"—the one obviously cut off before the end, so as not to extend into the year of book publication or beyond the periodical year, the other squeezed into the twelve numbers of *Scribner's* for 1895, the very year of publication in book form. It is further significant that the sole important difference between the periodical and book forms of "Vittoria" is a single cut of seven Memorial pages (in chapter xlv), apparently found necessary in order to conclude the story in the *Fortnightly* for December, 1866. And now we learn from one of Meredith's letters that he contemplated—and it is probable that he carried out—a considerable reduction of "Beauchamp's Career" for publication in the *Fortnightly*. In this case the excised portions were not restored in book form.

In view of all these facts, it is perhaps unnecessary to appeal to internal evidence to show that the passages not appearing in the periodicals were cut out of the extended form, and not enlargements upon the short form. It would take long to achieve demonstration by such means. And yet, it will be clear to the careful reader that these passages, while they are such as might naturally have been excised by an author wishing to reduce the bulk of his narrative, are not generally of a sort likely to be added to a novel once completed and given to the world. Meredith would have been much more likely to cut out Dame Gossip's ballad-story of "The Piccadilly Hare and Hound" (in chapter xxviii of "The Amazing Marriage") than to have inserted it after the work was cold. Moreover, there are many instances in which what follows the omitted passage comes too abruptly, and does not join on naturally to what goes before. In some instances a somewhat unsuccessful attempt was made to restore the coherence sacrificed in the cutting. In chapter xix of "Diana," an extended account of the drive taken by Diana and Lady Dunstance has been omitted, and the dialogue of the drive is telescoped upon one at Copsley itself. There is still retained a reference to "the drive home" and "the solitude they had enjoyed"; and, in order to supply the clue to the mystery, an awkward phrase is inserted earlier, by which the scene of the Copsley dialogue is transferred to the drive. In general, the internal evidence bears out the assumption that, with these late novels, as with the earlier ones, the original version was the most extended.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

THE SEMESTER COURSE AND CULTURAL STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An examination of college catalogues will reveal the fact that college administrators of to-day arrange their curricula in semester courses. If this tendency prevails, the field covered in each course must be less extensive than catalogues now show it to be. Let us discover how much time a semester course includes and of what nature a cultural course is.

Ordinarily a course is a "three-hour subject"; a college "hour" is theoretically sixty minutes, and a semester eighteen weeks. Hence, according to schedule, an instructor has with his class fifty-four hours—four and a half twelve-hour days. But an "hour," due to delay in getting started, etc., seldom lasts more than forty-five minutes, and of the eighteen weeks one invariably goes to examinations, one inevitably to holidays, and one usually to miscellaneous college exercises. Disregarding the last, since it is variable, and counting on three forty-five-minute periods a week for sixteen weeks, we find that an instructor who, according to schedule, has fifty-four hours with his class, has, according to practice, only thirty-six hours. That this is a fair estimate any college teacher will at once recognize.

Besides these thirty-six hours, how much time can an instructor know his students to be putting on the work of a cultural course? Theoretically, for each hour of recitation or lecture, a student gives two hours of "outside study"—that is, six hours a week for a three-hour course during one semester, ninety-six hours. Not many instructors and not many students are able to assert that any but the exceptional student gives this much time to preparation of a lesson in a cultural course. Granting, however, that the average student puts thirty-six hours into preparation, much of this time goes into general reading—the hasty reading of novels or of dramas, for example; part into the reading of biographies and criticisms; part into close study. Really, how much time should one reckon a student in a cultural course when not in class *studies?*

If we allow these ninety-six hours as fair reckoning and add to them the thirty-six spent in class work, we find that each course gets one hundred and thirty-two hours—five and a half days. Actually, does it?

Now let us inquire what the nature of the material in a cultural course is, say, in English literature. For one hundred and thirty-two hours of work, and especially for thirty-six hours of close classroom study, a course that covers the history of English literature from the beginnings to the poems of William Watson ranges too widely. A course that involves more philosophical work, like the study of a century's writers, covers too little time for real thought and grasp. One which aims at knowledge of a type of literature depends on wide reading—which therefore must be done, if the work is to be thorough, before actual study can begin. One that aims to give appreciation of a writer's significance as a thinker involves knowledge of history, of biography, of criticism, of literary study—to say nothing of logic and psychology. Usually the student's knowledge of history is either obtained through vague generalizations dished out by the instructor or is taken for granted; the biography is "got up" hastily through the medium of E. M. L. books or some such condensed material; critiques, most of them far too elaborate and complex and philosophical for desultory study and for a college student's grasp, are too liberally assigned as "suggestive references" and "interesting treatments of the subject"; the literary study itself comes out rather meagrely. Further, an instructor must teach students how to study and often how to think.

A vast amount of material, therefore, is before any teacher who faces a so-called cultural course, and, it is apparent, time for the handling of only a small part of it. Wise selection of what shall be done and wise limiting of the amount of material is imperative.

For more than a decade now colleges have been extending their curricula—not only adding new courses, but, because of the growth of thorough scholarship, packing existent courses fuller. Now comes upon them the restriction of these packed courses to severe time limits. Such procedure does not heed the most valuable cry of the day, that for intensive rather than, or as well as, extensive work.

The semester course, if it remains a telescoped year course, as it now seems to be, will not help the reputation of cultural courses. These subjects, one well knows, need at this time particularly strengthening. HAROLD G. MERRIAM.

Beloit College, October 1.

SECESSION IN CALIFORNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of your notice of my book, "The Contest for California in 1861," says: "The proof that Col. Baker prevented it [the secession of California and Oregon] consists largely in quoting from his speeches in the campaign of 1860." Your reviewer errs. Only one such speech is cited, and the quotations from that are few and brief. But that speech is *not* relied on, nor are others, "largely," nor even to the slightest extent, to prove Col. Baker's dominant share in defeating the secession plot. The speech is not referred to as having any relation whatever to that work by Col. Baker—of which there is ample proof.

Your reviewer remarks that "the danger of secession in California and Oregon is probably exaggerated" in my book. If your writer knows anything about it, if he knows there is exaggeration, should he not plainly say so? If he does not know anything about it, is it fair to endeavor to discredit the book by a conjecture?

ELIJAH R. KENNEDY.

New York, September 20.

[Mr. Kennedy's thesis is that California was on the verge of secession in 1860, but that Col. Baker saved it for the Union. I had never come across any conclusive evidence that there was any real danger of secession in California. I read Mr. Kennedy's book, but such evidence as he presented did not change my opinion. I therefore concluded that he had exaggerated the danger. But as I do not like to be dogmatic, I gave him the benefit of the doubt and said "probably exaggerated." Chapter ix is headed in part as follows: "Secession propaganda defeated—Extraordinary meeting in San Francisco—Oregon and California won for the Union." Most of this chapter is devoted to a speech of Col. Baker's in San Francisco. It is true, not much of it is quoted, but it is described at some length, and much is made of its tremendous influence in the State, and, immediately following, the chapter closes with these words: "A few days later the Presidential election occurred; Abraham Lincoln had a plurality of six hundred and fourteen in the State of California. Col. Baker had won the State for the party of freedom." I supposed this to be the decisive event, for it is a little difficult to think of a State voting for Lincoln and then seceding from the Union, inasmuch as most of the States which did secede did so precisely because Lincoln was elected. It is true that in chapter xi Mr. Kennedy has Col. Baker save California a second time by inducing Lincoln to send Gen. Sumner to replace Gen. Johnston in the Department of the Pacific. When an author proves his thesis in a number of ways, it is difficult for the reviewer to know which one it will please him to have particularly noticed.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE DYNAMITING AT LAWRENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in your issue of September 5 that, although you do not hold Mr. Wood guilty of the "plant" of dynamite at Lawrence, you do incline to the truth of the charge that the American Woolen Company is responsible therefor. Although it has not been my privilege to investigate the evidence leading to the charge, I have had to live through another of W. D. Haywood's "personally conducted" strikes. The similarity of the charges now preferred at Lawrence to those preferred against the mine owners at Telluride, Col., is so striking that it raises an immediate presumption of falsity in my mind. At least three men professing friendship to the mine owners and citizens of this community were made away with during the labor trouble here, and their deaths charged to the mine owners by this same friend (?) of the workingman who is now charging like crimes upon the president of the American Woolen Company. In short, a community which has once suffered a visitation from Mr. Haywood is loath to put much credence in his present charges. Coincidences oft repeated are apt to become habits.

W. L. HOGG.

Telluride, Col., September 24.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the account of Mr. Farnell's paper before the fourth International Congress for the History of Religions (*Nation*, October 3), Hercules is a slip for Achilles. Kindly make this correction. M. J., JR.

Philadelphia, October 4.

A PROPHET OF PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot forbear adding to the hilarity of those not yet gulled by the Lord of Progress by quoting an "editorial section" of the New Thought magazine, the *Nautilus*, for September, headed: "This is Prophecy":

> Roosevelt will be the next President. I say it calmly, coldly, the morning after. I have inside information—information from the spirit within—that Armageddon will be pulled off November 5, and that the people are getting ready to speak with the voice of God for T. R. and Hiram Johnson, of California.

L. M. H.

Madison, Wis., October 5.

COLERIDGE AND THE SUSQUEHANNA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What suggested to Coleridge and Southey their project of establishing a colony in America, and why did they choose the banks of the Susquehanna as its site? I am not aware that a satisfactory answer has ever been given to the first of these questions, and delightful as is the guess that they picked out the name "Susquehanna" because of its musical sound, I feel that a weightier reason must have moved the young adventurers. They were very much in earnest, and were trying with all their might to be practical men.

It seems to me probable that they had heard of a French settlement whose brief annals make one of the most romantic minor incidents in American history.

As early as 1792, French *émigrés*, among whom were several nobles and high ecclesiastics, sought refuge in Philadelphia from the dangers of the Revolution. They appear to have been guided thither by officers of the royal army, who had served in America under Lafayette. In 1793, negotiations were begun with Robert Morris and John Nicholson for the purchase of a vast tract of land in what is now Bradford County, Pa., and on April 22, 1794, the Asylum Company was formed. Broad streets were laid out, and thirty dwelling houses, a church, and a theatre were erected on the banks of the Susquehanna, one hundred and eighty miles northwest of Philadelphia, in an almost unbroken wilderness. There is a tradition that the aristocrats who composed the colony hoped at one time to welcome exiled royalty and hatch a counter-revolution. But their little Coblentz was doomed to swift decay, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who visited Asylum about two years after its establishment, found it already moribund. Its history is recorded in full in Mrs. Louise Welles Murray's "The Story of Some French Refugees and Their Azilum," 1903, and ably summarized in J. G. Rosengarten's "French Colonists and Exiles in the United States," 1907.

Of course Coleridge and Southey may have heard of this colony in more than one way, but it is almost certain that they saw the following notice, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1795, and it would be quite enough to inflame their imaginations:

> There is a colony established not far from the Susquehanna River, in America, by a class of wealthy Frenchmen, who formerly distinguished themselves in the Constituent Assembly of France, but were prudent enough to retire in time with their families and property; among these are Noailles, Talon, Blacon, Talleyrand, and others of the *ci-devant* Noblesse: they have relinquished their titles, and have domesticated here in the most social manner. Their little settlement is called French Town. The tavern is kept by an officer, who was formerly le Baron Beaulieu!

French Town was Asylum; the persons mentioned in the above notice, and several others once prominent in the church, the army, and the court of old France, were among its founders; their records in that capacity have been preserved.

It is not unlikely that the removal of Dr. Priestley to Northumberland, Pa., also on the Susquehanna, imparted fresh glamour to the name. After 1791, when the Birmingham mob burned his house and destroyed his books, manuscripts, and instruments, Priestley was, more than ever, an object of enthusiastic admiration to progressive young men. And as a Unitarian preacher himself, Coleridge felt a more than common interest in Priestley's emigration and in the beautiful river over whose waters this bright lamp of reason now cast his ray.

George McLean Harper.

Princeton University, September 29.

Literature

THREE BOOKS ON CHINA.

The Chinese Revolution. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents net.

Where Half the World is Waking Up: The Old and the New in Japan, China, the Philippines, and India. By Clarence Hamilton Poe. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.

Of these two books on Eastern Asiatic conditions the first might be described by the publishers' well-worn adjective as "timely," the second, in ordinary language as popular. A mere chance brings them both to our notice at the same moment, but the same chance suggests a comparison between the motives which attract different types of Americans to examine existing problems in the Far East. In the case of Dr. Brown, a secretary of the Presbyterian Board, the interest may fairly be called professional. An upturn in China involves enlarged opportunities in the most important missionary field in the world, and the factors directing new intellectual currents there are discussed with a view to stimulating supporters of missions to fresh efforts. Mr. Poe, editor of the *Progressive Farmer* of South Carolina, offers a series of articles, written originally for his own paper, from which one may deduce the topics selected from the other side of the world which are calculated to interest the practical American. He has no propaganda to promote, no axe to grind. The problems presented by a tour in the East are fresh to him, and he measures them all by standards of material prosperity. He approves the work of missionaries because they advance the comfort of their converts, but the soul of the Far East inspires in him no philosophical reflections; his gospel is the gospel of economic improvement.

"The Chinese Revolution" bears a title that is misleading if the reader expects an account of the unheaval which is still advancing towards its uncertain end. The author has wisely refrained both from attempting the history of a revolution that is incomplete and from estimating the operation of forces which are still obscure. Some of his chapters are built upon his former book, "New Forces in Old China," and others leave the impression of a rather hasty recasting of material which a Mission Board secretary has to keep constantly in readiness for use in his office. But while this is equivalent to saying that Dr. Brown's volume must be put in the category of missionary literature, it does not mean that it lacks general interest and value on this account. His summary of essential facts in the series of events leading to the recent outbreak in China is readable and sufficiently informing to interpret for the ordinary student the detailed accounts of the revolution which may presently be expected to appear. The supreme need of the near future, as the period of disruption drags on, is the constructive force which can remodel a new nation out of the welter of old material. Despite the antagonism of some Western critics who are destitute of religious faith themselves, the importance of conveying to China at this critical juncture the vital energy of our Christian culture must appeal to observers whose vision is wide enough to look beyond the present impotence of that faith among many churches at home. It is not an argument for proselyting so much as for adjusting to the case an agency which Lecky called "the most powerful lever that has ever been applied to the affairs of men." "Foreign missions," observes the author, "are not only a question of religion, but a problem of statesmanship which is of concern for the whole world. As such it merits the sympathy and coöperation of every intelligent and broad-minded man, irrespective of his religious affiliations."

Mr. Poe's description of economic and social conditions in modern Asia reveals a shrewd and kindly observer whose comments exhibit little of that air of superiority which characterizes the writings of most white travellers in the East. He is impressed, as most Occidentals are, by the palpable poverty of Asiatic peoples as contrasted with the physical comfort generally obtaining in the West; "but when one comes to consider," he adds, "only the sheer economic causes of the difference between Oriental poverty and Occidental plenty, it seems to me impossible to escape the conviction already expressed and elaborated that it is mainly a matter of tools and knowledge, education and machinery. In the Orient every man is producing as little as possible; in the Occident he is producing as much as possible. That is the case in a nutshell." Whether the ultimate prosperity of a nation is entirely conditioned by the earning power and the spending power of its people is a question upon which the author does not venture to speculate, but however conclusive his reasoning may seem to most of his American readers, it is doubtful if the educated minds of the East will ever be filled with the supreme satisfaction which the economic ideal affords us there. There are plenty of Orientals who are as keen to be rich as we are, but there are also those among them who still refuse to believe that wealth is a necessary road to happiness.

Mr. Poe has much to say that is informing about the industries of Japan under its new factory system. On the whole, he thinks that her recent industrial advance has been greatly exaggerated, and that as wages increase and the standard of living improves, she will be unable to compete on a large scale with countries possessing greater natural resources. The labor supply is inadequate, less than half a million at present, out of a total population of fifty million, working in factories. Thus far, moreover, she has been handicapped for effective industrial growth by the inefficiency of her operatives—nearly two-thirds of them women—and the attempts of her government to stimulate industries by subsidies and special privileges. "Whatever loss," he concludes, "we may suffer by reason of Japan gradually supplanting us in certain cruder forms of production should be abundantly compensated for in the better market for our own higher-grade goods that we shall find among a people of increasing wealth and steadily advancing standards of living." In China and India the author seems to have enjoyed fewer opportunities to inspect factory life: a comparison of which with what he saw in Japan would have been interesting. The Chinese farmer, however, impressed him favorably as one who understood his work better than our own countrymen, in spite of his inadequate implements. In India, we learn, the total acreage under cultivation is very nearly that of the United States (250,000,000), and it supplies almost exactly three times the population—no account, however, being taken of exports. The reader will be conscious of a little vexation at the haphazard character of Mr. Poe's jottings, but they are seldom misleading, and he has the ability to keep up interest to the end.

The Chinese at Home, or the Man of Tong and His Land. By J. Dyer Ball, I.S.O., M.R.A.S. New York: Fleming H. Revell. $2.

There seems always to be a demand among those generally called "intelligent readers" for the book that does not tell too much. Mr. Ball has attained to a high degree of success in making a book of this sort. His many writings on the life and language of China belong to the class of unlabored works which serve as introductions convenient to the beginner, but are resented a little by students. The author of "Things Chinese" is never profound; his art lies in his simplicity and continence; he will not embarrass you with his learning. A long life in China has made him familiar with the people who live there, their habits and points of view. His personal friends are mainly members of a community rather notorious for its ignorance of the inhabitants of a country where they are only awaiting a chance to go home, and neighbors like these do not bother much about the researches of real Sinologues. He is not without sympathy for the natives, yet, either because he lives in Hongkong or because of an official career in that colony, there is in his attitude an aloofness from the Chinese curiously in contrast to his intimate knowledge of their ways. In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king; it may be a simple thing to satisfy the scholarly demands of commercial Hongkong, but the seats of critical scholarship in "foreign" China have long since passed from the south to Shanghai and Peking, and even a reputation and life-long labors among the Cantonese may leave much to be desired in one who speaks for the whole of China.

While it is necessary to set forth these three limitations to the author's work—his insularity, his mediocre scholarship, and his lack of acquaintance with upper China, where they do things differently—he has excellent qualities. His statements are always trustworthy, and this is rarely to be said of a book about China; his discursive style is easy to read, and his range of topics embraces most of the subjects that one cares to know about in an exotic land, though there are points upon which the specialist would always like to hear further. The famous flower boats, we are told, have now almost entirely disappeared from Canton River, owing to typhoons and the depredations of river thieves, but nothing is said of the dreadful increase of open prostitution that has replaced them. The student of sociology desires to know why this evil should follow in the wake of foreign establishments in Shanghai and Hongkong, as it does, threatening the middle classes of China with a vicious practice likely to surpass the opium habit in harmful results. But we learn nothing of this from "The Chinese at Home."

Perhaps the most successful chapters of Mr. Ball's book are those on the speech and popular literature of modern China. Most Europeans know that it is a country of many dialects, but few realize that at least half a dozen of these dialects are languages as different as English and Dutch, or that the local patois are so numerous as to allow three or four, sometimes, for one large city. The so-called Mandarin is not the classical tongue, but a quite modern dialect of the capital city adopted by the higher officials as a sort of lingua franca for the conduct of public business, in which, however, interpreters have to be employed when the common people of the provincial towns are involved. Of the literary capacities of the written language the author has a high opinion:

> In the hands of an accomplished writer the Chinese language is capable of a condensed picturesqueness and vigor such as can be rendered into no foreign language less ideographic in its mode of writing, unless by means of wordy paraphrases. Each character in its (often numerous) component parts carries a wealth of imagery to the sense, and whole series of metaphors are embodied in a single epithet. A language of this kind lends itself especially to the description of the scenery, and the most superficial analysis of Chinese poetry reveals the fact that the productions which are most applauded in this branch of literature consist simply of elaborate word-painting, whose beauty resides rather in the medium of expression than in the author's thought. Hence it happens that when odes, renowned for centuries among Chinese readers, are transposed into the naked languages of Europe, it is found that their charm has vanished, as the petals of a flower are dropped from the insignificant and sober-colored fruit.

An effective and picturesque feature of the book is its series of six Chinese drawings of common street types admirably reproduced in color.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Sin of Angels. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Co.

The novels of this writer do not lack cleverness, and her work has shown steady gain in substance. But a certain hectic quality persists. Her earlier stories were set abroad, and her interpretation of European society was marked by that not unfamiliar self-consciousness of the reformed New Englander. Here, after the outset, the scene is laid in America, and the problem involved is, or is supposed to be, peculiarly an American problem.

The "sin of angels" is, of course, ambition; and the American male who neglects everything else, including his wife, for the sake of getting to the top, is the chief figure. That the wife destined to be the victim of pride is not the American female, gives a touch of novelty to the present handling of a not very novel theme.

Raleigh Payne determines to become a leader of men, not for the service he may be able to do, but for his own private glory. He does not value money for its own sake, but as a means to his end, and makes it incidentally, and with his left hand, after the fashion of young men in books. Early in his career, he arranges an alliance with a nice American girl, whose position he thinks will help him, and throws her over without compunction when a better matrimonial chance presents itself. The young Austrian countess whom he marries is vouchsafed him by reason of a family scandal, not concerning herself, which makes her ineligible in higher quarters. She is a beautiful and high-spirited girl, not really in love with him; and when he plants her in virtual solitude on his country estate in America, and goes about his business, he is paving the way for trouble which any novelist or dramatist could have warned him of. She herself warns him, but nothing can touch his fatuity and self-absorption. A lover arrives in due course—and with him, to speak grossly, the reader's chief cause of complaint. For he is a finicking bore of a lover.

Eve Triumphant. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This was the first novel of note by the brilliant Frenchwoman who signs herself "Pierre de Coulevain." It was crowned by the French Academy, and appeared in English ten years ago. The success of her later stories in translation has led to this new issue. The fact that the heroine is American, and much of the action takes place in New York, offers a natural purchase upon the interest of an American audience. The story presents the everlasting problem of a woman's struggle between loyalty to a husband and passion for a lover.

Priscilla's Spies. By G. A. Birmingham, New York: George H. Doran Co.

We have been wishing for another story from Mr. Birmingham as spontaneously diverting as "Spanish Gold," and here it is. The setting is the same, that Irish coast village (under whatever name) which the story-teller knows and loves so well. Mischief is in the air from the rise of the curtain. The leading lady (she cannot by any stretch of fancy pass for the ingenue) is the fifteen-year-old daughter of a Sir Lucius Lentaigne, whose ancestors settled in Ireland for the sake of religious freedom. To her comes as guest for the holidays a cousin, Frank Mannix. He is two years older than she, and fresh from leadership in an English school, but it very quickly appears that the condescension is not to be on his side. Priscilla calmly takes possession of him from the start, and in the adventures which follow he never emerges from a subordinate rôle. But any rôle at all in connection with Priscilla is a boon, as the boy has sense enough to see. Priscilla's favorite playground is Rosnacree Bay, and the fortune of the moment has furnished it with the materials of romantic adventure. For some days a strange pair have been exploring the bay in a small sailboat. Priscilla puts forward the theory that they are German spies, and persuades young Mannix that they must be tracked down The incidents that follow involve the presence of the head of the English War Office, and a whimsical lady from the British Museum. In the background are a group of genial and rascally Irish peasants, who have a little affair of their own in hand which complicates the operations of Priscilla. But the things that happen are of minor consequence: what matters is the personality and the inimitable chatter of Priscilla—part naughty child, part budding maiden, half-flower and half-insect, and altogether human.

The Lovers: A Romance. By Eden Phillpotts. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

By his sub-title Mr. Phillpotts warns us that we are to have something a little different from his usual commodity. In fact, this is an historical romance, no less. The time is that of the American Revolution, and the action is connected with the experiences of some American prisoners of war in England. Our business is chiefly with two of them, a naval officer and one of his men, who escape with the aid of two British maidens of appropriate degrees, and marry them when the war is over. Mr. Phillpotts is not much more successful than his fellow-countrymen are wont to be in the attempt to employ Yankee speech. His Benjamin Gun of Vermont speaks the tongue of Dartmoor for the most part, though he now and then remembers to say "gal," or "varmint," or "derned." Dartmoor is the scene: a pair of highwaymen, masks and all, do their best to enliven it. But the one indubitably human and genuine person in the story belongs to that long line of innkeepers which Mr. Phillpotts has established so firmly in our memories.

Eve. By Maarten Maartens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This writer's fiction has always the air of being the clever work of a beginner from whom a good deal ought to be expected. One keeps hoping that its exuberance and conscious brilliancy will give way to poise, and that its substance, by some trifling chemical change, will become rich and firm where now it is tenuous and volatile. But no such changes have really come about thus far. This story, like all its predecessors, is of a quality which might have been interesting in the work of a tyro, but is not quite worthy of an experienced workman.

Eva Melissant is the daughter of a sybaritic pair who in the retired luxury of their Dutch estate have contrived to live through twenty years of married life without a blur on the mirror of their content. They have brought up their children to be happy as the only sure duty in life. Eva marries a man considerably older than herself, and of very different upbringing; a burgomaster who takes himself seriously and has political ambitions. Another man and another woman make their appearance, too late for the ill-matched pair. It is Eva who gives way to temptation, and who has to pay the penalty. The old domestic drama, which no amount of handling can exhaust of its possibilities, ought to be handled with some degree of freshness and some kind of force, if at all. The Eva of this rendering is appealing, pathetic, in her way, but tragic only in the cheaper sense of the word. "Maarten Maartens" is a skilful artificer of situation and of "bright" dialogue, but he somehow never quite does a big thing.

FRANCIS BARBER.

Johnsonian Gleanings. By Aleyn Lyell Reade. Part II, Francis Barber, the Doctor's Negro Servant. Privately printed at the Arden Press, London.

This second volume of Mr. Reade's "Gleanings" appears on better paper and in better form than the first, although only the same number of copies (350) is printed. A third part is promised, dealing with Johnson's boyhood; it ought to be by all odds the most interesting result of the author's devout and all-embracing research in the obscurer fields of Johnsonian knowledge.

This is not meant to imply that the present publication is without interest. Francis Barber, himself, may be an utterly insignificant character, about whom, after all Mr. Reade's investigation, we know very little, but that little shows the great Doctor in his most amiable, not to say sentimental, mood. For thirty years Johnson "watched over the welfare of his humble negro servant," sending the lad to school, and afterwards himself reading the Greek Testament and praying with the man. Mrs. Piozzi relates that when the cat Hodge got so old that it had to be fed on oysters, Johnson used to go out and buy them himself. According to Mrs. Piozzi he did this in order "that Francis the Black's delicacy might not be hurt at seeing himself employed for the convenience of a quadruped." Miss Cornelia Knight, however, gives a slightly different color to the act by connecting it with Johnson's strong sense of subordination as the basis of society. "The ideas of Johnson on social order were carried so far," she wrote, "that when he wanted to send for his favorite cat he would not order his servant, who was a negro, to procure it, saying that it was not good to employ human beings in the service of animals; he therefore went himself on the errand."

Mr. Reade entertains the common prejudice against Hawkins, and is blind to that biographer's common sense and other merits. "Hawkins," he says, "estimated the value of the bequest to Frank in one place at 'full fifteen thousand pounds,' and in another at 'little short of £1500.' Essentially mean in his judgments, and with a strong apparent bias against Frank, he would admit no merit to Johnson for his generosity, and no qualities in the servant to deserve it." Now, Hawkins, as Dr. Johnson's executor, may not have shown himself as very generous or scrupulously honorable, but his judgment in this particular seems to us eminently right, and it is a pleasure to vindicate against his detractors, led by Boswell, the author of a biography of a value as eminent as it is neglected. Hawkins observes:

> How much soever I approve of this practice of rewarding the fidelity of servants, I cannot but think that, in testamentary dispositions in their favor, some discretion ought to be exercised; and that in scarce any instance they are to be preferred to those who are allied to the testator, either in blood or by affinity. Of the merits of this servant, a judgment may be formed from what I shall hereafter have occasion to say of him.

But we need not depend on Hawkins for the life of Barber after his master's death and for the evil effects of this legacy, certainly out of all proportion to the testator's means. Mr. Reade himself tells the story, though he does not apply the moral. Barber retired with his white wife and children to Lichfield. There, according to the biographer of his son, they "were improvident, strove to make a figure in the world, lived above their means, and dissipated their property." The end was poverty and helplessness. So much of what is told of Dr. Johnson presents him as harsh and overbearing, that we may welcome any further knowledge of his softer side. His sentiment towards Francis Barber may have led him into an error of judgment, but it is an error that brings us nearer to the heart of the great Dictator.

Mr. Reade completes his narrative with an account of Barber's son Samuel, who became a respected Methodist preacher in Staffordshire. At present a descendant of Francis is working in the potteries at Burslem.

The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century. By Reginald L. Poole, M.A., LL.D. New York: Henry Frowde (Clarendon Press).

The delightful and valuable twelfth-century essay known as the "Dialogue of the Exchequer" has received many learned and interesting commentaries from the time of the first edition by Madox in 1711 down to the new Oxford Edition of 1902; but none, we venture to think, is more learned and certainly none more interesting than the commentary which Mr. Poole chose to give as the substance of his Ford Lectures at Oxford in 1911. After discussing the authorship of the Dialogue and surveying the literature of the subject, he explains in detail the methods of receiving, reckoning, and paying out moneys at the royal English Treasury in the days of Henry II.

The decimal system of reckoning, introduced at the Exchequer shortly before the composition of the Dialogue, was carried out by the use of counters moved about on a large table which was marked off in columns like an abacus. Its introduction is remarkable when one remembers that English traditions ran not on decimal but on duodecimal lines; the pound weighed twelve ounces and contained 240 pennies; land was estimated by the hide-unit of 120 acres; the arithmetic table ran up not to a hundred, but to *hundtwelftig*. This revolutionary change from a system based on twelve and six-score to one based on tens and hundreds could not have come by degrees; it must have been definitely devised by some one. Mr. Poole, with his knowledge of Arab history and with some suggestions from Professor Haskins's studies on Norman Sicily, ingeniously links many evidences to show that the inventor was none other than one Adelard of Bath. In saying that the decimal system was introduced we do not mean to say that men used nine digits and a zero. The advantage of using zero had been explained early in the ninth century in a treatise by an Arab mathematician named Al Khuwarezmi; his system, known from his name as Algorism, was not, however, familiar in Europe until his treatise was translated into Latin more than three centuries later.

Accounts in the Exchequer were cut on wooden tallies; but students have always had difficulty in bringing the description in the Dialogue of the way tallies were cut at the Exchequer into agreement with such specimen tallies as are preserved; the reason is that none of the specimens which have been studied have been Exchequer tallies. Those, for instance, which are figured in the first volume of the Pipe Roll Society and wrongly referred to by the editors as Exchequer tallies, really had nothing to do with the Exchequer; they are tallies between the reeve of a manor and his tenants. All the Exchequer tallies which were kept under the Houses of Parliament were destroyed in 1834 when the careless janitor who was burning up old tallies heated the flues so hot that he incidentally burned up the Houses of Parliament. Very recently, however, a bag of true Exchequer tallies was found in a chapel of Westminster Abbey, and they confirm in a remarkable way the accuracy of the details set forth in the Dialogue.

The English Exchequer has left its imprint on the English language, not only in such evident words as "cheque" and "tally," but also in "stocks," in the sense of stocks and bonds. If one lent money to the Bank of England down to a hundred years ago, tallies were cut for the amount as they were cut at the Exchequer in the time of the Crusades: the Bank kept the "foil" and the lender received the "stock"; you thus held "bank-stock." Incidentally, Mr. Poole shows that "sterling" is not derived from the Hanseatic "Easterlings," as has been wrongly asserted by antiquarians since the time of Queen Elizabeth; *esterlin* or *sterlingus*, meaning an English silver penny as distinct from various French pennies, is found in Norman manuscripts as early as 1100 A. D.; a pound of sterlings, meaning a pound's weight of 240 pennies, became shortened into the "pound sterling"; and to this day sterling has the specific meaning of English as opposed to other currency; one does not speak of a franc sterling or a dollar sterling.

Mr. Poole's chief authority, of course, is the Dialogue itself, and from this he often quotes a page or more at a time (with freedom in translation and some condensation); but he has also scrutinized the Pipe Rolls and other financial records with a zeal and care which enabled him to set right more than one error of the editors of the Pipe Rolls, and which encouraged him to drop many valuable suggestions to students who wish to work with financial manuscripts in the English Public Record Office.

My Life Story. By Emily, Shareefa of Wazan. Edited by S. L. Bensusan, with a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

For long the gossip in the European colonies in Morocco was busy over the story of the English wife of the Shareef of Wazan, and over the adventures of her two sons. The situation was curious enough. This was not a case of a woman of rank hiding her tarnished reputation in the desert, or of one of no rank at all achieving a position of which she could otherwise never have dreamt. But a young girl of good education and technically a lady went, in her marriage choice, voluntarily outside of her race and religion. And the Shareef, on his side, was not simply of the blood of the Prophet, as the title would mean elsewhere in Moslem lands, but he was of the closest lineal descent—more so than the reigning house—and held in the eyes of the people an hereditary sainthood which enabled him to work miracles and be a source of direct and concrete blessings from Allah on all his environment. And as this dignity passed down to his sons, so it gave a unique position to the mother of his sons, his English wife. She became, and still remains even more since his death, a quasi-sacred personage.

A career and a situation so unique—stranger even than that of the sergeant of the Black Watch who became governor of the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina—have in them human interest of the highest, and it is as a human document that this book is strong. The Shareefa—to give her the title which she evidently universally received, though it is not easy to see how it could come except by birth—is a woman of tact, character, and thoroughly domestic instincts—the home-making, English type. In many ways she recalls Lady Burton, though she shows neither Lady Burton's eccentricity nor her dash of original genius. And her problem was much the same. It was that of holding an essentially undomesticated and Ishmaelitish husband by sheer dint and weight of character. Softness and attraction, too, there had to be, but these in the long run would have availed little. Lady Burton carried her task through successfully to the end; Richard Burton had thrown Venus in the lottery of life and found the helpmate exactly corresponding to him. It may be doubted if this could have been possible for the Shareef of Wazan, whose problem was even more complicated and proved in the end too hard for his English wife. Foreigners in Morocco summed it all as "drink"; it may be that the Shareefa's own guess of slow poisoning was correct. Much evidently happened of which her book tells us nothing; the blue-pencilling of the editor has confessedly been stringent. Much also happened which she admits frankly that she did not understand. With more of the instinct of the student she would have understood more. But in that case she would have been a quite different woman and would probably have failed of the success which she did achieve. And that success was really great. We leave her at the end securely seated among sons and daughters-in-law and grandchildren, the *kebeera*, or great lady, of an ordered Moroccan household. If her husband failed her and then died, her sons rise up and call her blessed. And again and again she reiterates in her book that she in no way repents of the choice of her youth.

With the work of the editor it is not easy to be patient. Apparently, besides the blue-pencilling, his contribution is a single note on page 177, and it is wrong. A multitude of Arabic words and names, distorted by ignorance of spelling and by the eccentricities of the Moorish pronunciation, are left uncorrected and unidentified. The work which De Goeje did in his glossary to Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" was emphatically called for here. As it is, the future Dozy, when he writes a new *Supplément*, has his work cut out for him. For though this book is primarily and principally a human document, it is also, though often most exasperatingly, a contribution to our knowledge of Moorish life. It covers not only present-day customs, but also a large amount of folk-lore, and as it, of necessity, goes deeply into the woman's side of life, many of its details are unregistered elsewhere. The chapters and appendices on sayings and superstitions; on folk-medicine, cookery, and the table generally; on marriage, birth, and death ceremonies; and on life in the town and in the desert deserve, and from the queerness of the Arabic spelling will require, most careful reading. "Taking sanctuary" among the Moors is illustrated throughout the whole book and has an appendix to itself. Another appendix on divorce throws much light on local custom, but must be read in relationship to the Malikite school of canon law. Otherwise it will mislead. Twice (pp. 86, 140) the Shareefa saw a "haunting ghost," and her experiences were in striking accord with the "true ghost-story" as opposed to the ghost of literature. Moorish saints, too, had dreams about her, and these are precisely of the class translated by Weir in his "Saints of Morocco." Cunninghame Graham's preface is negligible.

Mezzo Secolo di Storia Italiana (1861-1910): Sommario. R. De Cesare, Città di Castello: Lapi. Lire 2.

This epitome, which in the space of about 100 pages embraces the chief events in recent Italian history, was prepared by Senator De Cesare for the volume which the Academy of the Lincei issued to commemorate the semi-centennial of the national government. Senator De Cesare tells the story with his usual fluency. Having lived through the period he describes, and known many of the actors, he has at his command much information that does not exist in print. His views are often really those of the man on the inside.

Two qualities strike the reader of this summary: its fairness, and the skill with which the proper perspective is kept. The author's judgments, even on politicians with whom he has no sympathy, are never venomous. He honestly endeavors to record the contribution which each man or party made to the national welfare. Only for Persano, who lost the battle of Lissa, and Baratieri, who was responsible for the Italian disaster in Eritrea, has he no extenuation. Among the ministers, he criticises Nicotera most severely.

In so brief a compendium, however, it is the rightness of the general narrative, rather than individual verdicts, that determine its value; and this we find throughout. Senator De Cesare does not gloss over any of the failures or stains; but he does take care to indicate the immense difficulties which beset his country down to a few years ago

In addition to the political history, Senator De Cesare summarizes in separate sections the evolution of legislation and of commercial relations, and the conflict of labor and capital. Valuable tables of 47 ministries—from Cavour to Luzzatti—complete the summary. Half-tone portraits illustrate it. The book might well be translated into English, especially for the American public, which needs to be better informed about the people with whom our relations are constantly increasing.

Notes

Miss Mary Greer Conklin holds a brief for good talk in a book which Funk & Wagnalls promise shortly—"Conversation: What to Say and How to Say It."

Joseph A. Altsheler has planned a trilogy on the subject of the Texan struggle for independence. It will be published by Appleton with the title "The Texan Star."

October 15 is set by the Century Company for the date of issue of William C. Redfield's "The New Industrial Day."

Edward F. Croker, for twelve years head of the New York Fire Department, has written a book on "Fire Prevention." It will come next week from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. are bringing out "The Illumined Life," a short manual of living based on the lines of New Thought.

The recently discovered Odes of Solomon are said by Dr. Edwin A. Abbott to furnish the missing link between the religious poetry of the Jews and the Christians. The matter is discussed by Dr. Abbott in his forthcoming book, "Light on the Gospel from an Ancient Poet" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam).

"An Experiment in Industrial Organization," being a treatise on factory methods, has the sound of an American publication, but it is written by an Englishman, Edward Cadbury. It will soon be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

Frederic Harrison is about to publish, through Macmillan, a companion volume to his "Choice of Books." It will bear the title "Among My Books: Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs."

A new edition is announced by the same house of a work which first appeared forty years ago, Lord Fitzmaurice's "Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterward First Marquess of Lansdowne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence." The work in its present form is said to contain important additions.

Houghton Mifflin Co. promises for Saturday: "A Picked Company," a romance of the Pacific Slope, by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Provincial American," by Meredith Nicholson; "Their City Christmas," by Abbie Farwell Brown; "A Doctor's Table Talk," by Dr. James G. Mumford; "A History of the Presidency from 1897 to 1909," by Edward Stanwood; "The Castle of Zion," the story of the Old Testament from David to Job, by George Hodges; "Merchant Venturers of Old Salem," by Robert E. Peabody; "New Light on the Old Truth," essays on religious topics, by Charles A. Dinsmore; "The Path of the Conquistadores," by Lindon Bates, jr., and "Charles Eliot Norton: Two Addresses," by Edward W. Emerson and William F. Harris.

Bliss Carman has a new book for autumn publication, "Echoes from Vagabondia" (Small, Maynard).

Mrs. Frances Berkeley Young's new book, "Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke," is about to be issued by David Nutt.

Among the books soon to be put forth by Longmans, Green & Co. are the following: "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria: Extracts from the Private Diary of Her Majesty from her 13th year (1832) till her Marriage in 1840," edited with an introduction by Viscount Esher; "Miriam Lucas," a novel by Canon P. A. Sheehan; "Railroads," by William Z. Ripley; "Essays in Appreciation," by Canon George William Douglas, and "The Story of the Discontented Little Elephant," told in pictures and rhyme by E. Somerville.

The demand for the Bible in all parts of the world is increasingly great. In the first week of September, consignments weighing nearly twelve tons were sent out from London by the British and Foreign Bible Society to nineteen different places. The translations were in twenty-five different languages.

The trend of secondary education in England is indicated in the recent report of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board. The subject which the largest number of scholars offered was elementary mathematics, the next ranking subjects being history, French, and Scripture knowledge, with the most distinctions gained in this last. French was offered by three-quarters of the whole number, but German by less than an eighth, while the candidates for distinction in Latin and Greek were 153 less than in 1910. It is interesting to note that the number of girls offering the classical languages was proportionately much greater than that of the boys.

The account of the "Head-hunters of Northern Luzon," to which the whole of the *National Geographic Magazine* for September is devoted, is a valuable contribution to ethnology. The facts have been collected during eleven annual trips into this region by the author, Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands. The several tribes are remarkable for their dissimilarity. Some live in the most primitive condition. Others dwell in attractive, well-built houses, and are "excellent hydraulic engineers." The Ifugao construct irrigation ditches running for miles along almost perpendicular mountainsides, and marvellous rice terraces which have retaining walls ten to forty feet in height. The earth is fertilized, and the crop is often tremendous. The Bontoc Igorots have forest laws forbidding the felling of trees until they have reached a large size, and young trees are planted by them. Head-hunting is becoming rare, though with some tribes it is excessively difficult to suppress, because it is intimately connected with their religious beliefs. The admirable illustrations consist of the reproduction of 102 photographs taken by the author and the official photographer of the Government.

Lippincott has brought out a good edition of "Lorna Doone," in a single slender volume, with illustrations from the Exmoor country.

"The Story of Old Fort Dearborn" (McClurg), by J. S. Curry, has much local interest as a clear and detailed account of an episode in the history of Chicago. More than this, the episode is typical. It has been repeated substantially many times, the country over, in the earlier and later periods, as the great wilderness has emerged into the United States. The small frontier military post, with a garrison exposed to perils and hardships which often wipe it out, is a link between savagery and civilization which has never been missing. This book tells the story well.

Two years ago Booker T. Washington and Robert E Park spent seven weeks abroad in an investigation of the conditions of "the masses of the people who were at the bottom in the scale of civilization." Their trail led from Ireland to Russia, and from Denmark to Sicily. In so large a field, covered in so brief a time, only general impressions were or could be sought. These, however, were sufficient to convince Mr. Washington that "the position of the negro in America, both in slavery and in freedom, has not been so exceptional as it has frequently seemed." Indeed, the journey, which was ostensibly in the form of a vacation for at least the more notable of the travellers, evidently had the effect of increasing his natural hopefulness regarding the prospects of his race in this country. The visit is described in a volume entitled "The Man Farthest Down" (Doubleday, Page), and it is easy to see from its pages why a stream of immigrants flows from the Old World to our shores. Yet, if the picture of the European peasant is at first sight depressing, not only does it have the advantage of raising one's spirits with reference to the situation of the man farthest down in this country, but it has a cheerful aspect of its own in the circumstance that it is less repellent than it was within living memory; at least, so these investigators found it. A particular result of the trip was the confirmation of Mr. Washington in his often expressed conviction that the way out for the negro is by the economic rather than the political path. The greatest boon that could be conferred upon the English laborer, he remarks, would be for him to have the same opportunities for constant and steady work that the negro now has in the South. Next to that would come industrial education, which the negro is getting. Not the least interesting of the observations here recorded is that "the man farthest down in Europe is woman." It should be added that the book is as readable for its lively presentation of conditions in Europe as it is valuable for its conclusions.

Part ii of W. S. Sonnenschein's "The Best Books" (Putnam) has now appeared. It follows part i after a lapse of two years. The completion of this work in a third volume is promised for the immediate future. This is virtually the sixth edition of a monumental contribution to bibliography which first appeared in 1887. The title may be subject to misinterpretation in these days of highly condensed collections of "best books," put forth for popular consumption. The first edition listed some 50,000 titles. The present edition will contain between sixty-five and seventy thousand. Mr. Sonnenschein's best books are thus seen to be really all the good books and some that are not so good but are still useful in fair measure. The present volume is devoted to the two general classes, Society and Geography and Travel. Under Society is placed Law, Political Economy, Sociology, Political Science, Commerce, and Education. The scope of the work is indicated by the 3,500 titles enumerated under Law, 4,000 titles under Political Economy, and 2,500 under Education. Not the least value of the book is to be found in its intelligent and painstaking scheme of topical classification. Numerous well-chosen divisions and subdivisions make it of service as a guide to systematic courses of reading and study. As an example we may cite the catalogue of works on Socialism, comprising some 300 titles, with appropriate characterization of the standard works in each group. As an English work, it naturally deals in greatest detail with the British Empire, but American authors are far from being neglected.

We have on our table the second edition, revised and enlarged to a volume of more than four hundred pages, of Dr. Gonzalo Picón-Febres's "Libro Raro," or dictionary of words, phrases, and "otras cosas" frequently used in Venezuela. A good many Spanish writers complain bitterly of the reluctance of the Real Academia Española to admit neologisms. Thus Don Cecilio Acosta declares that "Castilian has remained stationary; since its Golden Age it is virtually what it was." He goes on to say that not merely a protective but a prohibitive system has established, as it were, a cordon of guards to see that no foreign words should be imported, with the result that modern terms of the arts and sciences are lacking to correct Spanish writers, and such authors as Victor Hugo cannot be adequately translated.

Still more is this the case with the Spanish-American countries, where new conditions and new objects represented in daily speech and in popular literature are not recognized even in the twelfth edition of the Academy Dictionary. Dr. Picón-Febres includes not only *Venezolanismos*, but also many words used in Bolivia, in Costa Rica, in Chili, and in Peru. All sorts of subjects are discussed in his book. One may here learn that the little rodent known as *acure* (a creature "timid and sufficiently prolific") is known to the Cubans as *curiel*, to the people of the Venezuelan Andes and Hayti as *curi* and—perhaps—to the Peruvians as *cui* (plural *cuyes*). Occasionally the author pokes a little fun at what he calls *la Excelentisima Señora Academia Española*. He takes example of the worthy Dr Samuel Johnson and allows his personality to shine forth in a naïve and amusing manner, but the book contains a vast amount of curious information, and it cannot fail to be of use to those who read "Fidelia" and other novels of Venezuelan life. It is clearly printed on opaque paper. A final note informs us that Don Mariano Poncela has been working for many years, "with the greatest care, perseverance, and labor" (*atención, perseverancia y laboriosidad*), on a "Diccionario Hispano-Americano." It is to include the modifications in the language from the earliest times up to the present, with the varieties arising from the Spanish possession of American and Philippine territories. It is published at Curazao by Bethencourt é Hijos.

The same publishers have also just brought out a 500-page volume, entitled "Teatro Crítico Venezolano," which, in spite of its title, has nothing to do with the drama, but is a compilation of articles and letters referring now with eulogy and again with all manner of abuse to the various writings of Gonzalo Picón-Febres, Doctor en Ciencias Políticas, Individuo Correspondiente Extranjero de la Real Academia Española y de Número (electo) de la Venezolana. Dr. Picón-Febres modestly accepts the praise (which certainly might turn the head of a lesser light), but he shows himself a valiant fighter when he is attacked, and still more when it seems necessary for him to defend his country from misunderstanding, from neglect, from wanton abuse. He is the author of nearly a score of volumes—novels, poems, critical essays, public discourses, and historical writings. What more than anything else arouses his righteous wrath is the almost complete ignorance of Spanish America throughout the United States.

Dr. Picón-Febres charges us with brutal egotism, excessive pride, and ill-founded vanity, and declares that all one needs to do is to observe carefully "the character abrupt as a precipice, the impudent rudeness, the absolutely extravagant customs, the vicious inclination for material pleasures, and the lack of true elevation, found in the larger part of the North American people, to realize that there is 'more noise than nuts' (*más el ruido que nueces*) in its boasted civilization, that its lauded culture is in considerable measure a big lie, as much a lie as the 'doctrine of Monroe,' and that the skyscrapers, the electric light of Edison, the machines, the peddler-press full of advertisements and of nothing, the ridiculous baseball, the innumerable theatres devoted to boresome absurdities, and the brutal athletics devoid of grace and of gallantry—a grotesque and barbarous caricature of that glorious system of gymnastics which could triumph with superb stateliness in the Olympic games of Athens—neither are nor can be the exact and adequate elements fitted solidly to constitute the true greatness of a country."

He acknowledges that the United States possesses "men profoundly illustrious and learned, of very fine gentlemanliness (*de muy fina caballerosidad*), of good judgment, with lofty ideals, loving morality and justice, and that they disapprove of the propaganda of the press against Spanish America . . . and the policy of voracity which, bound up with the fantastic Monroe doctrine, is now more than ever directed to expropriation and fraud, unreservedly violating all international principles, insulting the majesty of civilization, and resting on the right of might; . . . but these men," he continues, "are few. They form a feeble minority against the immense, overwhelming, and unthinking majority, living to live, believing and repeating what they hear, without analyzing it, going whither they are led, and blowing whistles, harmonicas, and horns on the night of a Presidential election, and waiting till midnight on the principal streets till they learn the name of the one elected . . . by the will of the people!" All this, it may be said, is called forth by an innocent reference in a Boston paper to the Spanish-American republics as "small communities"! Our brethen to the south are sensitive, but Dr. Picón-Febres is quite right in mourning over the fact that we Americans are densely ignorant of our neighbors. It is certainly our loss.

There has been a strong movement in recent years in England, participated in to a certain extent in this country, in the direction of the simplification of grammatical terminology, so that within certain limits the same name may be applied to the same phenomenon, whether it is found in modern or ancient languages. The recommendations of a Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology were published in revised form in a pamphlet "On the Terminology of Grammar," in 1911 (London: John Murray). Since this publication the recommendations have been at least partly adopted in four recent English grammars and now appear in "A New Latin Grammar" (Frowde) by that veteran classical grammarian, Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein. This grammar of 266 pages possesses many new features, in addition to the elimination of a large number of grammatical and syntactical terms with which recent grammars, particularly in this country, have teemed. In the section devoted to Forms simple syntactical principles are introduced and exemplified, thus giving the volume the appearance of an enlarged beginner's book. This is a direct reversal of the current American habit of including a desiccated grammar in the beginner's book. The principles exemplified are the uses of the cases, simple agreements, simple rules of government, uses of the Gerund and Supine, and the like. In the Syntax the usual order is reversed and the constructions of the verb are treated before those of the noun. In the former Professor Sonnenschein follows the analysis of the subjunctive which he has recently set forth in his treatise, "The Unity of the Latin Subjunctive: A Quest" (London: John Murray). The treatment of the Syntax gives the appearance of great simplicity. On examination, however, this simplicity is found to consist more in the omission of categories than in simplicity of statement. This, however, is not strange, as we have been striving for the latter in this country for a generation. Practically it is doubtful whether some of our American grammars, in spite of the burden of terminology which should be lessened, are not better books to teach.

John Edwin Bradley, who for many years held office in the public schools of New England, New York, and the Middle West. died on Monday at Randolph, near Boston. He was a graduate of Williams College, and was the author of several books, among them "Science and Industry," "School Incentives," "Healthfulness of Intellectual Pursuits," and "Unconscious Education."

Ex-Senator William Alfred Peffer, who died last Monday at Grenoble, Kan., aged eighty-one, was the author of a tariff manual, besides what he described as a "national poem" ("Myriorama"), "The Carpet-Bagger in Tennessee," "The Farmer's Side," "Americanism and the Philippines," and "Rise and Fall of Populism in the United States."

The Rev. Walter William Skeat, professor of Anglo-Saxon in Cambridge, England, is dead, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a prolific writer on the early periods of the English language and literature, and discussed a very wide range of topics. Perhaps the two subjects in which he was most interested were etymology and various aspects of Chaucer. It was hardly to be expected that a writer with so many interests would show the accuracy which scholarship has come to require. Yet, in spite of his numerous slips, he was a man of vast learning, who, particularly by his knowledge of out-of-the-way lore, such as popular superstitions and customs, has helped to elucidate many cruxes in Middle English texts. Professor Skeat was born in London in 1835, was educated at King's College School, Highgate School, and Christ's College, Cambridge. After serving for a time as curate of East Dereham, he founded, in 1873, the English Dialect Society, of which he was president. This brought him into touch with Dr. Furnivall, whom he assisted in editing early English texts. His best-known works are Langland's "Piers Plowman," in four parts, 1867-84; "An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," in four parts, 1879-82, and "Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," six volumes, 1894. Dr. Skeat was a fellow of the British Academy.

Science

THE PHYSIOGRAPHY OF AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, Australia, September 13.

The reaction of the United States upon Australia and New Zealand has been both wide and deep, but till lately it has been mainly political; it guided, if it did not quite govern, the formation of the political and ecclesiastical Constitutions in both countries. Now, in a later day, Australasia owes to the paramount American commonwealth the gift of a new science. Physiography, which might be more appropriately termed physiogeny, in so far as it has ceased to be merely descriptive and has become constructive, is an American science. Its first commanding, yet prescientific, expositor was Arnold Guyot, a Swiss refugee, who became an American professor, and the impulse that he gave to it is not yet spent. Powell and his followers, still more Davis and *his* adherents, took up the torch from his sinking hands and by its light they have built up a science that is beautiful in its completeness and symmetry. On the base that they founded and according to the models they have reared, a band of ardent physiogenists is now engaged in raising an Australian wing. The leaders, Profs. Edgeworth David and J. W. Gregory, are avowed or unavowed followers of Prof. W. H. Davis of Harvard; and their students or colleagues belong to the same school.

The three volumes under review reveal this ascendency.* In the introduction to the volume on New South Wales Professor David states that "it has been decided not to repeat in the present volume the principles of the evolution of scenery so admirably enunciated" by Professor Davis; but they are everywhere presupposed in it; some of them are assumed in the earlier volumes on the Geography of Victoria by Professor Gregory, and on the geography of South Australia by Mr. Howchin; and without some knowledge of them the three volumes will not be fully intelligible. Indeed, the marked superiority of these works may be gauged by the degree in which the principles of the American school have been assumed and applied.

The editor of the new volume, T. W. Edgeworth David, professor of geology in the University of Sydney, discoverer of the rich Maitland coal field, and geologist of the Shackleton expedition to the Antarctic, strikes in his luminous introduction the note of explanation and not merely description that characterizes the New Physiography. In his first chapter on Mountains, Dr. Woolnough, the chief contributor to the volume, is no less emphatic. With him, so assured is his footing, explanation precedes description; and it is only after he has engendered his mountains that he classifies them, as it is only after he classifies them that he describes the mountains of New South Wales. The Davisian "peneplain" and the Powellian "base-level" soon make their appearance, and the now established universal agency of erosion is everywhere invoked. Dissection is exhibited. The unitary character of a huge but disconnected Continental strip is shown. The mighty panorama of the Blue Mountains, which taxed the ingenuity of Darwin eighty years ago, is first convincingly explained. Dr. Woolnough proves that the vertical-walled cañons, 2,000 feet in depth, that dissect the plateaux, are the work of rivers flowing over them since their elevation from base-level. To most who have travelled over these formidable and unique masses the statement must appear incredible. The insignificant streams that now trickle over them are obviously inadequate to sustain a decent waterfall. The explanation is that, in earlier days, the streams had much larger watersheds and were of far greater dimensions, when they were engaged on their task of dissecting the plateaux. They were, therefore, both more powerful and more concentrated, and ploughed their way almost unresistedly through an extremely weak geological structure of chocolate shale between two great masses of sandstone. It is Newberry's explanation of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado over again.

The principles of the American school are continually proved or illustrated afresh by the authors of this volume. Nowhere are those principles more felicitously applied than in following the

---

***New South Wales: Historical, Physiographical, and Economic.* Edited by T. W. Edgeworth David. Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs.

The Geography of Victoria. By J. W. Gregory. The same.

The Geography of South Australia. By Walter Howchin. The same.

evolution of the scantily fed river-systems of the island-continent. Depleted though they are, these systems have been its chief demiurge. Their erosive power, their transporting force, their youth and adolescence, their maturity and old age, their rejuvenescence and their death, their being "antecedent" (as Powell first named them), or "consequent," "obsequent," "insequent," or "subsequent," their engrafting and their meandering, their piratical captures, their diverting and even reversing, their dismembering and obliterating of other streams, and the winding up of an often violent career by their being, alas! "beheaded" or even "drowned" (for Professor Davis's term, "betrunked," seems not to have been taken up), reveal the wealth of the terminology introduced into Physiogeny by the American school, and they have changed the face of physical geography in Australia. The examples of river-piracy given in all three volumes show how powerful an agent it has been in the production of existing topography. Even the minor process of engrafting has combined all the rivers of the Murray and Darling systems into one of the great river-systems of the world.

The volume on Victoria is by the hand of a master. When it was written Dr. Gregory was professor of geology in the University of Melbourne; he is now professor of geology in the University of Glasgow, and he has a more than national reputation. Being wholly his handiwork, the book has a unity necessarily, yet not conspicuously, lacking to its companion volume on New South Wales. Accepting from Suess the two Atlantic and Pacific types of coast, he shows conclusively that Victoria has a coast of the Atlantic type, whereas its adjoining state, New South Wales, has a coast-line of a Pacific pattern, or, as Professor David would say, sub-Pacific; the two meeting at Cape Howe. Superseding the lexicographers, he gives a fresh and more scientific definition of a mountain, but adopts their definition of a mountain range. He is original in condemning the Great Dividing Range of Victoria as a geological myth; it is only a watershed. He holds that rivers are born, not made. He follows the American school in exhibiting the passage of rivers from their noisy youth up among the mountains to their staid maturity down on the plains. He traces their evolution. He distinguishes the corrosion that cuts away and deepens the bed of a river from the erosion that wears away its banks. After a river has reached its base-level by corroding its bed, it can only erode, and it acts on the surrounding country. He shows Victorian rivers being captured and beheaded. He exhibits the action of the wind in aiding an ocean current to form the Ninety Mile Beach. He tackles the difficult problem of the formation of the Gippsland Lakes, and, after a beautiful and complex chain of sustained reasoning, he arrives at the conclusion that "they are the remains of a great sheet of water, most of which has been filled up by deltas and rands." As they are still in process of evolution, he conjectures that they will one day resemble the Norfolk Broads, which are a group of similar lakes, but in a more advanced stage of development. Both they and their congeners, together with a division of the Murray Lakes, are alike due to processes of river-deposition.

Walter Howchin's volume on South Australia is handicapped by the comparatively uninteresting character of the province he describes. It is a physiographical failure. Nothing has succeeded with it. All its prime features have been nipped in the bud. Rivers, lakes, earthquakes, volcanoes, minerals, and what-not, are the merest shams—no, its copper is a reality! The river-system does not appear in Mr. Howchin's index, and there is some reason for the accidental omission. There are, indeed, countless rivers, but few of them are permanent, and they run only when in flood. They all get lost in the sandy flats or the mangrove swamps, or flow into Lake Eyre, without ever filling its rapacious maw, or they are lost by evaporation, or they are drowned by the sea. Yet, while they last, all Powell's terms and all Davis's concepts are found applicable. The most striking feature in the country is the Great Artesian Basin. The most extensive artesian system in the world, with its area of 590,000 square miles, stretches over three states. Its true source is still vehemently disputed. The prevalent view is that the artesian supplies originate from rivers, whose waters keep sinking to various depths—an underground Darling. The process by which an unfailing supply is trapped in beds of porous rock, sandwiched between two layers of water-tight rock, is too complex to be stated here, but Dr. Woolnough's explanation (in the first-reviewed volume) appears as convincing as it is lucid. No other view, indeed, was held till Professor Gregory, in "The Dead Heart of Australia," ascribed the artesian waters to a plutonic origin. Enormous masses of igneous rocks, which had large quantities of water dissolved in them before they solidified, underlie Central Australia, and this supply is invoked as the chief, if not the exclusive, source of the artesian waters. This being their source, he argues (in his volume on the geography of Australia contributed to Stanford's series) that the supply is not everlasting. He thus holds out a threat of destruction to thousands of sheep farmers whose stocks now thrive on artesian bores.

J. C.

Prof. D. T. Macdougal, director of the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Ariz., describes in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September some of the physical and biological features of our deserts. In one of the arid regions, with summer and winter rainfall periods, there are as many floral species per square mile as in the densest tropical jungle, and one tree cactus may hold from 500 to 1,000 gallons of sap. An account of Patagonia, its history, government, industries, and the Boer and Welsh colonies, is given by W. G. Rae Smith, with illustrations.

Prof. H. S. Carslaw has rendered an important service by translating excellently the historical and critical study of "Non-Euclidean Geometry" (Open Court Pub. Co.), by the late Prof. Roberto Bonola. The essay begins with Euclid's definition of parallel lines, and after discussing the impossibility of proving this axiom, the author traces in admirable fashion the gradual development of non-Euclidean geometry. The clear and concise way in which the subject is treated and the large number of references given make this book interesting and valuable.

A modern work on evolution with the apparent object of exalting a given system which has, in the minds of many biologists, only an historic interest, is apt to attract little attention. This will undoubtedly be the case with André Tridon's excellent translation of Delage and Goldsmith's "Theories of Evolution" (Huebsch). Nevertheless, the book will serve a useful purpose in furnishing in English a history of evolution with critical estimates of the work of Darwin, Wallace, Weismann, of Lamarck and neo-Lamarckians, all written with the admirable clearness characteristic of cultured French men of science. The scientific value of such estimates is considerably minimized by the obviously partisan attitude of the authors, which becomes painfully prominent in the inadequate discussion of heredity and especially of Mendelism. This trait is probably due to the fact that the original volume was written three years ago in preparation for the Lamarck celebration in France and published, in cheap form, by Flammarion. Since that time the remarkable investigations in experimental biology, and especially in genetics, have thrown new light on the problems of evolution and make such a work as the one under review seem almost like the product of a past generation.

The death is announced of Lewis Boss, who since 1876 was director of the Dudley Observatory and professor of astronomy in Union University, Albany. He was born in 1846, and graduated from Dartmouth. He was engaged in several Government expeditions, was a member of learned societies here and abroad, and wrote numerous books on astronomical subjects.

Bradford Torrey, naturalist, writer of many books of nature-studies, and formerly editor of the *Youth's Companion*, died on Monday at Santa Barbara, Cal., in his sixty-ninth year. "Birds in the Bush," "A Rambler's Lease," "The Foot-Path Way," "A Florida Sketch-Book," "Spring Notes from Tennessee," "Footing It in Franconia," "Nature's Invitation," and "Friends on the Shelf" are among his best known works.

Drama and Music

Bernard Shaw et son œuvre. By Charles Cestre. Paris: Mercure de France.

Till M. Cestre appeared on the scene, Bernard Shaw was fortunate in his biographers. For a living celebrity, biographical fortune consists in getting one's self presented by idolators and enemies. Every caricature and every idealized presentment of a popular hero is a welcome screen between the curious public and the precious secret of the hero's actual character. Mr. Shaw himself, like a peculiar cuttlefish emitting luminous ink, has, as every one knows, deliberately sought to blind his followers with excess of light. Mr. Chesterton, squarely seated on the grounded end of the literary see-saw, has ably caricatured his opposite as a virtuous but fanatical angel dangling between earth and heaven, at the sky-end of the plank. Holbrook Jackson has given us a devout account of his master, the Socialist, and Professor Henderson, authorized biographer, has with equal devotion described the great philosopher's clothes, hair, and daily walk.

M. Cestre is neither friend nor foe; he is merely a competent foreign explorer of English literary phenomena. He alone, under the pretext of introducing Shaw to French readers, has taken him into the laboratory and anatomized him. Students of English literature who are indebted to M. Cestre's admirable work, "La Révolution française et les poètes anglais," will know what qualities he has brought to this lesser task —searching analysis, a sense for fine distinctions complemented by an easy grasp of general ideas, lucid exposition, the impartial gusto of an investigator, and a critical spirit constantly functioning. When he lays down his pen, Bernard Shaw is no longer a complicated enigma in brown tweeds, but a disarticulated Irish Puritan classified and mounted for inspection. The book falls into four parts: a rapid survey of the author's career as Socialist, journalist, and dramatist; a systematic interpretation of the principal plays; a penetrating study of Shaw's temperament and ideas; and, finally, an examination of the form of the works.

To English readers the third and fourth divisions will doubtless prove most helpful. As definitively as anything that we have seen, they answer the terribly agitating question, "Is Shaw serious?" M. Cestre is cautious. He warns us at the outset that we are not under obligation to take any particular utterance seriously. Shaw is a humorist and, furthermore, a characteristic product of the intellectual curiosity and mobility of the day:

> He reflects also what they contain that is extravagant and dangerous. The taste for novelty and the need of change, which are in our time powerful elements of progress, entail also a certain satiety, and demand means of expression constantly more strong, and stimulants still more violent. Thence the orgy of *réclame,* which we see in contemporary society. Shaw, imitating the example of his age, uses and abuses *réclame.* . . . Shaw does not escape another fault of our day, the result of our fever of intellectual adventures; that is, a rashness in the forward movement, which does not always take care to assure the safety of the bases of supply and to maintain points of connection with the past. Along with just observations and profound paradoxes, there is in him an adroitness in constructing an artificial logic and in deriving general conclusions from particular instances which can only be called sophistry. . . . He does not always know how to preserve measure in laughter, as he does not always observe discretion in reasoning.

And yet, despite all reservations, M. Cestre contends that at bottom Mr. Shaw is serious—as serious as he can be under the circumstances. It is he that continues, after his fashion, in this latest age the great Puritan tradition of revolt formerly represented by Carlyle and Milton, and the literature of prophecy, the peculiar province of the Anglo-Saxon people. It is he that sees through the respectable shams, the hoary hypocrisies, and the accepted cant of the established order. A perfectly sincere sense of disillusion underlies the railing skepticism of his comedies and the rebellious bitterness of his prefaces. But his humor and the health and vigor of his temperament preserve him from misanthropy, and throw him back upon a kind of visionary idealism and a mystical faith in progress and the scientific spirit. He is, in short, a practical skeptic and a speculative idealist, or, as we should say in America, he is a radical progressive whose criticism of the *status quo* is frequently illuminating and always irritating, but whose constructive programme is intrepidly Utopian and, it should be added, inextricably involved in humbug. Thus, as M. Cestre pointedly observes, he reflects the spirit of the age.

A poetic drama on democracy, entitled "Nimrod," is announced by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. It is the work of Dr. Rolt-Wheeler.

Gerhart Hauptmann is said to be at work on a drama whose material is drawn from Homer. It will probably be called "Der Bogenspanner Odysseus."

We have to acknowledge from the Macmillan Co. the receipt of two more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare—"Richard the Second" and "The Winter's Tale," edited, respectively, by Prof. Hardin Craig and Prof. Laura J. Wylie.

"The Case of Becky," which has just been produced in the Belasco Theatre, and which professes to be charged with deep scientific and psychic import, is in no way remarkable, except as an example of managerial astuteness. It is artfully designed to cater to the credulity and ignorance of the general public in regard to spiritual and other mysteries of nature, and undoubtedly does constitute a novel and effective theatrical entertainment, in spite of its artificiality and essential insignificance. The central idea of it is founded upon the published report of a distinguished Boston specialist on the case of one of his patients supposed to be the victim of a dissociated or disintegrated personality, whose inharmonious elements, working independently and antagonistically, were held to be responsible for eccentric and vicious actions wholly inconsistent with her true character when properly organized. The sufferer was restored, theoretically, through the gradual elimination of these discordant elements by means of suggestion, administered to them severally under hypnosis. There seems to be no room for doubt that the lady in question was somehow mentally deranged, that she was unconscious at one time of what she had done at another, that in mesmeric sleep she revealed motives and impulses of which she was unaware when awake, and that she was ultimately, by hypnosis or otherwise, cured. Not every one, however, who reads the report will be converted to the theories of the writer. In the play the heroine is described as having been born while her mother was under the influence of a professional hypnotist, who had compelled her, presumably against her will, to leave the home of her husband, a distinguished physician, and to this circumstance is ascribed the double nature which she is supposed to illustrate. She is alternately refined and charming or abominably vulgar and vicious. Finally, by stage coincidence, she comes under the care of her real father, the physician, who first quells the evil spirit in her by hypnotic power, and then, by the same agency, extorts full confession from the mesmeric quack, while destroying his capacity for further mischief.

Obviously, this is mere theatrical romance seeking justification in a ridiculous assumption of scientific pretence. In its crude extravagance it is virtually a burlesque of the original story. There is nothing even moderately fresh in its pretentious chatter about hypnotic phenomena. But the piece is most admirably stage-managed and capitally acted. The mesmeric business doubtless appears most impressive to the unsophisticated. Miss Frances Starr plays the double part of the heroine effectively enough—that is to say, she is alternately exceedingly "tough" and prettily refined—but without any exhibition of subtle correlation between the twin halves of the supposed dual nature. The artistic acting is shown in the physician of Albert Bruning.

"Years of Discretion" is the name of a new comedy which David Belasco will produce in the Republic Theatre in January. It is the work of Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Mr. Belasco is said to have great faith in it, and has engaged a remarkable cast for its interpretation. This includes Lyn Harding, Bruce McRae, Herbert Kelcey, E. M. Holland, Effie Shannon, and others.

The London *Telegraph* pokes fun at those who affirm that Sir Hubert Parry imitates

Handel and has nothing of his own to say. It refers triumphantly, as proving the contrary, to his latest work, "Ode on the Nativity," just produced at the Hereford Festival—a composition which is "a legitimate successor" to Parry's "The Blest Pair of Sirens." The critic thinks it doubtful if Handel himself could have written a more moving setting of the fifteenth century poem than Parry has in his latest production, adding that it will be a real surprise if his opinions are not supported by the general acclaim, during the next few months, of competent musical societies and their audiences.

Otto Goritz, the incomparable German baritone, has written an operetta which will probably have its first hearing some time in the present month at Hamburg. In composing this work, Mr. Goritz made use of a phonograph for recording the melodies he improvised on the piano. In course of time, he had accumulated several hundreds, from which he selected the best for his comic-opera score.

Maud Powell is one of the eminent musicians engaged as soloists for the coming season of the Philharmonic Society. She will not be heard in New York, however, before March 6 and 7. As usual, she has a novelty to offer—a concerto by the late Coleridge-Taylor. The autumn and winter months will be devoted by her to a tour of the West and the South.

A subscription list for a monument to Massenet has been started in Paris. The publishers, Heugel et Cie., headed it with 10,000 francs. Massenet's annual income during the last years of his life is reported to have exceeded 700,000 francs. He began his musical career by playing the kettledrum in a theatre band.

Ysaye, whom many call the greatest violinist of the period, will make his first appearance in eight years in New York with the Philharmonic Society on December 10. During his American tour he will play concertos by Bach, Brahms, and Bruch.

The death is announced of Berlin's oldest musical critic, Prof. Rudolf Fiege. He lived eighty-two years, and for more than half a century he was the critic of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Art

LIFE OF HARRIET HOSMER.

Harriet Hosmer: Letters and Memories. Edited by Cornelia Carr. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3.

There is an illustration in this life of Harriet Hosmer which should not escape the notice of suffragists. It represents the tiny figure of the sculptress amid the two dozen stalwart workmen who took her pay—the mere hands who obeyed her informing mind. All portraits of herself agree with this in a common impression of quaintness and bonhommie. In her attitude there would be something vividly pert, were it not for the steadiness of the fine eyes deeply set under a bulging forehead, recalling the brow of Beethoven. We have the face of one who had the uncommon good luck, in those "Book of Beauty" days, to be brought up a tomboy. With rod and gun, boat and horse, she was familiar from her childish days near Boston. Many years later she helped to organize the Campagna hunt, and shone as a horsewoman. Once when nearly fifty she was dragged some hundred feet by a favorite hunter. Remounting, she rode the chase out, though in a jocular letter on the event she admits she was "somewhat stretched." As a punster, wag, clever doggerelizer, organizer of revelry, she endeared herself to all manner of people. Most of the letters in this volume—and they are from very famous folk—are addressed to "Dearest Hatty." The Brownings adored her, and, more reservedly, sedate Mrs. Jameson. More stiffly in London and at home the George Ticknors made much of her. Of the lovely Queen of Naples, whose portrait as heroine of Gaeta Harriet Hosmer did in marble, she was the friend and household guest. Socially she conquered in every world. Hence it is amusing to find Fanny Kemble observing, early in the Roman days, that "Hatty's peculiarities will stand in the way of her success with people of society and of the world, and I wish for her own sake that some of them were less decided and singular." Evidently, the great tragedienne was either lacking in knowledge of the world or else obsessed by the memory of the madcap school-girl she had befriended a few years earlier at Lenox.

The hoyden quality of this admirable woman has been emphasized because the average lettered person still insists on identifying her with the angelic Hilda of "The Marble Faun." On this point we may as well consult her friend, Sir Henry Layard, who writes:

> I have been recently reading "Transformation," so you may easily fancy you have been very constantly in my thoughts. I, of course, concluded that you were the heroine, but I cannot believe that you ever threw a gentleman over the Tarpeian Rock, even after a picnic in the Coliseum! Then as to the other lady, I could not fancy you with doves and a pet Madonna, so I gave up all attempts at further identification.

So much for legend, and yet the glamour of Harriet Hosmer's life remains that of Hawthorne's Rome—the goal of fervent ambitions, the generous foster-mother of alien talents, the seat of magnanimous companionships and admirations.

The color and quality of this old Rome have been delightfully caught in Henry James's memoir of W. W. Story. The reminiscences of Elihu Vedder and of Mrs. Hugh Fraser help to complete the picture. The obvious elation of it all we may sense in a letter of Harriet Hosmer to a school friend:

> Do you remember what you said to me about becoming so fond of Italy that I should never want to go home to live? Oh! thy prophetic soul, it is even so! Here I am as merry as a cricket and as happy as a clam, finding the nights nothing and the days shorter. . . . In America I never had that sense of quiet settled content such as I now have from sunrise to sunset. . . .
>
> There is the most charming circle of people here that you can imagine. Among them Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris. They are like two mothers to me, and their house seems home all over. Then the Brownings are here, both so delightful. Mrs. Browning a perfect darling, and every Sunday and Wednesday evening there is a friendly party, as she calls it, at Mrs. Sartoris's, consisting of Mrs. Kemble and the Brownings, two young artists [one of them Leighton], and your humble servant. Mrs. Sartoris sings, and Mrs. Kemble sometimes reads, and all in all it is the perfection of everything that is charming. The Thackerays, too, are here, and they are such dear girls. Every now and then there is an excursion projected for the Campagna, consisting of these same persons, and we go out for the day frolicking.

The letter not merely recalls bygone idyllic days, but serves also to represent the rapid touch and go of Harriet Hosmer's epistolary manner. A joke is never far away in these letters, and the headlong prose easily breaks over into punning verse after the model of Hood and Saxe.

Endeared by her native good-fellowship, idealized through her valiant following of her star, Harriet Hosmer seems the very genius of those departed days. Time was greatly to enrich her acquaintance. Her abundant vitality was in turn to capture the Italians. Among the British aristocracy of birth and wit she was to become a familiar. Her talent everywhere drew kindred ability, repelling none. Charlotte Cushman was for a time her house-mate. As one dips into her letters one comes into the most delightful contacts. Once Harriet saw Mrs. Jameson before the colossal Ludovisi Juno, Goethe's favorite marble, murmuring, "It is herself, her very self!" She refused other explanation than that she was thinking of the beauty of a young friend in England. Later Harriet Hosmer met Lady Ashburton, Carlyle's "Gloriana," verified the resemblance, and won that noble woman's friendship. The touch is characteristic of these memoirs. Yet the most stable friendship was with the Brownings. His letters to her are admirable in real tenderness and burlesque adoration. She had the thrilling experience of a runaway with him in a peasant's donkey cart, and of hearing him enact the scene until the author of "Aurora Leigh" was consumed with laughter. It was Harriet who rejected the proposed alternate title "Laura Leigh" because "it had no backbone."

The peculiarity of this Roman circle seems to have been its generosity.

Everybody looked like a genius to everybody else. Story and Crawford were demigods and played the part magnanimously. Browning, with Homeric concision and repetitiousness, invariably writes of Page, the American portrait painter, as "that noble Page." In view of the actual accomplishment of Harriet and her contemporaries, it is easy to laugh at this cult of mutual admiration. Yet it should be noted that, relatively to the Italian artists of the time, the Powerses, Gibsons, Crawfords, and Hosmers were rather tall fellows. Moreover, something is to be said for this atmosphere of friendly adulation, if only because it permitted middling talents to be developed to their full capacity. Harriet Hosmer's work does not look very important to-day, but at least it is complete and characteristic. There is no suggestion about it of cramped opportunity or thwarted ideals. But before we consider her work we should note how her admirable qualities as a person smoothed her way as an artist.

Her father's wise training gave her a splendid physique, and he set no obstacle to her then unusual vocation. At St. Louis Dr. J. N. McDowell repeated for her privately his lectures in anatomy. His medallion portrait was her first work, and he wrote her in acknowledgment, "Dear Hat, I like, not love, you, for my poor old heart that has so often been chilled by the winters of adversity cannot now love, but could I love any one, it would be the child who has so remembered me." At twenty-two Harriet was in Rome, and John Gibson had promised her father, "Whatever I can teach her, she shall learn"—an engagement most loyally kept. Before her twenty-fourth year she had "arrived" with what remained her most popular works, Puck and Medusa. Before thirty such statues of monumental pretensions as the sleeping Beatrice Cenci and the funereal effigy of Julie Falconnet, the first statue by an American artist to be set up in Italy, had won her both fame and prosperity. At thirty she received the commission for a colossal bronze of Senator Benton, which still stands in St. Louis. In her thirty-third year a post of honor was given to her Zenobia in the British Universal Exhibition. Two years later the marble Queen made a triumphal appearance in America. There never was a more swift and solid success, nor more favoring circumstances. When the panic of 1857 impaired her father's fortunes, her friend, Wayman Crow, who had already given and procured her commissions, gladly became her banker, and tided her over through what otherwise might have been disastrous years. Her distinguished British friends became excellent patrons for her sculpture, and she was the first American artist after Stuart who enjoyed a full measure of international patronage. Everything played into the hand of this brave and genial woman.

Harriet Hosmer came to Europe a completely open-minded person, and it is an amusing surmise what she might have done had she, instead of going to Gibson at Rome, gone to Baryé at Paris. She had a vitality not inferior to that of the great *animalier* and shared many of his tastes. To go to Gibson, however, was emphatically to accept the leading of Flaxman, Thorwaldson, and Canova. It was the day in which, under the influence of the poorer classical originals, the sculptors smoothed all character out of the clay in order to please the marble-cutters, who further polished away on their own account any residual strength. The art was in danger of perishing from excess of artisanship. In good periods of marble-cutting the stone tends to obey alien laws. Good Greek and Renaissance marbles suggest, according to their kind, the severity of the bronze or the freedom of the clay. Our best modern sculpture in marble is thus conditioned. The bronze is ever present in Saint-Gaudens, the clay in Rodin. Such tonic graces of older sculpture had disappeared before the thumb of the great Canova and the pumice stone of his marble-cutters. John Gibson held to the tradition with gentle fanaticism, merely adding the archaistic novelty of staining his faultless nudities in what he imagined to be the Greek fashion. A man of blameless life and amiable character, gently persistent in his adoration of an antique beauty which he completely misunderstood, he was just about the narrowest influence that could have been brought to bear upon a young artist beginning in the fifties. That Harriet Hosmer, after all, established something like a personal style, testifies strongly to her vitality.

She sensibly took the course of accepting the limitations and emphasizing the qualities of her chosen *genre*. Of the Fountain of the Siren, which she was making for Lady Marion Alford, she writes to Wayman Crow, "It is to be so sweet that it ought only to play *eau sucrée*." Such is the impression of her Medusa and Enone, of her Beatrice Cenci, and with an appropriate touch of roguishness of her Puck and Will o' the Wisp. It seems as if the woman in her, which was somewhat belied by her looks and manners, found its true outlet in what she called her "children." In any case, it is the caressed and caressing qualities of her figures that lend them an authentic Victorian warmth, and make them superior to the merely correct frigidities of her older contemporary, Story. The captive Zenobia, her most carefully considered work, constitutes an exception. It is an appealing thing in a derivative way, catching much of the faint stateliness of those Hadrianic models upon which it is clearly based. It elicited from the unexuberant John Whittier the handsomest compliment ever paid to an American artist by an American man of letters. "In looking at it," he writes, "I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country, while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field and our public officers in their departments." Her design for a Lincoln monument, which was in hand for more than twenty years and remained unachieved, has a Michelangelesque grandiosity recalling Alfred Stevens and foreshadowing George Barnard. It was intended to be "the foundation of a new school," but it may be doubted if hands trained by John Gibson could have executed convincingly the generous proportions of the African sibyl as one sees her in the cartoon.

Harriet Hosmer's abundant worldly wisdom was chiefly for the matter immediately in hand. Her letters, while abounding in vivid friendliness, are singularly barren of artistic or literary interest. To collect some of her more absurd political opinions would seem ungracious were they not illuminating. The United States, "being union only in name," she was willing to see dismembered at the opening of the Civil War. In predicting a short life for the French Republic, she perhaps merely agreed with most of the world. She joyfully saw at perilous close range the Italians take Rome, bitterly resented the transformation of her beloved city, and, overestimating the social ostracism of Victor Emmanuel, proclaimed the prompt bankruptcy of the new kingdom. All in all, a most vital person of short views, and intense. She lingered on for a full generation, mostly in England, through an exiled old age of ease and comparative inactivity, dying in 1908, in her seventy-ninth year, quite the last of the Romans of Hawthorne's day.

One aspect of the spell she cast upon high and low remains mysterious. She had powers which to-day we rather vulgarly call psychic. When a girl, after a visit to the spiritualist writer, Lydia Maria Child, while riding home, she saw a rail that "raised itself from the fence and moved around to the outside of the post, a distance of several yards, and then stood upright." At the moment of the unexpected death of a favorite Italian maid, the wraith appeared to Miss Hosmer, announcing the felicity of the departed. She felt distant accidents, found lost articles—was an accurate clairvoyant. Once "Lady A" (surely Lady Ashburton) had lost a box containing "valuable papers." Harriet Hosmer located not merely the right bank, but the right box. One likes to indulge the surmise that these papers which were found amid "women's belongings, . . . rare laces chiefly," may have been the letters of the stern Sage of Chelsea. As for Harriet Hosmer herself, this memoir gives no hint of a sentimental passage. Early in the Roman days she writes: “Even if so inclined, an artist has no business to marry. For a man, it may be well enough, but for a woman, on whom matrimonial duties and cares weigh more heartily, it is a moral wrong, I think, for she must either neglect her profession or her family, becoming neither a good wife and mother nor a good artist.” There is no indication that she ever regretted this decision, or that her marble “children” and the friendship of the best of her contemporaries were an inadequate solace for the softer joys she had put aside.

The results of the excavations carried on at Corfu during the last season have proved of great interest. An ancient temple, identified as that of Aesculapius, has been completely laid bare. It is about 8½ metres wide by 11½ metres long. A large number of the columns have been found, and some of them have been reërected in their original places. In the middle of the temple was found the pedestal on which the cult statue stood. The excavations in the temple where the relief of a Gorgon was discovered last year have also been completed. The space between the temple and the altar was cleared and a number of interesting objects were found, among them painted tiles from the roof of the temple. The altar itself is of an interesting type, being decorated on the outside with a Doric frieze of metopes and triglyphs. As is well known, the German Emperor took a keen interest in these excavations.

Behind the famous monument of Demetria and Pamphile in the Kerameikos, in Athens, there have lately been found three sarcophagi of poros stone and the remains of a funeral pyre. Only two of these sarcophagi have been opened. One of them contained the skeleton of a woman, two alabaster figures, and a *lekythos* (oil-jug); the other the skeleton of a man, two alabaster figures, and two *lekythoi*. Among the ashes of the pyre were also found portions of another skeleton and some small vases. These tombs probably belong to the fourth century B. C., and are those of the persons represented on the relief, namely, Demetria and Pamphile, and of a third person.

Finance

STOCK EXCHANGE “REACTION.”

Having passed, in regard to the season's unmistakable trade revival, through the successive stages of apathy, incredulity, awakened interest, and great enthusiasm, the Stock Exchange last week presented all the aspects of a prolonged and vigorous movement for the rise. This appeared to have substantial basis. It was grounded on the assurance from every industry that rapid recovery was in progress; on the absolutely record-breaking expansion of the steel and iron trade; on the August earnings reports by the country's railways, fully one-half of which showed the largest net receipts ever reported in that month; on the four successive weeks of September, in each of which grain deliveries from farms to primary receiving points exceeded the highest weekly total prior to this autumn; on a monthly Government cotton crop estimate, foreshadowing the largest yield but one in the country's history, and on an engagement abroad of nearly $10,000,000 European gold for import to New York. But, having reached its climax of enthusiasm, in the middle of last week, the stock market broke suddenly and sharply.

It was characteristic of this very singular “Presidential-year market” that, when at last the setback in prices came of which we had so long been warned, it should have come, not because of a political scare of any sort—real or imaginary—but because the Balkan peasants had shouldered their muskets to march across the Turkish border. It had seemed, to those familiar with the manœuvres of the Stock Exchange, as if politics must provide something to shudder at, before the season was over. Experience, indeed, recalled “political scares” in election years when nobody knew what he was frightened about. The thrill of terror which ran through Wall Street in September, four years ago, was certainly a case in point. Nobody then had any doubts about Taft's election, and the same Wall Street which was breaking prices on the Stock Exchange, because of the “political argument,” was simultaneously betting 2 to 1 against Bryan on the curb.

At least that much of an “election scare” ought to have been feasible this present autumn—in connection, for instance, with Mr. Roosevelt's return to the East. But no one suggested it as probable. Whether the absence of any such demonstration meant that the community had from the first absolutely made up its mind as to what the electoral result must be, with one party solidly united and the other split in two (the Wall Street “curb,” which is now betting 4 to 1 on Wilson's election, favored him, by 2 to 1, within a month of his nomination), or whether it signified that the conservative community was genially receptive to any of the three conceivable results, is possibly debatable. The attitude has been remarkable. Certainly, in no other previous Presidential campaign of our history could the amazing episode of this week's star testimony before the Clapp committee have been dismissed, as it was, with casual and indifferent comment. But however all this may be, the “bear argument” which apparently could not be found in domestic politics was at last discovered in European diplomacy. The stock market had its break, and every one declared the reaction altogether “healthy.”

No doubt, if it had not come on that particular pretext, some other would have been found for it; and in the present case, the decline was emphasized by the fact that financial Berlin and London, in their first dismay over the “Balkan crisis,” threw on the New York market something like $10,000,000 of their holdings of American shares. But Balkan war scares have always had the quality of exciting financial Europe excessively for a minimum stretch of time. Some people wonder that these demonstrations should come so often at this period of the year. Probably that is because the harvests in those localities have just been laid in and the snow has not yet begun to fall.

The interval between the two events fairly defines the margin allowed for the market's interest in the Balkans; for those belligerent states will seldom fight when the crops are in the field or when the mountain passes are blocked. In the present case, the interval of warlike demonstration will probably be still narrower; for Turkey will doubtless now see fit to yield gracefully to the Italian terms of peace, and that would change the status of things in the Balkans. Besides, so far as concerns our own Stock Exchange, the Presidential election occurs hardly four weeks from to-day, and financial markets will have to display some kind of interest in it, at such short range as that.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Bible Society. Annual Report, 1912.

American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Transactions. Vol. IV, 1911. Van Nostrand. $6 net.

Andrews, M. R. S. The Marshal. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Aulde, John. The Chemic Problem in Nutrition. Philadelphia: The Author. $3.

Banks, E. J. Bismya, or the Lost City of Adab. Putnam. $5.

Barus, Carl. The Production of Elliptic Interferences in Relation to Interferometry. Part II. Carnegie Institution, Washington.

Benedict, F. G. The Composition of the Atmosphere. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Bond, Francis. Cathedrals of England and Wales. Fourth edition. Scribner.

Bowen, Marjorie. The Soldier from Virginia. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Brady, C. T. The West Wind. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Brooke, A. E. The Johannine Epistles. (Inter. Critical Commentary series.) Scribners. $2.50 net.

Brown, H. D. How Phœbe Found Herself. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.15 net.

Bruce, H. A. Woman in the Making of America. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Bryant, S. C. (Mrs. T. F. Borst.) Best Stories to Tell to Children. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Bryce, James. South America: Observations and Impressions. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Burnham, C. L. The Inner Flame: A Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home. (Stories, verses, and pictures.) Caldwell Company.

Cicero's Orations. Edited, with notes, etc., by W. B. Gunnison and W. S. Harley. Boston: Silver, Burdett. $1.25.

Clippinger, E. E. Illustrated Lessons in Composition and Rhetoric. Boston: Silver, Burdett. $1.

Comstock, Sarah. The Soddy. Doubleday, Page. $1.30 net.

Confessions of an Innocent Widow. Broadway Publishing Company. $1.

Congreve, William (Masterpieces of the English Drama.) American Book Co.

Coriat, I. H. The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.

Daviess, M. T. The Elected Mother. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Dumas, W. C. Belshazzar. Boston Badger.

Duncan, R. B. Brave Deeds of American Sailors. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.

Dutton, S. T., and Snedden, D. Administration of Public Education in the United States. Revised edition. Macmillan. $2 net.

Faulkner, J. A. Crises in the Early Church. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.

Fetter, F. A. Source Book in Economics. Century.

Figgis, J. N. Civilization at the Cross Roads. (Lectures delivered at Harvard, 1911.) Longmans. $1.60 net.

Frame, J. E. Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians. (Inter. Critical Commentary.) Scribners. $2.50 net.

Gilbert, G. H. Jesus. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Glass, Montague. Object: Matrimony. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.

Goebel's Hermann der Cherusker. New edition, edited by J. Esser. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Graves, F. P. Peter Ramus and the Educational Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Griffis, W. E. Belgium, the Land of Art. Boston: Houghton Mifflin $1.25 net.

Harland, Marion. Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories (Two vols. in one.) Putnam. $3.50.

Hayden, J. C. Cease to War. Boston: Badger.

Haynes Official Guide to Yellowstone National Park. 26th edition. Yellowstone Park: F. Jay Haynes.

Hegermann-Lindencrone, L. de. In the Courts of Memory, 1858-1875. Harper. $2 net.

Helmrich, E. W. The Chorus in the German Drama. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1 net.

Higginson, J. J. Spenser's Shepherd's Calender in relation to Contemporary Affairs. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.

Historic New York. (Two volumes in one.) Putnam.

Höffding, Harold. Brief History of Modern Philosophy. Trans. by C. F. Sanders. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Holmes, Arthur. The Conservation of the Child. Philadelphia. Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Husslein, Joseph. The Church and Social Problems. America Press.

Hutchinson, Woods. The Child's Day. (Book I, Health Series.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 40 cents net.

Jenkins, Stephen. The Story of the Bronx. Putnam. $3.50.

Johnston, R. M. The Holy Christian Church Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Leuba, J. H. A Psychological Study of Religion. Macmillan. $2 net.

Lieberman, Elias. The American Short Story. Ridgewood, N. J.: The Editor Company.

Locke, W. J. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Lane.

Lumholtz, Carl. New Trails in Mexico. Scribner. $5 net.

Lyon, W. H. Capitalization: A Book on Corporation Finance. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Mackintosh, H. R. The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Marden, P. S. Egyptian Days. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Marks, Jeannette. Gallant Little Wales. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Mason, G. S. Licky and His Gang. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Master of Mysteries, The. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Meredith, George. Letters. 2 vols. Scribner. $4 net, per set.

Meredith, George. Poetical Works, with some notes by G. M. Trevelyan. Scribner $2 net.

Milleson, R. H. The Artist's Point of View. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Morgan, C. L. Instinct and Experience. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Moses, Belle. Helen Ormesby. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Nitobé, Inazo. The Japanese Nation. Putnam.

Otis, James, "Wanted," and Other Stories. Harper. 60 cents.

Owen, Harold. Woman Adrift. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Pickett, La S. C. Literary Hearthstones of Dixie. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Plutarch's Greek Lives. Vol. III, Nicias and Alcibiades. Trans., with notes, by B. Perrin. Scribner. $2 net.

Powers, H. H. Mornings with Masters of Art. Macmillan. $2 net.

Purin, C. M., and Roedder, E. C. Deutsche Gedichte und Lieder. Boston: Heath. 60 cents.

Putnam, G. H. George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. Putnam.

Rhead, Louis. Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band. Harper. $1.50.

Riley, James Whitcomb. All the Year Round. Verses, illustrated in color by G. Baumann. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Robinson, A. T. The Applications of Logic. Longmans. $1.20.

Robinson, C. R. The Call of Brotherhood, and Other Poems. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Rusk, R. R. Introduction to Experimental Education. Longmans. $1.40 net.

Schultz, J. W. With the Indians in the Rockies. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Sears, Lorenzo. John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Sedgwick, F. R. The Russo-Japanese War (The Campaign in Manchuria—1904). Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Sheehan, P. P. The Seer. Moffat, Yard, $1.20 net.

Shute, John. The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture. Facsimile of 1563 edition, with introduction by L. Weaver. London: Country Life.

Sinclair, May. The Three Brontës. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Smith, F. B. Madame Mésange. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.

Sparhawk, F. C. Dorothy Brooke at Ridgemore. Crowell. $1.50.

Sparshott, W. H. Contributions to Current Literature; Reflections in Rhyme. New York: The Author. 25 cents; 10 cents.

Strong, C. L. Forfeit: A Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Sturgis, Thomas. Prisoners of War, 1861-65. Putnam.

Sully, James. Italian Travel. Sketches. Scribner.

Whitechurch, V. L. Left in Charge. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Talmage, T. De W. As I Knew Him. Dutton. $3 net.

Van de Water, V. T. Why I Left My Husband. Moffat, Yard. $1.20 net.

Van Dyke, Henry. The Unknown Quantity. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Ward, Artemus. Best Stories, edited by Clifton Johnson. Harper. $1.40 net.

Wiggin, K. D. The Birds' Christmas Carol. New form. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Wood, Michael. The House of Peace. Longmans. $1.35 net.

Zimmerman (Rev.), L. M. Sparks: A Series of Popular Reflections on Ethical and Social Topics. Baltimore, Md.: The Author. $1 net.

For Women—and Men

MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN
By Anne Shannon Monroe

Starting as a four dollar a week typist, Miss Gale wins independence in four years. Her story discloses the exciting possibilities of a young woman's every-day life in business, and is constantly and definitely suggestive to other modern minded young women.

Just ready, $1.30 net; by mail, $1.40.

WHY WOMEN ARE SO
By Mary R. Coolidge

Explains and traces the development of the woman of 1800 into the woman of to-day. "It interprets and justifies to women their struggle for better things; they can draw from it conviction and argument." An authoritative book.

Just ready, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

Pygmies and Papuans
The Stone Age of To-day in Dutch New Guinea

By A. F. R. WOLLASTON, Author of "From Ruwenzori to the Congo." With appendices by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant, A. C. Haddon, F.R.S., and Sidney H. Ray.

This volume, entertaining as a book of travel, and scientifically informing, is an account of a scientific expedition made in 1911 under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and the Ornithologists Union to the Snow Mountains of Dutch New Guinea. The adventures and the scientific results of this expedition are here presented, and the book offers new and important matter to naturalists, geographers, anthropologists, philologists, and others. The appendices offer matter of special and detailed value to scientists. *Octavo. Profusely illustrated in color and black and white, and with maps. $4.00 net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

IN MANY
Public Libraries

The Office Clerks are instructed to cut out the advertising columns of THE NATION as a guide for the Purchasing Committees.

"We buy *every* book you advertise," writes one of the best known librarians in the U. S.

To many libraries and to many individuals, books advertised in THE NATION are at once recommended as desirable.

NEW SMALL-MAYNARD BOOKS

Important Books of Varied Interest Now Selling

SECOND PRINTING OF

PLAY-MAKING: A Manual of Craftsmanship

By William Archer

"This book has long been desired," says the *Bookman,*" and there is no man in the world better equipped to write it. Students of the drama may derive from it a sane reckoning of where the truth of dramatic art lies. Further, it is admirably what its title claims for it, and should be of genuine value to the playwright. Not often may we find a subject so well and comprehensively discussed."

"It is, moreover, as suggestive to the play-goer as to the play-maker," says the *Boston Transcript.* 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail,* $2.15.

The Story of Evolution

By Joseph McCabe

Author of "The Empresses of Rome," etc.

A continuous chronicle of the development of the heavens and the earth, and of all the work done in a score of sciences in connection with Evolution. Fascinatingly illustrated. 8vo. $3.50 *net; by mail,* $3.70.

In Forbidden China

By Viscount D'Ollone

The account of an adventurous exploring expedition of the French Government into the highlands of Western China, among an almost unknown and still unconquered people. The narrative has the charm of the unfamiliar. 146 illustrations, map, 8vo. $3.00 *net; by mail,* $3.80.

White Mountain Trails

By Winthrop Packard

The best guide and companion for the lover of the White Mountains. By the author of "Florida Trails," etc. Boxed, 8vo, fully illustrated. $3.00 *net.*

The Campaign of Gettysburg

By "Miles"

The best single account of Gettysburg, written from original sources by an impartial English army officer. 3 maps, 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail,* $2.15.

Tripoli the Mysterious

By Mabel Loomis Todd

A charming and informing record of personal observation, especially timely. Profusely illustrated, 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail,* $2.15.

Problems of Men, Mind and Morals

By E. Belfort Bax

Fifteen brilliant essays by the greatest English Socialist. 8vo. $1.50 *net; by mail,* $1.65.

"The best book on Ireland ever written by an Irishman."

The Pope's Green Island

Intellectual, Religious, and Social Life in Modern Ireland.

By W. P. Ryan

Until lately Editor of *The Irish Nation.* Author of *The Cross and the Plough.*

The Liverpool Post says: "It approaches genius. A most fascinating production—every page of it."

The Argentine in the Twentieth Century

By Albert B. Martinez and Maurice Lewandowski

A complete exposition of the Argentine Republic—economic, agricultural, commercial, industrial and financial—which has been crowned by the French Academy. 8vo. Map. $3.50 *net; by mail,* $3.70.

Who's Who in the Theatre, 1912

Edited by JOHN PARKER.

A new biographical dictionary of actors, actresses, managers, critics, playwrights and others connected with the stage in England, the Continent, the British Colonies, and the United States. $2.50 *net; by mail,* $2.80.

NEW FICTION

THE BIG FALL NOVEL OF 1912

FRIAR TUCK

Being the Chronicles of the Reverend John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A., as set forth and embellished by his friend and admirer, HAPPY HAWKINS, and here recorded

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

Author of "HAPPY HAWKINS," "THE KNIGHT ERRANT," etc.

"Friar Tuck" is one of those books, published only once in a decade or so, which have the universal appeal of humor, character and story, each in lavish measure. It is in no sense a sequel to "Happy Hawkins"; it is, rather, a companion volume, and is even better.

"'Friar Tuck' is assured a large popularity."—*Boston Transcript.*

"'Thank the Good Lord for Wason!' exclaimed one of Brooklyn's most noted divines a few evenings ago as he read with a deep sigh of regret the last paragraph of 'Friar Tuck.' A great story, a delight and a glory!"—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Fifth edition in this country. Large editions sold in England, Canada (two printings), and Australia.

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD. $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50.

The Novels of Ethel Sidgwick

Ethel Sidgwick is a new English novelist whose work has taken its place at once as distinguished. She comes of a literary family—the late Professor Henry Sidgwick was her uncle, and Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, Mr. E. F. Benson, and the Rev. R. H. Benson are her cousins—and she possesses, as the London Times *says, "the true imaginative gift, as distinguished from the mere power of vivid reporting, which is the necessary qualification for continuing to produce work of permanent value in fiction."*

"The most promising of the writers newly introduced into America."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

PROMISE $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50

LE GENTLEMAN $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.40

AN IDYLL OF THE QUARTER

HERSELF $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50

Frontispiece in color by Carton Moorepark.

New Books for Younger Readers

The Young Woodsmen; or Running Down the Squawtooth Gang

By Hugh Pendexter

The third volume of the successful Camp and Trail Series, telling of the further adventures of Stanley Malcolm and Bub Thomas among the lumbermen in the Maine woods. 12mo. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35.

The Young Fisherman; or The King of Smuggler's Island

By Hugh Pendexter

The first volume of a new series of books for boys, entitled "Along the Coast Series." It narrates the adventures of two boys among the fishermen along the coast of Maine. 12mo. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35.

Barry Wynn

The Adventures of a Page Boy in the United States Congress

By George Barton

A new departure in books for boys—the story of a thoroughly boyish boy in the midst of events and scenes which make workings of the national government familiar. 12mo. Illustrated by John Huybers. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35.

Fred Spencer, Reporter

By Henry M. Neely

Fred Spencer is a young telegraph operator of seventeen, in the office of *The Morning Call,* a great city daily. He turns reporter in an emergency and has thrilling adventures. 12mo. Illustrated by A. A. Blum. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35.

The Lucky Chance

The Story of a Mine

By M. W. Loraine

A capital story for boys, depicting the actual conditions in a Western silver mine. 12mo. Illustrated by Haydon Jones. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.32.

In Search of Smith

By John Mackie

A vigorous story of Northern Australia. 12mo. 22 illustrations by R. Caton Woodville. $1.50 postpaid.

On Foreign Service

Or the Santa Cruz Revolution

By Staff-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, of the British Navy

A masterpiece of naval writing, centring around a South American revolution in which an Englishman takes a prominent part. A brother of the revolutionist leader is a sub-lieutenant on one of two British cruisers ordered abroad to watch the progress of the revolt, and the adventures of the two are related with rare dramatic force. 12mo. Illustrated by W. Rainey, R.I., with a wrapper in full color. $1.50 *postpaid.*

Ready October 26

More Little Beasts of Field and Wood

By William Everett Cram

A companion volume to the author's "Little Beasts of Field and Wood," which has been a standard for ten years. 12mo. Illustrated by the author. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35.

Floor Games

By H. G. Wells

The versatile author of "Tono-Bungay," "Marriage," and "The Man of Worlds," here shows his skill in dealing with children. Every house should have a floor on which games can be played, he says, and shows the games to play.

"The book which should make mothers and fathers and nurses the most excited is H. G. Wells's 'Floor Games'," says George Cram Cook in the *Chicago Evening Post.*

Published by SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, BOSTON

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2468 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 180 26 Dec 12

"The Literary Event of the Year"

THE PUBLICATION OF

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

2 vols. Edited by his Son. $4.00 net;
postpaid $4.38

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

With Notes by G. M. Trevelyan. $2.00 net;
postpaid $2.19

The Letters

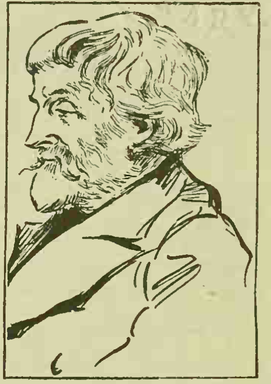
The death of a valued writer often brings a compensation—which is very rich and full in the case of George Meredith—a deeper and closer understanding drawn from the reading of his personal letters.

The Letters of George Meredith, which have been in process of selection and preparation since his death in 1909, will be found one of the most varied, interesting, and revealing of such autobiographical collections. They extend over some fifty years, beginning —except for a few scattered notes from his boyhood—about 1858, when Meredith was thirty years old, and after his first marriage. Among his correspondents are included his lifelong friends, John Morley (Lord Morley), Admiral Maxse, another of his most intimate associates; Frederick Greenwood, Chapman the publisher, Leslie Stephen, Robert Louis Stevenson, Trevelyan, and many others, besides a group of family friends and some of the members of his own household. The collection is not intended to supply a narrative of his life, nor would it do so, in spite of its extent; but it gives an unsurpassed reflection of temperament and character, of personal relations, of opinions, and even of moods; for Meredith excelled in all the good qualities of a letter-writer.

The Poems

As the passage of time has justified the publication of the letters, so it has demanded the collection of his poems into a one-volume household edition, simple, inexpensive, and convenient.

George Meredith was one of the great poets in the succession of English poetic masters. It is therefore right that all of his poetry should be made available in one volume by which his eminence can be appreciated and judged. Founded on the carefully revised text of the Memorial Edition (in which the poetry fills three large volumes) this is an impressive volume containing more than 600 pages. Mr. Trevelyan, who wrote during the author's lifetime "The Philosophy and Poetry of George Meredith," which is referred to in Meredith's recently published Letters, has added some illuminating notes to the poems. The volume is the standard definitive edition of Meredith as a poet.



GEORGE MEREDITH

New Pocket Edition of Meredith's Works

The text is the same as that in the *Boxhill Edition*. It is similar in appearance and general make-up to the biographical edition of Stevenson.

New Volumes in the Pocket Edition of George Meredith's Works

CELT AND SAXON

" 'Celt and Saxon,' " the London Athenæum says, "is full of brilliant wit, profound insight, and superb passages of lyric prose."

THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE MEREDITH

By George Macaulay Trevelyan.

In the first half of the book Mr. Trevelyan examines the author's style in his poetry; in the last, in order to fix his place as a philosopher, moralist, and critic of society, he examines and explains the content of his poetry.

THE SET

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel
Diana of the Cross-ways
Sandra Belloni
Vittoria
Rhoda Fleming
The Egoist
The Adventures of Harry Richmond
Beauchamp's Career
Evan Harrington
One of Our Conquerors
The Shaving of Shagpat
The Tragic Comedians
Lord Ormont and His Aminta
The Amazing Marriage
Short Stories
Poems
Celt and Saxon
The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith.
By George Macaulay Trevelyan

16*mo, limp leather,* $1.25 *net;*
cloth, $1.00.

The set, 18 *Vols, in a box,*
leather, $22.50 *net;*
cloth, $18.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 153 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 345

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

- The "Tariff Issue" 348
- Campaigns and Votes 348
- The Murderer's Trade 349
- The Alienist and Literature 350
- "This Astonishing Nation" 351

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

- On the Suicide of Gen. Nogi 352
- Miscellaneous German Books 353
- News for Bibliophiles 354

CORRESPONDENCE:

- The State University 355
- A Protest 356
- Gentlemen at the Wicket 356
- American and Foreign Labor 356

LITERATURE:

- The World We Live In—The New Realism 357
- Marriage 358
- The Moth 359
- The Lost World 360
- George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir 360
- The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins 360
- The Work of Wall Street 361

NOTES 362

SCIENCE 364

DRAMA:

- The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats 365

MUSIC:

- From Mendelssohn to Wagner 366

ART 368

FINANCE:

- Markets and Balkan War 368

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 369

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

WORDSWORTH
POET OF NATURE AND POET OF MAN
By E. HERSHEY SNEATH.
320 pages. $2.00

The author traces in detail the history of Wordsworth's mental and spiritual development as a poet, showing the influence upon him of heredity and physical and social environment. The text includes a careful study of the poet's own works and of the various external sources. The volume forms a complete statement of Wordsworth's poetic and philosophic creed.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston New York Chicago London

THE ENGLISH JOURNAL
JAMES FLEMING HOSIC, Manager Editor
Published in Co-operation with the National Council of Teachers of English by the University of Chicago Press

The English Journal is intended to provide a suitable medium of expression and communication for all who are interested in the advancement of English instruction. It is issued each month except July and August. The following departments are maintained: Editorials, Contributed Articles, The Round Table, News and Notes, Book Reviews, Book Notices. The regular subscription price of the English Journal is $2.50 a year; single copies, 30 cents; foreign postage, 45 cents; Canadian postage, 25 cents.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON

Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.

Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

Learn Latin to *Speak*

Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, 47 W. 52d St., New York City.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

Educational

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

New Grant White Shakespeare
POCKET EDITION
Embodying the Ripest American Scholarship and Latest Shakespearean Study, after Years of Careful Preparation, is now ready.

Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT, BENJAMIN W. WELLS and JOHN B. HENNEMAN. *Finely illustrated with 48 photogravure plates. 12 vols. of handy size, bound in full limp leather, $18.00 net; separately, $1.50 net, per volume. Postage 8 cents each.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

BIBLIOGRAPHIE HISPANIQUE 1909. Price $1.25 net.
REVUE HISPANIQUE. Quarterly publication. Subscription $4 per year.
BIBLIOTHECA HISPANICA. List on application.

The Hispanic Society of America
156th Street, West of Broadway, New York.

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER
Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)
IDEOFONIC
Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

IN MANY
Public Libraries

The Office Clerks are instructed to cut out the advertising columns of THE NATION as a guide for the Purchasing Committees.

"We buy *every* book you advertise," writes one of the best known librarians in the U. S.

To many libraries and to many individuals, books advertised in THE NATION are at once recommended as desirable.

D **Noteworthy New Books** M

FICTION

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
The Hollow of Her Hand
By a strikingly original plot, coupled with keen insight into the inmost recesses of a woman's soul, the author has produced a novel which for dramatic power and intensity of interest surpasses anything he has ever written. *Third large edition before publication.*
Illustrated. 12mo. $1.30 net. Postpaid $1.43.

JENNETTE LEE
Mr. Achilles
Has the charm and sympathy and genuineness of the author's "Uncle William."
Illustrated. Small 12mo. $1.00 net. Postpaid $1.10.

DAVID BELASCO
The Return of Peter Grimm
Preserves remarkably the haunting power of David Belasco's latest dramatic success and presents an impressive conception of the relations between the living and the dead.
Illustrated by JOHN RAE. *$1.25 net. Postpaid $1.38.*

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY
Miss Philura's Wedding Gown
A continuation of the author's wonderfully popular story—"The Transfiguration of Miss Philura."
Illustrated. Small 12mo. $1.00 net. Postpaid $1.10.

The Closing Net *Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.38.* **By Henry C. Rowland**
The Squire's Daughter *12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.40.* **By Archibald Marshall**
The Golden Rose *12mo. $1.35 net. Postpaid $1.48.* **By Mrs Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann**
Rose Royal *12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.38.* **By E. Nesbit**
The Saving Pride *Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.38.* **By Yvette Prost**
Adrian Scroop *Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.37.* **By R. A. Wood-Seys**

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Life of the Bee
A Superb Edition of Maeterlinck's classic. With mounted illustrations in color by Edward J. Detmold.
Large 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 net. Postpaid $4.30.

News of Spring and Other Nature Studies
Nature Essays, both Old and New. With mounted illustrations in color by Edward J. Detmold.
Large 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 net. Postpaid $4.30.

Maidens Fair *With illus. in color. 4to. Boxed. $3.50 net. Postpaid $3.77* **By Harrison Fisher**
Dancing and Dancers of Today **By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin**
Illustrated. 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 net. Postpaid $4.30.
The Arabian Nights *With illus. in color. Large 8vo. Boxed. $3.50 net. Postpaid $3.75.* **By René Bull**
Dawson '11—Fortune Hunter *With 40 cartoons. Square. 12mo. $1.00 net. Postpaid $1.10.* Written and Illustrated by **John T. McCutcheon**

ESSAYS, POETRY, AND THE DRAMA

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
On Emerson, and Other Essays
Deeply appreciative and illuminating essays on Emerson, Novalis, and others.
12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.37.

J. H. FABRE
The Life of the Spider
Nature studies by the man whom Maeterlinck calls "one of the glories of the civilized world."
Illustrated. 12mo. $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
A Miscellany of Men
A combination of snap and sparkle with underlying common sense, by the most brilliant essayist in England.
12mo. $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65.

ROBERT W. SERVICE
Rhymes of a Rolling Stone
Poems of the Sub-Arctic, by the author of "The Spell of the Yukon."
Small 12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.37.

Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays **By H. A. Guerber**
Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 net. Postpaid $1.37.

MISCELLANEOUS

WILLIAM H. ALLEN
Modern Philanthropy
A Study in Efficient Appealing and Giving
A book based on 6,000 begging letters, asking Mrs. E. H. Harriman for $213,000,000. *12mo. $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.62.*

CHIEF EDWARD F. CROKER
Fire Prevention
How to prevent fires, by Edward F. Croker, for twelve years chief of the fire department of New York City.
Illustrated. 8vo. $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.65.

Race Improvement, or Eugenics *Small 12mo. $1.00 net. Postpaid $1.08.* **By La Reine Helen Baker**
A Short History of Art **Revised by Charles H. Caffin** **By Julia B. De Forest**
New plates, New illustrations. 8vo. $3.00 net. Postpaid $3.25.
Wonders of the World, Ancient and Modern **By Esther Singleton**
Illustrated. 8vo. $1.60 net. Postpaid $1.79.
An Unsinkable Titanic *Illustrated. 12mo. $1.00 net. Postpaid $1.12.* **By J. Bernard Walker**

& DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK Co

THE BOOKMAN, A Magazine of Literature and Life
THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA

APPLETON'S NEW BOOKS

FOUNDERS OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY By Dr. G. Stanley Hall

A discussion, in Dr. Hall's characteristic style, of the personality, achievements, and writings of the six founders of modern psychology—Edward Zeller, Eduard von Hartmann, Hermann Lotze, Theodore Fechner, Hermann von Helmholtz, and Wilhelm Wundt.

With Portraits. $2.50 *net.* *Postpaid* $2.70.

SOCIOLOGY IN ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS By Prof. Charles A. Ellwood

A survey of the field of sociology from a psychological standpoint, with many practical applications of the various theories advanced.

$3.00 *net.* *Postpaid* $3.16.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE By Paul Klapper

This book gives (1) a systematic analysis of the principles of education, (2) the modern trend and interpretation of educational thought, (3) a transition from pure psychology to methods of teaching and discipline, and (4) practical applications of educational theory to the problems that confront the teacher in the course of daily routine.

Cloth. $1.75 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.89.

THE NEW COMPETITION By Arthur J. Eddy

A decidedly revolutionary book, showing how the business of the country is undergoing a great change from a competitive to a coöperative basis.

$2.00 *net.* *Postpaid* $2.17.

THE NEW CITY GOVERNMENT By Henry Bruère

A discussion of municipal administration based upon a survey of ten commission-governed cities, made for the New York Bureau of Municipal Research.

$1.50 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.66

RAILROAD FINANCE By Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred Wilbur Powell.

A timely and important volume describing the methods of financing railroads in the United States.

$2.50 *net.* *Postpaid* $2.72

NEWSPAPER REPORTING AND CORRESPONDENCE By Prof. Grant M. Hyde

An extremely practical book teaching prospective reporters how to get news and how to put it into proper shape after it is gathered.

$1.50 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.62

GAS ENGINE PRINCIPLES By Roger B. Whitman

A guide for the user of the small stationary internal combustion engine.

Illustrated. $1.50 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.62.

OUTLINES OF EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGY By Prof. Arthur Dendy

A popular summary of the broad science of Biology in the light of the most recent investigations and developments.

188 *Illustrations.* $3.50 *net.* *Postpaid* $3.75

Circulars or Full Description sent on Request

35 W. 32d St. D. APPLETON & COMPANY New York

APPLETON'S NEW BOOKS

UNDER THE OLD FLAG By General JAMES HARRISON WILSON

These are spirited memoirs of three wars by one of the best known of living American Generals. His recollections of the Civil War are peculiarly interesting and of great historical value. He also figured prominently in the Spanish War and the Boxer Rebellion. The book will unquestionably be one of the most important publications of the fall.

Two volumes. Cloth, gilt top, rough cut edges. $6.00 *net per set. Postpaid* $6.30.

SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NEW ORLEANS Reminiscences of Mrs. ELIZA RIPLEY

Life in the forties in the gay old French city of New Orleans—the shops, the schools, the social festivities, the belles and beaux, plantation and steamboat life, charmingly described.

Illustrated. Cloth. $2.50 *net. Postpaid* $2.70.

THE ROMANCE OF A FAVORITE By FREDERICK LOLIÉE

The love story of the Countess de Castiglione, the beautiful favorite of Napoleon III., a chief figure at the Court of the Second French Empire, told by one of France's greatest living writers.

Illustrated. Cloth, gilt top. $3.50 *special net. Postpaid* $3.72.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN

A new phase of the character of the great Robespierre, which shows him not as a tiger or a Nero, but as a lover of women.

Illustrated. Cloth, gilt top. $4.00 *special net. Postpaid* $4.22

DANCING: ANCIENT AND MODERN By ETHEL L. URLIN

A very interesting and valuable work, showing the development of the art of dancing from prehistoric times to the present day.

Profusely illustrated. Cloth. $1.50 *net. Postpaid* $1.62.

SILVERWORK AND JEWELRY By H. WILSON

This enlarged edition of this text-book for students and workers in metal contains much valuable new material, particularly on Japanese work.

Profusely illustrated. $2.00 *net. Postpaid* $2.16.

BEHIND THE DARK PINES By MARTHA YOUNG

Fifty tales told by the Southern darkies about the animals made famous by "Uncle Remus." The book is the outgrowth of years of research work.

29 *pen and ink sketches by J. M. Conde. Cloth.* $1.50 *net. Postpaid* $1.66

IMPORTANT FICTION

THE REEF A novel of American society people residing abroad. By EDITH WHARTON
Cloth. $1.30 *net. Postpaid* $1.42

The STREETS of ASCALON A brilliant story of the ultra-rich. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
57 *pages of pictures by Charles Dana Gibson. Cloth.* $1.40 *net. Postpaid* $1.56

THE ANTAGONISTS A study of youth. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON
With frontispiece. Cloth. $1.30 *net. Postpaid* $1.42.

THE INHERITANCE A novel of American family life. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON
Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson. Cloth. $1.30 *net. Postpaid* $1.42.

BELLA The story of a young man's temptation. By EDWARD C. BOOTH
Illustrated. Cloth. $1.30 *net. Postpaid* $1.42.

Circulars or Full Description sent on Request

35 W. 32d St. D. APPLETON & COMPANY New York

NEW SMALL-MAYNARD BOOKS

Important Books of Varied Interest

SECOND PRINTING OF

PLAY-MAKING: A Manual of Craftsmanship

By William Archer

"This book has long been desired," says the *Bookman*, "and there is no man in the world better equipped to write it. Students of the drama may derive from it a sane reckoning of where the truth of dramatic art lies. Further, it is admirably what its title claims for it, and should be of genuine value to the playwright. Not often may we find a subject so well and comprehensively discussed."

"It is, moreover, as suggestive to the play-goer as to the play-maker," says the *Boston Transcript*. 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail*, $2.15.

Art

By Auguste Rodin

Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.

A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. With 106 illustrations in half-tone and photogravure. Large quarto. Buckram, $7.50 *net;* three-quarter levant, $15.00 *net;* carriage additional. *Ready November* 16.

In Forbidden China

By Viscount D'Ollone

The account of an adventurous exploring expedition of the French Government into the highlands of Western China, among an almost unknown and still unconquered people. The narrative has the charm of the unfamiliar. 146 illustrations, map, 8vo. $3.00 *net; by mail*, $3.80.

The Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner

Edited and translated by **Caroline V. Kerr.**

An indispensable book for the Wagner lover, telling the fascinating story of the great composer's struggles for the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, treating of the years just subsequent to the period covered in the recently published autobiography. Illustrated. 8vo. $2.50 *net; by mail*, $2.70. *Ready October* 26.

Tripoli the Mysterious

By Mabel Loomis Todd

A charming and informing record of personal observation, especially timely. Profusely illustrated. 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail*, $2.15.

Problems of Men, Mind and Morals

By E. Belfort Bax

Fifteen brilliant essays by the greatest English Socialist. 8vo. $1.50 *net; by mail*, $1.65.

The Pope's Green Island

Intellectual, Religious, and Social Life in Modern Ireland.

By W. P. Ryan

Until lately Editor of *The Irish Nation*. Author of *The Cross and the Plough*.

The *London Spectator* says: "A remarkable picture of the Ireland of to-day." 8vo. $1.50 *net; by mail*, $1.65.

Who's Who in the Theatre, 1912

Edited by John Parker

A new biographical dictionary of actors, actresses, managers, critics, playwrights and others connected with the stage in England, the Continent, the British Colonies, and the United States. $2.00 *net; by mail*, $2.80.

The Empires of the Far East

By Lancelot Lawton

A masterly study by a leading English journalist and publicist of Japan and her colonial possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the political questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. Two volumes. 8vo. *Per set, $7.50 net; carriage additional. Ready November* 9.

NEW FICTION

FRIAR TUCK

Being the Chronicles of the Reverend John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A., as set forth and embellished by his friend and admirer, HAPPY HAWKINS, and here recorded

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

Author of "HAPPY HAWKINS," "THE KNIGHT-ERRANT," etc.

"Friar Tuck" is one of those books, published only once in a decade or so, which have the universal appeal of humor, character and story, each in lavish measure. It is in no sense a sequel to "Happy Hawkins"; it is, rather, a companion volume, and is even better.

"'Friar Tuck' is assured a large popularity."—*Boston Transcript.*

"'Thank the Good Lord for Wason!' exclaimed one of Brooklyn's most noted divines a few evenings ago as he read with a deep sigh of regret the last paragraph of 'Friar Tuck.' A great story, a delight and a glory!"—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Fifth edition in this country. Large editions sold in England, Canada (two printings), and Australia.

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD. $1.35 *net; by mail*. $1.50.

The Novels of Ethel Sidgwick

Ethel Sidgwick is a new English novelist whose work has taken its place at once as distinguished. She comes of a literary family—the late Professor Henry Sidgwick was her uncle, and Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, Mr. E. F. Benson, and the Rev. R. H. Benson are her cousins—and she possesses, as the London Times *says, "the true imaginative gift, as distinguished from the mere power of vivid reporting, which is the necessary qualification for continuing to produce work of permanent value in fiction."*

"The most promising of the writers newly introduced into America."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

PROMISE $1.35 *net; by mail*, $1.50

LE GENTLEMAN $1.25 *net; by mail*, $1.40

AN IDYLL OF THE QUARTER

HERSELF $1.35 *net; by mail*, $1.50

Frontispiece in color by Carlton Moorepark.

THE SECRET OF FRONTELLAC

By FRANK K. SCRIBNER. A romance of present-day France, the setting a wonderful old chateau; the plot, an exciting mystery hinging on the solution of a strange secret which is an inheritance from the French Revolution—an obscure but vivid and dramatic chapter of French history. The love story is warranted to warm the heart of the most hardened reader of romances. Frontispiece by Leon V. Solon. $1.25 *net; by mail*, $1.40.

MARY, MARY

By JAMES STEPHENS. A novel of Dublin.

"It is a very long time indeed," says *Punch*, "since I read such a human and satisfying book. Every page contains some happy phrase or illuminating piece of character drawing." $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

Zebedee V.

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO. The story of the achievements of a natural-born promoter, who turns a little country village near Baltimore upside down with his schemes, and incidentally marries a third wife, whose acquaintance he makes through an advertisement. The comedy situations and human nature put Zebedee V. Slocum in the same category with David Harum. Illustrated. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35. *Ready October* 26.

New Books for Younger Readers

The Young Woodsmen; or Running Down the Squawtooth Gang

By Hugh Pendexter

The third volume of the successful Camp and Trail Series, telling of the further adventures of Stanley Malcolm and Bub Thomas among the lumbermen in the Maine woods. 12mo. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

The Young Fishermen; or The King of Smugglers' Island

By Hugh Pendexter

The first volume of a new series of books for boys, entitled "Along the Coast Series." It narrates the adventures of two boys among the fishermen along the coast of Maine. 12mo. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

Barry Wynn

The Adventures of a Page Boy in the United States Congress

By George Burton

A new departure in books for boys—the story of a thoroughly boyish boy in the midst of events and scenes which make the workings of the national government familiar. 12mo. Illustrated by John Huybers. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

Fred Spencer, Reporter

By Henry M. Neely

Fred Spencer is a young telegraph operator of seventeen, in the office of *The Morning Call*, a great city daily. He turns reporter in an emergency and has thrilling adventures. 12mo. Illustrated by A. A. Blum. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

The Lucky Chance

The Story of a Mine

By M. W. Loraine

A capital story for boys, depicting the actual conditions in a Western silver mine. 12mo. Illustrated by Haydon Jones. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.32.

In Search of Smith

By John Mackie

A vigorous story of Northern Australia. 12mo. 22 illustrations by R. Caton Woodville. $1.50 *postpaid.*

On Foreign Service

Or the Santa Cruz Revolution

By Staff-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, of the British Navy

A masterpiece of naval writing, centring around a South American revolution. 12mo. Illustrated by W. Rainey, R.I. $1.50 *postpaid.*

A Countess from Canada

By Bessie Marchant

An enthralling story for girls, filled with the atmosphere of the out-of-doors. 12mo. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. $1.50 *postpaid.*

More Little Beasts of Field and Wood

By William Everett Cram

A companion volume to the author's "Little Beasts of Field and Wood," which has been a standard for ten years. 12mo. Illustrated by the author. $1.20 *net; by mail*, $1.35. *Ready October* 26.

Floor Games

By H. G. Wells

The versatile author of "Tono-Bungay," "Marriage," and "The War of Worlds" here shows his skill in dealing with children. Every house should have a floor on which games can be played, he says, and he shows the games to play.

"The book which should make mothers and fathers and uncles the most excited is H. G. Wells's 'Floor Games,'" says George Cram Cook in the *Chicago Evening Post*. *Ready October* 26

Published by SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, BOSTON

NEW BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE—YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

WILLIAM HENRY GOODYEAR, M.A.

GREEK REFINEMENTS. By William H. Goodyear, M.A., *Curator of Fine Arts, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, New York.*

The aim of the present elaborate and beautiful work is to summarize for architects, art students, and for those who are interested in the history of Greek civilization, the notable discoveries of all observers of architectural refinements in Greek temples. The author, who enjoys an international reputation because of his own great discoveries in this field, is eminently qualified to write on the subject. The non-technical treatment and many beautiful illustrations render the work of absorbing interest to those of the general reading public who seek a knowledge of the principles of architectural taste. The edition is strictly limited to seven hundred and fifty copies printed from type.

Royal quarto, 240 *pages,* 120 *illustrations, Appendices, Index, and Bibliography. Slip case. Price,* $10.00 *net; carriage,* 50 *cents extra.*

HON. SIMEON E. BALDWIN

Governor of Connecticut.

THE RELATIONS OF EDUCATION TO CITIZENSHIP. The ninth volume of Dodge Lectures on the Responsibilities of Citizenship.

The purpose of the book is to promote among "educated men of the United States an understanding of the duties of Christian citizenship and a sense of personal responsibility for the performance of those duties."

12*mo. Cloth binding, Gilt top,* 178 *pages, Index. Price,* $1.15 *net; postage,* 10 *cents.*

MAX FARRAND, Ph.D. (Editor)

Professor of History, Yale University.

A JOURNEY TO OHIO IN 1810. As recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. Edited with an introduction by Max Farrand. Vol. I in Yale Historical Manuscripts.

This century-old journal possesses rare literary as well as valuable historical qualities.

12*mo. Board binding,* 72 *pages. Price,* $1.00 *net; postage,* 10 *cents.*

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL.D., L.H.D.

THE YALE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D., *Professor of English, Emeritus, Yale University.*

This anthology is a chronologically arranged collection of poems by American authors, excluding the work of any living writer. The Editor has made a catholic yet discriminating selection, including specimens of all kinds of poetry, the serious as well as the light, the contemplative, the pathetic, the humorous, and the satiric. Not even have the travesty and vers de société been omitted. Lyrics inspired by the Civil War, as well as the National hymns, find their place in the collection.

Professor Lounsbury, whose commanding position in American letters peculiarly fits him for the onerous task of editorship, has brought wide and accurate reading to his labors, and as far as practicable has followed in each case the author's latest revised text.

A delightful introduction of over fifty pages states the viewpoint of the Editor in regard to anthologies with a wit which charms and a reasonableness which disarms criticism.

Octavo. Cloth binding. 600 *pages. Index. In a slip case. Price,* $2.25 *net; postage,* 20 *cents. Bible paper, Cloth binding,* $3.00; *postage,* 20 *cents. Bible paper, Full Morocco.* $5.00 *net; postage,* 20 *cents.*

Author's autograph edition, numbered and signed by Editor and Publisher, limited to 150 *copies. Full Gilt, full Morocco, in slip case,* $10.00 *net; postage,* 20 *cents.*

EDWARD BLISS REED, Ph.D.

ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY. From Its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed, *Assistant Professor of English, Yale University.*

This is the first history of the English Lyric which has yet appeared, and is the outgrowth of a series of lectures which have been delivered at Yale University during the last decade. It is not only valuable as a work of reference, but is particularly adapted for use in classrooms.

"Professor Reed has brought to his task the necessary knowledge of the scholar and student of literature, and—what is much rarer—taste, judgment, and a broad perspective. . . .

"It is for his scholarly but far from pedantic treatment of the earlier phases of English Lyrical Poetry that Professor Reed's book will be especially valued."—*The Athenæum.*

"It is a survey which will interest almost any person who loves good literature."—*Phila. Enquirer.*

"English Lyrical Poetry is both a fascinating book to be read casually and a valuable one to refer to. . . . It can be heartily recommended to the gentle 'general reader.'"—*N. Y. Times Saturday Review.*

"There is undoubted place for this history, not only in colleges, but in the larger world."—*Chicago Dial.*

8*vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 616 *pages. Price,* $2.25 *net; postage,* 20 *cents extra.*

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, Ph.D.

THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE. A Philosophic Study of Religion. By William Ernest Hocking, PhD., *Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Yale University.*

This important work begins with a survey of religion as seen in its effects in history and in personality, opening the question whether religion is chiefly a matter of feeling or of thought. The author discusses James, Bergson, Höffding, and other thinkers, working out a striking theory of the relation between ideas and feelings in consciousness. Professor Hocking has been singularly fair to the various important trends of philosophic thought. The book is readable, serious, original, and thoughtful, and has already secured high praise from leading philosophic thinkers of the day.

Crown 8*vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top.* 586 *pages. Index. Price,* $3.00 *net; postage,* 28 *cents extra.*

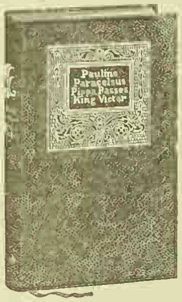
CATALOGUE
ON REQUEST

THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

135 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Browning: Pocket Edition

Edited by CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE. Introduction by Professor William Lyon Phelps. Photogravure frontispieces. Set of 12 volumes, cloth, $12.00. Leather, $18.00. Volumes sold separately, in cloth at $1.00 and in leather at $1.50 per volume.



The large type "Pocket Edition" of the works of Robert Browning includes the complete output in verse of the great poet, as well as two essays in prose, and presents this matter in a form that leaves nothing to be desired by the most devoted Browning-lover. By the use of Bible paper the volumes have been made of compact size, delightfully easy to handle, and at the same time the type in which both text and bibliographical matter are set is large and clear, making restful, easy reading. The editors, Miss Porter and Miss Clarke, are two of the best-equipped students of Browning in this country or Europe. Their introductions and notes are full and scholarly, and taken as a whole shed all the light to be desired on the poet and his works. A valuable feature is the terse, clear digest given of every poem. A general introduction to the edition has been written by William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale University. The excellence of the editorial work, the handsome appearance of the text, and the general attractiveness of the volumes as masterpieces of skilful book-making unite to make this the ideal edition of Browning's works.

CONTENTS

PAULINE.
PARACELSUS.
PIPPA PASSES.
KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES.

STRAFFORD.
SORDELLO.

RETURN OF THE DRUSES.
BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON.
COLOMBE.
LURIA.
A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIC LYRICS.
DRAMATIC ROMANCES.
CHRISTMAS EVE.

MEN AND WOMEN.
IN A BALCONY.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.
ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY.

RING AND THE BOOK. Vol. I.

RING AND THE BOOK. Vol. II.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL.
FIFINE.
PACCHIAROTTO, ETC.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP.
INN ALBUM.
THE TWO POETS.

AGAMEMNON.
LA SAISIAZ.
DRAMATIC IDYLLS.
JOCOSERIA.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.
PARLEYINGS.
ASOLANDO.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

NEW BOOKS

THE COURTS, THE CONSTITUTION, AND PARTIES. Studies in Constitutional History and Politics. By ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN, Professor of History in the University of Chicago.

The work consists of five papers, the first of which discusses the power of a court to declare a law unconstitutional. Two deal with the growth and essential character of political parties, and are followed by one on the history of differing theories of the Federal Union. The work fittingly concludes with a discussion of the written constitution in some of its historical aspects.

308 pages, 12mo, cloth, postpaid, $1.63.

AMERICAN POEMS. Selected and edited with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies. By WALTER C. BRONSON, Professor of English Literature, Brown University.

The book offers a most carefully chosen and well-balanced presentation of the poetic works of Americans, covering the entire period of our history. For the teacher as well as the student the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the comprehensive Notes, Bibliography, Glossary, and Index. It is believed that the book will have the wide popularity of Mr. Bronson's earlier collection, English Poems, which has been adopted by all leading American colleges.

680 pages, 12mo, cloth, postpaid, $1.68.

HEREDITY AND EUGENICS. By JOHN M. COULTER, WILLIAM E. CASTLE, EDWARD M. EAST, WILLIAM L. TOWER, and CHARLES B. DAVENPORT.

A book intended to present the recent developments of knowledge in reference to evolution, heredity, and eugenics, and related subjects. Five of the leading investigators in this field have collaborated in its production, and the result is a work which will appeal to the general public, because it presents the latest conclusions in a popular and extremely interesting manner. The authors are eminently fitted to discuss that branch of the subject covered by their respective contributions to the work.

312 pages, 8vo, cloth, postpaid, $2.70.

THE MECHANISTIC CONCEPTION OF LIFE. Biological Essays by JACQUES LOEB, Head of the Department of Experimental Biology, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

This volume consists of nine chapters written on different occasions, and mostly in response to requests for a popular presentation of the results of the author's investigations. The layman is led into the wonderful realms of biology, where he is made to see with understanding eyes things which heretofore have had no meaning for him, or about which he has at best speculated and thought with but partial comprehension.

238 pages, 12mo, cloth, postpaid, $1.65.

THE MINISTER AND THE BOY. By ALLAN HOBEN, Associate Professor of Homiletics in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

From the first chapter on "The Call of Boyhood," through one on "The Approach to Boyhood," the author leads us by suggestion and informing principles to realize the enormous opportunity afforded by the raw material "boy," on which the minister may work. Later chapters on play and vocational choice show how to train the boy for citizenship, how responsive he is to the right sort of impetus, and how his religious life may indirectly, and even unconsciously, be stimulated by the proper appeal to his manly instincts while furnishing him with a normal outlet for his natural enthusiasm.

Illustrated, 180 pages, 12mo, cloth, postpaid, $1.10.

THE ETHICS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By HINCKLEY G. MITCHELL, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Tufts College.

The aim of the author is to present a faithful and, as nearly as possible within the limits of a manual, a comprehensive view of the development of ethical ideas among the Chosen People. To this end he takes the books, or parts of books, of the Old Testament in the order of their origin, so far as their dates can be determined, and discusses their teaching. This is the first volume to be issued in the series of "Handbooks of Ethics and Religion" edited by Shailer Mathews.

420 pages, 12mo, cloth, postpaid, $2.15.

THE HISTORICITY OF JESUS. A criticism of the contention that Jesus never lived, a statement of the evidence for his existence, an estimate of his relation to Christianity. By SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE, Assistant Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the University of Chicago.

Did Jesus ever live, or is he a mythical personage like the deities of Greece and Rome? The negative opinion has found supporters in America, England, Holland, France, and Germany. To present a complete and unprejudiced statement of the evidence for Jesus' actual existence is the aim of the author of the Historicity of Jesus.

360 pages, 12mo, cloth, postpaid, $1.62.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York
The Cambridge University Press, London and Edinburgh
Th. Stauffer, Leipzig
The Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaisha, Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto.

NEW BOOKS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

OLD PARIS

ITS SOCIAL, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

A companion volume to "Inns and Taverns of Old London." **By HENRY C. SHELLEY**

"The author's skill in selection and his delicate literary style are delightful. He uses the characteristic, the pleasing and the human, and there is a laugh or a tear or a charming appreciative touch on every page."—*Chicago Evening Post.* *With many illustrations. Net* $3.00; *postpaid* $3.20.

THE RAPHAEL BOOK

By FRANK ROY FRAPRIE

A monograph of the life and influence on art of Raphael Santi (or Sanzio), together with a careful study of his more important works. With upwards of fifty reproductions in color and in duogravure of Raphael's most important paintings.

In a box, net $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.75.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE PURITAN FATHERS

And Their Founding of New Boston and the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

By ALBERT C. ADDISON

A companion volume to "The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims," which was one of the notable holiday successes last season. *With very many illustrations. boxed, net* $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.70.

THE GRAND OPERA SINGERS OF TO-DAY

By HENRY C. LAHEE

A timely account of the grand opera singers at present before the public, with biographical and critical accounts of the leading singers of to-day. With many illustrations from recent photographs of the singers included. *In a box, net* $2.50; *postpaid* $2.70.

THE ART TREASURES OF WASHINGTON

By HELEN W. HENDERSON

A volume devoted to descriptions of those portions of the Freer collection which have been exhibited publicly, the National Gallery, which includes curios and articles gathered from all parts of the world, as well as to other public and important private collections of the capital city. *llustrated, boxed, net* $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.25.

Two New Volumes in the Popular SPELL SERIES

THE SPELL OF ENGLAND

By JULIA DE W. ADDISON

"A book which makes one feel that peculiar spell of legend, history, and modern progress inextricably blended, which is characteristic of England."—*Boston Herald.*

From Page's List

THE SPELL OF FRANCE

By CAROLINE A. MASON

"Here is France in all her modern and mediæval beauty, and here also is the spell of it upon the mind."

Detroit News Tribune.

Each, illustrated, boxed, net $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.70.

Two New Volumes in the Art Galleries of Europe Series

The ART of the BERLIN GALLERIES

By DAVID C. PREYER, A. M.

"The arrangement of the book is excellent, and the descriptions of the pictures and the sketches of the artists ample."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE ART OF THE UFFIZI PALACE AND THE FLORENCE ACADEMY

By CHARLES C. HEYL

Mr. Heyl has written a comprehensive account which will appeal strongly to lovers of things beautiful.

Each, with many illustrations, boxed, net $2.00; *postpaid,* $2.20.

THE ART GALLERIES OF EUROPE

ST. BOTOLPH EDITION

Twelve volumes, written with careful selection and critical discernment by art critics of reputation, containing reliable accounts of the famous galleries of the Old World, together with careful descriptions of the great masterpieces which they contain, as follows:

The Louvre
The Vatican (Rome)
The Venice Academy
By Mary Knight Potter

The Dresden Gallery
The National Gallery (London)
The Pitti Palace (Florence)
By Julia De Wolf Addison

The Netherland Galleries
The Vienna Galleries
The Berlin Galleries
By David C. Preyer

The Prado (Madrid)
By C. S. Ricketts
The Belgian Galleries
By Esther Singleton

The Munich Galleries By Florence Jean Ansell and Frank Roy Fraprie

Complete in 12 volumes and illustrated with over 500 *reproductions in duogravure of the world's acknowledged masterpieces. Price per set, cloth,* $36.00; *the same, half morocco,* $42.00; *the same, three-quarters morocco,* $48.00. *Sold in complete sets only.*

Published by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY 53 Beacon St. Boston

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Edited by Sir James Murray. Double Section: Senatory-Several. By H. Bradley. $1.25.

STUDIES IN EARLY CHURCH HISTORY

Collected Papers. By C. H. Turner. 8vo, $2.50.

THE PEOPLE OF GOD

An Inquiry Into Christian Origins. By H. F. Hamilton, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo, $7.00.

EUSEBIANA

Essays on the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, Bishop of Caesarea. By H. J. Lawlor. 8vo, $4.15.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS

Including poems now published for the first time. Edited, with textual notes, by E. H. Coleridge. 8vo, 2 vols., $5.25.

PHILOSTRATUS' APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

Translated by J. S. Phillimore. 2 vols. Fcap., 8vo, $2.00.

TACITUS HISTORIES

Translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe. 2 vols. Fcap., 8vo, $1.00 each.

TRAGICORUM GRAECORUM FRAGMENTA PAPYRACEA NUPER REPERTA

Edited by Arthur S. Hunt.

OXFORD CLASSICAL TEXTS

Paper covers, 60c. Cloth, 75c.

THE BOOK OF ENOCH OR I ENOCH

Translated from the editor's Ethiopic text and edited with the introduction, notes, and indexes of the first edition wholly recast, enlarged, and rewritten, together with a reprint from the editor's text of the Greek fragments. By R. H. Charles. 8vo. Cloth. $3.40.

THE OXFORD GEOGRAPHIES

Edited by A. J. Herbertson.

THE ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY Vol. 5

North and Central America and the West Indies

By F. D. Herbertson, B.A. (Lond.), with 30 colored illustrations and 4 colored maps. 40c.

THE ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY Vol. 6

The Three Southern Continents

By F. D. Herbertson, B.A. (Lond.), with 57 illustrations and 4 colored maps. 45c.

OXFORD COUNTY HISTORIES GLOUCESTERSHIRE

By W. H. Weston. Cr. 8vo, 50c.

KINGSLEY'S HEREWARD THE WAKE

Edited by A. D. Innes. Cr. 8vo, 50c.

GOLDSMITH SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Edited, with introduction and notes, by G. A. F. M. Chatwin, M.A. Cr. 8vo, 50c.

GOLDSMITH THE GOOD NATUR'D MAN

Edited, with introduction and notes, by G. G. Whiskard, B.A. Cr. 8vo, 50c.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

In the Revised Version, with introduction and notes by Rev. A. S. Walpole, M.A., with illustrations.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS AMERICAN BRANCH
35 West 32d Street, New York

THE THIRD VOLUME OF A GREAT WORK. JUST PUBLISHED

"A masterly work, one long needed, and one that will be keenly appreciated."
—*Journal of Education.*

A Cyclopedia of Education

Edited by PAUL MONROE, Ph.D.

Professor of the History of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University,

With the assistance of Departmental Editors and more than
One Thousand Contributors.

Volume III. GAI—LIB. Now Ready.

Views of Noted Educators

"It serves the interests of Professional Education better than any publication that has ever appeared in this country." — *Charles H. Judd, Univ. of Chicago.*

"Will go quite beyond anything that has yet been done in any language in summing up authoritatively what is established about education in all its varied phases."—*M. V. O'Shea, Univ. of Wisconsin.*

"It exceeds my expectation. A fine piece of work in organizing our present knowledge in the field. The work will be of the greatest service to all."—*Elwood P. Cubberly, Leland Stanford Un.*

"Its great value and usefulness are immediately apparent. It will save a vast amount of labor by its concise and competent treatment of a large number of topics."—*Elmer E. Brown, U. S. Ex-Commissioner of Education.*

COMMENT FROM LEADING REVIEWS

New York Post

"There has been hitherto no encyclopedia of education in English. The present publication, therefore, meets a real need and will be heartily welcomed, especially since its merit entitles it to approval as a worthy companion of the German and French educational encyclopedias. The editors have shown discrimination in the selection of contributors, and have succeeded well in securing harmony and proportion."

The New York Sun

"The undertaking is of exceptional interest, and the work promises to be of great value. It addresses itself in fact not only to all teachers, from kindergarten to university, but to a large body of intelligent outsiders. The scheme is comprehensive, dealing both with history and present conditions. It includes biographies of educationally prominent men of all ages, notices of educational institutions, reviews of national systems of education, etc. Our warmest thanks are due for this 'open sesame,' this godsend to all educators."

San Francisco Chronicle

"The object of the work is a concise discussion of all topics of interest to the teacher, giving such information concerning every division of educational practices as is essential to a book of reference. From the subjects chosen at random as samples of the manner in which the articles have been written it is gratifying to note that in aiming at conciseness there has been no sacrifice of clearness or precision."

The Outlook

"In the present immense and varied literature of education—a subject now looming larger than ever in the public mind—not teachers only, but the many who are either officially charged with, or attracted toward, an intelligent participation in the treatment of educational problems, are here furnished with the succinct and comprehensive information they require. This includes every aspect of education. Here is found, not only the information required in a handy reference book of cyclopedic range, but also an assemblage of systematic treatises on every phase of the subject."

Vol. I. A—CHU; Vol. II. CHU—FUS; Vol. III. GAI—LIB.

To be complete in five volumes, the set, $25.00. (*Liberal terms to teachers.*)

PUBLISHED BY **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1912.

The Week

There can be but one feeling in regard to the attempt to assassinate Mr. Roosevelt—a feeling of deep joy that he escaped with apparently slight injury. Americans have reason to congratulate each other that their country has been spared another causeless murder of a public man. The act of an irresponsible creature, afflicted with homicidal mania, cannot fairly, of course, be made to reflect on the general moral standing of a nation; yet we all felt a sort of patriotic humiliation when Garfield and McKinley were shot, and it is a profound satisfaction not to have to go through that again. And in the circumstances of this crazy attempt upon Mr. Roosevelt's life there are many things to dwell upon with gratitude. His characteristic coolness and pluck in danger stood out admirably; and the affection which great numbers of his fellow-countrymen have for him was expressed in a way which must be a solid comfort to him and his family and his personal friends.

There are those who argue now, as they did after McKinley's assassination, that the way to prevent such shocking and lamentable crimes is to forbid severe criticism of public men. But this will not bear examination. Free discussion is the very breath of our political life. Mr. Roosevelt himself would be the first to assert this. And in this case the effort which some are making to explain the crime as a result of the active opposition which Mr. Roosevelt has stirred up, is particularly foolish in view of the incoherent writings found on the person of the would be assassin. These were made up of fantastic messages from the spirit world and reference to the example of Gen. Nogi, and the only allusion to anything connected with Mr. Roosevelt is to the third term—something which since the Chicago Convention has been very little talked about. We must keep our heads in all this business. Even under the pressure of the strong feeling caused by the threatened calamity, happily averted, we must calmly admit that it is only what might have happened to President Taft or Gov. Wilson. The latter has been accused of seeking to cripple American industry and to throw thousands of men out of work. But if some crazy workingman out of a job had let that prey upon his mind until he was seized with a mad impulse to shoot Gov. Wilson, would there have been any justice in charging protectionists with responsibility for the crime? It is obvious that we cannot order or alter our whole plan of government by public discussion, merely because cranks and lunatics can get hold of deadly weapons and commit crimes that startle the world.

A very early phase of Gov. Wilson's candidacy for the Democratic nomination is recalled by the information laid before the Senate investigating committee on Monday concerning contributions to the funds of two of his rivals. It was apparently the question of getting pecuniary aid from Thomas F. Ryan that gave rise to the famous Watterson-Harvey episode in Gov. Wilson's pre-Convention story; and it is now brought out that Ryan contributed handsome amounts to the funds of both Gov. Harmon and Representative Underwood. Presumably, there would have been no difficulty, at the time the Watterson-Harvey affair occurred, in obtaining from the same source a liberal endowment for Gov. Wilson's campaign, but he would have none of it. That this circumstance stood him in good stead was made evident long ago; and the demonstration now given, in the Senate committee hearings, of the total absence of help to his cause from any source of this kind, will be sure further to swell his vote at the election. And the sharpness of his decision on the subject, at a critical moment, will be recalled as one of the evidences of Gov. Wilson's possession of qualities belonging specifically to the man of action, and not to the academician or the doctrinaire.

The country may well take pride in the naval service. It is one branch of the Government which has developed amazingly in the last ten years along the line of efficiency, as well as in numbers. There can be no question that in drill, smartness, and general all-round professional ability the navy ranks with the best abroad. The service may still be lacking on the construction side and lag behind European navies, particularly because of the absence of any originality among our designers. But we believe that if Mr. Reuterdahl were to bring up to date his criticisms of the service which made such a stir at the time of the world cruise, he would have to admit that there has been great improvement since that day. Efficiency experts are quoted as saying that they have few recommendations to make as to the ships afloat, although they still have some as to the navy yards. Under Rear-Admiral Osterhaus the fleet has had much practical sea drill. It may be that there is still a good deal left to future commanders, but in one respect, at least—the matter of target practice and gunnery—it is hard to see how the present efficiency could be much improved upon. For the progress made, therefore, the navy is entitled to high praise.

Among the papers which constitute the large volume on "Industrial Competition and Combination" recently issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the one by Mr. Miles M. Dawson, entitled "Publicity of Accounts of Industrial Corporations," has a peculiar interest, being written from the point of view of a life-insurance expert. Mr. Dawson argues, from the comparative experience of this country and Great Britain in relation to life insurance, that thoroughgoing publicity without supervision is practically more effective than supervision even though accompanied by publicity. We have had in life insurance about fifty years of State supervision, while in Great Britain there have been about forty years of publicity unaccompanied by supervision; and he points out in detail important features of insurance malpractice which have flourished in this country in spite of—indeed, in some respects, because of—supervision, while a strictly enforced publicity has been sufficient to prevent their occurrence in England.

Mr. Dawson also points out that the effect of supervision on life-insurance companies here "has been to make conditions hard or even impossible for the new and small companies, and, by applying an unyielding and often wholly unsuitable reserve standard to them, drive them out of existence; while publicity [in England] has nursed them when weak, and, by affording means for suitable and significant comparisons, has encouraged them to strengthen themselves." Mr. Dawson is of opinion that similar results may be expected to follow from an attempt to apply Government supervision—as distinguished from thoroughgoing publicity, which he urges—to industrial corporations; and the point is certainly one that has a most important bearing on the merits of the Roosevelt-Perkins industrial-control programme.

The Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of the Westport disaster appears to be directed in the main towards the vital question involved. It is, of course, necessary to determine the specific cause of this particular wreck; but the question of the culpability of the individual engineer who was immediately responsible for the safety of the train is of minor importance in comparison with an inquiry into the methods of the railway management. If the practice of the management is such as to put strong pressure upon the engineer to make up lost time, without also holding before him the prospect of severe punishment in case he accomplishes this at the cost of a violation of safety rules at cross-overs and the like, accidents like that at Westport, and the similar one of last year on the same road, are bound to occur. "Only a profounder respect for orders," said Vice-President Horn of the New Haven road last week, "will prevent accidents"; but it is idle to expect a profounder respect for safety orders unless the management shows by its acts that it is in earnest in giving those orders. Failure to make the prescribed time is brought home to the engineer promptly, and this is an unpleasantness which it is human nature for a man to avoid if he can; and if he can avoid it by a violation of a safety rule which he knows will *not* be reckoned against him unless it results in disaster, he will be sure, in a very large number of cases, to take chances.

It is quite true that a heavy break on the European stock markets, at a time when war and rumors of war are suddenly thrust upon the scene, reflects the apprehensions of the financial community. It is also true that what is known as "European high finance" is likely to be especially well informed of the real diplomatic situation at the opening of any war—the reason for that intimate knowledge being that belligerent Governments, even before they actually go to war, must sound the great banking houses on the question of raising money. It is, therefore, perfectly reasonable to infer from the demoralization on Europe's stock exchanges, during the past few days particularly, that the Balkan situation is regarded as containing the possibility of grave international peril. But it is not always reasonable to assume that the extent of the threatened peril is indicated by the extent of the decline in prices. This statement may seem paradoxical; but its correctness will be readily understood when one considers what must be the effect of any sudden bad news on a stock market whose prices have been jacked up to abnormal heights by excited speculation, as compared with its effect on a market where speculation and values are entirely normal.

The lack of an Academy in this country to pronounce finally upon questions of art has long been felt and lamented. The heads of the judicious have often been bowed in humiliation at the spectacle of some millionaire vaunting the artistic claims of his new residence or of some *chef d'œuvre* within it. But there has been no help. We have had to endure the scoffs of Europe in silence. Hence the discovery that, after all, we have a Court of Last Resort in such matters is cause for gratification. Fortunately, too, this Court is no self-constituted tribunal, but a body of men chosen by due process of law, and amenable to the Constitution and the statutes. The revelation of its existence is due indirectly to Mr. Samuel Untermyer, whose fancy was captured at Brussels by a fountain with three dancing girls, modelled in bronze.

Mr. Untermyer classified his purchase, for the benefit of the customs officials, as "sculpture." The guardians of the port, however, had their own ideas about bronze fountains and dancing girls, and re-classified the importation as "manufactured metal." This opinion made the question one of international importance. Nothing less than the American standard of art was at stake. But where was the supreme bench empowered to pass upon the dispute? At this point, as calmly as if it were a matter of determining whether a sword-cane is a cane or a sword, the Board of General Appraisers intervened. They decided that the fountain, with its dancing girls, was indeed sculpture, dutiable at 15 per cent., and not manufactured metal, dutiable at 45 per cent. Hereafter let the foreign visitor be careful how he sneers at our confusion of standards in art. So long as our tariff laws endure, we can boast standards as rigid as the Board of General Appraisers can make them.

Recall of college presidents by a two-thirds vote of the alumni is the latest suggestion. President Taylor of Vassar refers to it in his annual report, though it is plain that he does not take it over-seriously. But he makes it the occasion for some just remarks on the impetuous meddling with college problems that they do not understand, of which some alumni associations have been guilty. The strength and hope of any college lie largely among its graduates, and a president or faculty or board of trustees that should unnecessarily antagonize the alumni, or not seek to be on the best terms with them, would stand self-condemned. But President Taylor utters a needed warning against "precipitate action" and "too rapidly formed conclusions," on the part of alumni associations. They should recognize their own limitations, and act in accordance with them. It can never be true, Dr. Taylor affirms, that the body of graduates, as such, can "give a proportional, constructive, and continuous administration to a college."

This year's revision of the football playing rules was at least the tenth annual overhauling, and yet the game is not reformed, to judge by the prophecies of the experts. Thus, there is a general fear that the 1912 revision will bring back the line-plunging game. It is already observable that the line men are heavier, and the play as developed resembles too closely the old line-bucking variety which was so dangerous, and also so inimical to the interest of the game. The scoring has been changed, the value of the touchdown being again altered so as to make the goal from the field less important. The intermissions between periods have been cut from two minutes to one, and the playing field has been decreased by ten yards. The most promising changes are one which admits scoring through a forward pass and another which permits of five downs to advance the ball instead of four. What other game was ever so frequently altered?

A Nobel Prize is to come to America for the third time—for the second time in the domain of scientific research—through the award of the prize for medicine to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Carrel cannot be claimed as an American, either by birth or by training, having come to America in 1905; but he wins this great distinction at the unusually early age of thirty-nine, and of the twelve years that have passed since he attained the degree of M.D. in France—which, to be sure, implies a very advanced stage of scientific attainment—seven have been spent in medical work in this country. The recognition that now comes to him is of interest not only as a personal triumph, but as renewed and most authoritative evidence of the high value of the investigations which are carried on at the Rockefeller Institute.

Mr. Borden's Ministry in Canada does not find its path one of roses. Difficulties, some of which are inherited, while others are of its own creating, confront it on two great questions of public policy. One of tnem is the matter of a Canadian navy, and its subordination to Imperial ends. On this issue there is a sharp division even within the Conservative party. Several Canadian newspapers have reported that, so acute is the dissension, Mr. Monk will retire from the Cabinet before Parliament assembles. And Bourassa, in the *Devoir*, is hanging on Mr. Borden's flanks. He declares that Mr. Monk was so absolutely committed against Laurier's Naval act and the no less unhappy naval policy of Mr. Borden, that his resignation cannot fail to be offered. There is even talk that Mr. Borden will soon be forced to go to the country on the policy of giving Canadian Dreadnoughts to the British navy.

The other serious embarrassment of the Canadian Prime Minister grows out of the demand of the big steel companies of Nova Scotia and Ontario that the system of bounties, which they enjoyed until two years ago, be reënacted. With the usual logic of tariff beneficiaries, these iron and steel manufacturers assert that they cannot "go ahead" until they get help from the Government. It is said that Mr. Borden has personally no objection to reviving the bounty system. But it is significantly added by the writer of a special article on the subject in the London *Times:*

> An obstacle exists in the almost universal opposition of the farmers of Eastern Canada and of the grain-growers in the provinces west of the Great Lakes to the system of bounties. It was this opposition—long continued and openly manifest—that made it impolitic for the Laurier Government to renew the bounties when the bounty laws expired in 1910 and 1911.

Silly Canadian farmers! Yet even their American brother-agriculturists are waking up to the fact that bounties and tariffs are mainly devices for fleecing them.

A preliminary skirmish over the Home Rule bill has been fought in the House of Commons. The spirit displayed on the Liberal benches was hopeful and aggressive, if one considers that the tide of public feeling has been described as running strongly against the Government. The same buoyant note is struck in the Liberal press, which has refused to be frightened by the fervent anti-Home Rule demonstrations in Ulster. For the most part, the Government organs even refuse to take the Ulster uprising seriously. They have been having a great deal of fun with "General" Carson and "King" Carson, and the wooden guns that have been paraded to show Ulster's resolution to do and die. The peril in the Liberal situation is an internal one. Will the Labor party remain faithful to the alliance, or is it prepared to go to the extreme of joining with the Unionists in turning the Government out? On the whole, there is no reason to doubt that the working arrangement between Liberals and Laborites can be continued, though the latter will undoubtedly insist upon their pound of flesh. Their demands will be backed up by the result of recent bye-elections. If the Labor members remain faithful to the coalition, the Home Rule bill is in no danger in the Commons.

A recent German book of a decidedly imperialistic spirit, Paul Rohrbach's "The German Idea in the World," expresses an opinion long held by German naval and military officers. This we would respectfully commend to those of our own jingoes who, in the intervals of fearing Japan, tremble at the mention of Germany. Summarizing the forces of the great nations, the author turns to the United States with the remark that it is not in the same class with the other Powers, in the matter of necessary self-defence, "since it is, because of its geographical situation, as good as unassailable." This we know has long been the prevailing German military opinion, but we shall, we suppose, continue to read in our sensational Sunday supplements that the Kaiser has no other dream in life than to take a big slice of South America. Only those totally ignorant of European affairs can conceive of Germany's seeking trouble on this side of the Atlantic. What an opportunity that would be for her enemies on the Continent and in England! No German can be found who does not rate higher than anything else his country's commanding position in Europe, and none is so foolish as to desire to jeopardize it.

Herr Rohrbach's book gives concisely recent figures of expenditures for military purposes. Thus, in England ten years ago each individual citizen paid $7.25 for army and navy expenses. This has now risen to $8.00 a head. In France, during the same period, there has been a rise from $5.25 per head to $6.32. In Italy, prior to the war, each citizen was paying a war-tax of $3.37, and Russia $2.12, while we in the United States are paying $3.00 per capita for army and navy expenditures. In ten years Germany's per capita expense for military purposes increased from $3.75 to nearly $5.00. These figures are in a sense misleading, because so much depends upon the financial condition of the country. Thus, a burden of $3.00 in Italy is far heavier and far more exhausting to the nation than the same amount in the United States, with its higher scale of prosperity. But these facts serve a particularly useful purpose in showing how great and how universal the growth in war expense has been in the last ten years. Nowhere is there a diminution of these frightful burdens; everywhere a steady increase.

THE "TARIFF ISSUE."

It must have been apparent to every experienced political observer that a distinct change in the campaigning of the Republican and Progressive parties has occurred in the past two or three weeks. During the two months or so which followed the nominations, the attitude of the parties was peculiar but unmistakable. The Democrats were carrying on a vigorous and effective campaign against the field. The Third Party was devoting itself to attacking the Republicans in general and President Taft in particular. The Republican leaders, meantime, were simply standing still. They were like men stunned, and it could hardly be said that they conducted any campaign whatever until well into September.

What has happened these last few weeks—the period when actual canvass always dispels illusions and discloses the real nature of a political situation—is that the Democratic party has moved forward on precisely the lines laid down at the campaign's beginning, that the Republican party has waked up and begun to do what, in the light of political strategy, it should have been doing many weeks before, and that the Third Party has almost completely abandoned its original tactical position, and is concentrating its attention now on issues which had little or no part in its original programme. A military critic would say that the Republicans had taken the field only after their opponents had been long left undisturbed in their advance on the important positions, and that the Progressive Party had executed that highly dangerous and usually disastrous manœuvre, the changing of front in the face of the enemy.

We are impelled to these remarks by the striking unanimity with which the Republican and Third Party campaigning has, in the last week or so, been converged on the issue of the protective tariff. In both parties, orators and organs are now openly and excitedly taking the old-fashioned Bourbon attitude that the country's prosperity is menaced by the Democratic programme on the tariff. Both are talking—precisely as if this were the Presidential campaign of 1892—about "European pauper labor," and the prospect of "bread-lines" of laborers in the United States if the Democratic party wins. Both are beginning to hint again at the tariff of 1894 as the cause of the panic of 1893. The *Tribune* of last week, speaking in Mr. Taft's behalf, explained how, after the American workingman shall have been confronted with Gov. Wilson's tariff policy on the statute books, "he can fall back on the charity of the soup house." The *Press*, Mr. Roosevelt's New York organ, denounces the Democrats for opposing the protective tariff, "though without it American business should perish and American wage-earners starve."

Now, we shall not dwell on the rather amusing inconsistency of this suddenly adopted attitude of the two wings of the disrupted Republican party. We might point out that the Republican party's Chicago platform declared that "some of the existing duties are too high and should be reduced," and that the Third Party's tariff plank contained the information that "we demand tariff revision because the present tariff is unjust to the people of the United States." We might even remind the excited philanthropists of the press that the Democratic platform, after denouncing, like the two other platforms, the present protective tariff, added that "we recognize that our system of tariff taxation is intimately connected with the business of the country," and that the legislation enacted to correct existing injustices should be "legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry"—a declaration supplemented by Gov. Wilson's remark, in his speech of acceptance, that in tariff revision "we should act with caution and prudence, like men who know what they are about and not like men in love with a theory."

All this throws a light that is odd enough on the present turn in the Republican and Third Party campaigns. But we are most impressed by the fact that those two parties are now, in the last weeks of the campaign, harking back to the days when high protection was a fetich and when the public man who touched the tariff duties, except to raise them higher, was laying a sacrilegious hand upon the ark. The Republican party is reverting to this attitude, in the face of its knowledge that it was the Taft Administration's hostility to tariff reduction which split the party in two. The Progressive Party is adopting the same position, in the face of the well-known fact that the Progressive faction, which was formed in the Republican party in 1910, and out of which the present Third Party directly grew, was at that time founded almost wholly on the issue of tariff reduction.

If any one is puzzled to account for these extraordinary inconsistencies, he will find the explanation in political history. The campaign of those two parties, as originally planned—especially that of the Third Party—has broken down. Mr. Taft still may argue forcibly for preserving the Constitution and safeguarding freedom from industrial monopoly; but both those issues had been championed in the thick of the fighting by the Democratic candidate, while the Republican campaign was at a standstill. To-day both issues belong to Gov. Wilson. As for the Progressives they have apparently discovered, late in the day, just what the American people think of ripping up the Constitution, handing the private citizen over to the tyranny of majorities, and licensing monopolies in the necessaries of life. When such discoveries are made, there is nothing for it but recourse to other and all but forgotten campaign slogans. In former political campaigns it was the Bloody Shirt, the Confederate Debt, the repudiation of United States bonds; to-day it is soup-kitchens and bread-lines. The desperate eleventh-hour manœuvre bids fair to be exactly as successful now as then, and it reflects an equally remarkable conception of the American voter's common sense.

CAMPAIGNS AND VOTES.

Mr. Edward Stanwood, author of the standard "History of the Presidency," contributes to the current *Atlantic* an interesting article on "Election Superstitions and Fallacies." These range all the way from the queer belief that "no man possessed of a middle name could be elected to the Presidency a second time"—which, as Mr. Stanwood reminds us, had considerable currency prior to Gen. Grant's reëlection—to the comparatively respectable, though still quite fallacious, notion that no Senator can be elected President. The tap-root of all these superstitions and fallacies is in one and the same tendency. "There are men," as Mr. Stanwood says, "who discern an occult and invariable law in the sequence on three successive occasions of a certain event after another event which has no relation to the first, and which could not have caused it."

That Mr. Stanwood himself should fall a victim to this weakness, is of course out of the question; but there are fallacious ways of thinking far less crude but not altogether without kinship to these that he laughs at, into which even so careful a student may be trapped; and in his earnest argument upon a thesis of his own, Mr. Stanwood has committed such an error. He says:

> The most successful stumping tours in our political history, so far as the number addressed was concerned, and the most spectacular, were those of Mr. Blaine, in 1884, and those of Mr. Bryan in his three campaigns. But the election returns at the close of the canvasses cannot be tortured, with the utmost mathematical ingenuity, into proving that by their eloquence an appreciable inroad was made in the ranks of their opponents.

"Mathematical ingenuity" cannot, indeed, avail either to prove or to disprove that Bryan's speeches helped him; but this is primarily because no amount of mathematical ingenuity suffices to fix the solution of a single equation with two unknown quantities. We know the final result; but we have no means of knowing what the result would have been if Bryan had made no speeches, or had bored his Western audiences instead of pleasing them and arousing their enthusiasm. And inasmuch as, after all, Bryan's amazing personal ascendency over millions of American voters, an ascendency which was proof against repeated defeats, was built up solely by his public utterances, there is good reason—of a non-mathematical kind, to be sure—for supposing that his campaign speeches were not wholly without effect in attracting votes to his cause.

The thesis that Mr. Stanwood is here engaged in supporting is, in a word, that campaigning does not change votes. He makes an admission, indeed, which would deprive that thesis of most of its practical significance, even if its abstract truth were admitted; for he says that "the manufactured enthusiasm of those who attend the meetings probably has an influence in dissuading doubting and hesitating voters from deserting their party," and that it "certainly has the effect of bringing indifferent citizens to the polls on election day." The numbers that come under these designations would alone be sufficient to determine the issue in most campaigns; but Mr. Stanwood seems to regard as non-existent another class which plays an important part in our electoral contests. There are hundreds of thousands of "doubting and hesitating voters" with whom the question of their choice in a given election does not present itself in the light of "deserting" or not deserting their party; men who, though they have been in the habit of voting with a given party, do not regard themselves as bound to it by anything like an obligation. In the present campaign, of course—which Mr. Stanwood expressly sets aside as exceptional—the number of such men is enormous; but they have been very numerous at any time these thirty years, and for much of this period have probably held the balance of power. "Did you ever meet or know of a voter," asks Mr. Stanwood, "who was converted from one party to another by a stump speech?" Well, we may never have known of a change of heart so sudden and so radical; but we have been familiar with great numbers of cases in which judgment was held in suspense until the last weeks of the contest, and then was determined by the aggregate of the impressions derived from all sides during the campaign. Accordingly, the idea that, as the campaign progresses, there may be "a perceptible drift towards this candidate or that," which Mr. Stanwood regards as an illusion, we believe to have a most substantial foundation.

The argument that campaigning effects little or nothing in the way of changing votes is similar to the notion that newspapers have no influence, which crops up whenever the weightiest journals of a community are on one side in an election and the other side is overwhelmingly victorious. Such a result proves nothing of the kind; it may even be that the overwhelmingness of the victory is the very thing that deprives the event of value as a test. The most that sober journals can hope to do is to influence a comparatively thoughtful class of men—men to be found in every walk of life, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, but still small in numbers as compared with the whole voting population. They cannot hope to make any impression on a tidal wave. If a million votes are cast against their side and only half a million for it, this does not show either that they were wrong or that they were unsuccessful; it only shows that they are unable to turn the tide when it is running against them in that tremendous way. Fortunately, the odds against which they have to contend are not usually so heavy; and accordingly the influence that they do exercise is quite sufficient to justify that interest in their attitude which continues to be felt by the community at large, and to be reflected in the solicitude of politicians.

THE MURDERER'S TRADE.

The story told in court by the principal witness for the State of New York in the trial of Police Lieut. Becker has a significance that quite transcends its direct bearing upon the case at issue. It opens up an extraordinary perspective of human character and motive. It brings forward an entire group of fundamental problems, problems of psychology, sociology, and politics. It would be quite improper to assume in this place the correctness of "Jack" Rose's testimony. But whether "Jack" Rose told the whole truth, or only part of the truth, or nothing at all of the truth, it does not affect the essential value of his revelations regarding the attitude of the criminal mind towards the individual and society. What this witness has done is to furnish information from the "inside," confirmatory of the general public impressions regarding the spirit of the underworld. The public by this time is pretty generally convinced that there are men in this city with whom murder is a trade; and though the professional thug has always been found at work in all countries, the public is also convinced that, so far as this city is concerned, the class of professional assassins is on the increase, and the profession itself is being systematized to an unprecedented degree. People will tell you as a matter of course that in New York to-day any one can be put out of the way by hired thugs at so many hundred dollars for the job. But even the man who is convinced that the hired bravo is busy at work among us, must find it difficult to picture to himself the matter-of-fact spirit in which the practitioners of this horrible trade go about their work.

Thus it is in this sense immaterial whether Lieut. Becker instigated the murder of Herman Rosenthal, or whether "Jack" Rose himself was the prime mover in the affair, or whether the story told by Rose upon the witness stand was made out of the whole cloth. Assuming that "Jack" Rose's story was pure romance, we still face the fact that conditions must exist to furnish a basis for the man's imaginings. No matter upon whose initiative the gunmen who shot down Herman Rosenthal were hired, no reasonable man to-day will doubt that the hiring was done. It was done in a matter-of-fact way, and the bargain was carried out on both sides in a matter-of-fact way. "Jack" Rose, according to his story, met no rebuff, no hesitation, when he first approached the gangsmen with the "Herman Rosenthal proposition." They merely said, "All right; we are ready when you are ready." It was quite as if they had said, "At what time in the morning do you want the piano moved?" Delay ensues, and the thugs are reproached with the fact. "All right; let's go up and do the job now." Another witness testifies to the words of the man whose pistol had done the work. "I got cha," this efficient agent remarked with something of the craftsman's pride in a task well performed. Where was the sacred horror which, according to tradition, besets the most perverted soul at the thought of taking human life? Where were the preliminary hesitations and shrinkings, where was the aftermath of remorse? The fact seems to be that the people of this city and State must deal with a class in whom the intuitive horror of shedding blood does not function and whom society must consequently treat as out of the social pale.

It does not follow that we are driven by the circumstances of the present case into assuming the truth of Lombroso's criminal type. It is still possible to maintain that the gangster and the gunman are the product of a vicious environment, and not of a vicious heredity. But that only intensifies the social responsibility. Environment has played its part in the development of the ruffian type with which we are now concerned. To this point goes the fact that three of the men accused of having actually taken part in the murder of Rosenthal are of Jewish birth. The majority of the men who are charged with having instigated the murder are of the same race, a race which hitherto has been traditionally averse to crimes of violence. It is possible to bring up this point without fear of giving offence, because the evil has been frankly recognized by leaders of the Jewish community in New York. These hideous revelations have been made the occasion for a day of solemn mourning in the synagogues. Ministers of the Jewish faith have publicly deplored the conditions of life among the immigrant population in this city which have tended to destroy the ancient parental authority and to set up vicious standards and a vicious environment for the young generation. Undoubtedly there is work here for the social diagnostician and reformer.

But while encouraging such efforts as are being made for the fundamental cure of the conditions that foster crime, society must also act for its own protection through the more direct agency of the law. The severe administration of justice and the swift administration of justice are demanded by the situation. If anything has been made plain in this sordid Rosenthal affair, it is that the delays and uncertainties of justice from which we suffer more than any other nation, are a direct encouragement to crime. It has been made plain that the gangster fears punishment; he shrinks not only from the extreme penalty for murder, but from the possibility of a long term in prison. But our cluttered system of judicial procedure has given the criminal aid and comfort. Neither the certainty nor the swiftness of punishment is made vivid to him. If such extraordinary performances as the Thaw trial succeed in dulling the conscience of the ordinary decent citizen to the demands of justice, how can the effect upon the mind of the criminally inclined be anything but deplorable? A succession of criminal trials swiftly carried out, a succession of severe penalties justly inflicted, would act as an effective check to criminal violence. Precisely because so many murders in this city are not crimes of passion at all, but part of a business carried on for profit, the hand of the law can deal adequately with them. When the certainty of punishment is balanced against the profits from murder, the assassin's trade will be sharply checked.

THE ALIENIST AND LITERATURE.

The critics will eat humble pie if it shall turn out that the only true means of interpreting literature is afforded by science. The time is one to sound the alarm, now that psychopathic studies have collected a body of facts sufficiently large and complex, it is said, to serve as a touchstone of human motive. It is in Germany that the alienist has pushed these literary applications of science to the most overweaning extreme. Just at present the impulse comes from Professor Freud of Vienna, whose disciples are engaged upon a scrutiny of great personages of history and fiction, in its broad sense. Briefly, Professor Freud's theory is that action may be prompted by states of mind and body of which the agent is perfectly unconscious, the element of sex playing a large part. As one writer puts it, "We are all the victims of our complexes," the complex being "a system of ideas possessing a certain emotional tone or value." It is usually determined by experiences had early in life. The result is that a person may read into his conduct a religious, a moral, or other motive, whereas such considerations merely furnish the occasion of outbursts which were long ago predetermined on entirely different grounds.

The writer from whom we have just quoted, Dr. Isador H. Coriat, has written a book, "The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth," in which, in a language worthy of his theme, he undertakes to interpret literature by modern psychopathology. Lady Macbeth is the victim, he says, of "a pathological mental dissociation, arising upon an unstable, day-dreaming basis, and due to the emotional shocks of her past experiences. She is a typical case of hysteria; her ambition is merely a sublimation of a repressed sexual impulse, the desire for a child based upon the memory of a child long dead." In the light of modern science, the sleepwalking scene proves to be the result neither of "genuine sleep nor the prickings of a guilty conscience"; it is a "pure case of pathological somnambulism, a genuine disintegration of the personality." The passage beginning:

> I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,

is cited as an example of "a substitution, or what is termed in modern psychopathology as a sublimation or transformation of a sexual complex into ambition, a mechanism which is frequently found in hysteria." Lady Macbeth, we are told, is, naturally, neither ambitious nor brave, but acquires the appearance of such qualities by a process of "repression" which is a forerunner of "hysterical dissociation." "She thinks she chooses her actions, whereas in reality, they are chosen for her by the unconscious complexes."

This is, of course, not the first time that "science" (so-called) has laid violent hands on Shakespeare. Lovers of verisimilitude were cheered by one physician's statement that Juliet's deathlike sleep of forty-two hours was perfectly possible, and some of us have had the sneaking hope that a geologist might some day tell us how Bohemia once had a seacoast. But the new scientific critics have not stayed their hands from the very heart of the plays. Their attitude appears to be this: if the characters are really true to life, "science" is now in a position to explain them in more accurate terms than the ordinary critic possibly can. We are not here concerned with the question whether the new science is entitled to speak with any assurance even in regard to persons who have actually lived. But it makes itself ridiculous in setting up as the mouthpiece of Shakespeare. His plays are not mere transcripts of life. That they are far from that is proved by the modern realist who turns from them with the crushing judgment that no one ever talked like Hamlet. Hamlet can be called human only in the peculiar sense that, though his counterpart is not to be found on earth, human beings can at least conceive of a person in his circumstances behaving and talking like him; and the conception is instructive. But to resolve him into an ordinary neurotic, the victim of "repressed" love for his mother, as one physician has done, is as absurd as it is disgusting.

And even if Shakespearean plays were near to literal truth, psychopathic interpretation would need to hesitate. The problem is made difficult by the present lack of critical standards. Until there can be some substantial agreement on the purposes of artistic creation, authors will suffer from the fads of the moment. We all know to what wrenchings Shakespeare has been subjected. There have been the moralists who had their reason for the rise or downfall of every character. Desdemona suffered death because she lied about the lost handkerchief, and Cassio likewise because he had a mistress. The symbolists have come and gone, with their tenuous centrifugal meanings, while many of the most accurate scholars to-day affect to believe that the great master had enough to do telling a good story without bothering about anything so silly as a moral. Little wonder that the alienist has thought his services to be very much needed. In Germany, he is said already to have converted some of the most dignified personages of Greek drama into a great mass of nerves. Whereupon musical composers, like Strauss, have rejoiced, believing that by music alone can these be most truly expressed. It is to be hoped that such a pass may rouse literary scholars out of their present indifference to the deeper aspects of artistic purpose. For it can never be that creators of great characters intended them to be set forth in terms from which the human will is conspicuously absent. Even Ibsen, with his great dependence upon the laws of heredity, could have meant nothing so sweeping.

To the critic, who may feel amazement and humiliation at the inroads of the new German psychology into his field, we may recite the words of a great book: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called."

"THIS ASTONISHING NATION."

If a nation may be supposed to feel like an individual on the subject of advancing age, we Americans have reason for much gratification. It is taking us a monstrous long time to grow old; the European who comes to our shores is still impressed, as he was in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, with a sense that what is presented to his vision is the spectacle of a youthful prodigy. Here, for instance, is the literary editor of the London *Daily News*, Mr. R. A. Scott-James, telling us, in the *North American Review*, of the thoughts with which a visit to America has filled his mind; and he finds the title best fitted to describe their general purport to be "This Astonishing Nation." Nor is it the vast expanses of our continental area, or the developments peculiar to the comparatively newly-settled West, that account for his impressions; since he frankly tells us that he has not visited Chicago or St. Louis or San Francisco, nor seen the Rocky Mountains or the Colorado Desert or "the flood of the Mississippi." Apparently, his experience has been confined to the cities of the Atlantic seaboard; yet he feels himself to have been in contact with a race full of the untamed blood of youth. When we recall that, in point of time, we are as far from the Declaration of Independence as the England of Goldsmith was from the England of Shakespeare, and much farther from the foundation of Harvard College than the England of Shakespeare was from the England of Chaucer, it cannot but strike us as remarkable that we continue, in the eyes of our British cousins, to appear so inveterately young.

The battery of the standard questions—"What do you think of us?" "How do you like us?" "Is this at all what you expected?"—with which the newly-arrived foreigner is assailed, has remained, generation after generation, a source of ridicule on the part of the visitor and of mortification on our own part. But there are few things that persist long in this world without some kind of justification; and, ridiculous as these inquiries are, they do not have their root solely in American naïveté. If, in point of fact, almost every European who publishes his observations on our country finds us a new thing under the sun, a mystery to be explained, a sign and portent to stand amazed at, it is small wonder that there is a certain curiosity on our side to watch the manifestations of this state of mind. On ninety-nine successive days, the "average American" newspaper man does not think of himself, or of his country, as a curiosity to be examined, or a problem to be solved; but on the hundredth day, when an eminent European chiel comes here, takin' notes—and faith, he'll prent it—what is more natural than that the thought of the American newspaper man should be directed to what he expects will soon be uppermost in the mind of the visitor? "A nation of men free from the burden and the responsibility of self-consciousness, having the directness and the spontaneity of young schoolboys"—this, among other things, is what Mr. Scott-James finds us to be; and indeed, in his case, the questions thrust at the incoming visitor on landing were hardly even premature, for his first feelings were emotion of such "bewilderment and desolation" [isolation?] that he was overjoyed to realize that he resembled the "average American" at least in the point of having the same number of legs.

In these remarks, we are far from intending to find fault with our English visitor's article, which is certainly not lacking in friendliness, and which contains many interesting reflections. One of these, which strikes us as specially worth quoting, refers to our passion for mechanical systematization:

> You cannot be long in New York without observing that business has been actually embellished with that loving care which is akin to the care of the artist. I have been taken through offices organized to a point of efficiency which must be highly unremunerative. One is assured that millions of dollars are spent upon labor-saving appliances, which clearly satisfy the business instincts of directors on their artistic side—by which I imply their disinterested love of efficiency for its own sake. I venture to utter a conviction when I say that this love of the machine is bred in the bone of the average American.

But the note that runs through the article as a whole—and through the whole class of writings of which it is an example—suggests the idea that, in a measure, the tables might be turned on the writers. Is it, after all, in ourselves or in our visitors that the youthfulness really resides? Is not the capacity to see in us wonderful traits and potentialities quite as much an evidence of the freshness of their spirit as of the unexhausted vigor of our own youth?

But there is another aspect of these foreign generalizers. They draw the picture of what seems to them the American type; do they draw it so that we ourselves recognize its fidelity to the fact? Mr. Scott-James, for example, deals in a most kindly way with the American's relation to the almighty dollar; he makes our refusal to accept as a basis for personal distinction any "adventitious aid" except the possession of wealth a basis of praise, not blame. The regard paid thus to wealth does not show grossness or vulgarity; it is connected with that "artistry of business" which is so distinctively American. "The appearance of gentility," on the other hand, "without the solid hall-mark of wealth, is for the American the most detestable of frauds." That sounds pretty well; but, just as we are beginning to feel that the writer has made out a better case for us than we could have thought out for ourselves, he goes on to say, by way of clinching the matter, that "no man who is not rich would dare to say that his ancestors came over in the Mayflower." At this, of course, with the best of will, we cannot forbear to smile; and all of a sudden we realize that one reason why the stranger can generalize so much more beautifully than the native is because he knows so much less of the facts. But this is in the nature of things; and, so long as our note-making visitors are—as is not only this one, but the majority of his confrères—honest, well-disposed, and intelligent, we can find pleasure and profit in the sidelights they throw upon our national life.

ON THE SUICIDE OF GEN. NOGI.

KAMAKURA, Japan, September 20.

Is it a piece of Buddhistic pessimism when I say that life itself is a tragedy from which only death is deliverance, and that therefore death is not life's end, but the hope and beginning? It is verily often proved here that death is not a cowardice or act of negation; even as an apology it has the highest possible dignity. Certainly there are various degrees of intensity in feeling life's tragedy according to personal temperament and circumstances, or to the nature of the age and race with which a man happens to bind himself; there is one who, appearing outwardly most rugged and insusceptible, is in his heart of hearts most tender and compassionate, and whose real nature rarely reveals itself, even though it is never misunderstood; and exactly such a one was Gen. Nogi, the famous Japanese soldier, known in the West as the Hero of Port Arthur, who committed suicide, or *junshi*, to use our Japanese word meaning a royal death, in following his master (the late Mikado) to the other world, on the very same evening when the Imperial hearse left the Palace. At this moment when his laudation is being sung most highly not only in Japan, but also in the West, as an act for the enforcement of the Japanese Bushido precept, I have no particular thought to dwell on that part; but what I am keenly and most forcibly moved by in the fact of his suicide, or *junshi*, is the human side of his nature, I mean how deeply he was wounded by life's tragedy. I do not like to speak and emphasize his death as martyrdom for old samurai precepts, but I want to bring out more the fact of his being a man most human and sweet; indeed, I think even that human personality alone would make him an immortal name.

Although it seems he already keenly realized the tragic side of life in his young day from the tragic death of his younger brother in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, and also the tragic death of Bunnoshin Tamaki, the younger brother's father-in-law, in connection with the so-called Mayahara Issei Rebellion, and also that, as Gen. Nogi wrote in his holograph, he wished to find the opportunity of death ever since he committed a disgraceful act in allowing the colors of his regiment to be seized by the Satsuma rebels whom he was sent to suppress in the tenth year of Meiji, or 1877, I think that his great decision, I mean his thought of suicide, was firmly formed during the late Russia-Japan War, or soon after that war. As the whole world knows well, he was the general who was sent by the late Mikado's august command to Port Arthur, the fall of which was the most imminent necessity for the Emperor's programme; but he fought the hardest battle at Port Arthur with many succeeding sad failures, and, as a natural result, he finally lost a thousand brave young soldiers and left wounded many more thousand soldiers. He was then criticised even bitterly by many in the Western press; while he would not have feared the foreign criticism, how, he thought, could he see and face the fathers and mothers of those dead soldiers? In fact, he wrote the following lines when he returned from the field making the so-called Triumph Return:

Hazu ware nanno kawo ka rofu wo min,
Seisen konnichi ikunin ka kayeru.

(What shame! Oh what face have I to see their old fathers! 'T is a triumph return; but to-day how many have returned from the field?)

That was this brave soldier's saddest cry of heart; I can understand well why he placed his two sons, Lieutenants Katsusuke and Yasusuke Nogi, in the hardest, most exposed situation at Port Arthur; and as he wished, they died the bravest tragic death. He could not have stood, above all things, against the criticism, if there was to be criticism, that his father's selfish love covered his sons from danger and death; it is said that he only smiled, not shedding even one tear (he acted differently in other cases), when his last son's death was reported, and even forbade that his remains should be put in a beer barrel or orange box, but commanded that it should be left in the field to become a prey of birds. It was in those days that the following popular song was sung in the streets:

You cannot cry saying that he was your
 only one son;
Here is even one who lost his two sons.

That one who lost his two sons was, of course, Gen. Nogi; when he returned from the field, it was said he often confessed to his friends that he felt as if his heart's shoulders were lightened from the death of his sons, as he thought it was a punishment for his lack of tactics or wisdom in losing so many soldiers and making their mothers cry. "That was my little apology I could offer," he used to say. While the other generals looked to be proud of their own war fame and went round amid the banqueting and wine-drinking after peace had been regained, it was only that Gen. Nogi, who shut his gate tightly against visitors and hated and most bitterly objected to listen to and accept the words of praise. "Sumanu" was his usual word whenever the war talk, particularly on Port Arthur, happened to come up; that "I regret" was short, but by that one Japanese word Gen. Nogi wished to express all things and everything of his true heart.

When he told his family not to make the formal funeral service for his lost two sons, he thought that the service would not be complete without the third coffin, that was himself; but to-day even the fourth one, that of Countess Nogi (what a great Japanese woman that was!), has been added to the funeral of the Nogi family. Why did not Gen. Nogi die then, when he had already decided to die at the end of the war? That was because he was afraid it might be said that he had gone mad from the loss of his sons and followed after them, and because, above all, there was the Mikado, who fully trusted in him and to whose service his whole life was offered. Although he wished to die to make the apology for once and all, I mean to the fathers and mothers of the lost soldiers, he was so situated that he could not so easily die; he was patiently waiting for the fit opportunity to make his life's final exit. I have some reason to imagine that he grew doubtful and suspicious of the true meaning of Humanity when his fighter's fame became greater and greater, even in the West; I believe he often asked himself why he was entitled to such a distinguished fame, while he acted nothing but a series of brutalities at Port Arthur, although it was not from his own free will. This feeling, I mean the distrust in general humanity, was intensified, I dare say, when he appeared in Europe in company with Admiral Togo a year or two ago, and was received with the greatest honor as the nation's hero; he became a thorough pessimist, and his pessimism was deepened when his beloved Mikado passed away.

If Gen. Nogi's life tragedy and his human side were clearly and intelligently told, I think that he would be more prized as a humanity-loving soul than as a "war-god." When we call him a true samurai, it was because of his true love of peace; only the man with the real love of humanity can become the true fighter on the battlefield.

YONE NOGUCHI.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

Numerous are the attempts in modern German letters to apply existing systems of philosophy to the problems of contemporary society. But of all such books, Omar al Raschid Bey's "Das hohe Ziel der Erkenntniss" (München: R. Piper) is likely to leave the most profound impression. For as the late G. V. Widmann, that broad catholic spirit among the writers of Switzerland, remarked: "Von den Blättern . . . geht ein Hauch des Ewigen aus und eine beschwichtigende Stille, die wunderbar kontrastirt zu dem ruhelosen Umtrieb heutigen Lebens." The work is founded upon the old esoteric wisdom of the Upanishads, but the language in which this wisdom is conveyed is the author's own creation. He has delved into the very sources of speech and has found words that embody in concrete and lucid formulæ the meaning of ideological concepts. Dr. Fritz Mauthner has said of the chapter in which the author reduces time and space to concepts of the ego: "Ich fand den Abschnitt über Zeit and Raum, Ich und Welt, so schön, dass ich nicht anstehe, ihn den anschaulichsten Platons an die Seite zu stellen."

It is refreshing to read in a treatise which has a professor of Heidelberg for its author, "Religion und Kultur" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), that the word *Kultur*, which has been much overworked of late, must henceforth be employed with great caution. Professor Weber inquires into the causes of the present widespread hunger for culture of all sorts, and explains it by the discrepancy between effort and attainment, the disconnected aspect of the spiritual cosmos of the modern world, and the consciousness of having taken part in various movements which have run their course without giving any true value. Religion is the panacea prescribed by some, but religion cannot be artificially created. Professor Weber does not think probable a renascence of Christianity or of any of the older religions. For man in the past, feeling his existence not as a process, but as being, and seeking something that embraced and surpassed it, found the final unity and was predestined for religion. Modern man, on the contrary, placed in the midst of a steadily shifting process of development, which is his life, seeing a before and an after, and establishing a relation between them, must think causally, which predestines him for irreligion. But modern philosophy has taught us a new way of looking at things—not to dissolve their unities, but to recognize and accept them as such, somewhat in the manner in which a poet lives and creates. This, the author asserts, gives us a conception of the continuity of being which no philosophical formula or religious dogma has yet succeeded in doing. He does not agree with all the charges raised against Christianity by Nietzsche, but he does reproach the doctrine of an Hereafter with having made of our present life only a preparatory transitional stage, with having travestied into formulæ of renunciation the strongest human instincts, and, by a peculiar perversion of its purposes, with having produced the capitalistic structure and the rationalistic materialization of modern society. He makes life itself, with all its manifold manifestations, the centre of his new religion:

> . . . die aller Willkür fremde innere Notwendigkeit, das eigene innere Gesetz wird herrschen, das jedem Lebensteil die Formung geben will, auch uns, die wir sie unter Führung des Bewusstseins finden sollen. Es ist die stärkste "Gültigkeit" von allgemeiner Art, die da ist. Nach dem von ihr in alles Sein gelegte Bild werden wir unsre Kräfte regeln, und wird sich jeder einzelne auf seine eigne Art ins Dasein, in den Raum der Formungs-, Handelns- und Entwicklungsmöglichkeiten fügen müssen.

Dr. Max Kemmerich has compiled a curious book of about three hundred pages under the title, "Aus der Geschichte der menschlichen Dummheit" (München: Albert Langen), and says in the preface: "Eine Geschichte der menschlichen Dummheit zu schreiben überstiege meine Kräfte: sie müste umfangreicher werden als die chinesische Enzyklopädie. Darum begnüge ich mich mit diesem Streifzuge, der einem ganz bestimmten Gebiete gilt. Der Zufall ist es nicht, der mich leitete."

Whoever has watched the discussions in the Bavarian Landtag and knows how violently the "ultramontane" and the liberal representatives are fighting for supremacy in matters of public education, will recognize in the words quoted the motive which led to the writing of this book. For, while the author gives a comprehensive survey of scholasticism, witchcraft and devil-craft, and other manifestations of superstition, the fourth chapter deals largely, and the fifth almost exclusively, with compulsory sectarian education and the fruits thereof in Bavaria. His familiarity with the subject is amazing, and his comments are direct and to the point. Thus when he relates in the first chapter the story of the juggler who appeared before Philip of Macedonia and caught peas thrown into the air upon the point of a needle, and instead of a rich reward got only a bushel of peas, he adds: "Wäre ein kluger Papst beim Aufwerfen der ersten Spitzfindigkeiten mit der ganzen scholastischen Richtung ebenso verfahren, dann hätte die gelehrte und die fromme Dummheit niemals solche Dimensionen annehmen können." Following the author through his selections from the writings of the early church fathers to recent utterances of an obsolete theology, leaves in the reader an impression similar to that gained by a walk through some museum of mediæval curiosities, including instruments of torture. Dr. Kemmerich's manner of treating his subject holds the reader's attention, although the subject is well-worn and by no means delectable.

The present singular alliance of science and literature is productive of some extraordinary books in Germany. One of the strangest is a volume of "studies of the unconscious in hero and heroine," by Fritz Wittels, a former pupil of Professor Freud, entitled "Tragische Motive" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). The main idea of the book is indicated in this statement from the preface:

> Unsere Seele besitzt die Fähigkeit, Schwierigkeiten zu erkennen, die sich in der Aussenwelt ihren Wünschen entgegentürmen. Wir wünschen vielerlei, wenig wird erfüllt und ohne Mühe nichts. Die Seele besitzt aber auch die weniger beachtete Fähigkeit, Schwierigkeiten und Unmöglichkeiten zu ignoriren und unbeschadet aller äusseren Hindernisse *endophysisch* alle jene Wünsche zu erfüllen, denen in Wirklichkeit eine Erfüllung versagt bleibt.

One of the functions of this sub-conscious force, which he resents being looked upon as a matter of metaphysics, consists in substituting unconscious motives for those of the conscious will. Upon this premise he builds up some interesting theories relative to the actions of famous heroes and heroines in history and literature. That these theories shatter some of our cherished notions about their characters goes without saying.

Wittels begins his inquiry into the sub-conscious with Brutus, the time-honored favorite of school oratory, and interprets him thus: The speech of Brutus is that of the republican, conscious of his descent from Cato and the willing mouthpiece of his milieu: the actions of Brutus are those of the illegitimate son of Cæsar, secretly hating Cæsar for having dishonored his mother, secretly discontented with his lot, secretly impatient to succeed Cæsar. In his analysis of Belshazzar, of Rhodope, as presented in Hebbel's drama, "Gyges und sein Ring," and the Medea of Euripides, Wittels holds the reader's interest less by the force of his arguments, which are not always convincing, than by his forcible, brilliant style. An interesting paper is the one entitled "Hellas und Hysterie," in which he credits Jacob Burkhardt with having discovered that the Hellenes, generally regarded as models of strength and health, were hysterical. It seems that the suggestion which he launched in one of his books was accepted with particular eagerness by some Austrian writers, among them Hoffmannsthal, who forthwith set out to revise classical drama according to psychopathic standards. Wittels protests against these new versions of Klytemnæstra, Jocasta, Electra, Creon, and Œdipus, as "re-created" by Hoffmannsthal, staged by Reinhardt, and set to music by Strauss. He asks:

> Wenn die griechischen Tragiker hysterisch waren, warum müssen sie dann umgedichtet werden? Vielleicht sind wir selber oder das Publikum solcher Umdichtungen hysterisch, wenn wir Hofmannsthal besser goutiren als die Meister der grauen Vorzeit. Die griechischen Tragödien sind krass im Sonnenschein. Gespenster, Drachen, Götter erscheinen am lichten Tag. Die Umdichter sind krass in Nebel und Nacht. Nach der abgetönten Dichtung einer klassischen Periode scheint unser Geschmack grelle Kost zu fordern. Wir wollen einen Muttermord auf unserer Schaubühne sehen: aber nicht im naiven Lichte des Werktages, sondern im Schein von violetten Reflektoren und dunkelroten Reflexionen. Unsere Phantasie badet im Blut, aber niemand soll es merken, wir leugnen es uns selber ab, wenn wir am andern Tag unsere Beschäftigung, als da ist, uns ducken und Geld erraffen, wieder aufnehmen. Und nur dieses Versteckenspielen, diese Lügenhaftigkeit ist hysterisch.

Women occupy a surprisingly large space in the book, and in his analysis of female heroines from Judith to Lady Macbeth the sex in general receives a treatment which makes Wittels a worthy compatriot and contemporary of Weininger. His theory about women who commit murder for what is generally accepted as political reasons, seems specially framed for his "endophysical" fulfilment of desires otherwise unrealizable. He is suspiciously eager to inquire into the private life of Charlotte Corday, Vera Sassulitsch, Tatjana Leontiew, and Wanda Dobrodzicka, to discover some proof that they acted not from a conscious political motive, but from a sub-conscious sexual instinct.

Max Martersteig's "Die ethische Aufgabe der Schaubühne" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) is a thoughtful contribution to the literature of a well-worn topic. Taking his cue from Schiller's much-misinterpreted address of the year 1781, "Die Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet," he says that the work of Schiller should always be looked upon as a whole, his importance becoming evident only as one follows his development from that address to the "Briefe über die æsthetische Erziehung des Menschen." Schiller's aim "to transmute the work of necessity into one of free choice" should always have been the aim of human action as of dramatic production. The noblest effort of humanity was to him the removal of the gross contrast between the sensual and the moral instinct of man. Tragedy should deal not with the Schopenhauerian negation of passion, but with its refinement and elevation. This, however, does not imply that Schiller wished the drama to be adapted to the standard of the nursery or the boarding-school miss. He recognized its dynamic quality and did not intend to give it fixed boundaries. Martersteig is of the opinion that a revision of the current conception of Schiller's æsthetic principles, and their application to contemporary problems of the stage, would save the theatre from being muzzled by "moral purism" and from degenerating through a degrading cult of Momus.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The fourth and concluding portion of the great library brought together, in a half-century of collecting, by the late Robert Hoe, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company in twenty sessions, afternoons and evenings, in the weeks beginning November 11 and November 18. While a large number of important and valuable books are included in this final sale, it does not equal any one of the three preceding portions.

There are forty-seven old manuscripts, including eighteen fifteenth-century Books of Hours; an Officium of the early sixteenth century with nine large miniatures; a Hebrew manuscript Bible of the fifteenth century; a manuscript Petrarch; several Persian and Arabic manuscripts, and a volume containing manuscripts of about sixty English poems, some being as early as the fifteenth century, others more modern transcripts, a collection formed by Joseph Haslewood.

Among notable early printed books are: "De doctrina christiana sive de arte predicandi" of St. Augustine, printed by Mentelin in Strassburg in 1466; the "Summæ Theologiæ" of Thomas Aquinas, printed at Mainz in 1471; Cicero's "Tusculanarum Quæstionum," printed by Jenson at Venice in 1472, and one of about six copies known on vellum; the "Philobiblion" of Richard de Bury, printed at Speier in 1483; "L'Oreloge de devocion" of Jehan Quentin, printed at Paris about 1500, and one of only three copies known on vellum; Rolewinck's "Fasciculum temporum," printed by Ratdolt at Venice in 1481; and a series of fifteen printed Books of Hours.

Among the books from the Elzevir press are the "Eschole de Salerne" (1651), said to be the only uncut copy known, and the first Elzevir Cæsar (1635), in a prize-winning binding by Simier. Chief of the Aldines is a copy of the Petrarch of 1501, the first Italian book to be printed in Italic types.

The Shakespeareana in this portion include a third folio Shakespeare (1664), a freak, having the portrait printed at the bottom of the page and verses above and upside down; quartos of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1619); "Troylus and Cresseid" (1609), and "The Puritaine" (1607); and numerous editions of the Works. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (1590-1596), and his "Fowre Hymnes" (1596); Samuel Daniel's "Delia" (1592), the Ouvry-Locker copy of the second edition, said to be the only perfect copy known, and others of his books; three editions of Drayton's "Poems" (1608, 1619, and 1627); the first edition of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (1575), the second English comedy, the authorship of which has been attributed to Bishop John Still and, with more probability, to William Stevenson; Samuel Rowland's "Martin Mark-all" (1610); the first edition in English of More's "Utopia" (1551); Shackerly Marmion's "Cupid and Psiche" (1637), with the rare engraved title; and the sixth edition of Bacon's "Essaies" (1613), are among the most important early English books. There are series of plays by Dryden, Otway, Davenant, Mrs. Behn, Durfey, Congreve, and others; also, Congreve's first publication, "Incognita; or, Love and Duty reconcil'd" (1692), which is very rare.

A series of books by Swift, some duplicate Popes, and an uncut copy of Sterne's

"Sentimental Journey" (1768) are among the eighteenth-century English books. Of books by nineteenth-century English authors the most notable is a long series of first editions of Shelley, including "Zastrozzi" (1810), "St. Irvyne" (1811), "Laon and Cythna" (1818), "Epipsychidion" (1821), and "Adonais" (1821), the last being a superlatively fine copy in the original paper cover and of full size.

The Americana of this portion include two great rarities, the first dated edition (1504) of Vespucius's "Mundus Novus" and the first Latin edition of Columbus's first letter, "Epistola Christoferi Colon" (Rome, Plannck, 1493), but as the genuineness of one or two leaves of this has been questioned, the book is sold without guarantee. The second edition of the first collection of Voyages, the "Paesi Novamente Retrovati" (1508); the first collection of voyages in French, the "Extraict ou Recueil des Isles nouvelment trouvees" (1532); the second edition of Maximilian of Transylvania's account of Magellan's voyage around the world (Rome, 1523); Gomara's "Pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the West India" (1578); and Champlain's "Voyages" (1620), are other notable items of Americana.

As in the previous sales, a large number of books, including some very important ones, are catalogued under Binding, being either elaborate specimens or more usually *provenance* books with arms or devices of famous former owners. There are three books from Jean Grolier's library and one from Maioli's. A few autograph letters and literary manuscripts are scattered through the two catalogues, the most important being an A. L. S. of Catherine de' Medici. An autograph manuscript of Sir Walter Scott, a series of letters by Ruskin, and a mass of poetical manuscript of the poet Southey are others.

At the end, about seven hundred lots, is Mr. Hoe's library of bibliography, including some books rarely offered for sale.

A sale of miscellaneous books which belonged to Mr. Hoe, but which did not form a part of his library, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company on November 25 and 26. Included are a large number of French novels.

Correspondence

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Are there not reasons to fear that our State universities are allowing themselves to be flattered, persuaded, and driven into attempting much more than any human institutions can successfully perform? Instead of devoting themselves to one definite and all important but difficult task, the traditional task of universities since there have been universities, these institutions must now have, or pretend to have, a hand in the business of everybody. Knowledge is power; the State university is the home of knowledge, therefore, the State University must make it its direct and immediate business to see that everything in the State which maintains it goes right, from the drawing up and enforcement of laws, to the installation of sewerage systems in all the small towns of the State, and the instructive entertainment of rural communities at country schoolhouses on long winter evenings.

Of course, the very last thing in the world that any sensible man would think of arguing is that the State should deny itself the privilege of calling into its service the men and women most competent to do its work, wherever it can find them, provided it can offer them acceptable terms, and conditions under which they can do their work with decent effectiveness. But all men, including even university presidents and professors, are of limited powers. The man who spends himself in delivering university extension lectures, serving on commissions, and helping to whip legislation into some kind of tolerable shape before it is placed upon the statute books of the State, cannot also spend himself in teaching his classes made up of students in residence at the university.

One of the very worst results produced by this spreading out of the State universities is that it is uniting with many other agencies to bring into discredit the "mere teacher." It may be said, indeed, that there probably never was a time in the history of higher education when the university professor as a type was more respected than he is to-day, in this country, at any rate. That is true, no doubt. But he is respected because he serves on commissions, goes abroad as ambassador of the republic, heads some movement which makes a dramatic appeal to the public attention, or perhaps merely excites and keeps excited the news instinct of the reporter for the daily press. He is not respected as a good teacher, or even as a teacher at all. If the good teacher is indeed a disappearing type in university faculties, it is because the east wind of discouragement is blowing him out of the profession. Even the man or woman of fine character has some natural longing for the substantial rewards of life: for the public respect, and for appreciation of intelligent and devoted service, shown in such ways as those in which it is given to university administrative officers to indicate such appreciation, for example.

Not the least of the evils wrought by this tendency towards undue expansion into the fields of the world, indeed, is its mischievous influence on the ambitions of members of the university faculty. The men who become accustomed to the idea that academic glory and newspaper renown are to be won, not by teaching, but by "doing things," come to attach a very exaggerated value to the importance of getting themselves numbered among those who are "doing things" even within the limits of the university world. Among no class of men will you hear more talk about "executive ability" than among the senior members of a college faculty; nowhere will you see more wise yet troubled shaking of the head when it becomes a question as to whether Mr. A. is really qualified, by virtue of his executive ability, to fill some pettily higher position in the faculty than he now holds.

Can it be that the cause of the evil here under discussion is to be found in an altogether wrong attitude of the public towards the State university? We read with admiration of the sacrifices made by the early settlers in many parts of this country in order that the men and women who grew up there might be educated. When these early settlers founded schools and colleges, they were not thinking of immediate economic gain. Nor did they imagine that they were constructing a machine through which directly the attempt would be made to perform almost all the offices of society that call for a little knowledge out of the ordinary. In founding institutions of learning, of every grade, these pioneers were, above all things, giving evidence of their belief in the value of a man. For many years now, that pseudo-philosophical thinking which has had the ear of the respectable world, and has, in particular, dominated the notions regarding matters social and political that have found expression in American academic circles, has systematically depreciated the importance of the individual man, and has cried up that of society, of man in the mass. Can it be that the public has at last in living fact come to accept this doctrine, and that it no longer believes in the supreme value of the individual man, the one real human unit, and the proper subject of all our concern?

However this may be, the members of the faculties of State universities have in recent years been made disagreeably aware that the questions in which the authorities are really interested, and therefore, supposedly, the public also, are not such questions as these: How successful have you been in starting the young men and women who have sat under your instruction in the paths of sound thinking? How deeply have you instilled into them respect for the truth, and the determination to let their conduct be guided by the best understanding of things as they actually are that we can at present attain, rather than by long current and mistaken notions presenting them as they have been supposed to be? Have you done the utmost that in you lies so to direct the thinking of these young people that they will hereafter make it a chief business of their lives to form clear ideas as to what justice is, and what it demands in specific human relationships, and be constantly loyal to the obligation to help those ideas prevail in the world?

No, the interest of the public in the operations of State universities is apparently to be gauged by questions like these: How many more students have you turned out—the correct phrase!—this year than last? How many hundreds more have you laid your plans to get here, by every device humanly employable, so that you can turn them out next year, and next year, and the year after that? How many hundred university extension lectures have the members of your faculty delivered in the State during the past year? How many hundred correspondence students have been induced to add their names to your roll of students? How many hours a day does each member of your faculty work? What have you done for the butter-makers of the State? the cheese-makers? the fruit-growers? Above all, what have you done for the farmers? Finally, have you used every means in your power to keep the newspapers of the State talking about you, always remembering that it does not much matter what you have them say about you, so long as there is a large element of brag in it?

Is it true that this sort of thing represents the attitude of the public of the State to the university? If so, is the fact of good promise for the future of the State university as an institution? R.

October 7.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We hear a good deal these days about elevating the stage. There seems to be a feeling among educated people in general, and a few managers in particular, that *the* profession is sadly in need of culture and refinement. A year or so ago, Mr. Daniel Frohman made a plea for the enthusiastic reception of college graduates within our ranks. "The stage will find its best recruits in the universities," he wrote, or something to that effect. More recently still, Mr. Belasco, bemoaning the absence of real gentlemen qualified to do gentlemen parts, has offered to train a certain number of young actors in this much-neglected art.

Is it then true that education and good breeding form a valuable foundation for a stage career, and are Messrs. Frohman and Belasco quite sincere in professing to be in search of actors thus equipped? I confess I am somewhat skeptical on this score, and in view of my own personal experience and that of some of my college friends, I believe my doubts are justified. To me there is no question but that culture of mind and manner is a handicap in this profession, at least at the start. This wonderful thing called personality that seems so essential in "landing the job" is nothing more nor less, nine times out of ten, than a lack of refined sentiments, an ill-bred willingness to blow one's own horn, a callousness to snubs, and, above all, the ability to push one's self and one's cause, regardless of means or of consequences.

These things the true gentleman, or true lady, will not do. If she has no "pull" she will go with the mob to the agencies to look for her engagement. She will stand in the back, of course, seeing that others are there before her, and so entitled to first consideration. If the door to the agent's inner office is closed, and marked "Private," she will not open it. She will be inconspicuously dressed, and will not look like an actress. When her turn comes to speak, her voice will be low, so that she may not attract attention. Mr. Agent will, of course, doubt her ability to throw it across the footlights. When asked of her experience, remembering the words of Emerson, "Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society"—she will tell the truth. Being modest, she will not speak at all of her real achievements. By this time, Mr. Agent is quite convinced that she is hopeless as an actress, and shuts off the interview by telling her to come in again.

And yet—and yet, I read and hear constantly that just such men and women are wanted on our stage; men who have studied and travelled, who speak several languages, who have polished manners and high ideals. We regret, I hear it said, that our actors are not more like the English actors in general culture.

I wish very much that this question could be thrashed out and settled for the good of all. If we have come to the point where something besides blondined hair and rouged lips seems proof of histrionic talent, let us give these university graduates a trial. If not, let them be discouraged at once and in every possible way, so that they may turn their valuable training into channels where it will bring results.

On my tour last season I became acquainted with a member of our company, who had graduated with high honors from Cornell. He spoke French and German fluently, and was also something of a musician. He had gentlemanly manners and dignity of bearing. He played a very insignificant part remarkably well, and one of my friends in the audience observed him particularly for a certain indescribable something that the others did not have. On the one occasion when he was called upon as understudy to handle a "fifty-side" part on short notice, he did so without a single error. Our stage manager told me it was the best understudy performance he had ever witnessed. The young gentleman in question has been in the profession four years, and during that time has been employed just fifty weeks. That is to say, he has had three years of enforced idleness in all, or has worked fifty out of two hundred and eight weeks. Three years spent in elbowing through the crowds on Broadway, in patient waiting for managers who never come, in breathing the vitiated air of their dreary offices. Three beautiful long years of vigorous youth gone, years for which other men in other professions, though struggling, too, no doubt, have certainly something to show.

Lovell Oldham.

New York, October 10.

GENTLEMEN AT THE WICKET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am surprised that no one has replied to your correspondent Mr. Baker's banter, in your issue of October 3, in regard to "gentlemen" cricketers. The expression, "the Gentlemen of" a place or country is a time-honored cricket term, meaning an eleven composed of men who belong to different clubs and are not professionals. As there are (fortunately, it seems to me) no professional cricket teams in this country, and as most matches are played between clubs, the term is not often used here, but I do not think any other expression takes its place. In England the term is familiar to every one, as is also the term "players," meaning professionals. In that delightful book, "The Cricket Field," written in 1851, I find the following on pages 63 and 64 of the American edition:

> In this year (1798) these gentlemen aforesaid made the first attempt at a Gentlemen and Players' match; and on this first occasion the players won. . . .
>
> There [in London] the play was nearly all professional; even the gentlemen made a profession of it.

Your correspondent's quotation from Kipling is too brief to express the main point, which is not a condemnation of "flannelled youths," for those are not his words, but of the spectators, who, instead of either fighting their country's battles, or working, or even playing some manly game themselves, flock by thousands to see a few other men play cricket or football, just as here in America they crowd the bleachers to gaze at hired baseball performers, who rarely even live in the cities which they are supposed to represent. Kipling addresses the men who let others fight for them in South Africa, and says:

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket, or the muddied oafs at the goals.

As a condemnation of professional sport, these lines are admirable, but I have never heard that the British officers who broke off their cricket match on June 12, 1815, when Wellington and the Prince of Orange rode up to order an immediate advance on Waterloo, failed to give a good account of themselves in the battle. In this country, too, the members of the Washington Cricket Club of fifteen or twenty years ago can never forget the wonderful batting, considering the difficulties, accomplished by a gray-haired gentleman, who must have been a splendid cricketer in his youth, but who had lost his right arm, and even the control over some fingers of the left hand, in one of the finest displays of devoted heroism that ennobled the Civil War.

Charles C. Binney.

Philadelphia, October 12.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LABOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Two statements in your recent editorial paragraph against the restriction of immigration ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged. You state, "But American labor will enter certain lines of work on no terms." As a matter of fact, there is no kind of work which American laborers will not do, if they are paid enough or if the conditions are made sufficiently attractive. In some cases, it is true, there are other than financial conditions involved. The thoroughbred Southerner firmly believes that there are certain kinds of work which a white man will not do on any terms because such work is "niggers' work." Yet we know perfectly well that where negro laborers are few white men do this work as cheerfully as any other. Similarly, in certain sections where foreign labor has occupied a field, it seems to short-sighted citizens that American laborers cannot be had on any terms, such work being regarded as "fit only for foreigners." And yet we know perfectly well that where foreign labor is absent, American laborers do the work cheerfully, if they are paid for it. On the Pacific Coast it is asserted by certain prejudiced people that white men cannot be procured to do certain kinds of work, such work being regarded as Chinaman's work. Yet where there are no Chinese there is not the slightest difficulty in getting white men to do the work, provided satisfactory wages are paid.

You also state that "The United States needs immigration more than any other country, because men rise rapidly in the social scale, as they cannot elsewhere." How much we need a man is indicated by how much we are willing to pay him. It may be true that we need an immigrant more than some other countries, as evidenced by the fact that we pay him more. Yet the need cannot be very great unless we are willing to pay something above $1.50 per day. If we had to face the alternative of dispensing with his services or paying $2 per day, and we decided to dispense with his services, that would indicate that we did not need him $2 worth. If we did need him very badly, we should obviously be willing to pay him $2.

I know it is customary when the choice is offered of two alternatives to choose both, yet in some cases we cannot have both. This is a case in point. We have the alternative of industrial peace with high wages, brought about automatically through the operation of supply and demand; or we may have an abundant supply of cheap labor. But we cannot have both. If we choose to have an abundant supply of cheap labor, we must expect to have the struggle for high wages carried on by revolutionary methods. If we choose industrial peace, we must expect to reduce the supply of cheap labor, and have wages forced up automatically through the sheer scarcity of unskilled labor. It is for the American people to decide which alternative they prefer.

T. N. CARVER.

Harvard University, October 10.

Literature

THE REALISTIC MOVEMENT.

The World We Live In. By G. S. Fullerton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The New Realism. By E. B. Holt, W. T. Marvin, W. P. Montague, R. B. Perry, W. B. Pitkin, and E. G. Spaulding. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The progress of philosophy seems at times discouraging. Not only does it appear unable to prove anything; it seems almost impossible for it to disprove anything. Most of us were brought up to believe that realism, at any rate, was safely laid away in its grave where it would give no more trouble; but lo! it is stalking again about the land, like the ghost of one who has suffered an untimely death. In fact, it is proving a very lively ghost; for, not to mention its vigorous revival in England, the progress it is making in this country at the present time is comparable only to that made a few years ago by its great predecessor, pragmatism. The philosophical journals are filled with it, and within the last few months three books have appeared in its defence. One of these, Professor Perry's "Present Philosophical Tendencies," was reviewed in these columns not long ago. The two others will concern us here.

Professor Fullerton was one of the first to sound a return to realism, and his present book merely reiterates, in trenchant language, the doctrine he has advocated in many previous writings. The title of his book is well-chosen; for the chief argument on which the author relies is the assertion that the world of idealism is *not* the world we live in. Passages like the following abound: "If, in the laboratory, I say: close your eyes and turn that dynamometer into a memory-image; put this speck under the microscope and convert it into an insect; that cork is too large, stand farther back from it and reduce its size—if I ramble on in this fashion, it will be suspected that I have dined generously." The reiteration of clever ridicule like this doubtless serves a purpose. But the serious reader will probably feel that this sort of thing may be carried a bit too far; and he may even be reminded by it of Dr. Johnson with his famous stick refuting Berkeley.

Professor Fullerton's view differs from the old realism of Descartes and Locke in rejecting the notion of a "substance" behind phenomena. His real world is, he insists, frankly phenomenal. All real objects are "appearances" in the sense that they actually appear to some one or belong to the class of things that do or may or might so appear. Yet this does not mean that the world is subjective or dependent for its existence or its character on being known. Unfortunately, we are not told what an unperceived phenomenon may be, nor what is meant by calling a hypothetical object which never appears a member of the class of things that do appear; and the Johnsonian arguments on the subject, though very amusing, do not throw much light on the difficulty. Clearer is Professor Fullerton's main thesis, that physical objects, with both their primary and their secondary qualities, are perceived *directly*, not through the mediation of subjective states, and that hence, the difficulties which led to the invention of idealism were entirely gratuitous. The fact that two men see the same object differently, together with all the other facts of illusion and error, need not disturb us. It does not prove that we perceive things only indirectly and through our "ideas," or that our knowledge of the "outer world" is representative; it shows merely that *under different conditions the object is perceived differently*—exactly what we should expect. One never perceives the *object as such, i. e.*, abstractly. One perceives it every time under some particular condition. And there is nothing in this fact to make one's perception *indirect*.

Professor Fullerton's book leaves us just about where it found us—in "Everybody's World," the world of common sense. One, in fact, is tempted to ask at the end, If realism be true, what is there left for a philosopher to talk about? One will find the answer to this question in "The New Realism." A greater contrast than that between these two books, in spite of their almost identical aim and point of view, it would be hard to find. Professor Fullerton's book is cast in popular language and engaging style, and it gives back to the common man his comfortable old world again. "The New Realism" means to be *streng wissenschaftlich* and severely technical. Much of it is phrased in forbiddingly difficult language, with an occasional self-conscious use of symbolic logic and mathematics, as though to give notice to the man in the street that this is no place for him and that he had much better stay where he is and read something popular. And though it holds out a refuge for all those who are weary of the fancies of the idealists, the picture of the world it gives us at the end will hardly be recognized as that of "the world we live in."

The book opens with a joint introduction on which the six authors unite, after which each contributes an article on some phase of the problem. Thus Professor Marvin writes on "The Emancipation of Metaphysics from Epistemology"; Professor Perry, "A Realistic Theory of Independence"; Professor Spaulding, "A Defense of Analysis"; Professor Montague, "A Realistic Theory of Truth and Error"; Professor Holt, "The Place of Illusory Experience in a Realistic World," and Professor Pitkin, "Some Realistic Implications of Biology." Throughout these varied themes certain common points of view are repeatedly emphasized. Important among these are the attack upon idealism; the vindication of analysis and scientific method as ultimate; the consequent rejection of mysticism, neo-vitalism, and all other anti-naturalistic forms of thought; the acceptance of naturalism almost *in toto;* and the development of a view of consciousness which makes it not different in content from the rest of nature. It is particularly in this last respect that the writers of this book have gone beyond Professor Fullerton and most of their other fellow-realists. As idealism of a certain type destroyed the objective by interpreting it in terms of the subjective, so some, at least, of the new realists would seem almost to destroy the subjective and leave the world all "outside" with no "inside." Thus Professor Holt likens consciousness to a searchlight "which, by playing over a landscape and illuminating now this object and now that, thus defines a new collection of objects, all of which are integral parts of the landscape (and remain so), although they have now gained membership in another manifold—the class of all objects on which the illumination falls." Further, by an ingenious psychological hypothesis, secondary qualities are regarded as composed of actual vibrations in the nervous system of the same rate as the outer vibrations which are their source, and as being, therefore, not unanalyzable psychic elements, but "*form*-qualities in which the temporal subdivisions are so small that the *time*-sense cannot discriminate them, whereas the frequency, magnitude, or density still remains perceivable." Consciousness, thus, is not even an epiphenomenon. It constitutes nothing, but is a collection of other things picked out by the action of the nervous system. It follows naturally that the study of the action of the nervous system and of the organism in general is the true method of investigating the mind, and that introspection can give us but little trustworthy information concerning mental life. Psychology hereafter must cease dealing with "mental states," and philosophy must give up the notion that there is any such thing as "consciousness" distinct from material and logical objects and physical activities.

How completely this view of things stands all our traditional philosophies upon their heads is plain enough. And not only the philosophies, but poor old common sense as well finds itself in the same unaccustomed position. Doubtless the man in the street was considerably surprised when Berkeley told him that things were only his ideas; but, if I mistake not, he will be no less bewildered when he learns from the realist that his ideas are nothing but things. But perhaps the revolutionary nature of the new realism cannot be better characterized than it is by one of the new realists themselves, towards the close of the book under review:

> Reconstruction must begin; and a theory of life and mind must be worked out which dispenses with the old, discredited categories of idealistic psychology, such as "mental states," "subject-object polarity," "creative synthesis," and the like. Now it is evident that the first steps to slough off these notions will be not only difficult, but full of strange writhings. They will be no less violent than an endeavor to exchange the parts of speech of one's native tongue, and to use nouns for adverbs, or adverbs for prepositions.

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE DIFFICULT ART OF MARRIAGE.]

Marriage. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

Is Mr. Wells headed straight for reaction? That is a question which will have to be answered in definite form by the future biographer of Mr. Wells when he deals with the latest book by the most modern of contemporary English novelists. A definite answer at the present time is hazardous. A writer of the modern temperament changes rather than evolves. Consistency being a rather outworn virtue, it does not follow that a man's opinions to-morrow must be in harmony with his opinions of to-day. But whether "Marriage" is a spiritual conversion or merely a spiritual caprice, it may be set down at once that in this book Mr. Wells has written an old-fashioned novel. It does not matter that our author insists upon describing his problem as a modern problem and his characters as modern men and women. In spite of frequent allusions to Albert Hall meetings, Mr. Asquith's troubles with the suffragists, and other actualities of the morning newspaper, the story harks back in its essentials to a literary type that the younger generation has long declared to be obsolete. When Mr. Wells's Marjorie lets her thoughts drift back, in curious archæological speculation, to the dim, dead past when Russians and Japanese were battling in Manchuria—almost seven years ago—she is at one with the modern young lady in *Punch* who cannot abide Bernard Shaw because he is so "Edwardian." But this is just mannerism. The story of Marjorie Pope's love and marriage is old-fashioned in theme, outlook, and treatment.

If Mr. Wells, as a student of social phenomena, stands for anything in the public mind, it is for the thorough reconstruction of this lumbering, creaking, utterly irrational world of ours into a neatly-mortised, water-tight, and strictly hygienic place to live in. In "Marriage" he pokes fun at the world-builders. The scientific reason was to make a clean sweep of old habits and prejudices. To-day Mr. Wells's attitude is much more charitable. He does not say it in so many words, but it is plain that old habits and prejudices are to him now something more than rubbish. He has almost attained that conservative temperament which respects facts and institutions whose roots lie deep down in time. Formerly, Mr. Wells used to be very impatient with the devil of inertia. In the present book he is exceedingly impatient with the kind of people that are always inaugurating Movements and Programmes. He loses his temper utterly when he speaks of the Gawdsakers, the people who jump up and scream "For Gawd's sake, let's do something!" without thinking things out. It is quite evident that Mr. Wells is not one of the moderns who regard themselves as points pressing forward into space. When he insists upon stopping and finding out where and how far he is going, Mr. Wells reveals a state of mind that is almost Victorian. This is a cruel thing to say, but the truth must be told.

Marjorie Pope, in "Marriage," is a clear-eyed, clean-limbed, healthy, intelligent modern young woman. We call Marjorie a modern young woman because that is what Mr. Wells calls her. Actually, her emotional life is precisely that of any girl in any century who stands wondering on the threshold of the unknown. She likes pretty clothes and slim-built young men, entertains vague notions on religion, detests her father's boorish manners, and dreams of a lover. He comes in the person of a brilliant young chemist who tumbles out of a monoplane on Marjorie's lawn. They elope, marry, and rent a small house in Chelsea which Marjorie furnishes in exquisite taste and complete disregard of the size of Trafford's income. They are happy. Children come. Trafford must give up his researches in the chemistry of molecules and go in for popular lectures, but the money difficulty persists. Trafford gives up lecturing before suburban women's clubs and goes in for synthetic rubber. He grows rich and his life grows empty. Marjorie' life is empty, too. She takes a larger and more expensive house and then a still larger and still more expensive house, and the larger the house the wider is the space between the corner in which Trafford eats his heart out and the corner in which Marjorie sits unhappy; until Trafford can bear it no longer. What tortures him is that in London there is no opportunity for thinking things out and talking things over. He decides to go to Labrador—alone, if necessary; but Marjorie goes with him. Then, through several months of northern twilight, Trafford thinks and talks; and the conclusion at which he arrives is this: Husband and wife must be comrades; but since the male is the pioneer of the race, in the work of civilization, he must not let himself be hampered by the female's natural appetite for beauty (including fine clothes and excitement). They come back to London and their children, Trafford to perfect his message and bring it before the world, Marjorie to help him with her sympathy instead of giving dinners and running up bills. Whether they put their plans into effect Mr. Wells does not tell us. Probably they do not.

The mere fact that Mr. Wells has written a novel which is not a battle-cry but an echo, while sufficiently interesting in itself, would not necessarily call for extended comment. As we have said, there is no safe predicting which way Mr. Wells will face in his next book. We may find him still further on the road towards the old standards and the old moralities, or we may find him holding an advanced outpost far ahead of "Ann Veronica." What does arrest one's attention in "Marriage," is that in breaking away from the modern conception of marriage and love in marriage, Mr. Wells remains faithful to certain characteristic dogmas of modern writers on the subject. He has kept the old turns of phrase. The book in its total effect is old-fashioned, but it has pages that are very advanced indeed. Thus we know that whereas the conservative mind prefers to regard the ideal marriage as a condition of peaceful beatitude, the modern mind is obsessed with the curse of placidity that follows upon marriage. Here Mr. Wells is quite modern still. He deplores the fading of romance that follows the tumult and the glory of Marjorie's courtship and the first golden days of wedlock. The burden of his song is familiar enough: With marriage the emotional climax is attained; soon the walls of the enchanted garden fall to the ground—and the real world outside forces its way in. At all times men have recognized the emotional calm that follows courtship, when Romeo forswears moonlit balconies and warms his slippers at the fire. Women have revolted at the fact. Men have accepted it with resignation. Recall Sardou's Cyprienne, and how she protests against the stagnation of married life. Des Prunelles asks whether she would have him dress up as a Calabrian bandit and climb in at her window on a rope ladder. And no one would accuse Sardou of being modern. But whereas the old world, accepting the fact that men are April when they woo and December when they wed, has attempted to go behind the fact and work out a reconciliation between the real and the ideal, the modern temperament refuses to be comforted. And so in countless novels and plays the hero turns from the lassitude of marriage to the never-failing stimulant of art. Your extreme modernist does not hesitate to return a verdict of guilty on the indictment. Marriage ceases to be true marriage when romance ceases; accordingily, it stands condemned.

And now note one of those essential contradictions that the modern soul adores. In one breath wedlock stands condemned of bovine placidity. In the next breath marriage is a failure because the sexes are in perpetual conflict and because woman is an eternal mystery. How a perpetual conflict can be tame, how an eternal mystery can be conducive to lassitude, how one can live in slippered ease with a sphinx about the house, we find it rather hard to understand. Mr. Wells tumbles into exactly this contradiction. Having assured us that in love one fails or wins home, and there's an end of it, Mr. Wells devotes three hundred closely-printed pages to showing how Marjorie and Trafford labored to find out whether their love is actually a failure or whether they have in fact won home. It takes them ten years to find out; and a solution that occupies one for ten years argues a fairly difficult and absorbing puzzle. There is certainly no spiritual or emotional stagnation in the married life of the Traffords. In the course of their search after their own souls, what tense situations Mr. Wells compels them to face, what emotional storms they must weather, what adjustment and readjustment they attempt! They ponder, they debate, they analyze their own attitudes towards each other and to the world, they indulge in regrets, they flame up with renewed hopes, they quarrel, they flee for refuge to their children, they flee to the silence of their own souls in Labrador, they starve, they face death, they face the greatest thing in the world—which is Truth. How can a condition which makes such demands upon heart and brain and character conceivably be described as monotonous?

There are modern critics of marriage who are not altogether blind to this weakness in their case. The more careful and conscientious observers among them recognize that this business of the stagnation of wedlock has been sadly overdone. They know that the period after the honeymoon is not one dead level of satiety. There are emotional revivals. The sacred flame leaps up again. Romance returns to its throne. The modern writer, taking cognizance of this well-established phenomenon, describes it as a process of falling in love again. That is the way Mr. Wells speaks of it. In his peculiar use of the word love to describe not a permanent state but a recurrent emotional condition, he still holds fast to the new school. Let us put the case crudely. Under the old-fashioned conception, if husband and wife are in love on Sunday and are found to be in love on the Sunday following, the assumption was that the two have been lovers during the six days intervening. Under the new conception, husband and wife may be in love on Sunday, out of love on Monday and Tuesday, in love again on Wednesday and Thursday. Take the case of Marjorie and Trafford. Their marriage is a love marriage, and, in passing, let us say that Mr. Wells has painted with truly admirable skill and insight the glow, the exaltation, and the tenderness of first love. But upon the Traffords' marriage follow disillusion, bewilderment, misunderstanding, tribulation. Trafford, as we have seen, succumbs to the lure of scientific research. Marjorie drifts into frivolous interests. They recognize the danger, and as a spiritual cure they decide to revisit the scenes of their honeymoon journey in the Italian Alps. The cure succeeds:

> Trafford seemed to have forgotten all the strain and disappointment of the past two years, to be amazed but in no wise incredulous at this enormous change in her and their outlook. He was now deeply in love with her again.

The influence of Alpine scenery and the luxuries of a millionaire's villa where the Traffords find themselves guests for a time continue the softening process. Away from suburban lectures and the fear of debt, Trafford begins to understand:

> He had judged her fickle, impulsive, erratic, perhaps merely because her mind had followed a different process from his, because while he went upon the lines of constructive truth, her guide was a more immediate and instinctive sense of beauty. —He was very much alive to her now, and deeply in love with her.

Here you have a pretty complete statement of what we may call the spasmodic theory of love in marriage; and when you come to analyze it, an oppressively vulgar theory it is. Our elders, after their commonplace, Philistine fashion, were not in the habit of exalting romantic love as the only foundation and justification of marriage. But in their own commonplace way they worked out a theory of love which for sweep and poetry renders the teachings of the modern romantics utterly cheap. They thought and spoke of love between husband and wife as a continuous process which, like every other process in the physical and spiritual world, is subject to the law of ebb and flow. They were not blind to the facts of life. When they wrote the history of a pair of married lovers they took into account the upheaval and subsidence of passion; they took into acount such hard facts as temporary disillusionment, misunderstanding, hostilities, temporary regrets. But all these they viewed as isolated manifestations of a single rhythmic process which in its unity they called love.

Is it a mere question of difference in terminology, or is there a real difference of mind and heart indicated when people speak of love as a harmonic law of life or speak of it as a temporary appetite? To us it seems that the difference is a very real one. At any rate, that is our quarrel with Mr. Wells. In essentials, he seems to be returning to the older and deeper view of love in marriage; but he cannot rid himself of the formulas and phrases he has gathered in the field of modern speculation.

The Moth. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Bros.

Fifth Avenue and Newport are favorite stamping-grounds of current fiction. To breathe the upper airs of the Back Bay and the North Shore is a privilege less commonly (if less desirably) extended to the story-reader. Here are a group of people who are supposed to exist in that exclusive atmosphere. Their travels resemble Dr. Primrose's. They journey between Boston and Beverly as the Vicar between the blue bed and the brown. They have exquisite manners: "He was conscious of the impression he made and enjoyed it, but to prevent any suspicion of this from entering Lucy's head, he pulled a lavender silk handkerchief from his coat-sleeve and nonchalantly flicked at an imaginary speck upon his foot." At the same time they are reassuringly human. The gentleman of the lavender handkerchief, replacing that ornament in his sleeve, proceeds to mix a new cocktail known as "swizzle." "One goes a long ways, doesn't it?" remarks the delighted Lucy.

Lucy is the Moth, presented at first in the act of dancing about the flame of life. She has been married ten years, and has two children, but her desires are still those of sweet sixteen. She gives stag-parties, stands on the table, and tells her guests that she "loves them every one." Life stretches before her as one prolonged "good time." Her husband is a good-for-nothing man of pleasure, at Lucy's expense, and there seems to be very little hope for her when, in due season, she meets her fate. But the author believes in a pleasant ending, and the story has that, at least.

The Lost World. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Your reviewer read the first instalments of this story in their serial form and was then halted by circumstances. He left Professor Challenger and his three comrades at the very point of attaining that unknown plateau in South America which has preserved the pterodactyl and dinosaur and other nightmare monsters from the Jurassic age (if the reviewer's geology is right). He can testify that it is rather painful to stop in the middle of the story. And now, having read the whole book, he can testify that the interest goes on increasing to the end.

To deal realistically with a theme of this kind requires no slight art. It would be easy enough to cram up a few books of geology and anthropology, and then imagine some way of getting a modern man back among the wild growths of the past; but to give the real thrill of living adventure to battles with flying elephants and ape-men is another matter. The creator of Sherlock Holmes has done this, and he has made the four adventurers in this lost world genuine men of distinct characters.

A DISTINGUISHED PUBLISHER.

George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. Together with a Record of the Earlier Years of the Publishing House Founded by Him. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The subject of this memoir died forty years ago. He was an important figure in his day, and it is strange that a full generation should have passed before these records were got together. To be sure, his memory has been embalmed in the firm name of the publishing house which he founded, but few of the present generation can have any but the vaguest notion as to the manner of man G. P. Putnam was. He was not among the great ones of his time, but he was among the good and useful ones, and his private character and public services should not be forgotten. The basis of the book is a memoir printed some ten years ago for circulation in the family. Such parts have been taken from the narrative as were of more general interest, and the personal story is supplemented by various letters and papers.

George Palmer Putnam was born in Maine, and was destined to be a New Yorker, but he came of Massachusetts stock on both sides. His father was a Bostonian and a Harvard man, who broke down soon after his admission to the bar and retreated with his young wife to Brunswick, Me. Thereafter it seems to have been her duty not only to bear his children, but to support them. At eleven years, the fourth child, George, was apprenticed to a distant connection in Boston, a dealer in carpets. At fifteen something drew him to New York. Without prospect of finding anything in particular at the end of the voyage, he took passage on a fast schooner which made the journey round the Cape in a week. Chance and the "Want" columns gave him his first job in a little Broadway bookshop. The rest is the familiar story of the poor boy pushing steadily on against the tide towards an achievement far beyond the ordinary.

At that time (the early thirties) Boston was already somewhat in the lead as a publishing centre. The predecessors of Lippincott were established in Philadelphia, the Harpers were laying the foundations of their prosperity in New York (not always in the most scrupulous way, according to the present chronicler), and there was a considerable number of minor firms which existed largely by the issuance of reprints. In Boston, the chief houses were Allen & Ticknor, the forerunners of Ticknor & Fields, and Little & Brown, now Little, Brown & Co. The Jonathan Leavitt with whom young Putnam served for some time as clerk and messenger, dealt chiefly in theological and religious books, which were easier to get and easier to sell in the America of that day than any other literary home product. With him Daniel Appleton, founder of the firm of Appleton, was associated at the time; and when he presently set up for himself, among the stock to be divided was a book called "Chronology, an Introduction and Index to Universal History," by G.P. Putnam. The young clerk's salary was $4.00 a week, but his duties kept him at the shop from early morning till nine or ten at night; his spare time, such as it was, he spent in reading. History especially interested him, and he began the "Index" at the age of fifteen, as an aid to his own studies. Three years later it was published, almost the first work of its kind in English.

But that little manual of dates was the first step in a long career of hard work and solid product. G. P. Putnam was one of the men—there are one or two to be found in every community—whom everybody counts on to do more than his share in whatever business he may be induced to connect himself with. He had a habit of being the working member of the numerous committees upon which such a man is bound to find himself. At twenty-three he became secretary of the first American association for the establishment of an international copyright law; and his son dwells with special pride upon the fact that "in all the subsequent movements that were made on behalf of international copyright between 1837 and the time of his death in 1872, my father took an active part, while a considerable proportion of these copyright undertakings were initiated at his own instance and were conducted largely through his efforts." His zeal in this cause was plainly due to his sense of justice rather to than to self-interest. Publishers of that day, both in America and in England, were incredibly indifferent to the principle involved in copyright. Publishing was a cutthroat game, and it was generally understood that the devil might as well take the hindmost. Yet from the moment when (in 1840) the firm of Wiley & Putnam entered the field, the junior partner declined to have anything to do with stolen books. "Irrespective of the protection or lack of protection afforded by the law, he held that authors should be left in full control of their own productions, and that political boundaries had no logical connection with the property rights of the producer." Against the less scrupulous usage of his rivals Mr. Putnam stuck to this principle to the end of his career as a publisher.

The same extreme conscientiousness—whether or not it derived from his New England blood—determined his attitude in all matters, public or private. Moral obligations involved in a business failure brought about by the crisis of 1857 were discharged as if they had been legal. The many philanthropic and political movements which engaged his interest were submitted to rigorous tests of right and wrong. On the other hand, it is clear that there was nothing forbidding or self-righteous in his nature. The long list of distinguished men and women whom he knew intimately bears witness to his human charm. His one act of clairvoyance as a publisher seems to have been his taking up of Washington Irving's works when the Philadelphia publisher judged them to be of no further value as an investment; and the affectionate relation between author and publisher which resulted, and which grew warmer with the years, was among the chief rewards of a useful life.

The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins. Edited by L. C. Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

The late Professor Collins, like many greater men, paid the penalty for his versatility. He was a brilliant popular lecturer, a broad and thorough scholar, an intelligent and sometimes acute literary critic. But two tendencies which no doubt strengthened him as a popularizer vitiated a good deal of his criticism, and sometimes led even his scholarship astray. One is his passion for seeking the moral everywhere; the other is his delight in the never-ending quest of the literary parallel. The pursuit of the parallel too often succeeds either in discovering parallel commonplaces or in developing a sort of literary strabismus which sees parallelism in the sides of a right angle. A striking example of these faults—a highly moral and entirely false parallel between the attitudes of Sophocles and Shakespeare towards suicide, from Professor Collins's "Studies in Shakespeare," has just been pointed out by J. H. Hanford in *Publications of the Modern Language Association.*

The core of the "Posthumous Essays" is a series of papers on great writers of the last century—Wordsworth as a Teacher, Emerson, Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson. Both of the faults which have been mentioned are conspicuous in these essays. The phrase "as a teacher" might appropriately have been affixed to all the titles instead of to one, for Professor Collins is constantly concerned with the didactic qualities of his subjects. The few literary judgments in the essays on Wordsworth and Emerson are taken over bodily, in some cases almost word for word, from Matthew Arnold. In the very essay from which Professor Collins borrows, Arnold has shown at some length that Wordsworth's philosophy is poetically of small account; yet Professor Collins can say, "It is difficult to understand Matthew Arnold's silence about the significance of Wordsworth's metaphysical philosophy"; and he, after expounding this philosophy, can predict that on account of it Wordsworth will ultimately be ranked above Milton and on an equality with Shakespeare. Tennyson interests Professor Collins because he grapples with the problem, "How are the grand central doctrines of Christianity to be reconciled with the facts of science?" Browning interests him because, like Bishop Butler, he teaches that "the moral government of God implies that we are in a state of trial with reference to a future world." The parallel with Butler is worked out in detail, and there are similar extended parallels with Lessing, and—save the mark!—with Montaigne. Professor Collins's parallel-hunting at its worst, however, can be more briefly illustrated by a quotation from the essay on Wordsworth:

> When Chrysippus tells us that all ethical inquiries must start with considering the universal order and arrangement of the world, and that it is only by a study of Nature and of what God is that anything really satisfactory can be stated about good and evil, we see how near we are to Wordsworth; it is exactly
>
> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

The vision of a critic who sees parallelism, much less identity, in these two lines of thought is indeed strangely distorted.

Besides these nineteenth-century essays, the volume contains a group of miscellaneous papers of very uneven value—a sympathetic sketch of Dr. Johnson, a rather commonplace defence of Burke's consistency, a lecture on Shakespearean theatres, an admirable study of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and a collection of "Curiosities of Popular Proverbs" in which Professor Collins's delight in parallelism finds legitimate scope. Beginning with Lord John Russell's happy definition of a proverb, "One man's wit and all men's wisdom," this is a veritable treasury of information as to the history of popular sayings. It may be remarked that "to make a virtue of necessity" is much older than Matthew Paris, the earliest source referred to by Professor Collins; it is used twice by St. Jerome, and was evidently proverbial in his time.

The lecture on "Shakespearean Theatres" is picturesque, but rather inaccurate. It would be unfair to hold Professor Collins responsible for slips in the statement of fact, since his son tells us in the preface that part of his task was "to put into shape passages which were little more than rough notes." But it is unfortunate that an author who was so severe upon others for such inaccuracies should be represented as saying that "the Fortune (Theatre) was erected about 1598," or that James Burbage "played all the great parts in Shakespeare." Besides such obvious errors, the essay contains a good many dogmatic assertions on disputed matters. Its inclusion in the volume seems a mistake.

The essay on Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft is, on the whole, the best of the series. Professor Collins skilfully outlines the characters and story of this remarkable pair, and gives an excellent summary of their doctrines. It is interesting to see in how many ways they anticipated movements which have grown powerful in our own time. Mary deserves more credit than she often gets as a pioneer of the woman's rights movement. Besides Godwin's revolutionary political teaching, his position with reference to marriage is almost identical with that of the most "advanced" modern theorists, such as Ellen Key. It is less generally known that he anticipated Mrs. Eddy. "He would contend," Mrs. Shelley tells us, "that death and disease existed only through the feebleness of man's mind, and—happy man!—that pain had no reality."

As a whole, although the "Posthumous Essays" will add nothing to Professor Collins's reputation, they will not seriously detract from it. With all their perversities of moralizing and parallelizing, they contain much that will interest every lover of literature.

The Work of Wall Street. By Sereno S. Pratt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

This work has a large scope. The author describes it as "an account of the functions, methods, and history of the New York money and stock markets." It is all that, and more. For Wall Street, like Saint Germain, is not a place, but a state. The term has both an objective and a subjective connotation. It implies the whole American field of material production and distribution, on the one side, and the whole American philosophy with reference to the largest utilization of that field, on the other. Wall Street represents things and the ways those things are regarded by the people who handle them.

Mr. Pratt discourses entertainingly and instructively on both of these aspects. He does not possess—few persons do—the broad vision, the capacity for subtle distinctions, the fluidity and flexibility of language, displayed by Walter Bagehot in "Lombard Street." He has, however, brought together a great array of facts gathered by long, painstaking, and many-sided observation, and has given them a relevancy which most persons unaided are quite likely to overlook.

The present work is an amplification and a recasting of a treatise on Wall Street issued in 1903. Much has happened since then, both in the way of industrial and economic transformation and in the way of public agitation for a new philosophy of speculation, to furnish a reason for this revision. The nation has passed through a great financial panic; the New York trust companies have been admitted to the Clearing House, and the Clearing House methods have been improved in various ways; improvements have been made in the New York Stock Exchange rules, among them one involving the abolition of the unlisted department; the question of combination or competition in the conduct of industry has been vigorously debated in and out of Congress; many important court decisions, notably by the United States Supreme Court, have been rendered in connection with the Sherman Anti-Trust law; the Monetary Commission has made a laborious study of the banking and currency question and has published a vast amount of valuable literature; the Railroad Securities Committee, headed by President Hadley of Yale University, has made an elaborate report on the principles which should govern the issuance of railway securities. No decade in American history has been more transforming than that which has elapsed since Mr. Pratt produced the first edition of the work before us.

This period has furnished much food for the reflection which has been put into the chapter on Investment, Speculation, and Gambling. If we restore the true meanings of these terms, we shall, says Mr. Pratt, promote sound thinking on some important subjects. Even the report of the Hughes Commission, admirable as it is in most respects, is, he adds, not altogether clear in the distinctions it makes between investment and gambling. While it shows conclusively the economic advantages of speculation, it reveals some confusion of thought which is likely to do harm in befogging the issues at stake. In saying that speculation may be wholly legitimate, or pure gambling, or may partake of the qualities of both, the report is far less accurate than in declaring that a distinction exists between speculation which is carried on by persons of means based on intelligent forecast and that which is carried on by persons without these qualifications. Speculation, contends our author, is never gambling, though the machinery, which is created to facilitate the operations of speculation, may be used by gamblers.

Speculation has no stancher defender than Mr. Pratt. Speculation, he declares, is a part of the great system of distribution to which credit and transportation belong—it performs in its way the same service for the world that credit and transformation do. It facilitates the process of distributing products to consumers. It is, in fact, a balance-wheel. That is, when it is the right kind of speculation, for while most of us must, with President Hadley, deplore the extent to which speculation is carried at the present day, we must also agree with him that there is a right kind of speculation which seems to be an absolute necessity for the successful and regular conduct of modern industrial life.

How are we to conserve this kind and destroy the other? Is it worth while to enact laws to prevent speculation in order to make gambling impossible? If it is not worth while, is it possible by new rules and regulations to destroy the opportunities for stock gambling while preserving the opportunities for speculation? The Hughes Commission frankly admitted the impossibility of distinguishing what is virtually gambling from legitimate speculation, and acted on the principle that exchanges can accomplish more than Legislatures. It recommended a number of changes in the New York Stock Exchange system, nearly all of which have been substantially adopted; but gambling goes on. Yet there are those who propose to enact laws to make speculation in stocks impossible, the consequences of which must, in Mr. Pratt's judgment, be disastrous.

Notes

From the Clarendon Press (Frowde) will come an historical grammar of the Welsh language by Prof. J. Morris Jones. Vol. I, which will be ready early next year, is concerned with phonology and accidence. The second and final volume is reserved for the syntax.

Putnams have among their autumn announcements two novels—"The Upas Tree," by Florence L. Barclay, and "Palmers Green," by Stewart Caven—and a long list of miscellaneous books: "The Letters of Ulysses S. Grant," edited by his nephew, Jesse Grant Cramer; "The Woman Movement," by Ellen Key; "An Introduction to Metaphysics," by Henri Bergson, authorized translation by T. E. Hulme; "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," by A. C. Benson; "Swords and Ploughshares," a treatise on peace, by Lucia A. Mead; "The Personality of Napoleon" (Lowell Lectures, 1912), by J. Holland Rose; "Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert," by Francis Gordon Alexander and a collaborator; "De Orbe Novo—The Eight Decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghiera," translated from the Latin, with notes and introduction by Francis Augustus MacNutt; "Kings and Gods of Egypt," by A. Moret; "Roger of Sicily, and the Normans in Lower Italy (1016-1154)," by Edmund Curtis, and "Canute the Great, and the Rise of Danish Imperialism during the Viking Age," by Laurence M. Larson.

October 19 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin Co. for the publication of the following: "Pike County Ballads" by John Hay, holiday edition; "Billy Popgun," a fantastic tale of adventure by Milo Winter; "Around the Clock in Europe," by Charles F. Howell; "Prudent Priscilla," by May C. E. Wemyss; "The Young Minute-Man of 1812," by Everett T. Tomlinson: "Time and Change," essays by John Burroughs; "The American Mind," by Bliss Perry; "The Children of Light," by Florence Converse; "Villa Mirafiore," a collection of poems by Frederic Crowninshield, and "Riverside Reader, VI," edited by James H. Van Sickle and others.

"Everybody's St. Francis," a forthcoming volume in the Century Company's list, is a life of the saint, by Maurice Egan, with illustrations in color, by Boutet de Monvel.

The Macmillan Company has now ready in fiction: "The Secret of the Clan," by Alice Brown; "Christmas," by Zona Gale; "Van Cleve," by Mary S. Watts; "The Stranger at the Gate," by Mabel Osgood Wright; Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," with illustrations in color and decorations by Paul Bransom, and "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, with illustrations in color.—Miscellaneous: "The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," put into modern English by Professor Tatlock and Percy MacKaye and illustrated with thirty-two full-page plates in color by Warwick Goble; the first two volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, being "Euripides, I and II," and "The Confessions of Saint Augustine, I"; "A Wanderer in Florence," by E. V. Lucas; "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint," by Father Bernard Vaughan; "The Business of Being a Woman," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Increasing Home Efficiency," by M. B. and R. W. Bruère; "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," by Miss Coman; Stevens's "Industrial Combinations and Trusts"; Hershey's "The Essentials of International Public Law," and Munro's "The Government of American Cities."

The following are among the autumn books of the Chicago University Press: "The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties," by Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin; "Heredity and Eugenics," by John M. Coulter, William E. Castle, Edward M. East, William L. Tower, and Charles B. Davenport; "Questions on Shakespeare," by Prof. Albert H. Tolman; "The Minister and the Boy," by Prof. Allan Hoben; "The Ethics of the Old Testament," by Hinckley G. Mitchell, and "Old Testament Story," a teacher's manual and pupil's notebook, by Charles H. Corbett.

Duffield & Co.'s autumn list is conspicuous for its handsomely illustrated volumes for children. It includes: "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates; Boutet de Monvel's "Old Songs and Dances for Little Children," with translation into English verse; "Peterkin," by Gabrielle Jackson, with a frontispiece in color, by Maxfield Parrish; "Work and Play for Little Girls" and "Housekeeping for Little Girls"; "Musical Dates for Little Pates," by Isabel Stevens Lathrop, and "Ten Girls from History," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

Two titles are of special interest in Sturgis & Walton's announcements: "Constructive Rural Sociology," by John M. Gillette, and "Social Welfare in New Zealand: The Results of Twenty Years of Social Legislation, and Its Significance for the United States and Other Countries," by Hugh H. Lusk.

October publications of Little, Brown & Co. include three novels: "The Destroying Angel," by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Tempting of Tavernake," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "A Cry in the Wilderness," by Mary E. Waller.

Other announcements by the same house contain the following: A new edition of "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, with twenty-four full-page illustrations in color, by C. E. Brock; "Romantic Days in the Early Republic," by Mary Caroline Crawford; "Woman in the Making of America," by H. Addington Bruce; "The Union of South Africa," by W. Basil Worsfold, being the fifth volume in the All Red British Empire series; "John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot," by Winnifred Fales; "In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion," by Maude M. Holbach; "Medoc Myths," by the late Jeremiah Curtin; "History of French Private Law," by J. Brissaud, in the Continental Legal History series; a new pocket edition of "The Romances and Travels of Théophile Gautier," "The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes," by Emile Ollivier, and Gustaf Janson's book of stories dealing with the Turco-Italian War, translated from the Swedish.

Four novels will come shortly from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.: "The Soddy," a story of the Kansas plains, by Sarah Comstock; "Left in Charge," life in a rural parish of England, by Victor L. Whitechurch; "Object: Matrimony," by Montague Glass, and "Madame Mésange," by F. Berkely Smith.

The fifteenth and last volume of the Catholic Encyclopædia is announced by the Robert Appleton Company for publication this month.

The following are among Holt's immediate announcements: "The Montessori Mother," by Dorothy Canfield; "The Collectors," a volume of stories by Frank Jewett Mather, jr.; "The Home Book of Verse," by Burton E. Stevenson, and Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," edited by Prof. William Madison Hervey.

"Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown" is the title of a book which Andrew Lang had about completed at the time of his death. It attempts to confute the Baconian hypothesis and also the theory that some unknown person of distinction was the author of the plays. The book will be issued by Messrs. Longmans in November.

We welcome a new edition, in one volume, of A. M. W. Stirling's "Coke of Norfolk, and His Friends" (Lane). Reviewing the first edition of this biography, the *Nation* said, April 23, 1908:

> Altogether, the book may well engage the attention of him who wants to see English life of a century ago; and he will not fail to enjoy the character here revealed of what we, with a certain touch of fondness, are wont to style "a gentleman of the old school."

The Lippincott Company has an excellent edition of Rabelais in two volumes, showing good type, and being distinguished by numerous illustrations in which W. Heath Robinson has caught at least the animal, Falstaffian side of his author with notable gusto. But we must express astonishment that no prefatory advertisement is given of the character of the translation here reproduced. As the facts could be stated in a brief paragraph, one is at a loss to understand the reticence of the modern editor. As a matter of fact, this is, so far as we have examined, a very accurate copy *literatim* of the Urquhart-Motteux version of 1653, 1693, and 1694, whether taken directly from the *editiones principes* or indirectly from the careful reprint of the Tudor Translations. Even the title pages of the present edition, besides jumbling together the statements of the ancient and the modern publishers, do not give all the information conveyed in the original of the former. Those who desire to read Rabelais in all the sins of his flesh should know that this is the best and fullest text in English, and that the first three books, from the pen of Sir Thomas Urquhart, are one of the miracles of translation.

We welcome the reprint which Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just issued of "The Complete Works of Robert Browning," with introductions and notes by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and a general introduction by Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale. The twelve volumes—the same number as in the original issue of 1898—have been brought, by the use of Bible paper, to the compass of a pocket edition; this without sacrificing the appearance of the type, which is of excellent size, and does not show through the pages. Some of the photogravure frontispieces, made from paintings of such artists as Vandyke, Michael Angelo, and Burne-Jones, are truly choice.

An agreeable medley of garden lore and philosophy at large is presented by Mary Ansell in the prettily illustrated book "The Happy Garden" (Cassell). On four acres at the edge of pine woods were contrived no less features than a lawn, a peat garden, a Japanese garden, a bridge, a toy river, and a pool. The whole by skilful meanders and vistas came to simulate great spaces. The conquest was a thoughtful one and interesting. Doubtless practical gardeners will find profit in the chronicle. A layman may profess himself unreconciled to the eclectic introduction of exotic sculpture into this British paradise. To point the gently Tory moral of the book, a belated Victorian wife and an ultra-modern spinster are amusingly conjured up. The tone of the author's well-sustained whimsicality recalls the incomparable Elizabeth; but the caustic note is absent. This entertaining book should make an acceptable gift for one who gardens either in fact or fancy.

R. F. Foster is favorably known to bridge players by former writings upon the game, and his latest book, "Royal Auction Bridge" (Stokes), will be welcomed as a practical guide to the game as commonly played now. The introduction of the declaration of "royal spades," or "Lilies," having a value only inferior to that of "no-trumps," has in many respects revolutionized the principles of the game, and Mr. Foster's aim in the present volume is to demonstrate how the double value attached to spades must influence the preliminary bidding. Mr. Foster has evidently adopted the new play *con amore* and regards the innovation as an immense improvement on the old game of auction. Concerning this point we have only space to remark that there is room for difference of opinion, and to many players the objection to "royal spades" will remain, that there seems no logical reason for according a double value to spades rather than to any or all of the suits. A further objection is found in the fact that the new declaration has limited very considerably the number of "no-trump" hands that are played, and the "no-trump" call is of the very essence of bridge. Granting the legitimacy of the innovation, however, Mr. Foster has given a lucid exposition of the principles involved by the new count.

Volumes creditable to British and American scholarship continue to appear in the International Critical Commentary (Scribner). The most recent is "The Book of Isaiah": Volume I, by Prof. George Buchanan Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford. It contains an introduction (101 pages) and commentary on chapters i-xxvii. A second volume will include the commentary on the remainder of I Isaiah by the same author, and a treatment of chapters xl-lxvi, by Prof. Arthur S. Peake. Twenty years ago one of the heresy charges against Dr. Briggs, who is the American editor of this series, was that he held to a double authorship of Isaiah. It is now generally recognized, however, that not even the first half of the prophesy is a unity, but that considerable portions of the earlier chapters are not from the hand of the great prophet who received his call in the year that King Uzziah died. The tendency has been to undervalue the non-Isaian sections. It is a merit of Dr. Gray that he seeks to do justice to the large portions which cannot be attributed to Isaiah and to exhibit their significance in the development of Hebrew religion. He maintains that the term "genuine" is misleading as applied to passages in a book which has been shown to be a compilation from widely separated ages. The composite character of the book has been so clearly demonstrated that it is not safe to reckon a section as Isaian only because no clear evidence to the contrary appears; the opposite is true; evidence of Isaian authorship must be sought in each section, and the authorship of many portions must be left undetermined. It is Dr. Gray's frank recognition of this fact, and his fresh study of many portions of undetermined age and authorship, which render his commentary an advance upon all previous studies of Isaiah by English students. Another volume of the series contains commentaries on Micah, Zephaniah, and Nahum, by Dr. John Marlin Powis Smith, of the University of Chicago; Habakkuk, by Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the *Independent*, and Obadiah and Joel, by Prof. Julius A. Bewer, of the Union Theological Seminary.

In "The Charterhouse of London" (Dutton), W. F. Taylor tells anew the story of that famous foundation in its three successive stages, as Carthusian convent, as palace, and as school and hospital for pensioners. The Gothic fabric itself, made so familiar by Thackeray as the "Greyfriars" in "The Newcomes," serves to maintain the unity of a story that is full of vicissitudes, and throughout Mr. Taylor makes us feel the spell of old walls and pillars, of archways and quiet cloisters, even as he himself has felt it. The greater portion of the book is devoted to the first period, from the time of the foundation of the convent, in 1371, on the site of a plague burial ground, to its dissolution under Henry VIII; and these chapters are historically of the greatest value and interest. In the main, the history of the austere order founded by St. Bruno has been an uneventful one. No other "religion" has proved so consistently true, in letter and in spirit, to the principles of its founder; on this account, perhaps, it has avoided many of the trials, from within as from without, that have beset other monastic orders. The most stirring chapter in its annals is that which is told here, sympathetically but without partiality, and which relates to the heroic stand made by the London house against Henry VIII and his Machiavellian Vicar-General, Cromwell. For five years, despite every kind of persuasion, the monks, with but one or two exceptions, steadfastly refused to take the oath repudiating the Pope as "Christ's Vicar on Earth," and in that time eighteen of them, headed by their Prior, John Houghton, suffered martyrdom. The King won in the end, as was inevitable, and the convent became the prey of successive spoilers, until its purchase by Sir Edward North, when it entered on a brilliant period of its history as a noble's palace. From the North family it passed to the Howards, and finally to the wealthy merchant, Thomas Sutton, by whose will the Charterhouse was refounded as a hospital for the aged and the maimed and a school for the sons of poor parents. Mr. Taylor has done full justice to an inspiring theme. His facts are admirably marshalled and clearly expressed, and he quotes freely from the contemporary authorities.

An exceeding neatness is the most striking characteristic of Brander Matthews's "Gateways to Literature and Other Essays" (Scribner). This uniformity of surface somewhat disguises a peculiar inequality of texture. When neatness is wedded to shrewdness, as it is in perhaps half the essays, we have a marked degree of critical excellence. One may doubt if, within brief space, anything better could be said about Poe than Mr. Matthews says in his centenary address. This is the high-water mark of the volume, the single point where it rises to the high critical level as defined by the author. Just and stimulating are the essays on "Familiar Verse," "The Duty of Imitation," "In Behalf of the General Reader." The address on James Fenimore Cooper is handled with tact, though the eulogy seems a bit forced. An obituary notice of Bronson Howard is a fine example of deft and sincere journalism. What surprises a reader of these essays is the odd way in which the prevailing neatness lapses into a kind of complacent futility. It is hard to recognize the author of "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame" in, for example, the essay called "The Devil's Advocate." It is a thin buzzing of protest against the repute of Dr. Johnson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, apparently because their literary habits were not quite gentle and neat. The address on "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History," on the whole a suggestive paper, is quite vague in its reading of the leading term, economic. Again, the essay on "French Poets and English Readers" arrives at the commonplace conclusions that our Teutonic vocabulary has deeper poetic associations, which is probably untrue for constant readers of French verse, while the rhythm of French verse is too slight and subtle to content English ears. All of which comes to saying rather elaborately that few Englishmen know French well enough to grasp the quality of French poetry. Again, the attempt to prove a wide and clear gulf between literary criticism and book reviewing quietly ignores the fact that a large portion of the best criticism was merely superior book reviewing in its day. In fact, Mr. Matthews seems to reduce book reviewing to the news noticing of books. Frequently in these essays there is an odd disparity between the precision of the style and the vagueness of both definitions and ideas. One leaves the book with something between surprise and irritation that one who can be so shrewd and just a critic seems often contented merely to chatter. At least the chatter is well bred and diverting, though the author gives an uncomfortable sense of being most at his ease in his more futile moments. A little devil's advocacy towards his own works would deeply oblige numerous admirers of his real and always companionable talent.

Mr. Bryan's letters from Chicago and Baltimore to a number of newspapers have been put into a book by Virgil V. McNitt, with the title "A Tale of Two Conventions" (Funk & Wagnalls). There is as much of Bryan as of the conventions in the "tale." This fact is accentuated by the addition to the letters as they were first published, of an editor's preface on "Mr. Bryan as a Newspaper Correspondent," an introduction by the Nebraskan, and the reproduction of a number of cartoons relating to his newspaper activities at Chicago and his political activities at Baltimore. While the volume contains the platforms of the three important conventions, and some of the notable speeches given at them, it cannot be highly praised as an account of the proceedings. Naturally, the noted correspondent left the routine story of each day's happenings to less famous hands, and spent his energy upon the broad outlines of the unfolding drama. This was proper enough, but what one wants in the way of a reference book is facts and figures, not rhetoric or ethical disquisitions. Mr. Bryan's volume does not contain a single table, it does contain, apparently, all of its author's speeches at Baltimore. From this general criticism should be excepted one interesting computation found in a footnote, that of the number of telegrams received by delegates to the Baltimore Convention "from home," which are supposed to have played an important part in the nomination of Wilson:

> These telegrams were so numerous that an effort was made to ascertain just how many there were. About 110,000 messages are known to have been received by delegates. Some were signed by many persons. Mr. Bryan himself received 1,128 telegrams from 31,331 persons in forty-six States

Science

William Wallace Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, is bringing out, through the Yale University Press, his lectures delivered on the Silliman Foundation in 1909-1910. The book bears the title, "Stellar Motions."

The same press will issue "Irritability," by Prof. Max Verworn.

Fannie Merritt Farmer is bringing out, through Little, Brown & Co., "A New Book of Cookery."

As agents for the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "The Method of Archimedes" (recently discovered by Heiberg), a supplement to the "Works of Archimedes," 1897, edited by Sir Thomas L. Heath, and "Analytical Geometry," a first course, by C. O. Tuckey and W. A. Nayler.

"Stuttering and Lisping" are discussed by Dr. E. W. Scripture in a book announced by Macmillan.

"Prevention and Cure" (Dutton), by Eustace Miles, treats a great variety of conditions (fatigue, old age, kidney troubles, hurry, and nearly a score more) which are mostly not diseases in a very definite sense. On these subjects the author gives much and varied advice, in which fact and fancy are freely mingled; advocating many restrictions of diet; he has some special ideas about exercise and physical culture. He also incidentally manifests a kindly feeling for many "isms" and their founders. Mr. Miles not many years ago had a considerable reputation in several forms of athletics, but now he busies himself with the problems of health as it concerns the individual. Besides inventing many things, as far a part as chair-rests and "safety-fryers," and publishing restaurant recipes and a system of physical culture, he is the principal of a "normal physical school" and the manager of the "Eustace Miles Restaurant (Proteid Foods, Limited)." He also edits a magazine called *Healthward Ho!* and lectures at his "salons in Chandos St." and elsewhere. This book is in part made up of such lectures in which he tried to attract hearers by considering some definite ailments rather than health in general, and found that larger audiences came to listen to him. His main contention seems to be that besides a general cultivation of cheerfulness, it is desirable to practice simple exercises and deep breathing, and to give up flesh foods, for which may be profitably substituted the proteid food called "emprote" and the "training biscuit," such as his company apparently prepares and sells.

G. Stanley Hall's "Founders of Modern Psychology" (Appleton) is an "amplification" of six lectures upon Zeller (who would doubtless be surprised to find himself among the "founders of modern psychology"), Lotze, Fechner, Von Hartmann, Von Helmholtz, and Wundt—these being the giants of the writer's student days in Germany, a generation or more ago. The meaning of "amplification" would furnish an interesting summer problem in textual criticism. We may guess that it consisted in interpolating between the biographical sketch and the critical estimate which constituted each original lecture, and which were carefully and well written, an indefinite amount of perfunctory digest of works and running commentary, more or less from the lecturer's "barrel"; and it is only polite to assume that the task of making the book was entrusted to an assistant—who did not know that the commentator of Kant is not Veihinger, that the mediæval mystic was not Eck*er*hart—and many such; nor that it was Diogenes Laertius who wrote "The Lives of the Philosophers," and not Diogenes who wrote "Laertius" (pp. 45, 50); nor, again, that Von Hartmann and Nietzsche are both dead and that Nietzsche, "the brilliant philologist," repudiated his endorsement of Wagner long before his death. For, while the present tense in the criticism of Von Hartmann (206) might conceivably be historical, it seems clear that the page on Nietzsche (210) cannot have been read by the author since he wrote it, say, twenty-five years ago. By such workmanship an attractive design for a volume of biographical essays is spoiled in the execution. Nor has the author's personal acquaintance with his subjects counted for much towards making their portraits intimate and familiar. Apparently he has few advantages over those who know them only through their works. Yet, from this point of view, it will be admitted that his estimates of the men are, on the whole, sound and just, and it is a pity that such excellent critical work should be buried under a mass of slipshod "amplification."

Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University is already well known for his interesting contributions to the history of medicine and for his insistence that the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church has been more favorable to scientific research than some other writers have declared it to be. His last book, "Old-Time Makers of Medicine" (Fordham University Press), deals with the students and teachers of medical science in the Middle Ages or for about a thousand years before the discovery of America. The material has been largely gleaned from other writers, who have made special studies in this field. Dr. Walsh makes no claim to have attempted original research in this direction, and has already used much of the substance of the book in occasional addresses and other publications, but the reader will easily see that he has much more than a mere compilation before him. The author seeks to show that the medical knowledge, or more particularly the surgery, of this period was far less crude and unscientific than it is commonly supposed to have been, and that much now regarded as very modern and commendable was already known in those days and then forgotten. Many things are brought forward to demonstrate that even in surgery the sun shines on nothing new. The careful reader, however, will still feel sure that modern medicine is richer and better than that of early times, and will recognize that the entire structure of medical progress rests now on a different and much firmer foundation and one infinitely more promising for further advance.

What Dr. Walsh's book does show, and what it is well worth while for the modern man to know and appreciate, is the fact that the men of these darker times, and many women, too, did not live in utter darkness, blind followers of vague traditions and methods, but were often as keen and progressive as the best of the moderns. It is easy, however, to magnify their insight and to attribute to them ideas and purposes which they did not really have, and which only the knowledge of much later times could make possible. What is said about anæsthesia, antisepsis, and dentistry easily leads to an exaggerated estimate of their attainments. To say, for example, that "very little has been added to the microscopic anatomy of the teeth since Eustachius's time" is surely misleading. Incidentally, the book carries much biographical detail, and in the appendix touches other points, as the question of St. Luke the physician and the real character of the early universities. Dr. Walsh promises another volume on "Our Forefathers in Medicine," which shall treat of Paracelsus, Vesalius, Servetus, Sylvius, and other worthies of the next period, the sixteenth century, a time of great importance and the deepest interest, the early period of modern medicine.

Drama

The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats. Vol. II, Dramatic Poems. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This volume contains half a dozen of the best known of Mr. Yeats's plays, all of which are in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Wholly apart from their dramatic value, which is not inconsiderable, they have a special significance as constituting a solid foundation for a national drama. Mr. Yeats, Mr. Synge, Lady Gregory, and a few more Irish enthusiasts, strong in the kind of faith that is manifested in works, have given reality to an enterprise which in England and America has taken shape only in the domain of dreams. It is a remarkable accomplishment, carrying with it the obvious lesson that the best assurance of ultimate fulfilment lies in an actual beginning, however small that beginning may be.

The history of the Irish National Theatre is too well known to all persons interested in such subjects to need relation here. Of the pieces in this book two only, "The Countess Kathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," are familiar to theatregoers in this country. The others, "The Shadowy Waters," "On Baile's Strand," "The King's Threshold," and "Deirdre," have been known here only in their printed form. All of them now appear in new guise, having been partly reconstructed and largely rewritten. They are better adapted than before to theatrical representation and far richer in literary beauty and imagination.

But the main object of this notice is to direct attention not so much to the plays—whose peculiar merits were recognized long ago—as to certain pregnant matter in Mr. Yeats's "Appendix IV," enunciating the principles of the Irish National Theatre Society. In this he touches upon some of the most potent causes of the decadence of the modern theatre. When he first began working, he says, upon the Celtic Renaissance, he perceived that there was still even in English a sufficient audience for song and speech. He saw that the theatre was a natural centre for a tradition of feeling and thought, but that, to succeed, it must have the appeal of oratory. This meant that he had to create a theatre of speech, romance, and extravagance. He had to get nearer to human life and instinct—to which, it may be added, nothing is much more foreign or antagonistic than much of the so-called naturalism of to-day. So he looked for the mainspring of his art in speech, where the players of Shakespeare found it, whether in the mimicry of peasant talk, or in that idealized utterance in which poets express what men think but do not say. He aspired to exercise once more the spell of musical language. Often, he says, he has wondered, when listening to some excellent man reading a poetic passage, what meaning poetry could have for the majority of mortals. "There is no poem so great that a fine speaker cannot make it greater, or that a bad ear cannot make it nothing." Truer word was never spoken. The contemporary theatre, he goes on to argue, in its elaboration, develops the player at the expense of the poet, and the scenery at the expense of the player, always specializing more and more, doing what is easiest at the expense of what is most noble, and creating a theatrical instead of a vital and human excitement. And he might have said further that it is just because of this substitution of the theatrically unreal for universal realities—the mockeries of life that momentarily intoxicate and then sicken—that the theatre has become a synonym for furious or vulgar futility. The moral should be taken to heart also in the Irish Theatre.

Mr. Yeats is not always logical. That, perhaps, under the circumstances, is a virtue which ought not to be expected of him. He is right enough in saying that the functions of the reciter and the actor are not identical. But they are not, as he seems to suppose, always and inevitably separated by an artistic gulf. The illustration which he quotes in support of his argument—the recitation of Hood's "Eugene Aram," presumably by Henry Irving—is peculiarly unhappy. He could see in that remarkable achievement nothing but a young man in evening dress who had become unaccountably insane. And yet, by general critical agreement, there has rarely been a more convincing demonstration of the power of a great actor to create a vivid illusion, without the aid of theatrical paraphernalia, by means of voice, gesture, and facial expression. As a matter of fact, recitation is an integral part of the art of acting. In poetic drama, in the case of the Ghost in "Hamlet," for instance, as in many of Mr. Yeats's own characters, the actor must perforce become the accomplished reciter if he is to produce the designed effect. Mr. Yeats says of the reciter that "he may speak to actual notes as a singer does, if they are so simple that he never loses the speaking voice, and if the poem is long he must do so, or his own voice will become weary and formless." This applies with equal force to the actor of poetic parts, and it is largely because the modern player does not know how to voice the melody of blank verse—which he grinds out in a monotonous sing-song—that Shakespeare can no longer be interpreted fittingly. It is time that our theatrical reformers should be reminded that there may be as much potential truth in purely imaginative works as in photographic realism, and that the almost illimitable scope of the ideal stage includes the cultivation of a refined public taste among its possibilities. The art of speech, one of its most important faculties, is perishing of neglect. Mr. Yeats, whose plays prove that his ears are delicately attuned to the music of words and phrases, hopes to revive it. It is a noble ambition, and the success of the Irish Theatre is sufficient proof that it is not entirely visionary.

"The Presentation of Time in the Elizabethan Drama" (Yale Studies in English, XLIV; Henry Holt & Co.), by Mable Buland, is a useful monograph. The main subjects of discussion are dramatic condensation of time and "double time," as it is called—that is, the adoption of two inconsistent time-schemes within the same drama. The latter, as Miss Buland remarks, is really a corollary of the former.

Having accepted the one convention, the theatre-goer or reader finds little difficulty in accepting the other—in fact, is rarely conscious of the employment of double time. This latter convention, if we may so term it, was first pointed out in Shakespeare's plays by Nicholas Halpin and John Wilson some sixty years ago—in "Othello" it is especially manifest—but Miss Buland shows by her analyses that it is observable also in nearly all the Elizabethan dramatists—once at least even in the classicist, Jonson. How far these dramatists themselves were conscious of it is uncertain. Shakespeare's use of it, however, is so definite that it is hard to believe that he did not deliberately adopt this dramatic device. One time-scheme is that naturally required by the action, the other is adopted for the impression of dramatic rapidity. Miss Buland says generally of Shakespeare's handling of time:

> The methods of Shakespeare in representing time are distinguished from those of his predecessors by the concreteness of his allusions to hours and days, by the appearance of close continuity in the succession of his scenes, and by the frequency with which the phenomenon of double time occurs in his plays.

Besides detailed time-analyses of a large number of representative Elizabethan plays, the appendices include notes on the time-element in the Greek tragedians and in Aristophanes. Here, as, for example, in the "Œdipus at Colonus" and Euripides's "Suppliants," there is dramatic condensation of time—especially in connection with the chorus—although no double time apparently, owing to the simple structure of plot. Miss Buland passes over Plautus and Terence with a few words and dismisses the Greek New Comedy in a single sentence. But it is interesting to observe in the latter, to judge by the extant fragments (more extensive than Miss Buland seems aware of) and by the Latin comedy derived from it, that the monologue, which took the place of the chorus of earlier tragedy and comedy, inherited from it the convention of indefinite length of time; during its recitation (as in the case of the chorus) hours might be supposed to have elapsed. Moreover, Plautus's "Captivi," based, of course, on a production of the New Comedy, offers a distinct example of double time. In the course of this play Philocrates makes the voyage from Aetolia to Alis and back which would require several days, yet the speeches of other characters near the end of the play imply that the action has lasted only a day.

No doubt "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, has in the French more literary distinction than is apparent in the English version (Duffield & Co.), made by Ruth Helen Davis. However this may be, the English form makes it clear that the French play is a tragic romance of uncommon imaginative and dramatic quality, with high ideals of love and patriotism, a powerful climax, and a poignant and sympathetic catastrophe. How far it is in accordance with historical fact is not a matter of moment. Much of it, certainly, is pure fiction, but it is thoroughly oriental in atmosphere, and doubtless reflects with accuracy certain phases of Chinese character and spirit.

The play tells how a certain Manchu Emperor, inexpressibly weary of his secluded and impotent grandeur in his Peking palace, leaves a dummy prince to act as his substitute, while he goes in disguise to woo the Chinese Empress, who holds her rebel state in Nanking. He falls in love with her, and she with him; but before he can declare his passion the Manchu armies, acting under orders given in his absence, bring fire and slaughter to the gates of the Empress's palace. Compelled to flee, he presently, having assumed command of his troops, returns as an envoy offering peace and pardon, but she, inspired by ancestral devotion, prefers death to submission, and prepares to die with the few survivors of her soldiers. Nevertheless, he is enabled to capture her, and convey her to Peking, where he implores her to become his Empress, and thus inaugurate lasting peace between the rival dynasties. But she, while confessing her love, resolutely refuses to outrage the spirits of her ancestors by union with a Tartar, and he, despairing, but reverencing her loyal piety, supplies her with poison that she may win the death she craves. Then he summons his court to do homage to her dead body. In its closing scenes, the play is tragedy of a high and moving sort, while its earlier acts vary romantic intrigue and patriotic sentiment with effective incident.

After a year's preparation, another English version of this piece, ascribed to "George Egerton," has been produced in the Century Theatre, upon a scale of great spectacular magnificence, with what can only be described as disastrous results. The pictures are extraordinarily fine, and in all material details indisputably characteristic. Much thought and money must have been expended upon them. But no indication of elaborate forethought is apparent in the acting, which is so commonplace and—in spite of such traditional Orientalisms as were revealed in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado"—Occidental, that all the finer exotic flavor of the piece, to say nothing of its subtler significances, is lost, the general representation never rising above the level of pictorial melodrama. Moreover, a stirring story becomes dull and tedious, through the utter inability of the players to deal with dialogue demanding some exercise of interpretative imagination. It is incredible that Pierre Loti, who knows his East, as the play itself proves, could have expressed, as has been reported, his enthusiastic delight in a representation so utterly conventional and uninspired. The inevitable result of it upon the ordinary spectator will be wonderment that an author of his repute—Judith Gautier, of course, has been less widely advertised—could be responsible for a play so pretentious and so shallow. The few who listen, and do not only look—who use their brains and ears as well as their eyes—will appreciate the fact that it is full of noble national aspiration, keen characterization, and poetic fancy. If the management had spent upon the actors a tenth of the money paid for the spectacle, they might have achieved something worth doing. Now they have only succeeded in giving a brilliant panorama, and covering a notable work with discredit.

The repute of several of the most advanced of modern dramatists rests largely upon the ridiculous assumption that a disregard of decent conventions is necessarily a sign of genius. It was some notion of this sort, probably, that induced Winthrop Ames to produce a more or less expurgated version, by Granville Barker, of Arthur Schnitzler's "The 'Affairs' of Anatole" in his Little Theatre. The result is not valuable either as an exposition of Schnitzler, whose dialogue must have lost much of its peculiar savor in translation, or as a contribution to modern dramatic art. The pretence that the piece, in its present shape, reveals any new view of life or its philosophy and is entitled to special credit on that account, is insupportable. Its chief merit, for stage purposes, is an undesirable frankness in dealing with notorious and widespread conditions in the relations of the sexes, its general motive being the humor of mutual infidelity. In its present shape it is a sordid show, whose insistence upon one theme becomes depressing, and whose few brighter moments are powerless to counteract its disagreeable features. The acting is indifferent, but the mounting is exquisite. Apparently the artistic theatre is still a long way off.

The old Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, London, which has sheltered some famous players in its time, is about to disappear. It was there, in 1856, that Ellen Terry made her first appearance on the stage. The house was then under the management of Charles Kean, and her part was that of Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale." Many public favorites of past years had been in some way identified with the famous theatre. George Vining ruled there for years, and it was there that Dion Boucicault won his earliest triumphs as playwright and actor. Mrs. Langtry was seen there in "Antony and Cleopatra"; Miss Grace Hawthorne played in "A Royal Divorce"; several of Mr. Hall Caine's melodramas were played there; Charles Warner made his great hit in "Drink," and Wilson Barrett triumphed in "The Silver King."

Music

From Mendelssohn to Wagner. The Memoirs of J. W. Davison. Compiled by Henry Davison. London: William Reeves.

It can hardly be said that Henry Davison has done his father a service by compiling and publishing this account of his life. James William Davison was the musical critic of the London *Times* for four decades (beginning with 1846), and for many years he was also a regular contributor to England's leading musical paper and to several prominent literary periodicals. As such, he wielded an influence second to that of few writers in any department of journalism. In his days, the *Times*'s power was great. The leading European composers, especially Meyerbeer, Rossini, Auber, Gounod, were flattering in their politeness to its musical critic. Singers and players bowed to the ground before him. Berlioz begged him to be kind to his protégés; Théophile Gautier, in commending a singer in whom he was interested, implored him to "make her fortune with three lines." With his unequalled opportunities Davison might have done a great deal to hasten the progress of musical appreciation not only in London, but throughout England, for as one artist wrote to him, "Do not forget, I pray you, how far your paper goes, and how much especially the provincial towns are wholly influenced by your opinion." Unfortunately, his attitude usually was that of depreciation of the best contemporary art; and while he was by no means so well-informed or so brilliant and witty as Dr. Hanslick, his influence on England was as unfortunate in its results as Hanslick's was in Austria and Germany.

It seems strange that a journal so ably edited as was the London *Times* should have tolerated on its staff a critic who could write such ignorant rubbish as the statement that Richard Wagner regarded "every musician, ancient and modern, himself excepted, as either an impostor or a useless blockhead"; or dismiss the "Tannhäuser" overture as "a commonplace display of noise and extravagance." Schumann fared almost as badly. Davison found his music "incoherent and thoroughly uninteresting." In Schumann, as his son tells us, "he saw the representative of a movement which threatened to upset the old order of things," and against his music he set his face from the beginning, though it had to struggle against heavy odds in making any headway at all in England. Verdi, Italy's greatest genius, did not please the *Times* critic, and Meyerbeer, too, fared none too well with him. Chopin was beyond his comprehension: "Compared with Berlioz, Chopin was a morbidly sentimental flea by the side of a furiously roaring lion" and "a great musical thinker." As for Gounod, he did not admire even his "Faust." There was some ground for the belief that Davison had kept his music out of England as long as he could, notwithstanding that Frenchman's diplomatic efforts to get into touch with him.

By far the most interesting pages in this volume are those in which Gounod's correspondence with Davison is printed. Gounod lived several years in London, where he had his own choir and concerts, as well as a periodical devoted to his cause. Davison having written that he should highly prize his friendship, Gounod in reply called his attention to the fact that that friendship was only five minutes' walk distant, and would be delighted to open its doors to him; but Davison retorted that he lived rather like a bear in his den and went nowhere. Later on, Gounod slily endeavored to interest the bear by asking to see some of his compositions, which Sir Julius Benedict had told him included some "superb sonatas." This evoked a lengthy reply in which the critic acknowledged that he had perpetrated some music in a former period, but that he had bought the plates and given them to his brother, "who used the other side of them to print some compositions worse even than mine (which is saying a good deal), but which, on the other hand, were very popular." In a postscript he adds that one of his friends had written these lines on him:

There was a J. W. D.
Who thought a composer to be,
But his muse wouldn't budge
So he set up as judge
Over better composers than he.

It was unwise of Gounod to annoy the powerful critic by analyzing some scores of his idol, Sir Julius Benedict, and showing up "impossible" things in them; admitting, also, that he had been bored consummately by the same composer's "Maid of Orleans." In another letter he says: "You implore me not to become Wagnerized! Do I show any signs? I should very much like to be informed: I would call in a doctor at once, in order to be Wag-cinated." There are German musicians, he declares, "whose music is fit for the dust-bin, like their systems of philosophy." But Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, were among his idols:

> I was fourteen when, for the first time, I was thrilled with happiness at hearing, in the same winter, the Pastoral Symphony and the Ninth Symphony. . . . You mention "Don Giovanni!" Ah! ah! *There is the Divine.* The trio in A major coming after the little quarrel in G at the beginning of the second act is *the most absolute marvel in the art of music.* You might burn every score in the world, and, with that single piece saved, all art would be found again.

Davison's indifference or aversion included some of the leading singers and players. He was unable to discover in Liszt and Rubinstein anything deeper than brilliant virtuosi. "One Liszt is amusing enough; and one Rubinstein may be tolerated; but a swarm of Liszts and Rubinsteins, mushroom and full-grown, is no more to be desired than a renewal of the plague of locusts." Davison's attitude towards music is summed up in this sentence from a note to Macfarren: "I'd rather go to the devil with Bennett and Dussek than go to heaven with Rubinstein and Raff." It is for mediocrities like Bennett and Dussek, and the man to whom this note was addressed, that the *Times* critic usually reserved his enthusiasm. Great singers—among them Albani and Gerster—did not fare well at his hands, and it was on such occasions that he was himself subjected to criticism. The editor of the *Times*, J. T. Delane, seldom called him to account except on matters of style or policy, or for being too late with copy; but his colleague, Mowbray Morris, had opinions of his own on matters musical and the duty of critics which he expressed in frequent notes, some of which must have proved rather irritating. Once Morris wrote:

> It is not, in my opinion, within the province of a newspaper critic to sit in judgment on the general merits of performers, or to assign them their respective places in the ranks of fame. It is his business to give a plain and honest judgment of what he sees and hears on each particular occasion, leaving the public to make their own comparisons and draw their own conclusions.

While we must repeat that Mr. Davison has not done his father a service by issuing this account of his ideals, his idols, and his aversions, it is nevertheless apparent, from what has been said about the book, that it contains a considerable amount of interesting material, including letters from eminent composers, such as Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Bennett, and others, some of them in facsimile. The title of the book is partly justified, in so far as, after Davison's acceptance of the post of *Times* critic, the story of his career is the story of music in England from the time when Mendelssohn reigned supreme to that when Wagner made his way. In favor of Davison it may finally be said that, although, as his son points out, "he combated the new ideas to the last, when to do so had become a losing fight," he nevertheless began to see light when he went to Bayreuth in 1876 to write up the Nibelung festival. His account of this festival is printed in this volume, together with a number of his other writings; they confirm the impression that he owed his fame and power very much more to his being a member of the *Times* staff than to any special critical or literary ability. His successor was Dr. Hueffer, the great champion of Wagner and Liszt. One cannot but think that, had he been in Davison's place two decades sooner, musical progress in England would have been accelerated greatly.

The Metropolitan Opera season begins this year as early as November 11, and will last twenty-three weeks. There will be the usual Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening and Saturday afternoon performances, besides a certain number of representations at popular prices on Saturday evenings. "Parsifal" will be sung repeatedly, and there will be an afternoon Nibelung cycle. The conductors will be Toscanini, Hertz, Sturani, and Polacco. Besides the operas usually on the list, there are named a dozen novelties and revivals: Boito's "Mefistofele," Damrosch's "Cyrano," Leroux's "Chemineau," Mascagni's "Iris," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," Moussorgsky's "Boris Goudonoff," Mozart's "Magic Flute," Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," Puccini's "Manon Lescault," Rossini's "Tell," Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," Wolf-Ferrari's "Suzanna's Secret." The ballets to be given are "Coppelia," by Delibes, and "Javotte," by Saint-Saëns.

The New York concerts of the Kneisel Quartet will be given at the new Aeolian Hall. The series will open on November 12, the remaining dates being December 10, January 14, February 11, March 4, and April 8. The arrangement of seats in the new hall differs somewhat from that of Mendelssohn Hall, but subscribers have been placed as nearly as possible in their former locations. Those who had seats in the balcony of Mendelssohn Hall, who were assigned at the back of the orchestra at the Hotel Astor last year, will now be placed more advantageously in the balcony.

Edgar Stillman Kelley is to be represented on the programmes of the Liszt festival to be given at Sonderhausen during the third week of this month, his quartet having been chosen for performance by the committee.

Art

Holt promises shortly F. Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art."

Helen Churchill Candee's "The Tapestry Book" is in the press of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Two works in art are among the announcements made by Putnam for the Cambridge University Press—"An Account of Medieval Figure-Sculpture in England," by Edward S. Prior, and "A Bibliographical List Descriptive of Romano-British Architectural Remains in Great Britain," by Arthur H. Lyell.

"Mediæval Church Architecture in England," by Charles H. Moore, is in the press of Macmillan.

The Century Co. is bringing out this month "By-Paths in Collecting," by Virginia Robie, and "Prints and Their Makers," a collection of essays on engravers and etchers from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, written by various hands and edited by Fitz Roy Carrington.

Corrado Ricci, in his "Baroque Architecture and Sculpture in Italy" (Dutton), offers a book of great interest. It contains no less than 274 beautiful photographic plates illustrative of an admirable introduction, which covers less than nine pages, but which shows in every line the value of the author's training. The "Baroque" is still a term of opprobrium, as the "Gothic" was originally; but our author shows that the architectural works of the period harmonized thoroughly with the spirit of the age, and that many of them were of great and enduring value. That its leading architects could, when it seemed to them appropriate, lay aside the effort to surprise, which, as our author says, was so clear an aim among all artists of the era, is evidenced in the Collonade of St. Peters in Rome, by Bernini, and the Church of S. Maria della Salute at Venice, and by Longhena, to mention no other works.

Julius Baum's "Romanesque Architecture in France" (Dutton) is a work of the same general character in another field. The 226 photographic plates are exceptionally fine, and are again illustrative of the author's introduction. This is devoted to a brief but interesting and valuable review of the influences which led to the development of the Romanesque and Gothic styles, in relation to the latter of which, however, our author, with true loyalty, discerns much more influence from Teutonic sources than is generally accepted.

In "Modern Cottage Architecture" (Lane), Maurice B. Adams gives us a revised and enlarged edition of an earlier work on the "Cottage Architecture of England," with eighty-three photographic plates, which display as many different buildings, few of which are worthy of serious study. If we may judge by this book, modern English cottage architecture lacks simplicity and spontaneity. "Architectural Styles for Country Houses" (McBride, Nast), which is edited by Henry H. Saylor, deals with the same class of buildings in America. He has gathered together ten essays by practicing architects on diverse types of smaller houses which are finding favor among us, and the work he illustrates is both interesting and well presented. That the editor is able to show the development of our cottage architecture along ten diverse lines shows how far our people are from the attainment of architectural conviction.

In a pretty quarto, printed and bound after the Japanese manner, Dora Amsden and J. S. Happer discuss "The Heritage of Hiroshige" (Paul Elder & Co.). Mr. Happer communicates the interesting discovery that many of the Hiroshige prints are dated. The upshot of the matter is that most of the upright compositions which a skeptical criticism has ascribed to Hiroshige II are by the earlier and greater master. Hiroshige II is merely Shigenobu, who, in 1859, after the death of Hiroshige, assumed the more ambitious style. The criticism of this discovery would require a minute scholarship which your reviewer does not command. The plain statement of the case, however, is entirely reasonable, and inspires confidence. It is consonant with a conviction which we have several times expressed that the marked difference in quality among Hiroshige prints implies rather grades of woodcutting, paper, printing, and pigment than difference of authorship. The appreciation of Hiroshige's genius is cast in terms of somewhat rhapsodical, but not excessive, eulogy. Surely, the brief sketch of Japanese painting before Hiroshige is superfluous, since no designer of genius was less a follower of the native tradition. His real beginnings are in Toyoharu's imitation of European illustrations. It is the failure to discriminate the degree of assimilation of native and alien strains in Hiroshige that constitutes the critical weakness of a charming essay. Precisely there lies the main issue. He effected with success the compromise towards which Japanese painting has been uncertainly tending ever since. He achieved the just balance of Far Eastern schematism with Western realism for which European painting is still struggling. There could be no more prophetic figure. Whistler in the nocturnes is often Hiroshige's timid plagiarist. A word on the exquisiteness of Hiroshige's painting as compared with even the finest of the prints would not have been amiss.

Some Turkish workmen, while digging a canal near the mosque of Mohammed the Conqueror, in Stamboul, unearthed a number of remains which have been identified as belonging to a Byzantine temple. Well-preserved capitals with reliefs of Greek crosses were found, as well as a number of columns, and parts of the walls of the temple. The digging went on for a number of days without competent supervision, and when the director of the Museum was at last informed of the discoveries, it was found that a number of valuable objects had already disappeared.

Finance

MARKETS AND BALKAN WAR.

Whether because of apprehensions regarding the results of the war itself, or because Europe's financial markets were in vulnerable condition as a result of recent speculative excesses, or because the world's money market situation was such as to render the business community unusually sensitive—whichever may be the larger cause, the shock which Bulgaria's defiance and Montenegro's invasion of Turkey have caused to the stock exchanges has been very great. Declines of a full point, in securities of first-class governments, are always taken as reflecting grave disturbance. But since the last day of September, when the war rumors first assumed formidable shape, prices of such securities have fallen much further than that. The extreme declines, up to the early days of the present week, were 1½ point, even in public bonds like British consols and German 3 per cents. French Government rentes fell 2¾ and Russian 4 per cents 7 points. As for the belligerent Governments, the public securities of Turkey have dropped 11 points; of Servia and Bulgaria, 8½ each; of Greece, 5.

Our own stock market, in the same interval, broke 2 to 5 points for shares which are dealt in on the international market. That reaction was, however, not in any respect a sign of diminishing confidence of investors in our home financial position, but the necessary result of the heavy selling of our stocks by London, Paris, and Berlin. These sales our international bankers are now estimating as having amounted, for the fortnight past, to as much as thirty or forty million dollars.

Money rates, meantime, have tightened throughout the European Continent; an advance in the Bank of England's official discount rate was momentarily expected, and the gold imports to New York from Europe have abruptly stopped. On the other hand, the weekly New York bank statement of last Saturday showed the strongest position, as regards surplus reserve, of any week since the close of August—an improvement partly due to European gold already delivered in this market, but chiefly to the curtailment of loans by the New York banks, not through withdrawal of facilities from the borrowers, but through the wholesale transfer of those outstanding loans to European banks and our own interior institutions.

This is at once the strength and the

weakness of the New York position. That market is at the moment dependent for its supply of credit, first, on markets which are shaken by the Balkan war-scare; secondly, on markets whose resources are likely to be increasingly absorbed by home demands. It is at least conceivable that a very high bid for money by New York will be necessary to keep the loan account in its present shape, or else that actual curtailment of local credit facilities will be indispensable.

It is in this regard that the European war-scare will hereafter chiefly interest our market. Thus far, our financial concern in the matter has been limited to the extremely heavy liquidation of American stocks by Europe, which has had the natural effect of beating down prices on our Stock Exchange. If the foreign war-scare continues to extend, we shall feel it in the money market.

Will it extend? The question confronting financial Europe and ourselves is a somewhat curious one. Nobody fails to understand that the real cause of apprehension is, not whether Servia and Bulgaria and Greece will go to war, nor even whether Turkey may not be whipped by the Balkan soldiers, but whether Russia or Austria or the other larger Powers may not be drawn into the fight. It is this vague notion of a "European Armageddon" which has stood behind all these successive frights over international collisions.

Armageddon has been impending at rather frequent intervals; as yet, however, it has not only failed to put in an appearance, but it has been easy to understand, when the preliminary chapters of each war episode were over, why there was never any chance of it. The apprehensive watchers discerned it plainly when Admiral Diedrich involved the German fleet in some gross impertinences towards our warships at Manila, and when certain counter-assurances were received from Admiral Seymour and the British fleet. Armageddon opened up promptly when the Kaiser sent his message to Kruger, after the Jameson Raid in 1896; when Capt. Marchand was stopped on the path to Fashoda in 1898; when the Boxers killed the German Ambassador in 1900, and when Admiral Rozhestvensky fired on the British North Sea trawlers in 1904.

There is, in fact, always an imitation Armageddon at one particular stage of every war. Most people will remember that February Saturday at Paris, barely a week after the Japanese attack on the Russian fleet, when the Bourse was informed that the British Ambassador had left Paris in a tantrum and that the German Ambassador had thrown up his hands in complete despair. There was also that day in 1870, when every London correspondent was running about to hunt down the ultimatum of British intervention between France and Prussia. But Armageddon not only on each occasion faded into mist on closer scrutiny, but turned out, in the light of later investigation, never to have been in sight at all.

Whenever Turkey is driven incontinently into Asia Minor, and the practical question arises, who is to inherit Constantinople, there will doubtless be presented the elements of a first-class international dispute. But no one has yet accused Montenegro or Bulgaria or Servia or Greece of that Napoleonic purpose. The most that the watchers for Armageddon have as yet been able to produce on the present occasion, is the inviting argument that the little principality which has invaded Turkey is a protégé of Russia, and that therefore M. Sazonoff's voluntary leadership, in the harmonious concert of the Powers, must have been the blackest Machiavellianism.

Perhaps what American observers will recognize as one of the most singular aspects of the financial shake-down which has accompanied the Balkan war scare, is the fact that the money-market shock and the European liquidation should have come when our market was in a position admirably suited to sustain them with serenity. Considering Wall Street's recent gloomy attitude towards trade revival, it is much to the credit of human nature that we have not yet heard any prophecy of "the Balkans" blighting all hopes of returning American prosperity.

There are, at all events, some interesting precedents to recall. The great trade revival which began in the autumn of 1897 was immediately preceded by a war between Greece and Turkey. It was promptly accompanied by a war between the United States and Spain. Since that did not arrest the trade revival, we had the "Boer War panic" of 1899, a prodigious emptying-out of American securities from British strongboxes, a sudden pulling-away of English capital from America, and a 186 per cent. call money rate in Wall Street. When the commotion of those early winter months was over, the American trade revival was resumed, and our bankers calmly proceeded, for the first time in financial history, to underwrite the British Government's war loans.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, A. J. The Romance of Sandro Botticelli. Dodd. Mead. $3 net.

Andrews, M. P. The Dixie Book of Days. Phila.: Lippincott. $1 net.

A Stitch in Time. By a Roosevelt Hospital Nurse. Putnam.

Baldwin, James. The Sampo: Hero Adventures from the Finnish Kalevala. Scribner $2 net.

Bartholomew's Orographical Map of the U. S. and Part of Canada. Brentano. $1.75 net.

Barton, George. Barry Wynn. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Bax, E. B. Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Beach, Rex. The Net. Harper. $1.30 net.

Belasco's Return of Peter Grimm. (Novelized from the play.) Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Bender, M. S. Great Opera Stories, Translated from Old German Sources. Macmillan. 40 cents net.

Bennett, F. M. Religious Cults Associated with the Amazon. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner.

Bible Dictionary. Based on William Smith's Work, edited by F. N. Peloubet. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $2.40 net.

Bordeaux, Henry. The Woollen Dress. Trans. by R. H. Davis. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Britt, Albert. The Wind's Will. Moffat, Yard. $1.30 net.

Browning, Robert. Select Poems. Edited, with notes, by H. C. Laughlin. D. Appleton.

Browning's Works. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. 12 vols. Crowell. $12. (Separate vols. $1.50 each.)

Brown, W. H. The Story of a Bank. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Bruère. Henry. The New City Government. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Bryan, J. S. The Garden at Luzon. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Buck, J. D. The Soul and Sex in Education. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.

Burton, C. P. The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill. Holt. $1.25 net.

Cameron, Margaret. Tangles. Harper. $1.30 net.

Carpenter, O. C. Debate Outlines on Public Questions. New edition. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Christie, J. J. The Advance of Woman. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Clippinger, E. E. Illustrated Lessons in Composition and Rhetoric. Boston: Silver, Burdett. $1.

Colcord, Lincoln. The Drifting Diamond. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Collins, F. A. The Wireless Man. Century. $1.20 net.

Coman, Katharine. Economic Beginnings of the Far West. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net.

Coolidge, M. R. Why Women Are So. Holt. $1.50 net.

Croce, Benedetto. La Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799. Bari: Laterza & Figli.

Croker. E. F. Fire Prevention. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Daring, Hope. The Gordons. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.

Davidson, L. M. Gates of the Dolomites. Lane. $1.50 net.

Davis, F. H. Myths and Legends of Japan. Illustrated by E. Paul. Crowell. $3.50 net.

Davison, L. A. The Church Triumphant. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1 net.

Dhanamjaya. The Dasarupa. Trans. from the Sanskrit by G. C. O. Haas. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Dinsmore, C. A. The New Light on the Old Truth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Doty, A. H. The Mosquito. D. Appleton.

Edwards, G. W. Marken and Its People. Illus. in color. Moffat, Yard. $2.50 net.

Elliott, George. Biblical Criticism and Preaching. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.

Ellis, E. S. The Launch Boys' Adventures. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Winston. 60 cents each.

Elmendorf, D. L. A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land. Scribner. $3 net.

Farrar, J. M. Chats with Children of the Church. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.

Ferguson, Herbert. Rhymes of Eld. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Field, Eugene. Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse. (Illustrated.) Scribner. $1.50 net.

Fonseka, L. de. On tho Truth of Decorative Art. London: Greening & Co.

Foote, M. H. A Picked Company. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.30 net.

Fryer, J. E. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $1.20 net.

Galvin, A. E. The Story of Swan-like. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Gask, Lilian. Legends of Our Little Brothers: Fairy Lore, retold. Crowell. $1.50.

Gautier, J., and Loti, P. The Daughter of Heaven. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Germaine, Quincy. The Even Hand. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.20 net.

Gilmore, I. H. Phoebe, Ernest, and Cupid. Holt. $1.35 net.

Grant, U. S. Letters to His Father and Youngest Sister, 1857-78. Putnam.

Greek Literature: A Series of Lectures delivered at Columbia University. Lemcke & Buechner.

Hallett, R. K. Serena and Samantha. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Hardy, M. E. The Little King and the Princess True. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

Haynes, Henrietta. Henrietta Maria. Putnam.

Hekler, Anton. Greek and Roman Portraits. Putnam.

Henderson, W. J. The Soul of a Tenor: A Romance. Holt. $1.35 net.

Hershey, A. S. Essentials of International Public Law. Macmillan. $3 net.

Hewlett, Maurice. Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assumptions. Century. $1.35 net.

Hoadley, B. J. Bethlehem Bells. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Hoben, Allan. The Minister and the Boy. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

Hodges, George. The Castle of Zion: Stories from the Old Testament. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Home University Library. Nos. 47 to 55 inclusive. Holt. 50 cents, net.

Humphreys, Rachel. Algiers, The Sahara and the Nile. London: W. J. Ham-Smith.

Hunt, E. H. When Margaret Was a Sophomore. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Huntington, I. M. A Christmas Party for Santa Claus. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents.

Hussey, M. I. Sumerian Tablets in the Harvard Semitic Museum. Part I. Harvard University. $5.

Jacberns, Raymond. That Troublesome Dog. Phila.: Lippincott.

Jackson, C. T. The Midlanders. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Keech, M. L. Training the Little Homemaker by Kitchengarden Methods. Phila.: Lippincott.

Kingsley, F. M. Miss Philura's Wedding Gown. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Knight, W. A. At the Crossing with Denis McShane; On the Way to Bethlehem. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

Lang, Mrs. The Book of Saints and Heroes. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. $1.60 net.

Le Gallienne, Richard. The Maker of Rainbows, and Other Fairy-tales and Fables. Harper. $1.25 net.

Leith, C. K., and A. T. A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay. Madison, Wis: Cantwell Ptg. Co. $2.50 net.

Lighton, W. R. Billy Fortune. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Lolliée, Frédéric. The Romance of a Favourite (Countess de Castiglione). Trans. by W. M. Fullerton. D. Appleton.

Ludlow, J. M. Avanti: A Tale of Sicily, 1860. Revell. $1.25 net.

Lynde, Francis. Scientific Sprague. Scribner. $1.25 net.

McCutcheon, J. T. Dawson '11, Fortune Hunter. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Life of the Bee. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.

Mahan, A. T. Armaments and Arbitration. Harper. $1.40 net.

Mills, Weymer. The Old Loves. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Mitchell, H. G. The Ethics of the Old Testament. University of Chicago. $2 net.

Monroe, A. S. Making a Business Woman. Holt. $1.30 net.

Montgomery, Louise. Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

Moore's 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. $1 net.

Morris, H. S. William T. Richards, His Life and Art. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.

Mother Goose Series. Old King Cole; Old Mother Hubbard. Chicago: Rand, McNally. 25 cents each.

Mumford, J. G. A Doctor's Table Talk. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

My Escapes. By "A Bachelor." McBride, Nast. $1.20 net.

Neely, H. M. Fred Spencer, Reporter. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Newell, Peter. The Rocket Book. Harper. $1.25.

Nicholson, Meredith. The Provincial American, and Other Papers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Nicolay, Helen. Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln. Century Co. $1.80 net.

O'Brien, Mrs. William. Unseen Friends. Longmans. $2.25 net.

Ogden, G. W. Home Place. Harper. $1.30 net.

Peabody, R. E. Merchant Venturers of Old Salem. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Pendexter, Hugh. The Young Woodsmen. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Plass, A. A. Civics. Boston: Heath.

Raabe, W. Eulenpfingsten. Edited with notes, by M. B. Lambert. Heath. 45 cents.

Renaud, Jean. Les Errants. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Rhodes, H., and Dumont, M. W. A Guide to Florida. Dodd, Mead. $2.25 net.

Richards, C. C. Village Life in America, 1852-1872. Holt. $1.30 net.

Rousseau on Education. Edited by R. L. Archer. Longmans. $1.25 net.

Rowland, H. C. The Closing Net. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

St. Leger, Evelyn. The Blackberry Pickers. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Scientific American Reference Book. Edition of 1913. Munn & Co. $1.50 net.

Searcy, Alfred. By Flood and Field. Macmillan. $2 net.

Shakespeare's Othello. (Tudor edition.) Edited by T. M. Parrott. Macmillan. 35 cents net.

Shakespeare's Stories of the English Kings. Retold by Thomas Carter. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Simonton, I. V. Hell's Playground. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.

Smith, Winifred. The Commedia Dell' Arte: A Study in Italian Popular Comedy. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.

Stanwood, Edward. History of the Presidency, from 1897 to 1909. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.75 net.

Stirling, A. M. W. Coke of Norfolk and His Friends. New edition. Lane. $4 net.

Street, Julian. The Goldfish: A Christmas Story. Lane. 70 cents net.

Swift's Gulliver's Voyages. Illustrated by P. A. Staynes. Holt. $2.25 net.

Terry, R. R. Old Rhymes with New Tunes. Longmans. 80 cents, net.

The Girl with the Rosewood Crutches. Illustrations by Harrison Cady. McBride, Nast. $1.20 net.

Ullman, Margaret. Pocahontas: A Pageant. Boston: Poet Lore Co.

Upton, G. P. Life Stories for Young People. Achilles, Argonautic Expedition—Hercules; David Livingstone; Emin Pasha; General ("Chinese") Gordon; Gods and Heroes; Henry M. Stanley; Ulysses of Ithaca. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net, each.

Vandercook, Margaret. The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold. Philadelphia: Winston. 60 cents.

Webster, Clay, Calhoun. Noted speeches, edited by L. M. Briggs. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.

Wheeler, Post. Russian Wonder Tales. Century Co. $2.50 net.

Whitney, Caspar. The Flowing Road: Adventures of the Great Rivers of South America. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3 net.

Wile, I. S. Sex Education. Duffield. $1 net.

Willard, C. D. The Fall of Ulysses: An Elephant Story. Doran. $1 net.

Wilson, J. H. Under the Old Flag: Recollections. 2 vols. D. Appleton. $6 net.

Winter, I. L. Public Speaking. Macmillan. $2 net.

Worsfold, W. B. The Union of South Africa. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Zwilgmeyer, D. Johnny Blossom. Translated from the Norwegian, by E. Poulsson. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Pygmies and Papuans

The Stone Age of To-day in Dutch New Guinea

By A. F. R. Wollaston, Author of "From Ruwenzori to the Congo." With appendices by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant, A. C. Haddon, F.R.S., and Sidney H. Ray.

This volume, entertaining as a book of travel, and scientifically informing, is an account of a scientific expedition made in 1911 under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and the Ornithologists Union to the Snow Mountains of Dutch New Guinea. The adventures and the scientific results of this expedition are here presented, and the book offers new and important matter to naturalists, geographers, anthropologists, philologists, and others. The appendices offer matter of special and detailed value to scientists. *Octavo. Profusely illustrated in color and black and white, and with maps.* $4.00 *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

Outlines of the History of German Literature

By J. G. ROBERTSON.

Professor of German in the University of London.

12*mo.* $1.35 *net. By mail,* $1.50.

It has been the plan of the author to lay down several lines of the development of German Literature, rather than to heap up biographical or critical detail. The volume has been provided with somewhat extensive chronological tables; the reader will find the parallel tabulation of events in English and other literatures useful in helping him to "place" the phenomena and movements of German Literature.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

SPEAKERS: SPECIAL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED. Material furnished for your lecture, speech, debate, club-paper. Expert service. Revision, Disposal of MSS.
THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY, 1543 Broadway, N.Y.

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLVIII. No. 2—PROGRESS AND UNIFORMITY IN CHILD-LABOR LEGISLATION

By William Fielding Ogburn, Ph.D.

8vo. Paper Covers. $1.75.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

"TO LIBRARIANS"

It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

The Home Book of Verse

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH (1580-1912)

Compiled by BURTON E. STEVENSON

Collects the best short poetry of the English language—the masterpieces and the "favorites." 3742 pages. India paper 1 vol., 8vo., complete author, title and first line indices, $7.50 net: carriage, 40 cents extra.

The most comprehensive and representative collection of American and English poetry ever published, including 3,120 unabridged poems from some 1,100 authors.

It brings together in one volume the best short poetry of the English language—not only the poetry that everybody says is good, but also the verse that everybody reads—from the time of Spenser, with especial attention to American verse.

The copyright deadline has been passed, and some three hundred recent authors are included, very few of whom appear in any other general anthology—such as Lionel Johnson, Noyes, Housman, Mrs. Meynell, Yeats, Dobson, Lang, Watson, Wilde, Francis Thompson, Gilder, Le Gallienne, Van Dyke, Woodberry, Riley, etc., etc.

The poems are arranged by subject, and the classification is unusually close and searching. Some of the most comprehensive sections are: Children's rhymes (300 pages); love poems (800 pages); nature poetry (400 pages); humorous verse (500 pages); patriotic and historical poems (600 pages); reflective and descriptive poetry (400 pages).

No other collection includes so many popular favorites and fugitive verses.

Three complete indices (author, title, and first line) include over 11,000 entries.

The use of India paper makes possible a single column to a page instead of the two-column arrangement of the older anthologies, and gives a compact, handy volume for reading or the shelf instead of an unwieldy book merely for the table.

This one volume is the equivalent of a ten-volume set of octavo volumes, each of 374 pages.

The Pioneer Series of New Books For the People

THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

On Living Issues by Living Men and Women

Each volume complete in itself, and sold separately. Each is absolutely new, and specially written. There are no reprints.

Cloth bound 50c. Per vol., net, by mail 56c.

The volumes are by experts of the very first rank, and bring within the reach of all the ablest obtainable statements of certain important fields of knowledge.

SIXTH TEN VOLUMES NOW READY

GREAT WRITERS OF AMERICA	PROFS. W. P. TRENT and J. ERSKINE of Columbia
THE COLONIAL PERIOD (American History)	C. M. ANDREWS, Prof. of American History, Yale
THE MAKING OF THE EARTH (Illus.)	PROF. J. W. GREGORY, F.R.S.
ETHICS	G. E. MOORE, M.A.
MASTER MARINERS	J. R. SPEARS
MAKING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT	PROF. B. W. BACON, LL.D., D.D., of Yale
THE HUMAN BODY (Illustrated)	PROF. ARTHUR KEITH, M.D., F.R.C.S.
ELECTRICITY (Illustrated)	DR. GISBERT KNAPP, D.Eng.
POLITICAL ECONOMY	PROF. S. J. CHAPMAN, M.A.
MISSIONS—Their Rise and Development	MRS. CREIGHTON

New List containing details of upwards of 100 volumes, post free.

OTHER FALL BOOKS

NON-FICTION

A Montessori Mother
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. Ill'd. $1.25 *net*.

Engraved Gems
DUFFIELD OSBORNE. 8vo, Ill'd. $6.00 *net*.

On Some of Life's Ideals
WILLIAM JAMES. 50 cents *net*.

Why Women Are So
MARY R. COOLIDGE. $1.50 *net*.

Village Life in America. (1852-1872)
CAROLINE C. RICHARDS. Ill'd. $1.30 *net*.

Cities of Belgium (Grant Allen Historical Guides). $1.50 *net*.

Paris (Grant Allen Historical Guides). $1.50 net.

American Graphic Art
F. WEITENKAMPF. Ill'd. $2.75 *net*.

The Evolution of Modern Germany
HENRI LICHTENBERGER. Translated from the French. Probably $2.75 *net* (Nov. 2).

Germany and the German Emperor
G. H. PERRIS. Probably $2.75 *net* (Oct. 26).

Some English Story Tellers
F. T. COOPER. (The younger novelists.) $1.60 *net* (Nov. 9).

Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet
STANLEY WASHBURN. (Travel in Canadian Northwest.) Probably $3.00 *net* (Nov. 2).

Leading American Inventors
GEO ILES. Ill'd. $1.75 *net* (Nov. 16).

The World's Leading Conquerors
W. L. BEVAN. Ill'd. $1.75 *net*. (Nov. 9).

FICTION

The Soul of a Tenor
W. J. HENDERSON. $1.35 *net*.

The Flight of Faviel
R. E. VERNEDE. $1.20 *net*.

Martha By-The-Day
JULIE M. LIPPMANN. $1.00 *net*.

Phoebe, Ernest and Cupid
INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE. Ill'd. $1.35 *net*.

The Collectors
FRANK J. MATHER, Jr. $1.25 *net*.

Making a Business Woman
ANNE SHANNON MONROE. $1.30 *net*.

My Dog and I
GERALD SIDNEY. Ill'd. by the author. $1.00 *net*.

JUVENILES

Bill the Minder
W. HEATH ROBINSON. Profusely ill'd in color and line by the author. $3.50 *net*.

Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdignag
JONATHAN SWIFT. Profusely ill'd in color and line. $2.25 *net*.

Partners for Fair
ALICE CALHOUN HAINES. Ill'd. $1.25 *net*.

Sir Walter Raleigh
JOHN BUCHAN. Ill'd. $2.00 *net*.

Saints and Heroes Since the MiddleAges
DEAN HODGES. Ill'd. $1.35 *net*.

Betty-Bide-At-Home
BEULAH MARIE DIX. $1.25 *net*.

The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill
C. P. BURTON. Ill'd. $1.25 *net*.

Henry Holt and Company, 34 W. 33d St., New York

Announcement of Public Sales by the

Anderson Galleries

Madison Avenue at Fortieth Street New York

FINE BOOKS from the Library of Charles C. Johnston of Chicago. October 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

AMERICANA from the Collection of E. A. Housman of Connecticut. October 24th and 25th.

PRINTS AND AUTOGRAPHS forming Part III of the Lossing Collection of Americana. October 28th.

HOE LIBRARY, Part IV, embracing Manuscripts, Bindings, Incunabula, and other great Rarities, and the Library of Bibliography. Afternoons and evenings during the two weeks beginning November 11th.

PORTOLAN CHARTS of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries, an extraordinary Collection formed by the late Dr. Theodore Jules Ernest Hamy of Paris. November 19th.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS belonging to the Estate of Robert Hoe. November 25th and 26th.

PRINT COLLECTION of the late Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard. November 25th and 26th.

AUGUSTIN DALY Collection of Portraits of eminent men and women of the Stage. November 27th.

RARE BOOKS, Illuminated Manuscripts, Prints and Autographs from the collection of a Merchant of Old New York. December 9th and 10th.

ART COLLECTION of John H. A. Lehne of Baltimore, formed in Europe and America during the past thirty years. Early in 1913.

ART COLLECTION of the late Col. Henry T. Chapman of Brooklyn, Paintings and Porcelains. Early in 1913.

OTHER SALES in preparation. The Art Collection of Mrs L. G. Quinlin of New York; Fine Rugs from the Collection of W. D. Ellwanger of Rochester; Art Collection of Felix Hinsberg of Passaic; Art Collection of Mrs. Margaret Johnson Johns of New York; Part II of the Art Collection of John L. Graves of Boston; Part II of the Housman Collection of Americana; Fine Books from the Library of the late W. C. Dulles of Philadelphia; Part IV of the Lossing Collection of Americana. Further Announcements later.

Catalogues are mailed free of charge on application by intending buyers. All Collections are on free public exhibition previous to sale.

With unequalled facilities for the exhibition and sale of meritorious Art and Literary Collections, this Company invites correspondence with owners and executors. The Sales Season of 1912-1913 is filling up so rapidly that owners of important collections desiring dates should make early arrangements.

The Anderson Galleries

NEW YORK

THREE NOTABLE NEW ISSUES

Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln

By HELEN NICOLAY.

A Lincoln volume which every lover of the great American will prize for the new light it throws on Lincoln the man, and for its intimate, sympathetic touch, based upon material gathered during many years by John G. Nicolay, one of Lincoln's private secretaries. A delightful and illuminating record whose interest will endure.

Reproductions of handbills, invitations, letters and documents in Lincoln's own writing. Tall 12mo, 387 pages. *Price $1.80 net; postage 14 cents.*

Why Go to College

By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER.

A sane, convincing, and suggestive discussion of the American college man and American college problems to-day. A notable contribution toward solution of the problem of preparing the young men of our nation for leadership and useful citizenship.

Attractive and interesting full-page illustrations from etchings and drawings by Thomas Wood Stevens, Helen B. Stevens, Henry Raleigh, and Katherine Merrill. 8vo, 212 pages. *Price $1.50 net; postage 13 cents.*

Prints and Their Makers

Edited, and with an introduction, by FITZROY CARRINGTON.

Essays on engravers and etchers, old and modern, by notable authorities, discussing with authority various phases of etching and engraving from the time of Dürer.

The plates for the illustrations (197) have all been made with much care from original etchings, and form an interesting and valuable collection.

A royal 8vo, 275 pages of text.
Price $3.50 net; postage 21 cents

PUBLISHED BY

THE CENTURY CO UNION SQ., NEW YORK.

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

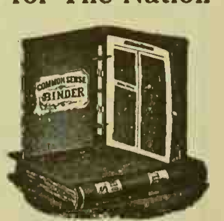
Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid 55 cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

Reading Case for The Nation

To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with The Nation stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents.



ADDRESS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., N. Y. City

The House of Cassell
Established 1848

Sixty years of editorial experience in the selection of books is your guaranty that nothing unworthy in fiction or unreliable in general literature is published over the Cassell imprint.

History

The Story of the Renaissance

By William Henry Hudson

Author of "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," "Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought," etc. In this handsome volume of over 250 pages the author tells the story of the Renaissance in a delightful, historic narrative, beginning with a chapter on the Renaissance in general, followed by chapters on The Age of Inventions and Discoveries, The Revival of Learning, The Renaissance in Religion, Philosophy, Education, Art and Literature. Handsomely illustrated with 8 full-page plates from half-tone engravings. *Net*, $1.50 (*postpaid*, $1.63)

A History of the Modern World

By Oscar Browning, M.A.

Late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in History. The civilized world of the last hundred years—the period covered by this work—has been prolific of great men, who have influenced their own and other nations, both for good and ill. Professor Browning has written from this point of view. It is the men who dominate this story of the last hundred years. Great monarchs, statesmen, soldiers, the men of giant intellect pass before us, and we see at once in these pages how their conduct has shaped the nations of the world as we know them to-day. Not only the history of England and the Continental nations is reviewed, but also that of our own country. In two volumes, 8vo, cloth. *Net*, $7.50 (*postpaid*, $7.95)

First Sketch of English Literature

By Henry Morley, LL.D.

This standard work, first published in 1873, has been thoroughly revised and brought down to the deaths of Swinburne and Meredith. It is a comprehensive authoritative work of nearly 1,200 pages, treating of the history of English Literature from the earliest times to the present day. *Net*, $2.00 (*postpaid*, $2.22)

Biography

The Life of Charles Dickens

By His Eldest Daughter

THE PREFACE.

"I have written this short biography of my father at the request of Messrs. Cassell and Company, expressly for the young. I have little that is new to tell, the subject having already been exhaustively treated in Mr. Foster's 'Life,' and in our own published 'Letters.' I have tried to collect every incident which will be most likely to interest and to appeal to young people; and whenever I have been able to use my father's words, I have done so. If the reading of this little book be the means of making any boys and girls love and venerate the Man—before they know and love and venerate the Author and the Genius—I shall have accomplished my task with a thankful and a grateful heart."—*Mamie Dickens.* *Net*, $1.00 (*postpaid*, $1.08)

Thackeray

By Sidney Dark

This little book is an intimate and illuminating account of the life of the great English novelist by one who has made an exhaustive study of this subject. *Net*, 50c. (*postpaid*, 58c.)

The Life of Tolstoy

By Paul Birukoff

Existing biographies of the great Russian teacher are, to a certain extent, unreliable. This unreliability arises from the false manner in which the biographers regard, and try to explain, important facts of Tolstoy's external and inner life. The need, therefore, for a Life of Tolstoy written by a thoroughly friendly and intelligent hand is evident. Such a book is the short and interesting "Life" by Paul Birukoff, now translated by a Russian scholar, well versed in the English language. No complaint can be made that the facts of Tolstoy's external and inner life are here overstated or under-emphasized. Tolstoy himself actually collaborated with the author in the present work, and collected personally the letters and other documents from which extracts have been quoted. With photogravure frontispiece and 16 full-page illustrations. *Net*, $1.50 (*postpaid*, $1.60)

Religion

The Man of No Sorrows

By Coulson Kernahan

The author has produced in this book a striking allegory. In his dream, he sees the coming of another Christ—a Christ without suffering, without a cross, only joy. *Net*, 50c. (*postpaid*, 58c.)

The High Road to Christ

By Rev. Richard Roberts

Author of "The Renaissance of Faith." Mr. Roberts gives the broad, essential outlines of the faith of the Gospels as he holds it to-day, and the main reasons for his belief. The author has been "through the mill" of doubt and difficulty himself and faces big problems from the standpoint of actual life. *Net*, $1.00 (*postpaid*, $1.10)

Personal Power

By Keith Thomas

An inspiring and helpful volume on the development, use, and pleasure of exercising one's personal powers. "The Sense of Power," "Dare To Be Yourself," "How To Get Good Luck," "Success and What It Is," are some of the suggestive chapter headings. *Net*, $1.75 (*postpaid*, $1.86)

Travel

The Desert Gateway

By S. H. Leeder

This book is the record of a long sojourn at Biskra—a beautiful oasis of that illimitable desert which has for thousands of years held the Arab in thrall with its mysterious fascination. It is the only accessible work of its kind on the region described in "The Garden of Allah." Beautifully illustrated *Net*, $1.75 (*postpaid*, $1.87)

The Land of Veiled Women

By John Foster Fraser

This book is broader in its scope than its title indicates. It is a vivid portrayal of conditions of life in those countries—the life of both native and foreign residents. For example, one chapter is devoted to "The Foreign Legion" now quartered in Algeria; one chapter to Biskra, wherein lies the Garden of Allah, etc., etc. With 24 illustrations in color and black and white. *Net*, $1.75 (*postpaid*, $2.00)

The New Garden of Canada

By F. A. Talbot

The eyes of the Twentieth Century are fixed upon Canada, "the Country of the Future." On the back of a pack horse the author traveled through undeveloped New British Columbia, and in this book brings the reader face to face not only with new wonders of Nature, but with enormous riches, agricultural, mineralogical, forestal, industrial—all lying dormant, and silently calling to the plucky and persevering. With 48 full-page plates and a map of the author's route. *Net*, $2.50 (*postpaid*, $2.65)

We urge you to ask for our publications of your bookseller. Telephone if more convenient, should you find any difficulty in securing them promptly, we will gladly supply them direct. Send for our descriptive catalogue.

CASSELL & COMPANY, 45 East Nineteenth Street, NEW YORK

"We have found it of immense advantage to be able to procure these classics in editions at once accurate, well printed, and most moderate in price," Prof. R. M. WENLEY, Head of the Department of Philosophy, University of Michigan, writes to The Open Court Publishing Co.

University of Michigan
ANN ARBOR

18th Sept., 1912.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN:—As you are aware, volumes issued in your "Philosophical Classics" series have been used with great profit in the classes of the Philosophical Department of the University of Michigan for many years. In conversation with me only last week, one of the local booksellers informed me that "he could hardly keep enough of your books in stock to supply the demand." As the Department enrolled just over 1,500 students last year, he was, no doubt, stating a fact. Berkeley's "A Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge" and Hume's "Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding" are read by the hundreds of students who elect Course I, and we have found it of immense advantage to be able to procure these classics in editions at once accurate, well printed, and most moderate in price. In other classes, we use Kant's "Prolegomena," "Aristotle on His Predecessors," "The Metaphysical System of Hobbes," Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," and Leibniz's "Discourse on Metaphysics." You are enabling us to send students directly to the sources in books which it is no hardship to them to purchase and to use as their own. You are thus serving the cause of sound learning with excellent facilities.

R. M. WENLEY, D.Phil., Sc.D., Litt.D., LL.D., Head of the Dept. of Philosophy.

The item of expense for text books is a heavy one for many students, and we publish this splendid endorsement of the work of The Open Court Publishing Company in the hope that other Universities will follow the example of Michigan in providing their students with excellent books at lowest cost.

The Philosophical Classics (16 in number) will be sent for examination, postpaid, on request from the Department of Philosophy of any College or University.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY
(FOUNDED BY E. C. HEGELER—1887)
Publishers of Educational and Scientific Books 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Widely Welcomed Newcomer Among American Standard Quarterlies

THE NEW YALE REVIEW

Edited by WILBUR L. CROSS, of Yale University.

OCTOBER CONTENTS

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN:
- **The Republican Party**.................. *Samuel J. Elder*
- **The Progressive Party**.................. *Herbert Knox Smith*
- **The Democratic Party**.................. *Henry Wade Rogers*

FIVE POEMS .... *Fannie Stearns Davis*
LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN .... *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.*
THE NEW SCIENCE OF GEOGRAPHY.................. *Ellsworth Huntington*
THE MODERN NEWSPAPER AS IT IS.................. *A. Maurice Low*
ARE THE PATRIARCHS HISTORICAL?.................. *Albert T. Clay*
SEM BENELLI .... *Will Hutchins*
THE RETURN TO DICKENS.................. *Wilbur L. Cross*
REVIEWS OF IMPORTANT BOOKS.

"Here at last are the beginnings of a great American quarterly," writes an English author. "It should rapidly assume the commanding position among your periodicals of a similar character."

Sample Copies on Request ***Three Dollars a Year***

THE YALE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
YALE STATION, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.
Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

Verified in essential facts both by American and European Bankers

UNSEEN EMPIRE

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Dr. Jordan here shows that civilized nations are all in their degree under the domination of a power stronger than kings or parliaments, more lasting than armies or navies, the unseen Empire of Finance. He further shows that this mastery is not now in the hands of individual men, however powerful, but that it has passed over into an impersonal Empire of Debt. Many of the essential statements which Dr. Jordan makes have been verified by leading bankers both in this country and abroad. There is an "unseen empire" that can to a certain, and perhaps to a large, degree sway the destinies of nations, and the method, if not the exact extent of it, is told in this highly informing and suggestive volume.

$1.25 net; by mail, $1.32

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
25 BEACON ST., BOSTON

FALL PUBLICATIONS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CHIVALRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

By W. H. SCHOFIELD, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University.

Ready November 5.

Four lectures on Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare delivered by the author at the Sorbonne and at the University of Copenhagen.

MÉMOIRE de MARIE CAROLINE REINE DE NAPLES

By R. M. JOHNSTON, Assistant Professor of Modern History in Harvard University.

8*vo.* 340 *pages.* $2.00.

An account of the revolution in the kingdom of Sicily and of the political duel between the Queen and Lord William Bentinck.

The Cotton Manufacturing Industry in the United States

By M. T. COPELAND, Instructor in Economics in Harvard University.

Ready November 15.

A comprehensive study of the history, development, and present organization of the cotton manufacturing industry in the United States.

THE BARRINGTON-BERNARD CORRESPONDENCE

Edited by EDWARD CHANNING, Professor of History in Harvard University.

In Press.

Letters from Governor Francis Bernard to his political backer in England, covering ten of the most interesting years in the history of Massachusetts.

HARVARD STUDIES IN CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY

Volume 23.

8*vo.* 176 *pages.* $1.50.

Includes papers by Margaret Coleman Waites, William H. P. Hatch, Chandler Rathfon Post, Henry Wheatland Litchfield, and Charles Homer Haskins. A complete list of the contents of the series will be sent on request.

YEARBOOKS OF RICHARD II, 12, 1368

Edited by GEORGE F. DEISER.

In Press.

The first step toward filling the only gap in the English Common Law Reports, from the time of Henry III. to the present date. Most of the cases reported are apparently taken from manuscripts never before consulted.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY WILL BE SENT POSTPAID TO ANY ADDRESS ON REQUEST

PUBLICATION OFFICE. **HARVARD UNIVERSITY** *2 UNIVERSITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.*

The Mosher Books

MY new catalogue for 1912 is now ready. Its special literary value has given this List a unique position in the world of bookmaking for booklovers. A beautifully proportioned octavo, in old rose wrappers, is sent without charge to all who are interested in choice editions at moderate prices.

THOMAS B. MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

"The Most Remarkable Book of the Day"

Retrospection

An Analytical Review of the Century, Political and Personal

By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

A fitting companion to

The New Pacific

REVISED EDITION

An Economic Survey of the Great Ocean, Its Opulent Shores and Its Enchanting Isles

At All Bookstores. Cloth, Crown 8vo, Each, Net $2; by Mail, $2.15

THE BANCROFT COMPANY, Publishers,
156 Fifth Ave., New York

O'BRIEN'S MINNESOTA PIONEER SKETCHES, illustrated, 372 pages, and **O'BRIEN'S "CHIMES OF CHEER,"** 421 pages. $1.50 each, postpaid.

FRANK E. O'BRIEN,
2709 Colfax So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each*, $1.25 *net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

THE BOOK YOU NEED

for planning a trip abroad is "How to See Germany, Austria and Switzerland," by P. G. L. Hilken. 100 pages, more than 200 illustrations, a travel guide of educational value sent on receipt of 10c.

Sail by one of the large, modern One-Cabin steamers of the Baltimore-Bremen Service of the North German Lloyd. Comfort without luxury, delicious meals, reasonable rates. Write to-day, even tho you do not intend to travel until summer 1913.

A. SCHUMACHER & CO.
General Agents
177 S. Gay St. BALTIMORE

TYPEWRITING for authors; proofreading, revising, etc. LECTOR, Box 3, Station D, New York

---

AN EXTRAORDINARY BOOK

Johann Schoepf's Travels in the Confederation

1783-1784

The American Commonwealth of that period

For descriptive matter, address the Publisher, WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL, 1623 Chestnut St., Phila.

New Books of Permanent Value

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal

The wonderful series of lithographs of Panama and the Canal, and done on the spot by Mr. Pennell during the past winter, are here reproduced in book form. Of the lithographs themselves only a few impressions will be pulled and sold separately in the print shops. A set of the original lithographs costs about $100.00. All are given here in reproduction preserving all the detail of the originals.

Twenty-eight illustrations, with Mr. Pennell's introduction, giving his experiences and impressions and full description of each picture. Volume 7¼x10 inches. Beautifully printed on dull-finished paper. Lithograph by Mr. Pennell on cover.

Large 8vo. Cloth inlaid. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.40.

MASTERPIECES OF THE SEA.

William T. Richards

A Brief Outline of his Life and Work.

By HARRISON S. MORRIS.

Everybody knows "a Richards," with its magnificent surf and towering cliffs, but nobody knows much about the artist himself. This is remedied by this brief, sympathetic biography. Richards's life was full of charm and action, and deeply connected with the new currents of American painting. Every American who is proud of native art will want this collection of reproductions of the finest examples of his art.

18 illustrations in duotone. Cloth, $1.00 net. Postpaid, $1.10.

An American Glossary

Being an Attempt to Illustrate Certain Americanisms Upon Historical Principles.

By RICHARD H. THORNTON.

This invaluable work contains more than 13,000 quotations arranged according to their dates. No attempt is made to register the voluminous outpouring of modern slang, but it includes some modern slang expressions which are too characteristic to be left out; also others belonging to the period of the hunter and the backwoodsman. This important work fills a particular need, as at the present time there is no dictionary of Americanisms compiled upon historical principles.

Two vols. 8vo. Cloth, $7.50 net.

The Flowing Road

Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America

By CASPAR WHITNEY

Mr. Whitney has gathered in this volume the experiences of five separate overland and river expeditions into the heart of South America, beginning in 1902. Largely these were by canoe and chiefly on streams more or less connected,—hence the significance of the title "The Flowing Road." Two of the author's most prolonged journeys were taken with the object of visiting savage and unknown natives in the southeastern corner of Venezuela. There are startling adventures with animals of various kinds, and the author's trip alone with one of the natives, to reach the unknown land at the bead of the Orinoco through the midst of hostile Indians and alomst impassable natural barriers, is a chapter in travel adventure which has rarely been equalled. There is a chapter devoted entirely to the subject of preparation for travelling in tropical regions with directions as to clothing, cooking utensils, food, etc.

Twenty-four inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth, $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.20.

Modern Dancing

By J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH, M.A.

This book is an original treatment of modern dancing—of dancing, that is, since the ballet of the Renaissance, with special attention to the dancing of to-day. The author considers dancing only in so far as it can be taken seriously as an art. He writes critically of the various kinds of dancing—the rise and fall of the ballet, skirt dancing, serpentine dancing, etc.

With eight illustrations in color and forty in black and white. Large 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $3.75 net.

Our English Cathedrals

By the REV. JAMES SIBREE.

Many books have been written about our English cathedrals, but Rev. James Sibree has nevertheless found something fresh to say about them, and what is just as much to the point, he has succeeded in saying it in a fresh and interesting manner. The volumes are based on half a century's study of English ecclesiastical architecture.

Fully illustrated by photographs and block plans. Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth, $2.50 net.

A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO CIVIL WAR LITERATURE.

General Jubal A. Early

Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States. With Introductory Notes by R. H. Early.

General Early was urged by many well-known Southern Leaders to write this account of the War and the part he took therein from the time he was appointed Colonel in the Volunteer Service of Virginia, following the fall of Fort Sumter, to the end. He entered the Civil War well equipped to organize and lead, and the value placed upon his services is shown by the letters received from Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Charles S. Venable, and many others, reproduced in connection with his narrative. This is given in the straightforward, conscientious style, true in every detail, that would be expected from the pen of this veteran. There are phases of the War, manœuvres of the troops, and plans of the leaders which no work has heretofore covered.

Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, $3.50 net. Postpaid, $3.75.

FINE LIMITED EDITIONS

The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and HORACE MATHER LIPPINCOTT.

This work describes Philadelphia's colonial homes and family history, giving a picturesque account of the period.

70 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $5.00 net. Postpaid, $5.25.

Old Time Belles and Cavaliers

By EDITH TUNIS SALE.

A collection of intimate life histories of the lovely women and high-born men who were the backbone of our nation in Colonial Days. This volume might be termed "A Family History of Colonial America." These stories of the staunch devotion and stalwart patriotism of our forefathers are inspiring reading.

62 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, $5.00 net. Postpaid, $5.25.

New Fiction

THE LADY DOC

By

CAROLINE LOCKHART

Author of

"ME-SMITH"

A Breath of
Vigorous Life
from the
New West

"Me—Smith," the big Western novel of 1911, ran into seven large editions. "The Lady Doc" will be even more popular. There is the humor and excitement of breezy Western life; and the strong personality of the Lady Doc dominates every scene until the big climax. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

The First Hurdle

AND OTHERS

By JOHN REED SCOTT, Author of "The Last Try." Frontispiece in color by James Montgomery Flagg. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

These stories are full of dash and go, witty dialogue, and clever character drawing.

A Jewel of the Seas

By JESSIE KAUFMAN. Illustrated in color by Gayle Hoskins. Cloth, $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

An enchanting novel of Hawaiian social life.

The Ordeal

By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, Author of "The Raid of the Guerilla." Frontispiece in color by Douglas Duer. Cloth, $1.20 net. Postpaid, $1.32.

An impassioned romance of a strong man's reawakened love for the woman who jilted him, now the widow of another man.

THE BOOK OF THE WOMAN QUESTION

The Advance of Woman

By MRS. JANE JOHNSTONE CHRISTIE

This remarkable volume treats of the rise of the feminine from the earliest times down to the present. It is not an argument for woman's rights, but it is a most convincing picture of her proper place in the whole scheme of things. No man or woman who favorably or unfavorably regards the present agitation seriously can afford to ignore this volume. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.65.

Publishers J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY Philadelphia

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2469 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library Dec 26 12

Among the Noteworthy Fall Books

THE RAPHAEL BOOK

By FRANK ROY FRAPRIE

An account of the life of Raphael Santi of Urbino and his place in the development of art, together with a description of his paintings. With six reproductions in colour and forty-eight in duogravure of Raphael's most important works. *Boxed, net* $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.75.

THE GRAND OPERA SINGERS OF TO-DAY

By HENRY C. LAHEE

A timely account of the grand opera stars at present before the public, with biographical and critical accounts of the leading singers before the public to-day. With many illustrations from photographs of the singers included. *Boxed, net* $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.70.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE PURITAN FATHERS

By ALBERT C. ADDISON

"The book is the most interesting one that has appeared for years relative to the Puritans, and it is especially valuable, for it is accurate in detail."—*The Herald. Illustrated, boxed, net* $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.70.

OLD PARIS: Its Social, Historical and Literary Associations

By HENRY C. SHELLEY

"To the student of French history, Mr. Shelley's book will be a new joy."—*Washington Times.*

Illustrated, boxed, net $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.20.

THE ART TREASURES OF WASHINGTON

By HELEN W. HENDERSON

"This is a volume which ought to be in the possession of everyone who is at all interested in art."—*Boston Journal. Illustrated, boxed, net* $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.25.

Two New Volumes in the Art Galleries of Europe Series

The ART of the UFFIZI PALACE and the FLORENCE ACADEMY

By CHARLES C. HEYL

"This is one of the best contributions to the literature of pictures ever given to the public."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

From Page's List

THE ART OF THE BERLIN GALLERIES

By DAVID C. PREYER

"Mr. Preyer has made his narrative interesting, rich in appreciation, and free from the catalog effect of many art books."—*N. Y. Times.*

Each, illustrated, boxed, net $2.00; *postpaid,* $2.20.

Worth-While New Fiction

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA *Fourth Edition*

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

"Touches the heart by its natural, wholesome and quaint appeal."—*Springfield Union.*

The ISLAND of BEAUTIFUL THINGS A Romance of the South

By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

"The kind of a story that makes one grow younger, more innocent, more light-hearted."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

MISS BILLY'S DECISION *Third Edition*

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

"A sequel to the delightful 'Miss Billy,' and a sequel happily to be sought," says the *New York World.* "Thoroughly readable and as clean and sweet as a day in June."

CHRONICLES OF QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER, DETECTIVE

By CHARLES FELTON PIDGIN

Author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," etc.

"Most cleverly conceived and entertainingly written."—*Portland Press.*

Each, illustrated, net $1.25; *postpaid,* $1.40.

For Girl Readers

A NEW LITTLE COLONEL BOOK.

MARY WARE'S PROMISED LAND

By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

This latest book brings in many of the characters of the other "Little Colonel" books, but especially Mary Ware herself, as good, generous, and lovable as of old, if not more so. The book is full of life and action, sorrow and troubles, mingled with fun and sunshine.

Uniform with the previous volumes in the series, illustrated, $1.50 *Ready October Twenty-sixth.*

Published by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY 53 Beacon St. Boston

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 371

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The "Monopoly Issue" 374
Historical Parallels 375
A Baffling War 375
"Freeing" Written English 376
Corner Meetings 377

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Herrick 378
News for Bibliophiles 381

CORRESPONDENCE:

Pantisocrats on the Susquehanna.... 382
A Difference 382
Compulsory Service 383
Cynthia's Revels 383
Decorating Washington 383

LITERATURE:

The Land of Uz............ 383
A Woman of Genius—A Man's World 384
Between Two Thieves............ 385
The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol 385
The Day of the Saxon............ 385
Essays on Questions Connected with the Old English Poem of Beowulf.. 386
Some German Women and their Salons 387

NOTES 387

SCIENCE:

The Evolution of the Vertebrates and their Kin 390

DRAMA 390

MUSIC:

Mes Souvenirs 391

ART:

The Holden Collection 392

FINANCE:

The Sinews of War............ 393

BOOKS OF THE WEEK............ 394

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

CONNECTICUT

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

Just Published
JUNG DEUTSCHLAND
By ANNA GRONOW
University Elementary School, The University of Chicago
90 cents

"Jung Deutschland" presents as much simple idiomatic reading and as much grammar as an average student can cover during one year in high school. It teaches the fundamental principles of German grammar in and through the language itself. In very simple German the pupil is introduced to his everyday surroundings and happenings. The subjects have been chosen with a view to strengthening vocabulary, and also on account of their adaptability to teaching grammar. Oral work is considered the most important feature of the first year's course, in its attempt to inspire the pupil with confidence and with ease of expression through the German.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

THE STATE
ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS
By WOODROW WILSON
Gives Dr. Wilson's views on the Nature and Forms of Government, the Nature and Development of Law, and the Functions and Objects of Government.
Cloth. xxxv+659 pages. $2.00.
D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago

Learn Latin to *Speak*
Palæstra is the common-sense in Latin; some 30 pamphlets for class or self instruction by figures, cuts, texts on subjects of daily life, supported by Roman authors; vast vocabulary, no translations; reading, writing, speaking exercises; half published; $2.50 will bring all issued; complete $5.00; no samples. ARCADIVS AVELLANVS, 47 W. 52d St., New York City.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

Reading Case for the Nation,
To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with *The Nation* stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS
OF
Wendell Phillips Garrison
Editor of The Nation, 1865-1906

In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait.

During the forty-one years in which he edited the *Nation*, with a thoroughness, ability, and conscientious devotion unsurpassed in the records of American journalism, Mr. Garrison was an indefatigable correspondent, never employing an amanuensis, but writing tens of thousands of letters with his own hand to his contributors, who embraced practically all the leading American scholars and critics of the period. From a dozen groups of these, which have been kindly loaned by the recipients, a sufficient number of selections has been made to illustrate the relations between Mr. Garrison and his great corps of contributors, the frankness and tact which he exercised towards them, and the wide range of his interests, tastes, and sympathies. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, a dozen of his best poems, and several of his characteristic editorials, reviews, and essays, besides a fine photogravure portrait.

Price, $1.50 net postpaid.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
BOSTON NEW YORK

New Grant White Shakespeare

POCKET EDITION

Embodying the Ripest American Scholarship and Latest Shakespearean Study, after Years of Careful Preparation, is now ready.

Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT, BENJAMIN W. WELLS and JOHN B. HENNEMAN. *Finely illustrated with 48 photogravure plates. 12 vols. of handy size, bound in full limp leather, $18.00 net; separately, $1.50 net, per volume. Postage 8 cents each.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:

1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University

265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

"TO LIBRARIANS"

It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

THE COURTS THE CONSTITUTION AND PARTIES

Studies in Constitutional History and Politics

By Andrew C. McLaughlin

Professor of History in the University of Chicago.

The work consists of five papers, the first of which discusses the power of a court to declare a law unconstitutional. It examines into the historical growth of the judicial power, and seeks, by reference to the writings of American statesmen of early days, to trace the idea of fundamental law.

Two of the papers deal with the growth and essential character of political parties, and are followed by one on the history of differing theories of the federal Union. The work fittingly concludes with a discussion of the written constitution in some of its historical aspects.

The work is a sane and illuminating contribution—of extreme value to lawyers and sociologists, but equally adapted in tone and scope to all who take an interest in the maintenance of a popular form of government.

308 pages, 12mo, Cloth, $1.50
Postpaid - - - $1.63

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois

LAW PRINTING

Briefs, Corporation and other Legal Documents Printed accurately and with dispatch,
Plaintiff,
vs.
The other way of having them done,
Defendant.

Without Writ of Error or Disappointment.

CASE.

For further information *re* such Cases, call

The Nation Press
of Counsel for Plaintiff

N. Y. Evening Post Building
20 Vesey Street
New York City

Verified in essential facts both by American and European Bankers

UNSEEN EMPIRE

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Dr. Jordan here shows that civilized nations are all in their degree under the domination of a power stronger than kings or parliaments, more lasting than armies or navies, the unseen Empire of Finance. He further shows that this mastery is not now in the hands of individual men, however powerful, but that it has passed over into an impersonal Empire of Debt. Many of the essential statements which Dr. Jordan makes have been verified by leading bankers both in this country and abroad. There is an "unseen empire" that can to a certain, and perhaps to a large, degree sway the destinies of nations, and the method, if not the exact extent of it, is told in this highly informing and suggestive volume.

$1.25 net; by mail, $1.32

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
25 BEACON ST., BOSTON

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

The Letters of George Meredith

EDITED BY HIS SON.

The two volumes have been in process of selection and preparation since his death, in 1909, and will be found one of the most varied, interesting, and revealing of such autobiographical collections.

Two volumes. With portraits. 8vo. $4.00 net; by mail $4.38.

The Poetical Works of George Meredith

With some notes by G. M. TREVELYAN.

George Meredith was one of the great poets in the succession of English poetic masters. It is therefore right that all of his poetry should be made available in one volume by which his eminence can be appreciated and judged.

With portrait. $2.00 net; by mail $2.19.

The Call of Brotherhood

and other Poems

By CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

The poems by Mrs. Douglas Robinson, appearing from time to time in the magazines, have attracted the attention of those who love serious thought expressed in melodious verse. The author classifies them under four divisions—Life, Heroism, Love, and Grief.

$1.25 net; by mail $1.33.

Plutarch's Nicias and Alcibiades

Newly translated with introduction and notes.

By BERNADOTTE PERRIN,
Professor in Yale University.

Another volume of Plutarch's Greek Lives, translated and edited with the same distinguished scholarship and fine literary quality that made PROFESSOR PERRIN's earlier volumes so remarkable. With its publication the author completes his design, begun in "Themistocles and Aristides" and advanced in "Cimon and Pericles," of presenting in popular form material for the critical study of "the greatest century in the history of Athens."

$2.00 net.

Gateways to Literature and Other Essays

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

His eminence as thinker and writer is reaffirmed in the essays of this volume.

12mo. $1.25 net; postage extra.

South America

Dalton, L. V.
Venezuela ....*net*, $3.00

Dennis, Pierre
Brazil ....*net*, 3.00

Eder, P. J.
Colombia ....*net*, 3.00

Elliott, G. F. S.
Chile ....*net*, 3.00

Enock, C. R.
Andes and the Amazon, *net*, 1.50
Great Pacific Coast, *net*, 4.00
Peru ....*net*, 3.00

Fitzgerald, E. A.
Highest Andes .....*net*, 6.00

Ford, I. N.
Tropical America 2.00

Hardy, M. R.
Paraguay ....*net*, 3.00

Hirst, W. A.
Argentina ....*net*, 3.00

Koebel, W. H.
Uruguay ....*net*, 3.00

Larden, Walter
Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers .....*net*, 3.75

Ruhl, Arthur
Other Americans, The *net*, 2.00

Smith, H. H.
Brazil, the Amazons and the Coast 5.00

Whymper, Edward
Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator, *net*, 2.50

The Citizens' Atlas of the World
Edited by J. G. Bartholomew, LL.D., F.R.G.S. A series of 156 pages of maps and plans with an index, a gazetteer, and geographical statistics. Folio, cloth binding. $10.00 *net*; also in half morocco binding, *net*, $12.50

Some Importations

The Cathedrals of England and Wales
By FRANCIS BOND, M.A. Large chown 8vo. ....*net*, $3.00

The Old Colleges of Oxford
Their Architectural History Illustrated and Described. By AYMER VALLANCE, M.A., Oriel College ......*net*, $35.00

Paris and Its Treasures
By MRS. E. C. BICKNELL, author of "Venice and Her Treasures." 12mo. With over 60 illustrations and maps, *net*, $1.50

The Passes of the Pyrenees
A Practical Guide to the Mountain Road of the France-Spanish Frontier. By CHARLES L. FREESTON, author of "High Roads of the Alps," *net*, $3.00

Italian Travel Sketches
By JAMES SULLY, University College, London. With over 20 full-page illustrations by P. N. Boxer ....*net*, $2.00

The Enthusiasts of Port Royal
By LILIAN REA. With 12 illustrations ....*net*, $3.00

Scenes and Memories
By WALBURGA, LADY PAGET. Illustrated with photographs and portraits, *net*, $2.25

A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF.

By writing his first book, he has preserved in a permanent and accessible form those qualities—hitherto limited by the walls of the lecture hall—which made his lectures famous. He gives the fresh narrative of a journey on horseback from Hebron on the south to Dan on the north, with excursions to Damascus and Mount Hermon.

Nor have the one hundred beautiful photographic illustrations been visible elsewhere; they are a selection from the total of two thousand he made on the journey. Each is accompanied with a list of biblical references it especially illustrates.

Price $3.00 net; by mail $3.27.

The Last Frontier

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.,
Late of the American Consular Service in Egypt.

"Morocco, Algeria, Tripolitania, Equatoria, Rhodesia, the Sahara, the Sudan, the Congo, the Rand, and the Zambesi, . . . with your permission I will take you to them all, and you shall see, as though with your own eyes, those strange and far-off places which mark the line of the Last Frontier, where the white-helmeted pioneers are fighting the battles and solving the problems of civilization."

Splendidly illustrated with photographs. $3.00 net; by mail $3.26.

New Trails in Mexico

By CARL LUMHOLTZ, M.A.,
Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," etc.

Dr. Lumholtz, whose discoveries in Australia and Mexico have been of equal scientific and romantic interest, records valuable explorations during 1909 and 1910 in the almost unknown country along the upper part of the Gulf of California, east of the Colorado River—the region designated by the early Spanish chronicles as the Papagueria after the indigenous Indians, the Papagoes.

With numerous illustrations, including 2 color plates and 2 maps. Large 8vo. $5.00 net; by mail $5.48.

German Memoirs

By SIDNEY WHITMAN,
Author and Journalist.

The writer, a noted journalist, knew almost all the great Germans of the time, including Moltke, Bismarck, Lenbach, Mommsen, Buelow, entered into the social and artistic life of Berlin, Dresden, etc., and studied every aspect of the nation's power and prosperity.

Handsomely illustrated. $2.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 153 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1912.

The Week

The President's order putting under the rules of the classified service the 35,000 fourth-class postmasterships which remained outside is of great importance and in keeping with his whole policy in regard to the civil service. So far as numbers are concerned, the Federal offices are, by this act, brought almost completely under the operation of the merit system; but it would be a mistake to suppose that there are not important extensions of that system still to be made in the Federal service. The higher posts, while the number of them is small in comparison with the vast aggregate of offices, are of an importance which cannot be measured by numbers; and this not only because the duties of these posts are of great moment, and because of their tempting character as political prizes, but also for a reason profoundly affecting the service as a whole.

A few offices, involving questions of governmental policy, should always remain subject to untrammelled appointment by the executive head of the Government; but purely business offices of high order, such as the first-class postmasterships, should become the natural goal of the men filling the lower places in the same branch of the service. Only so can the Government service in general become a true career for men of ability; and the effect of its being such a career would be felt in a most beneficent way throughout all the grades. President Taft has urged upon Congress the most comprehensive legislation to this end; in default of such legislation he can do nothing, since the offices in question are, under the law, filled by the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate."

From many parts of the country comes evidence that the Republican managers have not the slightest hope of winning the Presidential election, and are working hard mainly for the sake of making such salvage as is still feasible. This accounts for the effort to assure the party "second place" in as many States as possible. With this would go the advantage of position on the official ballot, the right to appoint poll clerks, "watchers," etc. There is also the natural desire to knit the organization together so as to prevent the Progressives from raiding it and capturing it in the course of the next four years. It seems also to be the case that the general confusion and uncertainty into which the party has fallen are leading, in some places, to arrangements by local bosses and aspirants for office to save themselves at all hazards, no matter what may happen to others. Thus a political correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*, writing from Delaware, describes the Republican leaders in that State as acting like men in a shipwreck, struggling to save a few of their personal belongings. In particular they are working to carry the Legislature, even at the cost of losing the Governor and sacrificing the national ticket. This is naturally interpreted as meaning that Mr. T. C. du Pont, National Committeeman for Delaware, hopes to be elected to the United States Senate as successor to Richardson.

The present campaign has been unusually rich in humorous situations, but it has been reserved for the State of Lincoln and Grant to contribute the masterpiece of incongruity. Here is the eloquent analysis of existing conditions as made by a speaker in Chicago a few evenings ago:

> The Republican ship is lying helpless without a man at the helm. The crew has jumped overboard, and there is no one to guide her head into the wind. On one hand you have the pirate ship of anarchy with the red bandanna handkerchief at the masthead, and on the other the privateer of Socialism. It is up to us Lincoln Republicans to take the leadership and save the ship from destruction.

The "privateer of Socialism," of course, is the Democratic party, but who are "us Lincoln Republicans"? Well, they are the same devoted band that, under the intrepid leadership of William Lorimer, the author of the statesmanlike utterances we have just quoted, went down to defeat in the primaries last spring, dragging Mr. Taft with them. But they are not daunted.

Mr. Amos Pinchot, in his pamphlet, "What's the Matter with America?" traces the Progressive party back to Columbus, Copernicus, and the Renaissance. That is comparatively modest. Some thinkers have carried the Progressive movement back to the primitive home of the Aryans. On the way they have paused to point out phenomena like the recall of Louis XVI by the Jacobins, the recall of the Jacobins by Napoleon, the recall of Napoleon by the Powers of Europe, etc. Logically there should have been some mention of the recall of Abel by Cain. The astounding thing, however, is that the onward life forces of human history should have run their course without being conscious that they were tending towards their culminating point at Chicago in August, 1912. It was the Progressives who liberated this country from the yoke of George III and fought the Civil War, whereas the ancestors of the present Republicans and Democrats favored taxation without representation and negro slavery. From the dawn of history there has been a chosen band that has worked for the betterment of this world, passing on the heritage of service to their children, set apart from the rest of humanity, but knowing themselves by no separate name. That was to come only in our own days. Even in our own days—such are the mysterious workings of history—they would not have found out that they were Progressives if a score of Taft delegates had been persuaded to flop.

Rear-Admiral Stockton's paper on "Panama Canal Tolls" has been reprinted from the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute. He holds that the language of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty binds us to make no "discrimination in favor of that country which constructs and owns the canal, but which of its own volition yields any claim for preference." It follows, in his opinion, that the making of the Canal free of tolls for American coastwise vessels would be a violation of our treaty obligation. But he has a remedy to suggest. It is the amendment of our shipping laws so as to admit foreign vessels to that part of our coastwise trade which passes from one ocean to the other via the Canal. This would correspond to what the French laws call "Grand Cabotage," as distinct from the "Petit Cabotage" which consists in plying from port to port along the coast. The latter would still be reserved for ships of American register, though foreign vessels would be allowed to take cargoes from New York through the Panama Canal to San Francisco or Seattle or Honolulu.

Admiral Stockton points out the advantages in the way of competition that would result from such a change in our navigation laws, as well as the relief from the charge of deliberately violating a treaty which could be obtained in that way. He takes note as follows of the argument that it is necessary to retain a complete monopoly of the coastwise trade in order to "build up a merchant marine for the United States":

> In answer it can be stated that for over fifty years this trade has been in the hands of American-built merchantmen without having had any material results in the creation of an American merchant marine. In fact, our mercantile marine plying on and off our coast has been mainly a subsidiary to our great railway systems, with freight charges so arranged as not to affect its land freight charges when it comes in competition therewith, and really either to feed the lines alone or to give them advantages over competing railway systems.

The contempt with which certain politicians have dismissed the treatment of the big Trusts by the Administration and the courts as futile and laughable has been nowhere more marked than in connection with the Standard Oil case. But here comes Mr. C. D. Chamberlain, secretary and general counsel of the National Petroleum Association, an organization of independent refining companies, and tells us that the fight against monopoly in oil has been anything but futile. In a carefully thought-out discussion of the situation, he makes such statements as that the condition, in regard to the chance open for competitors, "continuously improved during the pendency of the Government's suit, and improvement has continued since the decree of dissolution"; and that, while "too short a period has elapsed since the disintegration of the Standard Oil combination to accurately estimate the full effect" of the Supreme Court's decree, "the independent companies have to-day an unrestricted and uncontrolled opportunity to carry on their business without unfair, secret, and oppressive competition on the part of one great rival that they have not enjoyed for years past."

To charge unrestricted immigration with being one of the principal causes of the present discontent, and to argue in the next breath that the present discontent is the sign of a great moral awakening in the nation, is obviously unfair to the poor immigrant. But whether we call it plain discontent or a movement for moral and social regeneration, it is not out of place to inquire in what sections of the community the present unrest is chiefly localized. The revolt against the old parties and the old ideals has been strongest in the agricultural communities of the Middle West and the Far West, where the competition of immigrant labor is felt least of all. Certainly, the Western farmer has no grudge against the alien masses who have come in to swell the ranks of food consumers and so enriched the farmer in his capacity as food producer. The spirit of discontent, if we take Mr. Roosevelt's popularity as an index, is also strong in industrial communities like the Pennsylvania and West Virginia mine regions, where the bulk of the population is of immigrant origin, a state of affairs which would argue that the foreigner resents being forced to compete against himself.

Mr. Hapgood's resignation as editor of *Collier's* follows evidences of internal dissensions in that weekly, which have been for some weeks plain. This campaign left it in a very unpleasant situation. It had supported Roosevelt, in the hope that he would get the Republican nomination, and it had been filled with praise of Wilson, seemingly in the conviction that he would *not* get the Democratic nomination. The actual result of the Conventions was obviously awkward for *Collier's*. It began by announcing that it would hold the scales even as between Roosevelt and Wilson. Twitted with being "on the fence," it declared that on the fence it would stay. But in actual fact it has found itself first on one side, then on the other—often on both sides at once—but latterly, in its editorial columns at least, more and more strongly leaning to Wilson. But now Mr. Collier is to change all that, and, as editor himself, to make his publication in the future a thick-and-thin Roosevelt organ. With all respect for the powers of the new editor, we doubt if he will be able in two weeks' time to decide the election.

What is termed a plan to complete the nationalization of Harvard is under consideration by the Harvard Club of Chicago. The project is to found scholarships of $300 for freshmen in all States having fewer than four representatives at Cambridge. These States are all in the West and South. The first effort is to be in the direction of finding Harvard alumni in the States concerned who will endow such scholarships, but in the event of failure in this attempt, Harvard alumni clubs elsewhere will be asked to contribute towards a fund for this purpose. That the Chicago alumni are not inviting others to do something which they themselves are unwilling to do, is sufficiently evident from the fact that this club has a fund of $5,000 for the assistance of Illinois high-school students who contemplate entering Harvard. An incidental consequence of this campaign for the "nationalization" of the university will doubtless be to increase the influence of the West and South in its governing boards. These sections of the country have been claiming and obtaining larger representation in the Board of Overseers, and the sending of more students to Harvard from their borders must strengthen the tendency towards the "nationalization" of the body which is directly responsible for its policy.

Not many can have read without a pang of true and keen sympathy of the death of William Rugh, the Gary, Indiana, newsboy who risked and lost his life to save that of a young girl whom he had never seen. One is at a loss to say whether the pathos, the chivalry, and the self-sacrifice of his act are more moving because of its unusual nature, or because of the feeling that it is typical of the quiet heroism which is to be found in thousands of men in the humblest walks of life. Hardly a railway disaster, a perilous fire, an accident on the water, but furnishes its tale of instant courage and self-forgetfulness. But there is something peculiarly touching in this quiet and undramatic sacrifice in the Gary hospital. The girl had suffered extensive burns through an explosion of gasolene in a motor-cycle.

When Rugh, a newsboy with a crippled leg, heard of this, and that only by the grafting of a large amount of cuticle could the girl's life be saved, he offered his crippled leg for amputation. He was warned that the operation might result fatally. "What's the odds," he said, "if it will only save her life? The leg is no good to me, and I have no friends to worry in case I die. Go ahead and cut it off." No heroics in it at all; but many a less knightly act has been embalmed in a hundred poems.

Writing in the *Century* about a certain popular didactic play, Mr. Belasco remarks that if the exceedingly long preachment had not been "somewhat cunningly introduced at the moment of greatest suspense," "the auditorium would have been emptied of its listeners long before the end of the dissertation." This might be passed by as a piece of conventional hyperbole. But if Mr. Belasco had stuck to the actual facts of his supposed case, he would have had to picture the theatre as filled with listeners longing to escape but helplessly glued to their seats. Why should they not escape? Is it not a ridiculous lack of resourcefulness that keeps them there? From the extreme infrequency of actual departures, one would suppose the audience to be under the impression that buying a ticket involves one in a contract to hear a play out. Many people, of course, think that plays are only relatively dull—that any play is better than no play at all. But those who complain afterwards of having lived through an evening of utmost boredom, should be made to ask themselves why they did it. We are too kind-hearted nowadays to hiss, but in "the argument of legs"—to use a happy phrase of Mrs. Gilman's—we have at hand a punishment that exactly fits the crime, and combines the minimum of disturbance with the maximum of effectiveness.

The latest outbreak in Mexico has not been precipitated by revolutionist successes in other parts of the country. On the contrary, in the north there is a decided cessation of rebel activity. The guerrilla campaign that followed the dispersal of Orozco's regular forces has nearly ended. But no sooner does appeasement come in one section of the country than revolt starts up in another section. If we take these successive uprisings as proof of a smouldering general discontent with Madero and his policies, then the Government is indeed doomed. But Madero may yet find his salvation in the fact that the motives of the men who have risen against him are far from irreproachable. The revolution in the north, it is pretty well established, has been financed by followers of Porfirio Diaz. The revolt at Vera Cruz is headed by a nephew of the ex-Dictator. There must be a saving remnant in the Mexican people to whom it is quite clear that the fall of Madero must mean the restoration in whole or in part of the Diaz influence. The present Government has been charged with failing to redeem its promises of reform with regard to the land policy established under the Diaz régime. The reëstablishment of the Diaz influence is hardly the way to bring about that reform.

What is this that Dr. Albert Weidemann, of Elberfeld, Germany, syndic of the chamber of commerce there and managing director of the Rhenish-Westphalian Textile Association—what is this that he is talking about? He had been speaking of the high perfection of organization in American industrial plants, and that is all right; but what does he mean when he goes on to chatter as follows:

> We were greatly surprised, too, to see the extensive provision made everywhere for the comfort and welfare of the employees. The large number of rooms, gardens, playgrounds, and other devices for recreation were things which we did not most of us realize that America possessed.

Herr Dr. Weidemann is behind the times. The sort of thing he is telling us would have passed current in this country a few years ago, and indeed would have been regarded as a natural acknowledgment of the fortunate conditions to be found in our favored land; but we have got beyond all that now. Don't we all know that America is sadly behind all other countries, and especially behind Germany, in everything that pertains to the welfare of the working people? Does Dr. Weidemann expect to pull the wool over our eyes, and make us believe that there is any possible source of benefit for the masses other than the paternal care of a strong central government?

Mrs. Pankhurst wants war to break out in England as well as in the Balkans. It may be that her fervid declaration, "I incite this meeting to rebellion," is only an echo of the recent bellicose talk of the Conservatives in Ulster. If Sir Edward Carson is to be hailed as "King," Mrs. Pankhurst ought to be dubbed "Queen." But seriously, her summons to her followers to indulge in every form of violence except attempts to take life, will only alienate still more of her former associates, and do her cause great harm. One thing is certain: if the militant suffragists set out deliberately to violate the laws and defy the authorities, they cannot complain when punishment is inflicted on them. You can't be a willing martyr and at the same time cry out against the hardships of the martyr's lot.

Every broad-minded American will rejoice at the part which this country has played in bringing about a good understanding between Japan and Russia, even though it has involved a series of rebuffs to our Government from both the others. The initial repulse has just come to light in an address by a Japanese which is dignified by publication in the *Eastern Review.* It was nothing less than the refusal of Russia to enter into an alliance with us. This event occurred in 1907, when Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, paid a visit to St. Petersburg by way of Siberia. A few journals suggested at the time that he had important objects in view, but their "voice was too weak to attract the attention of the people in general." This wise man of Tokio, however, was not to be caught napping. Soon after Mr. Taft had left the Russian capital, this Japanese made a journey to Southern Russia, where he, "strangely enough, learned that Russian officers there were busy studying English." The significance of this was plain. "If Russia, from sheer enmity towards Japan, had jumped at the proposed hand, who knows what would have been the effect on the Far East? But she refused." Then came the rejection by both Russia and Japan of Mr. Knox's proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, and now has followed "Russia's abnegation of the Russo-American treaty" regarding the equal treatment of all American citizens. These disclosures may take away Mr. Taft's last hope of reëlection, but he can solace himself with having unconsciously contributed to the peace of the Orient.

THE "MONOPOLY ISSUE."

From the long explanation put forth on Saturday by Mr. Roosevelt, regarding his position on Trusts and monopolies, it is evident enough that he has become aware of how the public feels about licensing monopolies. He is accused, he says, by Gov. Wilson and Mr. Brandeis, of "endeavoring to legalize monopolies by a commission, which would have police power to say to a favored corporation, 'You are legal,' and to an unfavored corporation, 'You are illegal.'" This, Mr. Roosevelt proceeds, is not only not his position, but the antithesis of his position. He adds:

> I am accused of wanting to give the commission the power to fix prices. I do not want to provide that. I fancy the commission would be so busy for a time in enforcing laws that it would not want to concern itself with prices.

This last statement looks a bit like begging the question; but let that pass. What Mr. Roosevelt did say in his speech of August 6 to the Bull Moose Convention at Chicago—we quote the reprint of that speech given out from the Progressive headquarters—was that "any corporation voluntarily coming under the commission should not be prosecuted under the Anti-Trust law, so long as it obeys in good faith the orders of the commission." "Any corporation" is a fairly broad term. What Mr. Roosevelt said in his address to the Ohio Constitutional Convention, last February, was that, where regulation by competition proves insufficient, "we should not shrink from bringing Government regulation to the point of control of monopoly prices." The same declaration, in almost identical language, was made in his widely quoted *Outlook* article of last November.

This little inconsistency of Mr. Roosevelt's is only one of the signs that the Third Party has found its plank on Trusts and monopolies a serious handicap to its campaign.

From the first appearance of the "Trust movement," in its shape of the last dozen years, the American citizen has protested against control of the fortunes of any industry by a corporation or body of corporations, built up by the capital of promoters with the purpose of suppressing competition. He has heard, especially these last two or three years of Anti-Trust law prosecutions, a good deal to the effect that the "era of competition is dead" and that its death was essential for industrial welfare. But he has had in his inmost heart the conviction that these assertions were the last line of defence for the very monopolies or potential monopolies which he dreaded.

In the light of this conviction, he formed his opinion on the subsequent propositions. When the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, two years ago, urged continued dominance by such huge trade combinations—subject, however, to restraint, through a Federal commission, on the raising of prices for their commodities too high—the ordinary American was quick to express his double inference, first, that this proposal was an expedient to perpetuate exactly those conditions which he feared, and secondly, that, if adopted, it would lead the nation far along on the path to the system of state socialism which he detested. He may have had momentary doubts as to whether, for the sake of preserving trade prosperity, the idea of licensed monopoly might not have become inevitable. But he has listened since then to ex-Senator Edmunds's exposition of the probability that such a commission, instead of controlling the Trusts, would itself be controlled by them through the politicians. He has read Mr. Brandeis's demonstration that, in point of fact, economies in production and capture of neutral markets have been achieved, not by the Trusts, but by independent competitive producers.

His plain common sense taught him that both these views were right. To an electorate in this state of mind came the Progressive party, with its platform advocating precisely that relation between government and monopoly, and with its early campaign speeches reiterating the assertion that the era of competition was and ought to be at an end.

In last week's *Independent*, Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia writes on "The Parties and the Supreme Issue." He vows himself a Republican and the descendant of a long line of Republicans. But on what he regards as the real issue of the campaign, he aligns himself with the Democratic party. That overshadowing issue, he declares, is the treatment of the great business corporations. He rejects the Republican party's programme on this matter, because those protective duties which "make exorbitant prices possible in the American market, and leave a Trust free from danger from foreign rivals and able to use its resources in crushing competitors at home," are upheld by it. Turning to the Third Party, he takes up its notion of letting "good Trusts" alone and regulating prices of their products through an administrative commission.

The complexity and difficulty of the plan, its "chances of error and of corrupting influence," every one can recognize. But there is a far more serious objection:

> With the world crowding itself more and more densely with people, the art of extracting a living from it must be practiced more and more effectively. We must invent new machinery, discover new raw materials, use new motive power. . . . Otherwise humanity will grow poorer with every passing decade. The only thing that can guarantee such progress is competition.

The evidence is readily at hand. What motive has monopoly—especially monopoly licensed by law but regulated as to prices—for progress of this sort? When a producer, under such régime, lowered the cost of his product, he would merely be inviting reduction of the price of it. The spur of competition gone, the motive for progressive economy would vanish with it. The instinct of such "regulated monopoly," with competition dead, would be to "adhere to old methods and keep its antiquated appliances." Monopoly, by the nature of the case, "is hostile to progress"; the promises of the Progressive platform may easily "amount to a surrender to monopoly," and "a proposal of price regulation involves some expectation of thus surrendering."

So much for this economist's verdict on the Third Party's attitude towards that issue. It is coupled with the frank admission that the Democratic party, through its promise of reasonable reform of abuses in the tariff, and its declaration that competition must be preserved and that no corporation should be allowed to become monopoly, offers the single solution of the problem. "The vital incentive to progress," concludes this Republican critic of the Democratic platform, "the hope of large future production, the prospect of a rising level for human life, are staked on this restoration of the force that insures them."

It may be that Professor Clark has merely expressed in words the suspicions and misgivings already pervading every thinking mind. But it is well to have such indictments of a political declaration framed in convincing language—as was done (with almost equal reluctance, because of old associations) by Senator Lodge in regard to the party's judiciary plank, and as might be done, if it were worth the trouble, in regard to its Populistic declaration on the currency. We imagine that when the political history of 1912 is written for the next generation, the student will be invited to consider the extraordinary incident of a party platform, in a year when the whole electorate was crying out at the rising cost of living, calmly inviting that electorate to ratify a plan for licensing monopolies in the necessities of life.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

Despite the well-known fact that, as John Morley has put it, "historical parallels are a snare to working statesmen," they continue to be pressed into service. That working statesman, the President of the United States, is the latest to seek comfort in what he supposes to be an analogy between the past and the present. The common opinion to-day is that the Republican party will be beaten in November, if for no other reason, because it is badly split up. But this does not follow, declares Mr. Taft. "Fifty-two years ago," he remarks in a statement of rather forced good cheer, "seceders from the Union thought they were facing a divided North and would win an easy victory." But "history teaches us" that they did not, and in this the President sees a bad omen for the Democrats. It would be just like the latter, however, to affirm that the year 1860 is a particularly unhappy one for the President to cite. For in that Presidential campaign the Republican party faced a divided Democracy, and expected to win, and did in fact win, a victory on account of the dissentions of its opponents. If parallels are to be drawn with fifty-two years ago, this is the one that really applies to the present year of grace. The only alternative is to maintain that Republicans have a monopoly of historical parallels, as of the other good things of life, and that the Democrats cannot win even when they have both history and mathematics on their side.

But does not history repeat itself? Yes, but usually with a difference; and to detect that difference is the great task—we might almost say the despair—of those who seek accurate guidance for to-day from yesterday. Most scientific historians of the present time would agree with Lotze that there is no such thing as a philosophy of history in the sense that it enables us to predict the future. The true function of history is not so much to solve present-day questions as to teach us to examine, to be cautious, to weigh evidence; constantly reminding us that those who are nearest to some great event seldom fully understand it. This is not to deny that historical parallels are highly interesting. They are often very illuminating. But it is always possible that they may mislead us. No two men, however wide their knowledge or keen their insight, will read the moral the same.

Mr. Bryce has touched with his usual mastery upon the fallacies that lurk in historians' parallels. He gave an amusing illustration which has its significance for what is now going on in the Near East. It was in 1876, at the time of the great agitation over the Bulgarian massacres and the course which Great Britain ought to pursue, that Mr. Bryce one day met an eminent professor of history. He was a man very fond of talking about historical knowledge as the only true guide to modern politics. They began speaking of the crisis, and what followed may be given in Mr. Bryce's words:

> I said, "Here is a fine opportunity for applying your doctrines. Party politicians may be divided, but no student of history can doubt which is the right course for the Government to follow towards Russia and the Turks."
>
> "Certainly," he replied, "the teachings of history are plain."
>
> "You mean, of course," I said, scenting some signs of disagreement, "that we ought to warn the Sultan that he is wholly in the wrong and can have no support from us?"
>
> "No, indeed," rejoined my friend, "I mean just the opposite."

It is probable that the break-up of the Whig party, after 1856, with its disappearance in the Republican party, has given more aid and comfort—and brought more disappointment—than any other event in the history of our politics. Innovators and founders of new parties have ever since been arguing and hoping from it. For many years the Prohibitionist party cherished the belief that it would do to the Republican party what the Republican did to the Whig. In the other political camp, the Populists were confident, about twenty years ago, that they were to push aside or absorb the Democratic party. But it was the Populists who were swallowed and became lost to sight; and the Prohibitionists have had to give way to the Progressives as the party that is going to be the death of the Republican, as it was of the Whig. No prediction is more frequently heard from Progressives than that 1912 is to stand with 1856 in our political history. They are fascinated by the parallel, which they imagine to be exact in every particular. But the Republican party has several times before this year refused to break up or die, as in decent consideration for the prophets it should have done, and it may again fool those who are sitting by its bedside and expecting soon to enter upon its estate. If it does die, we may be sure that the cause of death will not be a lethal historical parallel.

To go back to Mr. Taft's parallel, it cannot, of course, be said that a divided party is without exception a beaten party, but the general rule is certainly that way. And in politics men will, after all the subtle reasoning addressed to them, fall back upon what they believe to be experience, averages, and general rules. The thing was neatly stated by Col. Hay in 1896. A correspondent, anxious as he was for the election of McKinley, wrote him with apprehension about the formation of the Gold Democratic party. He feared it would draw many votes that would otherwise go to the Republicans. Col. Hay, in a private letter, said that it might be so; he wasn't much of a politician, and events might be getting away from him; but somehow he couldn't get over the homely notion that you had a better chance when your opponents were divided and quarrelling.

A BAFFLING WAR.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the world has stood by with a sense of helpless dismay as Turkey and the Balkan states have plunged into war. The conflict seemed so preventable. For weeks we had assurances that it would be prevented. Diplomacy was to strain all its resources. The financial world was to interpose obstacles. Reason and statesmanlike prudence were to be made effective. Above all, the humane feeling of the nations was to assert itself. It could not be that a war, of which the causes were not clear, and after which the Great Powers of Europe—what Kinglake called the Great Tradition—would not permit even the conqueror to reap the fruits of victory, would burst upon civilization and take it by surprise.

In this attitude of mind attentive observers were strengthened by the activity of the European Governments. It may be that these waked late to the peril, but they bestirred themselves in ways that before have been effective. For our part, we do not question the good faith of these diplomatic efforts. It is easy to throw out hints and suspicions of intrigue and secret countermining in such affairs, but in this instance, at least, the interests of the nations concerned were too much at one with their professions to make it anything but an abuse of skepticism to challenge their sincerity. Germany and England, France and Russia and Austria, labored earnestly and honestly to avert hostilities. On this point, the official statement of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons is conclusive. The Foreign Secretary declared that the Great Powers were of one mind in taking steps to preserve peace in the Balkans. They were all agreed, he said, in the representations to be made both at Constantinople and to the Balkan states, and spoke of this fact as almost a "guarantee" of peace. The result is nearly as bitter a comment on the prescience of statesmen as was the breaking out of the Franco-German war just after another English Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, had assured Parliament that there was not a cloud on the European horizon.

To assert of the diplomatic negotiations which were undertaken to prevent the war that they were serious and in good faith, is not, however, the same thing as saying that they were eminently skilful. The Great Powers had come to an agreement upon two lines of procedure. The first was to impress in the strongest way upon Turkey the necessity of carrying out the reforms promised by the Treaty of Berlin, especially as affects the Christian populations. But a difficulty arose, according to the Paris *Temps*, about the manner in which this pressure was to be brought to bear at Constantinople. The French and Russian Foreign Offices desired that the note should be collectively to the Porte by all the Ambassadors in Constantinople. But Sir Edward Grey objected that this would carry the semblance of a threat, and insisted upon having the representations made individually. To this M. Poincaré and M. Sazonoff finally assented. But the Turk has of old known how to deal with the Powers when they came one by one. The other action agreed upon by the diplomats was to let the Balkan principalities understand in the plainest way that the Great Powers would not permit a war to bring about "any change in the *status quo* in Southeastern Europe." Russia and Austria, as the nations most directly concerned, were chosen to make this representation. If it was strongly made, and the evidence of intention to back it up was perfectly clear, it would indeed seem to take away the motive of territorial enlargement, and by so much to justify the confidence of the diplomatic world that there would be no war.

That war should have been precipitated, in spite of all, no doubt argues great secular causes at work. Deep animosities, of both race and religion, lie behind the outbreak. Nor on either side is the record clean. We have heard much of the wrongs of the Christians in Macedonia, and doubtless they have been grievous. They are put in the forefront of the proclamation of war by the King of Bulgaria, who would give the war the appearance of a sacred crusade. Without denying the grievances and cruelties which he recites, we must yet ask if the skirts of the Christians of that region are entirely clear, and if bloody retaliation, as well as governmental oppression, has not been suffered by Moslems as well as Christians. On this point an educated Turk now in England, Halil Halid Bey, a member of the Young Turkish party, recently said to the Manchester *Guardian:* "I wish I could get people honestly to compare the condition of the Christians in Turkey with that of Moslems in Bulgaria. There are still 600,000 Mohammedans living in Bulgaria, and their condition is intolerable and abominable. We hear little about that."

The feeling of humanity, confessing itself baffled and cast down by the coming of this war, is yet manifesting itself in various ways. The Red Cross is preparing to take the field. Funds are asked to help relieve the wounded and the destitute. Already moving stories are arriving about the suffering witnessed by military correspondents. The Montenegrin hospital service is wholly inadequate. Slackness and filth abound. The surgeons are listless and inattentive. All this, and much more like it, is expected to appeal powerfully to the humane instincts of the civilized world. So it should appeal, and we hope the response may be as generous as the need is great. But we are thrown back by it all upon the original puzzle—why must humanity be compelled to keep on simply relieving the victims of war, and giving shining examples of self-sacrifice amid its horrible barbarities, yet continue powerless to prevent the recurrence of these savageries? The best sentiments of mankind cannot be forever thwarted in this way.

"FREEING" WRITTEN ENGLISH.

In the November *Harper's*, Professor Lounsbury returns to a subject near his heart. To confute the modern purist in English he has a lovely array of bad usage gathered from reputable writers. The confusion of "who" with "whom," and *vice versa*, which one readily falls into in conversation, he finds in the printed page. We infer from the drift of his article that the most flagrant of these instances does not offend his ear. Sir John Mackintosh, writing to his daughters in 1813, says, "I found the whole fashionable literary world occupied with Madame de Staël, whom you know was the author of 'Corinne.'" We are told again of Milton's "than whom," and are assured that the "it is I," for which some of us virtuously hold out against "it is me," is not the "etymologically correct form" at all. If we insist upon being purists, we should say "it am I"! In proof whereof listen to Palemon in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale":

> I am thy mortal foe, and *it am I*,
> That loveth so hotè Emily the bright
> That I will diè present in her sight.

It would not do to retort that possibly Palemon's language is meant to reflect the incoherence of his great passion, for undoubtedly Professor Lounsbury has other examples on hand.

We are not so much troubled about the various "irregularities" for which the writer contends (although many of them seem hardly fair tests, since they are taken from conversation, which even among well-educated people is seldom in the form they use in writing) as we are concerned for the principle involved. It is a small matter that Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in "The Rivals," should ask, "Who the devil is he talking to?" or the mother in "Pride and Prejudice" say, "Who is it from?" Such citations are good arguments to fling at the old-fashioned school-marm. There can, of course, be no strict application of logic to language, with no leeway granted for the growth of idiom. As well might logic be imposed upon English pronunciation. And it is true that those persons who believe in the one principle are likely to attempt the other. Cambridge still talks of the worthy dame from the West who bought her meat from the "män ät the Mänhättän Market," making every "a" as broad as Boston. But we had supposed that the typical pedant was well-nigh extinct, together with his favorite doctrine, "A preposition is a bad word to end a sentence with."

The tendency in teaching has seemed to be much in the opposite direction of late. Time was when grammars were as important text-books as any in the curriculum. Students respected rules for English quite as much as those for Latin. This was the attitude which produced Lowell and Holmes, as well as that slightly stilted but substantial style which nearly every educated gentleman could handle. There is no mistaking it. It looks out sturdily from the majority of volumes of that past generation. Sense of rule, sense of form, guided it and made of it a somewhat conscious medium of art. But recently the study of English composition has largely supplanted that of grammar. Lists of selections form the text, and boys and girls are set to imitating various types and manners. What has happened is that the emphasis has been shifted from one of the usually-held factors of good usage to the other. Rule (which ultimately, of course, gets its authority from the consensus of careful writers) has largely yielded to the sway of immediate precedent. Professor Lounsbury is therefore merely in the advance guard of a movement which has become pretty general. Just at this time when democratic impulses are to the fore, the radical wing of the movement is made to have the look of an emancipation proclamation: Let us sanction as good usage what the majority of the people write. Precedent, in reality, is sought merely to confirm popular looseness and freedom of utterance.

Professor Lounsbury realizes that many persons say "between you and I," and his scholarship reminds him that this construction is to be found in Shakespeare. What better precedent could one desire? "Like I do" is a pretty common error; yet why call it an error when it has perhaps been used by Defoe? The principle is dangerous, for every one knows that an amazing list of awkward and careless expressions could be gathered from the range of English masterpieces. Professor Hill of Harvard was not opening himself to ridicule in noting with a chuckle a mistake here and there in George Eliot, Dickens, and others. If present usage is to be largely controlled by haphazard precedent, the question arises, Where shall we stop? Would Professor Lounsbury reinstate the eighteenth-century "you was"? or would he accept the latest ephemeral vulgarity of the Broadway dialect? The fact is that, if we wish to learn good English, we must go not to the scholar who spends his life cataloguing words and phrases, but to the cultivated man who has trained his sense of language by much familiarity with the standard writers and who has learned to distinguish between what is sporadic and what is normal.

In point of fact, rules for written English appear to us to be needed now as never before, and a bulwark should be thrown up against the encroachment of the colloquial. As matters stand, there is little danger that the written word will drag far behind the spoken word, and therefore fail to reflect accurately the life of the day. We all know how smart it is to fill an article or an essay with the last cry. This cannot go on indefinitely without breaking down the structure of English and destroying its use for complicated and subtle expression. Rules, naturally, will not be tyrants in such a matter as a living language, which must grow with the time. And we have no desire to see hindrances placed in the way of forming those new, robustious combinations which every age has invented. But this is very different from giving sanction to careless thought and speech by recourse to specific example. Such broadmindedness amounts to an inverted sort of pedantry which is itself a slave to rule of thumb.

CORNER MEETINGS.

At eight o'clock sharp the strains of a robust brass band enter the open window and inform the household that, two blocks away where the subway and the trolley lines meet, everybody is doing it. At five minutes past eight a militant fife and drum corps parading the sidewalk gives utterance to the earnest desire that it might immediately be transported to Dixie. The head of the house puts down his evening paper and wonders whether a breath of fresh air would not do him good. The woman of the house, who is busy putting a fretful child to sleep, wishes devoutly that the campaign were at an end. The orchestral prelude subsides, and through the clear October air come the explosive upper notes peculiar to out-of-doors elocution. The householder puts on his hat and goes out. At diagonally opposite corners, where the avenue and the street cross, he finds the rival orators at work. As he approaches, one speaker lifts his finger as high as it will go, leans forward on his toes, and inquires of his audience whether they think it right that all the money in the country should be allowed to accumulate in the hands of a dozen men. Almost simultaneously the speaker on the opposite corner clenches his fists and demands what, with beef at 23 cents a pound, are the people of this country going to do about it? Each speaker is surrounded by an inner girdle of small boys. The adult male population stands a little further back. On the fringe of the crowd are the women, most of whom have paused to listen on their way to the druggist's.

The corner orator is the victim of a misconception. It is quite unjust to describe his efforts as cart-tail oratory with all that this term implies of undignified, violent, unscrupulous, and ungrammatical propaganda. The charge of bad grammar may hold true, but as for the other counts, we need only compare the corner orator's methods with those employed by the big guns of the campaigns, Congressmen, Governors, and United States Senators. It is the men of light and leading who go in extensively for vague declamation and for personal abuse. The corner orator seldom indulges in vituperation. His great strength is in statistics. These he uses with a fluency and a dynamic force that make strong men tremble. His memory is phenomenal. He has at his finger ends the number of children in New England and the North Atlantic States between the ages of six and eleven who suffer from adenoids; the value in millions of dollars of the Columbia River salmon catch under the first Administration of Grover Cleveland as compared with the period since the Spanish-American War; the percentage of decrease in our importation of German cotton goods and Scotch herrings; the annual expenditure on army and navy since 1905; the rise in New York city's tax rate during the same period. The bystanders find it rather difficult to follow him in the details of his statistical analysis; but they add up the value of the salmon catch on the Pacific Coast, the value of German cotton goods, the military and naval expenditure, the municipal tax rate, and the percentage of children with adenoids, and finding that the total runs up into billions they are greatly impressed.

It is only in his climaxes that the cart-tail advocate indulges himself in a bit of the old-fashioned oratory. Having driven the aforesaid total of billions of dollars deep into the minds of his audience, he lifts his finger again as high as it will go, and asks if any reasonable person can entertain the slightest doubt that the only man to deal effectively with the critical state of affairs so clearly revealed, is that sterling patriot, that man of the people, that disinterested patriot, that undaunted champion of popular rights, that courageous, tender-hearted, steadfast patriot, who has always been on the side of the people against the Trusts, who was born and brought up in the district, and who can confidently be expected to see to it that the national heritage of liberty and equality shall be perpetuated—William J. Smith. Sometimes the circle of small boys begins to cheer before the orator pronounces the name of William J. Smith. Sometimes the orator exhausts himself in piling up his climax and loses his breath just as he is about to pronounce the candidate's name. But in either case no harm is done. Behind the speaker is a large lithograph illuminated by kerosene torches, leaving no possibility for mistake as to the identity of the sterling patriot in question. The speaker, with a final injunction to his hearers that the fate of the country is in their hands, sits down, and the band reinforces the point with the announcement that any little girl that's a nice little girl is good enough for the musicians.

In this manner the contest between the diagonal corners continues. Towards ten o'clock most of the small boys have been discovered in the crowd by anxious parents, and led off protesting. The women have finished their errands at the druggist's and have disappeared, except where here and there a young couple disengages itself from the crowd and is lost in the open door of an ice-cream parlor. Groups of male voters, by twos and threes, after drifting back and forth between the two camps, retire to a quiet spot and discuss the issues for themselves. The orators succeed one another rapidly, and give increasing evidence of throat-strain. The patrolman swings his club with growing impatience. At 10:30 the householder turns away, feeling in his pocket for the latchkey. At 10:45, through the open window, he is apprised of the fact that everybody is still doing it, and that the lure of Dixie is as potent as ever with the members of the fife and drum corps. The householder picks up his evening paper, yawns over the editorial page, glances at the weather forecast, and goes to bed.

HERRICK.

Two years ago Professor Moorman of the University of Leeds published a solid volume on Herrick, whose bulk was justified by an excellent chapter on the Lyric of the English Renaissance. Now, from the prolific literary shops of Paris, we have another thick book on the same subject.* M. Delattre is learned and judicious. His indefatigable research has unearthed one or two documents which add a little, a very little, to our knowledge of Herrick the man, and his French training has saved him from the uncritical attitude of laudation towards Herrick the poet, which is too common among English writers. But five hundred ample pages of analysis devoted to so light a theme are an intolerable tax on human patience. A long chapter on Les Idées Morales, a long chapter on Les Idées Religieuses, a long chapter on L'Imitation, etc., etc. —you might suppose you were reading about Aristotle instead of a votary of the "mad maiden" Muse. Really, to *lâcher le mot*, as they say in M. Delattre's own country, this sort of thing is a monstrosity; the French, in their recent studies of English literature, bid fair to make their rivals over the Rhine appear in comparison moderate and sensible.

I.

As for Herrick's life, after all this ransacking of records, we know but little. He was born in London, in 1591. His father, a prosperous goldsmith, "in the Goulsmeth Rowe in Cheap," in the year after Robert's birth "did throwe himself forthe of a garret window in London aforesaide whereby he did kill and destroye himself." After this event, whether suicide or accident, the mother retired with her family to Hampton, where the boy got his first taste of country life. As Mr. Moorman aptly says, "the Hampton scenery is of that quiet sylvan and pastoral character which accords well with the prevailing mood of the 'Hesperides.'"

Where he got his schooling is not known, but in his seventeenth year he was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William, also a prosperous goldsmith in London. No doubt the jocund life of the 'prentice boys of those days left its mark on the lad, and it is a pretty conjecture that such poems as "Corinna's Going a Maying" were the direct or indirect fruit of that experience. It is more essential to observe that his family associations were with the solid, prudent, home-loving bourgeoisie of Elizabethan London; something of that quality he seems to have kept to the end of his years.

In 1613 Herrick went up to Cambridge, and was enrolled as a fellow commoner at St. John's College, from which he afterwards transferred himself to Trinity. He graduated in 1617, and three years later proceeded M.A. We know almost nothing of his life in Cambridge, nor is it even certain when he gave up residence. The important matter is that he brought back to London a mind steeped in the Latin and, to a less extent, the Greek poets, with the result that scarcely will you find a book of English verse more replete with classical reminiscences. He belonged by right to the "university wits," and could hold his own in the circle over which Jonson ruled uproariously and divinely, an Apollo of shameful girth.

Just when or how Herrick became "sealed of the tribe of Ben" is not recorded, but of his intimacy with the master there can be no doubt. Many of his lyrics, we may surmise, were first heard at

> . . . those lyric feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the Triple Tun;

Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman. New York: John Lane Co. 1910.

Robert Herrick: Contribution à l'étude de la poésie lyrique en Angleterre au dix-septième siècle. Par Floris Delattre. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan. 1912.

and he was well fitted, by his union of classical taste and convivial joyousness, to obey the famous Laws engraved over the chimney-piece of the chamber in the Devil and St. Dunstan. In some respects he carried out better than any other of the Caroline poets the Elizabethan tradition as it was modified by the critical dictator; certainly no one of the younger men was more loyal to the great name or celebrated it in sweeter measures:

> When I a verse shall make,
> Know I have pray'd thee,
> For old religion's sake,
> Saint Ben to aid me.

That, manifestly, was the real religion of Herrick—a pretty paganism masquerading in Christian forms and with no sense of the incongruity in such a mixture. We are to-day, perhaps, unduly impressed by this contamination (in the technical meaning) of blending Apollo and Jesus, Saint Ben and St. Paul, because the contemporary religious poets were turning for their inspiration to a pure Platonic Christianity, and because Herrick was a priest of the church in good and regular standing. Again we are quite ignorant of the reasons which led him to take orders and of the time of his consecration. The most surprising thing in his life is suddenly to hear of him as chaplain in Buckingham's army on the ill-fated expedition to the Isle of Rhé in 1627. Two years after this he was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, and we have henceforth to think of our votary of the Muses as a country parson. There is evidence a-plenty that he had moments of rebellion against this exile from Fleet Street. The pretty stream that bounded his parish he hated for its "warty incivility," and his plain parishioners were

> A people currish, churlish, as the seas,
> And rude almost as rudest savages.

There is in his verse not a trace of that feeling of high consecration in office which made the very presence of Herbert on the roads a benediction to the men laboring in the fields; there is nothing of that love of solitary nature which changed the exile of Vaughan into a sojourn, as it were, with the spirit of God on the Delectable Mountains; but, on the contrary, no poet has preserved kindlier memories of the customs at harvest-home and Christmas and at other times of wassail and good cheer. One suspects that he never got close to the heart of the people about him or understood their more intimate joys and sorrows, just as the diviner aspects of the hills had no meaning for him. His imagination is "for sports, for pageantries, for plays," and his mind rarely rises higher than the prettiness of a flower. Not often is he as serene and large as in this praise of the fields:

> This done, then to the enamell'd meads
> Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
> Thou seest a present God-like power
> Imprinted in each herb and flower;
> And Smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
> Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.

Apparently Herrick felt relief when, in 1647, Cromwell's men ejected him from Dean Prior, yet in 1660 we find him making petition to "the Lords in Parliament Assembled" to be restored to his living, and two years later he returns to his old charge. His burial is noted in the parish register under the date of October 15, 1674, but no stone marks his place of rest in the village churchyard.

II.

At earlier dates Herrick had published one or two poems in collections of the day, but the only book entirely from his pen was brought out in London the year after his ejection from Dean Prior. This volume is composed of two parts: the first, with the general title page, "Hesperides: or, The Works Both Human and Divine," contains only the secular poems and is dated 1648; the second, with a separate title page, "His Noble Numbers; or, His Pious Pieces," bears the date 1647. Just why the book was published in this form we cannot say, and, indeed, the whole composition of the volume is something of a mystery. There are indications that the order of the poems is not entirely without design, but for the most part, with the exception of the main division into secular and sacred, they are jumbled together in the most "admired disorder."

As for the critical estimation of the book, I confess that I give my opinion with diffidence and some uneasiness, for when I read what has been written of Herrick by competent judges, I am left in a state of bewilderment. Thus Lowell thought Herrick "the most Catullian of poets since Catullus"; yet certainly the spirit of these two poets is totally estranged. In fact, Professor Moorman has brought out this estrangement by an apt comparison:

> Herrick reproduces the somewhat fanciful lines:
>
> Da mi basia mille, deinde centum;
> Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum;
> Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum—
>
> cleverly enough:
>
> Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score;
> Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
> A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on,
> To make that thousand up a million.
>
> But, unmoved by the passion and poignancy of the foregoing verses—
>
> Soles occidere et redire possunt;
> Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
> Nox est perpetua una dormienda—
>
> he substitutes for them some of his grossest lines.

That is well put, yet Professor Moorman proceeds to institute a comparison of Herrick with Horace which appears as far strained as that with Catullus. It would be easy to show that "His Age" misses the gravity of the Horatian *Eheu fugaces* just as completely as the Catullian imitation missed the passion and poignancy of its original. And what shall be said of such epithets as "a certain massiveness, a resonance, and an august, imperial splendor," even though Professor Moorman applies them to the exceptional poem in the "Hesperides" and not to the mass? Or what shall we say of such a phrase as "dreamy reverie" used by the same writer to characterize the love-songs? Our other biographer of Herrick, M. Delattre, finds in him many points of resemblance with La Fontaine. Palgrave, though his critical estimate of Herrick is in some respects excellent, yet goes out of the way to liken his spirit to Alfred de Musset's, and even associates him with Homer and Dante. Edmund Gosse thinks that "as a lyrist generally he is scarcely excelled, except by Shelley." Professor Saintsbury exclaims that "there is nothing in English verse to equal [the 'Litany'] as an expression of religious fear; while there is also nothing in English verse to equal the 'Thanksgiving,' . . . as an expression of religious trust." And to Swinburne the whole lyric movement of the age "culminates in the crowning star of Herrick!"

Now all these critics, unless it be the alliterative last, show true discernment at times in their judgment of Herrick, but to such comparisons and laudations as these here brought together, I for one can only respond with a *Non possumus*. I simply cannot feel these raptures in the "Hesperides"; I cannot perceive these qualities. A passage from Professor Moorman's chapter in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" (VII, 17) seems to me, both by its truth and by its error, to point to a sounder estimate:

> He [Herrick] lacks, it is true, the highest gift of all—that of touching the deepest chords in human nature, and of rousing men to high purposes and high enthusiasms. But this lack of intensity is common to him and to the renascence lyrists as a whole. For the renascence song is that of a nation still in its childhood, unconscious, as yet, of conflicting emotions, or complexity of thought, and knowing nothing of the burden of modernity.

The error here is flagrant. To say that the lyric poets of the seventeenth century, because they were unaffected by the burden of modernity, did not touch the deepest chords in human nature, is merely to write one's self down a victim of that conceit of the present which is starving so many souls in our generation. He who discovers something deeper in the enthusiasm of Shelley, as do Professor Moorman and others of his school, than in the ancient passions of love and beauty and death and the glory of everlastingness, belongs in reality in the same class with that eighteenth-century critic of Herrick, honest Nathan Drake, who, in one of his essays, extends the happy content of *his* modernity so far as to announce that "lyric poetry may be said to have had no existence among us before Dryden composed his celebrated ode." But Professor Moorman, on the other hand, is right in saying, as others have said, of Herrick in particular, that he lacked the highest gift. Indeed, I suspect that the real key to the secret of the "Hesperides" is to be found in this failure to touch the deepest emotions combined with a singularly high level of technical excellence.

III.

As a whole, the lyric poetry of Herrick's age is marked by three characteristics: the repetition of conventional themes, a general amateurishness of execution, with the occasional elevation to supreme beauty of form and intensity of emotion. By the first of these traits nothing derogatory is meant. All ages of creative power have their peculiar round of themes, and it would scarcely be going too far to say of any period that its measure of greatness is almost in proportion to its loyalty to a convention in selecting the material of art. As for the Jacobean and Caroline lyrics, I have often thought that a most interesting and instructive anthology could be made by grouping together the principal pieces under easily defined topics. Two things, I think, would appear from such an anthology. In the first place, in almost every subject we should find that Herrick had risen high, but had not quite reached the perfection of some one poem of another author. In the general field of love he has written much and well, but there is no number of his which has qualities worthy to stand beside the supreme loveliness and pathos of Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Yet Professor Moorman can say without reserve that "at every point the disciple transcends the master," and can with complacency quote the words of Swinburne, than which no critical statement could be more fatuously wrong: "So we turn from Jonson to Herrick; and so do we recognize the lyric poet as distinguished from the writer who may or may not have every gift but one in higher development of excellence and in fuller perfection of power, but who is utterly and absolutely transcended and shone down by his probably unconscious competitor on the proper and peculiar ground of pure and simple poetry." It is time that the truth were said and known: Swinburne as a critic is mere sound and fury, signifying nothing; to quote him as an authority is to stultify one's self.

But that is by the way. If we turn to the more specific expressions of love we shall see that here also Herrick rises high, but never quite to the summit. Thus he has written his verses "To the Rose":

> Go, happy Rose, and interwove
> With other flowers, bind my Love.
> Tell her, too, she must not be
> Longer flowing, longer free,
> That so oft has fetter'd me.

It is a fair rendering of a theme as old as the Greek Anthology and much affected by our Caroline poets, but place beside it the lines of Waller:

> Go, lovely Rose!
> Tell her that wastes her time and me,
> That now she knows,
> When I resemble her to thee,
> How sweet and fair she seems to be.

The one is pretty; the other has that indescribable thrill of emotion, that swift hint of some obscure connection between things on the surface and the deepest privacies of the heart, which marks the great lyric. You will search in vain through the whole of Herrick for any mate to the second line, so simple in expression yet so complex in meaning, of this stanza of Waller's.

For the rest I can only indicate the points of comparison. Herrick has written of the bracelet that was to bind two lovers together; again he is pretty, but what a world of feeling lies between that prettiness and the passion of Donne's "bracelet of bright hair about the bone"! Herrick has played on the conventional fancy of cherry-red lips:

> Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
> Full and fair ones; come, and buy.

Who does not feel the difference between such easy, fluent lines and the lyric ecstasy of Campion whom he has imitated?—

> Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
> Her Brows like bended bows do stand,
> Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
> All that attempt, with eye or hand,
> Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
> Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Again Herrick has touched on the common theme of flowers dying and having their resurrection in the beauty of a woman's face, and again he has missed the supreme alchemy of such lines as those of Carew:

> Ask no more where Jove bestows,
> When June is past, the fading rose;
> For in your beauty's orient deep,
> These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

He has catalogued with wanton dalliance the charms of his mistress's body, but something of the full luxury of the flesh seems still lacking when we compare his verse with Donne's twentieth "Elegy" or Carew's "Rapture." He has boasted the free joys of inconstancy, but beside the splendid audacity of Suckling how timid he appears. And so one might go on through almost the whole range of the lyric convention of the day. Even where, as in one or two of his religious poems, he rises above the level of his daily Muse, these comparisons will crowd into the mind. I would say nothing to deprive his Noble Numbers on "Eternity" and "The White Island" of their fair and calm loveliness, yet withal it cannot be denied that they move on a lower plain, that they have less of the sheer exultation of glory, than Vaughan's blinding vision of the World of Light. I feel the same lessening of things divine in the famous "Litany":

> When the house doth sigh and weep,
> And the world is drown'd in sleep,
> Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
> Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

I would not charge this prayer or any of Herrick's religious poems with insincerity; as far as he felt, the words are true; nevertheless something has been left out of the writer's imagination. That word "comfort" which sings so deeply in other poets of the age, seems here to be verging towards its later sense of physical ease. Who, for instance, can feel in it the spiritual strength and peace that John Winthrop meant to convey when on sailing for America he wrote to his home: "I shall parte from thee with sorrowe enough; be comfortable my most sweet wife, for God wilbe with thee"?

IV.

It should be plain enough that Herrick sang in a lower key than the other great lyric poets of the age when the breath of the gods blew upon them. But there is a compensation. It is equally characteristic of Herrick's contemporaries that, when the instantaneous inspiration failed them, they too often fell into heaviness and awkwardness. The bulk of their work is marked by a curious negligence and amateurishness of manner, as becomes men who were untrained in their art and, as gentlemen, rather despised the painful discipline of their trade. And here Herrick not only differs from his age, but goes beyond it. Take away his epigrams, which are for the most part either feeble or gross or both, and which show a mistaken ambition to rival Martial, and the rest of his work is distinguished by a singular evenness of achievement. He is rarely dull or cumbrous or careless; he is almost always the cunning craftsman, and never the fumbling amateur. In a word, he is literary, and by that quality stands at once both above and below his great compeers. Here it is needful to distinguish. I would not call him literary in the sense that Jonson and Milton were such, in the sense that he felt the sway of true authority, and deliberately sought to fashion the utterance of his inner life on the models of antiquity, making their mastery his own. He was literary in another and lower way than that, in so far as his emotions and ideas were themselves secondary and derived from others, and, coming to him from literary sources, fell easily into the refinement of literary form. No doubt he knew, as other men know, the pangs of love, the attractions of beauty, and the consolations of religion; but, apparently, he felt these things not very keenly, and in his poems wrote largely from the impulse of what other men had lived. Hence a certain detachment of art in his work, which pleases the reader but never quite touches the springs of emotion; and hence, in the end, a certain monotonous level of exquisite mediocrity.

But I would not exaggerate. It is true, that even at his highest moments, there is generally heard, if one attends closely, some note that lowers the key. But I would not say that all in him is "dead, and closed up in ivory," nor that he always sings "without the sweet concurrence of the heart." There are lines and stanzas scattered here and there which speak of direct communings with larger things:

Show me that world of Stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their Influence.

There are two or three poems on the lessons of brevity to be drawn from flowers and other fading symbols of life's allurement, that almost, but not quite, raise Herrick into the blessed choir. And there is one whole range of subjects in which I seem to hear the very pulse of the man beating, and no echo of the heart of others.

If Herrick was to his finger-tips literary and a child of Jonson, he belonged also by birth and breeding to the strong, home-keeping, prudent bourgeoisie of Elizabeth's England. Something of this, too, has gone into his verse, along with the licentious influences of the Renaissance. Indeed, I think we nowhere else come so close to his real, unborrowed feelings as we do in those humbler poems which tell of the physical peace and comfort of a quiet home. The superb scenery of Devon awakened no wonder in his breast; his sympathy with the rural customs of his parish was, I suspect, that of a bookish and amused man from the city; but when he turns to the homely treasures of "His Grange, or Private Wealth," then speaks the man himself. He may be marvellously graceful when he praises his "many fresh and fragrant mistresses," yet withal leave with us the impression of Drummond's line: "Though in love's library yet no lover's he"; but so soon as he turns from his Perillas and Antheas to his servant and housekeeper, Prudence Baldwin, we know at least that we are in contact with a delicious reality. In a way, one is prepared to assent to Edward Phillips's charge that Herrick was "not particularly influenced by any nymph or goddess except his maid Prue"; we may even admit in a fashion with James Grainger, "from the effects of her inspiration, that Prue was but indifferently qualified for a tenth muse." The praise of this woman who made the comfort of the poet's home may not lift us very high, but we feel at ease with her, we grow to love her faithfulness and pleasant ways. Perhaps, the last image we take from the "Hesperides" is no picture of a venturesome explorer of far poetic seas, but of a rather timid gentleman of middle age, sitting by the fire in a snug and modest country parsonage, with Horace in his hand, and the willing Prue—how loved, and how well loved, who shall say?—at hand to fetch the desired cup of that sack which he had learned to praise, and perhaps to drink, long ago under the tutelage of the great Ben. I, for one, have no contempt for that picture.

And so also of Herrick's religion, we will not say it was insincere or hypocritic because the gods of Anacreon were as real to him as the God of the Gospels; but we may think he came nearest to his real sense of worship, not in the "Litany" or "The White Island," beautiful as are those chants, but rather in his "Thanksgiving to God for His House":

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep. . . .
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet. . . .

Here we might end, but the picture would not be complete without a word on Herrick's love for children, which also is a part of his homing instinct. He did not marry; he even carried his bachelorhood with a boast; but he never writes with a sweeter pathos than in his brief songs to the infant Jesus, or to some child of more familiar parentage. I may perhaps be accused of preferring low things to high, and simple things to proud, but if I had to name the poem of Herrick's that seems to me the most perfect in witchery of language and that I oftenest repeat to myself without reservation of praise or diminution of pleasure, it would be the unassuming "Grace for a Child":

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There lies before me on the table, as I write, a soiled and time-stained pamphlet, which is now one of the rarest of rarities. It is an octavo of twenty-four pages, and the title: "Occasional Papers, by the late William Dodd, LL.D.," is followed by a vignette of a basket of flowers with two bees hovering over it, and by the imprint: "London: Printed for G. Kearsley, at No. 46 in Fleet-street. M.DCC.LXXVII. Entered in the Hall-Book of the Company of Stationers."

But it was never published. A former owner has written an explanation:

> This pamphlet was printed by Dr. Johnson's direction, but on the day before the intended publication Mrs. Dodd, for whose benefit the sale of it was intended, conscious that the contents were not all her husband's writing, thanked Dr. Johnson in most grateful terms, but begged it might be suppressed, her request was granted, and the whole impression of 500 copies were cancelled, two or three excepted of which this is one.

This statement is confirmed in a passage of that "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," by Sir John Hawkins, which few even of the "true Johnsonians" now-a-days take the trouble to read. It is nevertheless worth reading, and as Boswell has painted himself in his famous biography, so Hawkins reveals himself—pompous, dull, and complacently self-satisfied—in his forgotten book. The book unlike the man is not dull.

The Rev. William Dodd, whose life was written forty years ago by Percy Fitzgerald, was the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and was born in 1729. He was sent as a sizar to Clare Hall, Cambridge, and after taking his degree was for some time a man about town making a scanty living by writing for the press. He entered holy orders, and in 1752 was lecturer of West Ham, and gradually became a popular preacher, while continuing his interest in literature. He took a warm interest in some charities, but his private life was marred by heedless extravagance and stained by vices which seemed all the blacker in a man of his pulpit piety. In 1774 his name was removed from the list of the King's chaplains in consequence of an attempt to bribe the Lord Chancellor in order to obtain the living of the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square. The end came in 1777 when pressed by his creditors he forged the signature of the fifth (not the famous fourth) Earl of Chesterfield, whose tutor he had been, to a bond for £4,200. The crime was detected almost by accident. The bond was disfigured by a blot of ink, and after it left Dodd's hands the holder wrote out a new bond and took it to Lord Chesterfield for a fresh signature. He at once repudiated it, and Dodd was arrested while at table with some of his gay friends. Forgery was then punished with death. After Dodd's conviction the greatest efforts were made to obtain a pardon for him. The Countess of Harrington, a daughter of the Duke of Grafton, wrote to Dr. Johnson, who did all that was possible to soften the heart of the King, but in vain. Johnson wrote papers in the criminal's interest, and also some to which Dodd's name was attached as author. Thus the suppressed "Occasional Papers" include "Letters to two noble Lords of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council" (*i. e.*, Bathurst and Mansfield), "A Petition to the King," "A Petition to the Queen" (presented by Mrs. Dodd)—all from the pen of Johnson. He also wrote in the newspapers observations on the Petition, signed by 23,000 persons, and the Petition from the City of London. Still more curious is it to know that he wrote most of the sermon preached by Dodd in the Chapel of Newgate Prison, and published under the title of "The Convict's Address to His Unhappy Brethren." "Dr. Dodd's Last Solemn Declaration," delivered to the Ordinary of Newgate, before execution at Tyburn, June 27, 1777, was also written by Johnson. Dodd must have had some elements of goodness or else he had a genius for friendship, for seldom have such strenuous efforts been made to save a man from the legal punishment of his crime.

There is no copy of the suppressed edition of the "Occasional Papers" in the printed catalogue of the British Museum, but they were reprinted as an appendix to the anonymous "Life of Johnson," issued by Kearsley in 1785.

Boswell quotes a portion of Johnson's epilogue to the "Occasional Papers," but he omits the concluding paragraph:

> Whatever assistance his anxiety might prompt him to solicit in forming the petitions (which, however, he must be considered as confirming by his name), the account of his past life, and of his dying sentiments, are the effusions of his own mind, consigned to paper without a prompter, and copied from his manuscript. Those who read them with the proper disposition will not read in vain.

This certificate of genuineness from Dr. Johnson adds force to Dodd's final words:

> I sincerely lament all I have done wrong. I love and ever did, religion and goodness. I hate and abhor vice, and myself for ever having committed any. I look with peculiar detestation on the crime to which I am at present obnoxious; and I wish before I die, of all things, if it be possible, to make amends—by the most sincere and full confession and humiliation of myself.

It is on record that the "macaroni parson," as Dodd was nicknamed in his butterfly days, was once told by a gypsy that he would end on the gallows. In the multitude of the unfulfilled we are not unwilling to credit the Romany with this accomplished prophecy. Dodd was a prolific writer, in prison as well as out, but it was an ironical stroke of Fate that made him the preacher of a sermon on "The Frequency of Capital Punishments Inconsistent with Justice, Sound Policy and Religion," which was printed in 1762, sixteen years before his own career ended on Tyburn tree.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

PANTISOCRATS ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 10, Professor Harper asks what suggested to Coleridge and Southey their project of establishing a colony in America, and why they chose the banks of the Susquehanna as its site. He says: "I am not aware that a satisfactory answer has ever been given to the first of these questions, and delightful as is the guess that they picked out the name 'Susquehanna' because of its musical sound, I feel that a weightier reason must have moved the young adventurers." He offers—apparently as the answer to both questions—the example of a band of French émigrés, who formed a company on April 22, 1794, and whose colony on the Susquehanna was advertised in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1795. As for the first question, does not Professor Harper suggest a problem where none exists? And does his solution fit either the one question or the other?

I had supposed till I read Professor Harper's letter that in 1794 suggestions for a pantisocratic project in America were as plentiful as blackberries. As a standing argument for turning towards America, Southey and Coleridge had the precedents of all the discontented English who since 1492 had anticipated the advice of Horace Greeley—including John Rolfe, William Bradford, George Fox, William Penn, and Ann Lee, who in 1774 received a divine injunction to plant the Shakers in the New World—an injunction from which we may infer that Providence keeps an eye upon historical precedents. As a source of Utopian suggestions, they had an enormous range of reading outside the *Gentleman's Magazine;* into minds saturated with Plato's "Republic," Plutarch's "Morals," More's "Utopia," Montaigne's essay on the "Cannibals," Bacon's "New Atlantis," Milton's pamphlets, Harrington's "Oceana," Mandeville's "Bees," Rousseau's "Discourses" and "Social Contract"—into this smoking tinder had been flung in 1793 the firebrand of Godwin's "Political Justice." As special public reasons of the period, they had a detestation of the government of George III; enthusiasm for the principles of the Revolution across the channel, qualified by the September massacres, and the war in 1794 between France and England; unqualified admiration for George Washington, who was elected to his second term in 1792, and a belief that the United States had set up the best government yet instituted on the earth. Finally, they were both in the first sanguine flush of youth, both unestablished, both poets, both poor, and one of them—Coleridge—was hopelessly lazy, in debt, sore from recent disgrace, and involved in embarrassing love affairs.

Under these circumstances there would have been something to explain if they had *not* at one time or another projected a colony in America. Even if the argument for the French émigrés were valid it would be superfluous.

But in suggesting that this notice of June, 1795, "would be quite enough to inflame their imagination," Professor Harper seems to have overlooked the dates in the rise and fall of the Pantisocracy. The flame of their imagination was at its height long before June, 1795. At that date it was rapidly expiring, never to be reanimated. As early as November 13, 1793, Southey writes to Bedford as follows: "If this world did but contain ten thousand people of both sexes, visionary as myself, how delightfully would we repeople Greece, and turn out the Moslem. . . . It was the favorite intention of Cowley to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society." On December 14, 1793, he writes again to Bedford. "Now, if you are in a mood for a reverie, fancy only me in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, . . . after a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes, and, in very bad weather, take out my casette and write to you, for you shall positively write to me in America." In April of the following year, 1794, Coleridge was discharged from the Light Dragoons, and in June of the same year met Southey, and almost at once the dream of the Pantisocracy was launched. By July 20, 1794, Southey writes of the plans for migration. "Many of my friends will blame me for so bold a step, but as many encourage me; and I want to raise money enough to settle myself across the Atlantic." On September 18, 1794, Coleridge's enthusiasm is at high tide: "My God! how tumultuous are the movements of my heart. Since I quitted this room what and how important events have been evolved! America! Southey! Miss Fricker! . . . Pantisocracy! Oh, I shall have such a scheme of it!" ("Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," Boston, 1895, 2 vols.) At that time they planned to depart for America in the following March. But before the end of 1794 Southey is proposing that they go to Wales and experiment on a small scale; Southey, for various good reasons, is backing out; the bubble is about to burst. In December, 1794, Coleridge writes to Southey, "If it be determined that we shall go to Wales (*for which I now give my vote*), in what time?" From that date the history of Pantisocracy is simply the tale of the abandonment of a Welsh farming project in which neither of the principals seems to have been intensely interested. On November 13, 1795, Coleridge bids his long and famous farewell to Southey's friendship; the whole affair is now a matter of history, and the Susquehanna project had received its death blow six months before the appearance of Professor Harper's notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Now for the choice of the "banks of the Susquehanna." If the reader will turn to the first volume of the "Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey" (London, 1850, 6 vols.), he will find the following explanation in a letter from Coleridge to Southey:

> Every night I meet a most intelligent young man, who has spent the last five years of his life in America and is lately come from thence *as an agent to sell land* [my italics]. He was of our school. I had been kind to him: he remembers it. . . . He says £2,000 will do. . . . That twelve men may *easily* [Coleridge's italics] clear 300 acres in four or five months; and that, for 600 dollars, a thousand acres may be cleared, and houses built on them *He recommends the Susquehanna* [my italics], from its excessive beauty and its security from the Indians. *Every possible assistance will be given us; we may get credit for the land for ten years or more.* . . . [my italics]. That literary characters make *money* [Coleridge's italics] there. . . . The mosquitos are not so bad as our gnats; and, after you have been there a little while, they don't trouble you much.

Why seek for another reason for the choice of the banks of the Susquehanna!

S. P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., October 16.

A DIFFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pray tell me why you regard the mere wounding of Col. Roosevelt as less humiliating to the patriotism of the Americans than the killing of him, as your words in the following passage (*Nation*, October 17) undoubtedly imply: "Yet we all felt a sort of patriotic humiliation when Garfield and McKinley were shot, and it is a profound satisfaction not to have to go through that again."

What difference is there in this case between the mere wounding without fatal result and the successful killing, as long as Schrank's intention was to kill Mr. Roosevelt? Our patriotic humiliation is the same.

K. V. ROEDERN.

New York, October 20.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Professor Francke, in your issue for October 3, illustrates a persistent drift in social thinking—the tendency to over-value the accidental concomitants of a social movement and minimize its direct consequences. Whatever valuable results might follow compulsory service in the militia, the main fact is that, in the eyes of a not inconsiderable portion of the American people, the thought of militarizing their children is utterly abhorrent. Two expressions of opinion which I have but recently heard illustrate this feeling: "We know that a strictly military community is of all the most intolerable; it is bearable only in the measure it is modified by civilian influences." Again, "The attitude which military organization forces upon its units in their relationship towards one another is not strictly that of a fine and gentlemanly mind. I should not care to be commanded as a private; and I could not give orders as an officer."

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, Md., October 14.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention—in connection with your review (*Nation*, September 26) of a recent edition of "Cynthia's Revels"—to the fact that the editor seems to have misunderstood the following passage in the fifth scene of the third act:

> I, sir, the Emperour Alicandroes daughter and the Prince Meridians sister [in the *Knight of the Sunne*] shee should have beene married to him, but that the Princesse Claridiana—

Everybody who has read the "Mirror of Knighthood" will easily understand that "to him" means to the Knight of the Sun and not to Meridian, as Mr. Judson seems to think in his note to the passage. The words "the *palace* of your *pleasure*" in the same scene may be after all a reference to the following piece of poetry:

> Once I thought, but falsely thought,
> *Cupid* all delight had brought,
> And that Loue had been a treasure,
> And a Pallace full of pleasure,
> But alas! too soon I proue.
> Nothing is so sower as Loue,
> That for sorrow my Muse sings:
> Loue's a *Bee*, and *Bees* have stings.
> When I thought I had obtained
> That deare sollace, which if gained
> Should have caus'd all Joy to spring,
> (View'd) I found it no such thing:
> But insteed of sweete desires,
> Found a Rose hem'd in with Bryers.
> That for sorrow my Muse sings:
> Loue's a *Bee*, and *Bee's* have stings.

(The Eighth Booke of the Myrror of Knighthood, Being the third of the third Part, Englished out of the Spanish tongue. London. Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burbey. 1599. Sig. L.)

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., October 16.

DECORATING WASHINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 10, you speak of the "real distinction" of the success of Gov. Wilson at Baltimore as being "the triumph of the amateur." Might not the "success of the amateur," in the event of the election of Wilson especially, be applied also to the decorations of the city of Washington at the time of the inauguration? Would not the good taste of the thinking people of the country welcome such decorations as are really in keeping with the dignity of the occasion—and of the man? What is the significance of baskets of paper flowers exposed to the blizzards of the 4th of March, and of numerous little posts put up where there is no rhyme or reason for their being, except to look "unusual," and, therefore, to serve as a decoration?

If the College Men's League, or people of that type over the country, should take up the matter of making the city of Washington look suitably festive for the reception and welcoming of the new Chief Executive, we should certainly have more pride and satisfaction in the results of the efforts of these "amateurs" than we have sometimes had in the past, when, presumably, experts managed the business.

MARY SIBLEY EVANS.

Washington, D. C., October 13.

Literature

SOUTH ARABIA.

The Land of Uz. By Abdullah Mansûr (G. Wyman Bury). New York: The Macmillan Co $2.75 net.

It is always a pity when the title of a book gives no clue to its contents, and especially so when the title is geographical and actually suggests to the reader a false trail. "The Land of Uz" for every one, including Abdullah Mansûr (p. xiv), is the country of Job, and Hebrews and Arabs alike have placed Job among the Sons of the East on the mountain plateau beyond Jordan. An even more narrow site is often pointed out, due east of the Sea of Galilee, which still bears his name and is locally the seat of his legend. It is probable that Mohammed himself had passed it on his journeys into Syria and knew it as the abode of the Prophet Aiyub, the Tested One, whose story the Koran was thereafter to tell. With no other situation is he associated in Moslem tradition.

But geographically Abdullah Mansûr's Uz is south Arabia (pp. ix, xxiii, 343), and there Uz is really connected with a legend, but a legend quite different from that of Job. One of the fixed themes in Arabic stories is the legend of a city still existing in almost inaccessible deserts, built long ages ago as an Earthly Paradise, bereft of its idolatrous and impious inhabitants by the sudden vengeance of Allah, and known only by the report of a solitary and straying traveller who has stumbled upon it. This city in the Koran is called "Irem of the Columns," and in the line of an Arab poet, "Irem round which the Jinn hover." It was built in the deserts of Aden by Sheddad, the son of Ad, the grandson of Aus, and so, possibly, the whole country might be called the Land of Aus or Uz. On the story in general the quickest reference is to the commentators on the Koran, lxxxix, 4. It has found its way also into the current or Egyptian recension of the Arabian Nights, and was, of course, known to Abdullah Mansûr (p. xxiii). But within the reading of the present reviewer "Uz" is always the name of a man—this grandfather of Sheddad—and is never a geographical term, and further (ii), this south Arabian "Uz" is never connected with Job. It would be exceedingly interesting—for many reasons, Biblical and otherwise—to know if there is a legend of Job actually domiciled in the deserts near Aden.

But leaving history and legend for the life and situations of the present, this is an extraordinarily vivid and real book. There is not a scrap of humdrum travel-talk in it, and the writer has a quite peculiar gift both as describer and *raconteur*. He evidently fears an accusation of anecdotal flippancy, but has most fortunately taken his risks. His vocabulary is picturesque and is used judiciously; there is no fine writing, but he makes his points. He records here ten years spent at Aden as a British "political," in this case a subordinate official whose business it was to know all about the neighboring Arab tribes and to deal with them, personally and by correspondence, in every way short of military force. That involved friendly journeys of diplomacy and exploration into the interior, even a crossing of the southwest corner of the Empty Quarter itself—one of the great blanks lamented by geographers. In punitive or boundary expeditions he had also a part, being in charge up to the firing of the first shot, when the military officer commanding would step in.

With such opportunities he learned to know the people thoroughly; their tribal constitutions from the great sultanates down in their tangle of feuds and alliances; the different types of the population, from the tribal fighting caste in their fortified eyries to the soft pacific traders of the coast and the unwalled towns. The life of children and women even was open to him, for womankind among the free Arabs have a very different standing from what is theirs elsewhere in Islam. We have sympathetic little vignettes of girls of the upper classes in hill fastnesses and of little shepherdesses of the masses on the mountain sides; of haps of love and marriage and even of the social status and influence of nautch-girls. Of business and agriculture, trades and industries, too, he treats, and there is far more of these than the traveller in northern or central Arabia would guess at. Arabia Felix was no grim Latin jest, and it still bears more than frankincense and coffee. On religion he touches, but what he knows of it was picked up most casually. Evidently the fewer the theological questions started on either side, the better. His people took him for granted and he did not disturb them. But on superstitions, from saints in their graves and the gifts they can still bestow, through tales of Bahlul—would he had told us more about *him!*—to snake-charms and magic snakes with their deadly jewels, the virtues of cold iron—not steel—and appearances of the Jinn, he is strong. It is curious to observe how he, like all long dwellers in the East in intimate touch with the people, is coming to have the Oriental openness of mind on such things. This is not to his discredit; rather, when carefully guarded, to his credit and great advantage. He is quite sure that some of the Séyids—descendants of the Prophet—have occult powers which no legerdemain or hypnotic feats could explain. In this, of course, he is not reckoning with that strange defect in human watchfulness which, as we now know, is so hard to eliminate. One Séyid gave him a *baraka*, "blessing," here profanely but pretty closely translated "mascot," in the form of a strip from his sacred banner. On the Jinn he is not so explicit. The panic terrors which they strike are evidently hard to explain, but he gives malaria its full weight as the wreaker of their vengeance.

A subject on which we would gladly have heard more is that of the desert poems of the present day. Elsewhere in Arabia we know that the tradition of subject, form, and manner—even of mannerisms—has run unchanged from before the time of Mohammed. Here we learn only that the South Arabian dweller in the desert is expected to be able to improvise in correct blank (?) verse on any subject (p. 314). Otherwise he is regarded as imperfectly educated. No real specimens of such verse are given; only two or three tags. But again and again we have pictures of just such thunderbursts in the hills and of the wadies coming down full from bank to bank in roaring spate that the old poets painted so often and in such detail. A genuine Song of the Well, too, is given (p. 200); as the Israelites in the wilderness, so the tribes still sing to the desert source of life.

Another obscure point is the south Arabian use of the word "dervish" to mean a confirmed bachelor (pp. 174, 271 ff.). For if there is one thing that holds of dervishes elsewhere in Islam, it is that they are in no way necessarily celibate and that "dervish" has no such association for the Moslem as "monk" or "friar" for us. That it means also "wanderer" suggests that the "tertiary" dervishes, so common elsewhere, are not found in the south. Among the tribes round Mecca are multitudes of Senusite tertiaries.

On one side only is the book irritating and unsatisfactory. The precision of the trained philologist is not to be looked for in a man who has learned his Arabic on the ground. But it is fortunately seldom that so good a book has so hopelessly bad a system—if it is a system—of writing Arabic words.

CURRENT FICTION.

[NOVELS OF DISILLUSION.]

A Woman of Genius. By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Man's World. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The autobiographical form is among the most ancient implements of the story-teller. There is no better way of beginning a tale than "Once on a time there dwelt at Bagdad. . . ." unless it be "I was born in the City of York, of a good family, though not of that country. . . ." The first person singular, if skilfully employed, is capable of covering a multitude of improbabilities in fact, and crudities in structure. Where such faults do not exist it is commonly an asset. What would Sherlock Holmes be without his Dr. Watson? And what Allan Quatermain as interpreted by a mere author? Allan Quatermain, Henry Esmond, John Ridd, belong to the older type of interlocutor. The business of their pens, as of their lives, is romance. But the present generation is bringing us a more subtle and sophisticated type of autobiographical story. It is the product of naturalism, but not of that robust and cheerful naturalism which belonged to "Moll Flanders" or the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." The new note is plaintive, elegiac even. I have lived, more or less, I have loved, after a fashion, and what does it all amount to? What is the meaning of the riddle? What is the use?

One striking fact about this mood, as echoed for example in the two narratives now before us, is that it is represented as a mood of maturity and not of age. It is the cry of the person of exceptional ability who has succeeded in the chosen task, and, at the very moment of success, finds that all is vanity, that real happiness, positive success, has somehow been missed. The story of "A Woman of Genius" is in outline much like Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie." A girl is born into a provincial American community with a genius for acting which in time brings her to the top of her profession, love and domestic happiness being left by the way. But Mrs. Austin's Olivia is a far more intellectual person than Mr. Dreiser's Carrie, and suffers proportionately in the end. She is, we are to understand, the victim of her genius. From the moment when her consciousness of it emerges, everything else becomes secondary. For its sake she loses the husband of her youth, and the lover of her prime whose mistress she has preferred to be rather than sacrifice her art. He wants a wife, and finds one, leaving Olivia forlorn as a woman, but made as an artist. "If I had married Helmeth Garrett," she says, "I might have grown insensible to him; as it was, I seemed to have been fixed, though by pain, in the fruitful relation. The loss of him, the desperate ache, the start of memory, are just as good materials to build an artistic success upon as the joy of having." So she goes on with her building, and the house of art has no secret chambers for her. "Whatever else has happened to me, I am at least a success," is her summing up. It is left for her to patch up a marital arrangement with a fellow-being who finds himself in the same boat—a playwright whose "fruitful relations" are many, but who is no danger of demanding that she give up her career.

In "A Man's World" the plaintive and irresolute tune is even more distinctly audible. This is not, as the title might suggest, a story about the wrongs of woman. As in "A Woman of Genius," sex plays a somewhat disproportionate part in these reminiscences, because the normal outlet of a happy marriage has been unattained. This is as undisguisedly the fault of the narrator in the man's case as in the woman's. And the man lacks that excuse of the torch-bearer which belongs to people of real or fancied genius. Arnold Whitman, like Olivia, progresses from a narrow rural upbringing to the life of cities. He comes to New York as a bookworm and bibliographer, and remains as a criminologist, with an official position at the Tombs which makes him of great service in the cause of decency and justice. At this post we leave him, a man of practical achievement in a difficult field. But we leave him whining, a man of fifty whose life is over, who believes that all the world's a stage, and that the play is a foolish one. "I have little ardor left. The youthful questing spirit is gone—and I have not found the Holy Grail. . . ." "I am as much at loss to-day in regard to moral values as I ever was. I have little hope left of succeeding. . . ." Vanity of vanities! The trouble, as we have intimated, is a trouble of sex. Arnold Whitman has never thought of marriage as a part of the business of life. He has been the lover of one woman—who has preferred a career to marriage—and has gone so far as to wish that he might wish to marry another. And he apparently does not know what is the matter with him in the end. We wonder if his author does!

Between Two Thieves. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"As for England—I tell you, Peter Michailowitch!—between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her army contractor, she will yet climb her Calvary with her cross upon her shoulders—we shall see her crucified between two thieves!" Thus Nicholas I to his general-in-chief. In the light of which metaphor the story of the Crimean War is set forth at very great length. Villains on both sides of the Channel are drawn with heavy strokes. Nothing could be more unpleasant than the "dough-colored" countenance of the lesser Napoleon and the "deep and dark and secret workings of his strange, cold, snaky mind"—as here depicted—unless it were the bloated Jowell, who is hideously swollen "with the golden life-blood of the British ratepayer." "Conditions," too, are painted with liberal brushfuls of color. Boudoir scenes under the Second Empire are only less scandalous than British barrack scenes in the fifties. The trouble is that the multitude of these revelations, and especially the manner of them, call for much more horror than the average reader has "on tap." By the time we are introduced to the seat of war and hospital horrors at Scutari, dismay has lapsed into cynicism, and we are much too tired to care.

But that is not the whole story, no, not by an ordinary bookful. There is a hero, son of a marshal under Napoleon I and a Carmelite nun. To him many notable affairs are ascribed—provoking the fusillade that unseated Louis Philippe, carrying to London an official warning of the *coup d'état* of 1851, preparing the field maps used by the French in the Crimean War, and founding the Society of the "Crimson Cross." The bad angel of this useful gentleman is a former mistress and stanch adherent of Louis Napoleon's; his good angel, the "Ada Merling" to whom the author has attributed all the activities of Florence Nightingale, plus many sentiments of her own devising.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

Another is hereby added to Mr. Locke's company of irresponsible heroes. M. Pujol is quite as amusing as his predecessors: a Frenchman of Provence, whose life is a series of casual and cheerful adventures in Europe and England. He is a soldier of fortune without fear or reproach—a vagabond, but not a rascal. He is successful in such varied industries as peddling, promoting, playing the drum in an itinerant band, teaching in a girls' boarding-school—and making love everywhere. He is an "electric personage," a "human dragon-fly," and these pages through which he darts and flashes can by no possibility be dull. His adventures are not recorded in chronological order, but they make a sort of progress, leaving us at the end the picture of a tamed and domesticated though by no means dispirited Aristide. The stories, taken separately, are somewhat uneven in merit.

AN APOSTLE OF WAR.

The Day of the Saxon. By Homer Lea. Harper & Bros. $1.80 net.

The California undergraduate who, some years ago, disappeared, to emerge in China in high military command, here renews his comment on the present martial balance of the world. America's military destitution was the subject of "The Valor of Ignorance." England's future as regards Germany and Russia is now the particular theme. The double peril impending over the island Empire is outlined with grim and logical imperturbability. At first, one is tempted to resent General Lea's display of axioms, as also an apocalyptic tinge in the rhetoric, but gradually admiration grows at the tenaciousness and compactness of the argument; irrespective, be it said, of its validity. In its way, the book recalls the stately and gloomy determinism of Machiavelli himself. We are in a world, not of reasoning people, but of inconscient forces called nations, urged by elemental considerations of food supply, stress of population, scorn of weaker neighbors, desire for sun and seaports. So tense and perilous a balance must from time to time be broken. Statecraft cannot avert these periodical Armageddons. In fact, the whole duty of a statesman is military, to foresee these tests and meet them preparedly in his own time and on his own terms. Such a ruler must be supported by a martial folk. Democracy and immigration are hostile to martial solidarity, and only the German and Russian Empires to-day, with the Japanese, can seriously be reckoned as military powers.

All three of these Powers must soon expand, and in every case expansion means conflict with England. She has put herself meanwhile in the poorest position to meet these inevitable clashes. When she failed Denmark in Schleswig-Holstein, she sacrificed in a day the prestige won at Trafalgar and Waterloo. Here Gen. Lea echoes the contemporary verdict of Lord Salisbury, who remarked that "to be despised by the minor states of Germany is, perhaps, the lowest depth of degradation to which a great Power has ever sunk." Since then England has kept her army stationary, while Russia, Germany, and Japan have stepped into the first rank. Even on the sea Japan and Germany are pressing her. The Pacific has already passed irrevocably from her control. And the conflicts which were remote and potential a generation ago are now urgent. Russia, with her momentum towards India merely steadied and concentrated through the Manchurian rebuff, is quietly annexing Persia. Japan looks eagerly to Polynesia. Germany chafes on every sea for colonies and coaling stations. Against these rivals, what can England interpose? Merely an illusory and shrinking naval superiority.

The military capacity of every nation ultimately comes down to its power to weaken the enemy at home. Thus, if England should sink the German navy, England would be little the better off. Unable to follow up a naval success on land, the campaign would end in a stalemate most costly on the whole to the apparent winner. In short, a navy, except when two insular Powers are at war, is purely a subsidiary defensive arm, whereas an effective aggressive on land is ultimately the only real defence, all others being mere postponements. It is true that without her present naval superiority, England would be exposed to quick subjection. With her preponderant navy, but without real expeditionary armies, she merely offers herself to slower disintegration. Imagine the plight of Japan if the late war had ended without the Manchurian victories, and the case is clear.

Bad diplomacy has since hastened what military neglect began. Island Powers are natural rivals, and alliances between them unsound. England's pact with Japan merely ousted herself from the Pacific. Natural allies are insular and continental powers; in the case before us, England with China, and Japan with Russia, would have been the correct alignment.

To meet the desperate plight in which she finds herself, England must first put herself on an expeditionary basis as regards Germany in Europe and Russia in Asia. This can only be done by Imperial consolidation with compulsory military service. At the earliest instant England should seize and hold her true strategic lines, the Belgian-Holland frontier, and the Teheran-Herat line. Having issued his formal warning, Gen. Lea seems to doubt that it will be heeded. In fact, it would be an amazingly transformed Britain that should either make the necessary military preparations, or, having made them, begin war with ruthless forethought.

Are the days of the Saxon then numbered? How serious is this book? Not necessarily, yet the book is serious enough. Its analysis of the limitations of sea power is admirable and most timely; all the conflicts it foresees are easily within the realm of possibility. If national expansion is indeed unconscious and determined, and statecraft merely a higher militarism, something like Gen. Lea's apocalyptic vision may well take place within the lifetime of some readers of these words. Give him his axioms, and the rest follows. But these very axioms ignore important considerations. Japan, Russia, and Germany are treated as military constants. As a matter of fact, they are all exposed to social discontents that may eventually reduce their military efficiency. Nor is the postulated pressure of population a constant. There are indications that population will increase much more slowly in the future in all civilized nations. France in this regard may not be so much a decadent as a prophetic state. Moreover, scientific agriculture will do much to relieve any distress from existing pressure of population. Nor is Gen. Lea's contention that the mixed populations of nations fed by immigration are hopelessly unmilitary consonant with the facts. His ideal, thoroughbred, military power, indeed, has never existed, except on the small scale of Lacedæmon and Macedon. Finally, the possibilities of arbitration are not so negligible as they seem to him. The libel suit has, after all, replaced ordeal by combat. England and France, Argentina and Chili, by rational negotiation, have settled outstanding difficulties that more than once have threatened war. It is difficult to see that the conflicting aspirations of England and Germany necessarily defy peaceful adjudication. Theoretically, one may imagine purchases and readjustments that would satisfy the legitimate maritime aspirations of Germany without seriously weakening England. In fact, an over-extended Power like England might actually gain by conversion of superfluous territory into cash. Russia did not hesitate to alienate for good reason a potential empire in Alaska. That such negotiations and sacrifices are difficult does not prove them impossible. We believe the time approaches when a sense of justice in nations will modify greatly those insensate instincts which Gen. Lea finds all-powerful. His general contention that England is far from prepared to hold her traditional world-prestige is unquestionably sound. It behooves her to arm, and more particularly with that political foresight that is the nerve of armies. A resolute facing of the whole international situation in the interest of a permanent and equitable settlement might do more to strengthen the British Empire than the recruiting of great expeditionary forces and the seizure of strategic positions beyond the North Sea and the Himalayas.

Essays on Questions Connected with the Old English Poem of Beowulf. By Knut Stjerna. Translated and edited by John R. Clark Hall. Viking Club, Extra Series, Vol. III. London: Curtis & Beamish.

Several dissertations relating to archæological aspects of "Beowulf" have been published on the one side of the ocean or the other, but novice work of this kind cannot weigh in the balance, of course, with the book that now lies before us—the production of one of the ablest authorities in the field of Scandinavian archæology, and Reader in that subject at Upsala for some years before he was snatched away by an untimely death in 1909 at the early age of thirty-five. There was no similar work in existence before, so that the present volume is undoubtedly a contribution of great value to the study of "Beowulf."

The essays here translated all appeared in various Swedish publications between the years 1903 and 1908; they were consequently inaccessible to the great majority of the students of the Anglo-Saxon poem and such students will accordingly have reason to be grateful to Dr. Hall for undertaking the execution of the strongly cherished wish of the author that his papers relating to "Beowulf" should be collected and published in English. The writer's conclusions will not, of course, always commend themselves to the acceptance of Anglo-Saxon scholars, but even in such cases the evidence which he has collected is of high interest, especially as the archæological material is set clearly before us in the copious illustrations—one hundred and twenty-eight in all—that adorn the book. As the editor remarks, this material is virtually exhaustive for the three Scandinavian countries during the period with which students of the Anglo-Saxon epic are concerned.

Particularly good are the essays on "Swedes and Geats during the Migration Period," "Scyld's Funeral Obsequies," "The Dragon's Hoard," and "Beowulf's Funeral Obsequies." In the first of these he brings out how Beowulf's tribe, the Geats, took part in the great movement of the Germanic tribes to the south of Europe and how the consequent drain on its fighting strength and the introduction of southern culture led to the overthrow of the Geatic kingdom by the Swedes—the great event of the Migration Period for Scandinavia. By the plausible interpretation of the archæological evidence, Dr. Stjerna thus enables us to penetrate the darkness which has surrounded the history of the tribe to which the hero of the poem belonged. As Dr. Hall, however, remarks in the excellent introduction which summarizes the results of our author's researches, 500 A. D. is too early a date for the downfall of the Geatic Kingdom. Indeed, in view of the well-attested historical fact that the Geat king of the first part of the poem was not slain until the second decade of the sixth century—in his raid against the Franks—it is singular that Dr. Stjerna should have adopted so early a date for that event. Moreover, his theory that East Götland rather than West Götland was the main seat of the Geatic power, and that the island of Öland may have been the political centre of the kingdom—so the place from which Beowulf starts on his expedition against Grendel—is open to grave objections. It does not accord with the topography of the poem or with the current identification—not likely to be shaken—of the site of Heorot, the hall of the Danish King, with the modern village of Leire near Roeskilde in Zealand.

The essays on the "Funeral Obsequies" of Scyld and Beowulf, respectively, are the most important studies of Germanic burial customs in their bearing on the Anglo-Saxon epic that have yet been published. The idea of a journey by water after death, which is illustrated by the account of Scyld's burial in "Beowulf," Dr. Stjerna supposes to have been derived from Southeastern Europe, making its appearance in the north as early as the fourth century. In this he is opposed to Olrik, who is inclined to ascribe the custom to the influence of Celtic conceptions. It is the death-journey, moreover, which he regards as the feature of primary importance in the narrative concerning Scyld, not the hero's arrival from an unknown land, as Olrik maintains. But may not the boat-burial here represent simply a modification of the conception found elsewhere in folktales of the hero who comes from a land of mystery and later returns thither? With regard to the account of Beowulf's obsequies, Dr. Stjerna explains the inconsistencies on the supposition of originally duplicate lays being combined in the poem. Especially interesting here is the close agreement which he brings out between the description of Beowulf's burial and the testimony of the remains discovered in the burial mound at Old Upsala, known as Odinshög. From a detailed discussion he concludes that the Odinshög was constructed about 500 A. D., and so the Beowulf burial corresponds to Scandinavian custom of that date. In "Beowulf," as in the Homeric poems, the archæological data constantly point to a much older period than the actual date of the poem.

Another essay, "The Double Burial in Beowulf," supplements these extremely interesting discussions of early Germanic burial customs. To be sure, this last-named essay is based on a false interpretation of a passage in the Finn episode of the Anglo-Saxon poem. Nevertheless, it contains much valuable information on the subject indicated by the title and also on the mutual obligations of foster-brothers among the

Germanic tribes. The inconsistencies in the narrative of the Dragon's hoard Dr. Stjerna interprets as due to a modification of the original lay in which the discovery of the hoard was a moor-find of treasure such as was not uncommon in this early period—the modification being the result of a later conception when such deposits were made (in secrecy) by individual men, but not wholesale by the tribe. Elsewhere regarding this episode our author makes the interesting comment that the hall where the treasure was hid, with its arched roof of stone resting on pillars, could not have belonged to the original Scandinavian lay, but must have been introduced by an Anglo-Saxon poet familiar with Roman architecture.

In conclusion, we will say that the book confirms in the strongest manner the belief already so general, that "Beowulf" is of Scandinavian origin. It should seem that, in Dr. Stjerna's opinion, the poem, as we have it, was worked up from Anglo-Saxon lays which were brought to England during the sixth century by the migrating tribes—these lays in turn being based on Scandinavian lays. On the whole, this may be described as the view now most generally held in regard to the origin of the poem, but it seems incredible that every detail of Scandinavian saga and archæology should have been preserved so perfectly during these long years of oral transmission, and the suspicion will not down that the English poet—for we may now assume a single authorship—was drawing directly from Scandinavian sources.

Some German Women and their Salons. By Mary Hargrave. New York: Brentano's. $2.75 net.

Every book should have its *raison d'être*. The justification of the present book lies, we suppose, in the attempt to sketch for the English reader the social status of certain cultured German women for about a half-century, say, from 1780 or 1790 to 1830. The period was one of upheaval in every direction and in this upheaval women played their part. To appreciate such influence is therefore right and proper in itself; success will depend, however, upon one's qualifications. Has our author the qualifications? We doubt it.

To begin with, the mere title of the book is misleading. "Their salons" implies that each of the women here represented had her salon. Yet, in all frankness, not one of the so-called salons here sketched is a salon in the genuine sense, comparable, for instance, to that of Madame Récamier. We are not so rash as to undertake to define a salon. Only on the negative side will we venture to maintain that the genuine salon is characterized by the absence of two disagreeable qualities: provincialism and didacticism. In the matter of provincialism, will any student of history assert that Berlin, even as late as 1830, was not a provincial capital? Vienna might have had a salon; not Berlin. As for the didacticism, it crops out at every turn. Guests met in the reception rooms of Henriette Herz, Rahel Varnhagen, Bettina von Arnim, not solely for the glorious democratic give and take of *esprits faits;* quite as often as not they met "to learn something."

Goethe's mother fills fifty pages of the book. Yet her quiet, modest home in Frankfort bore not the slightest resemblance to a salon; it was merely a pleasant, convenient meeting-place where the young might drop in for a friendly chat or a word of cheer. Every town in every land has, or may have, such a home. True, not every old lady can be a Frau Aja; but the homelike atmosphere will be the same.

Then there is the Queen of Prussia, the famous Königin Luise. Shall we not say, once for all, that a queen, precisely because she is a queen, must have a court but cannot possibly have a salon? In fine, our author should have entitled her book "Some Notable German Women" and let it go at that.

With the substance of the book it is not worth the while to quarrel. We question the author's accuracy in German and French. Perhaps the printer is to blame for the marvellous word-breaking (p. 199): "Bettina's Frühling-skranz"! And for Toeplitz, instead of Teplitz, p. 102. But the long-suffering printer can scarcely be held responsible for "Briefwechsel zwischen Ilius Pamphilius und die Ambrosia." How Goethe's line, "Und das ist schon Gewinn des Lebens" came to be set up "Gewinn des Lebéne," is to us a conundrum.

Whether the author has gone very deeply into German literature, may be questioned. The period which her book covers coincides—in the main—with the career of the Romantic School. Now, this literary movement has been thoroughly studied and, we add, thoroughly *discounted*. Yet, though ephemeral and artificial, it seems to our author something spontaneous, vivifying. More remarkable still, Goethe is represented as the idol of the school. This is exaggeration. Some of the school accepted Goethe, others did not. Anyhow, the full recognition of Goethe came later. As for Bettina and her "Briefwechsel," we have long grown weary of them. Bettina was at best only the *enfant terrible* of her day, and her Briefwechsel is far more fiction than fact.

In our opinion, the author would have done better, had she concentrated her efforts upon Rahel Varnhagen and Henriette Herz, the most influential literary characters of the period, but scarcely known in this country. Frau Aja has of late been done to death, and the noble Königin Luise is a figure not in German letters, but in German politics.

The illustrations so-called are the most irritating feature of the book; for they do not illustrate! Opposite the title-page is a medallion portrait of Rahel Tieck, yet the Tiecks nowhere figure in the text. Henriette Herz's beauty is mentioned frequently, but her portrait fails to convey a suggestion of beauty. Last, there is no portrait of Bettina; instead we get the well-known sketch of Goethe on his death-bed, presumably because it appeared in Bettina's "Tagebuch"! This is picture-making run mad.

Notes

The latest study of the well-known Dante scholar, Edmund Gardner, is in the press of Messrs. Dent. Its title is "Dante and the Mystics."

Mr. Huebsch will very soon issue "Human Quintessence," by Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, son of the dramatist. The book is said to touch many subjects and to show sturdy reflection throughout.

October 26 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin for the publication of the following books: "Linda," a novel by Margaret Prescott Montague; "Americans and Others," essays by Agnes Repplier; "Our House: And London Out of Our Windows," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, holiday edition; "Gutter-Babies," by Dorothea Slade; "Citizens Made and Remade," a short account of the George Junior Republic, by William R. George and Lyman Beecher Stowe; "Romance, Vision and Satire," modern renderings by Jessie L. Weston; "Poems and Ballads," by Herman Hagedorn; "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass," poems by Amy Lowell, and "How England Grew Up," a book of English History from King Alfred to the present time, by Jessie Pope.

The following are among the announcements for early publication by Longmans, Green & Co.: Mrs. William O'Brien's "Unseen Things," being studies of women who have played a noble part in the world's history; the long-expected "Life of Father Tyrrell"; a two-volume work on "Railroads," by Professor Ripley; "Miriam Lucas," a novel by Canon Sheehan, and Andrew Lang's 1912 annual, "A Book of Saints and Heroes."

Henry Holt & Co. will bring out the authorized English translation of Edouard Le Roy's "Une Philosophie Nouvelle: Henri Bergson," and Laurence Housman's "John of Jingalo," which is taken to be a satire on modern English political life.

Norman Duncan has completed a new sea story which Revell will shortly publish. It bears the title, "The Best of a Bad Job."

"Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church," which Mr. Murray, of London, will shortly publish for the Bishop of St. Asaph, is a timely book, considering the discussion now on in Parliament over Disestablishment.

We are to have this autumn from the Pilgrim Press the following religious or soological books: "At the Crossing with Denis McShane," by William Allen Knight; "On the Way to Bethlehem," the same; "Man or Machine—Which?" by Al Priddy; "Through the School," the same; "The Green Devil, a Romance of Thornton Abbey," by Arthur Metcalf; "The Even Hand," by Quincy Germaine; "The Problem of Religion," by Prof. Emil Carl Wilson; "The Culture of Religion," the same; "Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement," by Louise Montgomery; "The Ladder of Christ," by Reginald J. Campbell; "The Temper of the American People," by George T. Smart; "Shall a Man Live Again?" by Wilfred T. Grenfell; "The Evolution of the Country Community," by Warren H. Wilson; "The Person of Christ in Modern Thought," by E. Digges La Touche; "Eucken and Bergson, Their Significance for Modern Thought," by E. Herman, and "The Life of the Soul," by J. Brierly.

S. A. and C. A. Williams have written three books for juveniles which Stokes will issue next month: "The Magic Book," "The Treasure Trunk of Dollies," and "Animal Stories."

The Rev. John H. Harris and Mrs. Harris were sent out last year by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society of England, with the special object of studying conditions in West Central Africa. Their report is embodied in a book which Smith & Elder have in press—"Dawn in Darkest Africa." Lord Cromer contributes an introduction.

The awakening of the Turkish mind is shown by the diversity and extent of its literature at the present time. Numerous translations of scientific works, on medicine, chemistry, physics, military science, and even aeronautics, are coming out, and also a large number of independent works on these and like subjects by Turkish authors. In order to foster a patriotic feeling new and well illustrated editions of some of the Turkish classics are being published, as well as several magazines with articles on current events and literary topics. Few translations have been made of purely American literature, but our detective stories are exceedingly popular with the young Turk.

Education is making steady progress in China. An educational conference recently held in Peking urged the establishment of three new universities in addition to the four now existing, and of primary schools in every city, town, and village. It is said that eight students will be sent to Great Britain to study naval matters, six to Germany for military science, twenty to Belgium for mineralogy, eight each to Italy for mathematics, France for law, Japan for politics, and ten to this country to study industry. At examinations held at Tsinanfu in August for students for a college education in the United States there were 130 applicants, four of whom were successful.

The most provocative chapters in Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's "Why Go to College" (The Century Company) are those in which he attempts to analyze and interpret to us that highly puzzling entity, the soul of the American undergraduate. It cannot be said that he has succeeded. Mr. Cooper confines himself largely to assertions that are either obvious or unsupported. His general thesis is that the college student is not what he seems; which may be said of most of us in college or out. The American undergraduate may seem lightminded, but at bottom he is not. He may appear to be averse to study, but he really is not. He may be unbalanced on the subject of athletics, but at heart he is not. He may seem deficient in spirituality, but in his innermost being he cherishes great dreams. He may cut chapel with extraordinary persistence, but if you examine him closely he has a strongly developed religious sense. To uphold his assertions Mr. Cooper gives us anecdotes instead of facts. The anecdotal method runs riot in his pages. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Cooper could have made out a much better case for the college student if, instead of arguing that the raw, loud-mouthed, overdressed, idle college youth is not the barbarian he seems to be, he had rather maintained that this "representative" undergraduate is not representative at all. He concedes much more than is necessary when he allows us to carry away the impression that the undergraduate who cheers his football team to victory is the undergraduate who celebrates victory by dancing the serpentine on the field and finishes by beating up policemen and tearing down front gates. The fact is that out of 5,000 men who cheer at football games, only 500 dance the serpentine and only 50 beat up policemen. It is the minority in college, as in life, that gives a social group its undeserved reputation. The great majority of college undergraduates do their work honestly, dress quietly, and know why they are at college.

"The Truth About Oregon" would hardly be too pretentious a title for Allen H. Eaton's little book, "The Oregon System: The Story of Direct Legislation in Oregon" (McClurg). "I have friends," he says in a delightful and illuminating preface, "who have come to Oregon because the people rule; I have friends who have moved out of Oregon for the same reason." The promise of "an unprejudiced examination of the work which the people of Oregon have done since the adoption of the initiative and the referendum in 1902" is to all appearances redeemed. He discusses in some detail the thirty-three measures that the voters have rejected in the ten years, and the thirty-one measures that they have adopted. There is much that will amuse, disgust, or alarm, as well as much that will be approved, in the record. But it is the possibilities more than the actualities of the "Oregon system" that constitute the ground on which it will be judged by the thoughtful. Here, too, Mr. Eaton's chapters are valuable. We quote them briefly on two significant developments that have already appeared in Oregon: "We pass constitutional amendments now as readily as we pass statutory laws"; "As to the initiative and the referendum, I do not believe they were intended to supply a few individuals with the power to set up a rival Legislature. They were adopted as reserve measures to be used only when needed and to supplement and improve the work of a Legislature already established." As to possibilities, he goes so far as to say: "Unless the people and their representatives resolve to work together the time is not far off when there will be a new issue in Oregon, and that issue will be the abolition of the Legislature." Yet his conclusion is hopeful. "The people of Oregon are to be trusted. The principle of the initiative and referendum is safe. But the machinery of direct legislation is crude and weak in many places." Towards the locating of these places and their improvement, his calm and well-reasoned presentation should contribute.

Miss Maud Thornhill Porter's "Billy" (Mosher Press) is a little book of 53 pages, to which it is difficult to do justice in words that will not seem extravagant in relation to so small a work by a writer entirely unknown to the public. It is marked by a rare simplicity and perfection of expression, but this is not its greatest excellence; the vividness of the pictures presented, the penetrating sympathy, the depth of feeling just sufficiently set off by a charming vein of humor, give the little story a unique quality. It is only "the true story of a canary bird," but it is a literary gem of a very high order. Full of delicate observation and graphic presentation, the story at first interests the reader simply as a pleased onlooker at pretty scenes; but gradually—and without a trace of mawkishness or sentimentality—it grips his heart, and at the climax it is poignantly moving. Nor is the descent from the climax to the tranquil and philosophic closing stage of "Billy's" life less admirably done. To state more explicitly wherein the little drama consists would be to lessen somewhat the effect of it on those who will go to the book itself.

Further indication of the popularity of the philosophy of Rudolf Eucken, now exchange professor at Harvard, is furnished by the fact that "Main Currents of Modern Thought" (Scribner) is the fifth title, and the fourth large volume, to appear in English translation, or new edition of translation, during the present year. The book is Meyrick Booth's translation of the fourth German edition (1909) of "Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart," one of Eucken's earlier works, which may be said to mark the transition from the philosopher of history to the teacher of religion. Like his later works it is an elaboration of the one idea of "the independence of the spiritual life." Here, however, the idea wears the bloom of freshness, and is invested in a wealth of historical reference, derived from the author's really extensive learning, which is a gain both in substance and in interest.

For the Macmillans' military text-book series, Col. Charles Ross has undertaken a history of the Russo-Japanese War, of which the first volume, carrying the narrative through the battle of Liao-yang, is now published. To-day there is plenty of material for a writer on the war in Manchuria to draw upon. The Japanese General Staff has published its official history of the war. There is an official German account. There are Gen. Kuropatkin's Memoirs. On a smaller scale we have such first-hand contributions as Politovsky's "From Libau to Tsushima," Semenoff's "Rasplata," and Nojine's "The Truth About Port Arthur." Col. Ross has made use of all these sources. The book has the method and clearness that a well-ordered text-book should possess. Its array of dry statistical matter is supplemented by comment on the strategic and tactical principles involved, with due attention to the psychological factors that enter into the winning of victories. If the author pauses now and then to point a moral for the patriotic British reader, the practice is not out of place in a book of this nature.

Writing as a cautious student and half a dozen years after the event, Col. Ross shows few signs of being affected by the legend of miraculous achievement that encompassed the Japanese while the world was still under the spell of their victories. This does not mean that he has gone to the other extreme. On the contrary, he pays full tribute to the fine fighting qualities of the Japanese soldiers and to their excellent leadership. But he shows that the Japanese, too, were capable of error, and that only the severe handicaps under which their opponents labored prevented the Russians from taking advantage of such mistakes. Among the factors responsible for the defeat of the Russian forces were the natural difficulties of the task, their over-confidence at the beginning of the war, and the weakness of the Russian intelligence service throughout the war. The Japanese nearly always knew what confronted them, whereas Kuropatkin was frequently groping in the dark. Finally, there was the evil of divided counsels in the Russian camp. Kuropatkin did not have a free hand at the beginning. When he assumed supreme control of operations it was too late; the unbroken succession of Japanese victories had undermined the morale of the Russian army. The Russians fought bravely to the last, but without confidence in themselves. In spite of the detailed presentation of military statistics, Col. Ross's deductions are cast in such broad form and presented with such admirable clearness as to make them easily intelligible to the non-professional reader.

In "An Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant" (Scribner), Prof. Edward Caldwell Moore of Harvard continues the sketch of the reformed theology begun by Dr. McGiffert in his "Protestant Thought Before Kant." Both volumes are in the series entitled Studies in Theology. The chapters fall principally into three sections: the destruction of the scholastic theology and the development of idealism from Kant to Ritschl, the critical and historical movement from Strauss to Harnack, and the results for theology of modern science as represented by Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley. A final chapter, The English-speaking Peoples: Action and Reaction, sketches briefly the men who have started movements, either progressive or reactionary, in England and America, from Coleridge to William James. Professor Moore is a sympathetic critic, generous in appreciation of the merits of the most diverse systems and thinkers, keen in his sense for the salient and the causative, just in apportionment of influence, and always clear and forceful in style. He handles skilfully his wealth of material, and few of his pages are overburdened by superabundance of fact. He is most at home in the discussion of the historical criticism of the last fifty years. One misses a summary of the entire movement of Protestant thought from the rise of idealism to the present, with estimate of the results achieved, and analysis of the loss and gain. The volume is readable, an excellent hand-book for the student, and valuable in supplying perspective for a view of the religious movements from which we are now emerging.

Not many Blue Book reports have been reprinted in handsome editions. This honor is now conferred upon Lord Durham's "Report on the Affairs of British North America" (3 vols.; Clarendon Press, Frowde), which is edited with an introduction by Sir C. P. Lucas, K. C. B. The work is interesting and important from many points of view. It is a valuable source of information for the student of Canadian history. It contains observations on colonization and the government of colonies which, though referring to conditions in Canada at the close of the rebellion of 1839, are still well worth reading by any one interested in those subjects. More particularly, it had in its day a marked influence upon British policy and upon political thinking in England. Not only was it a prime factor in effecting the establishment of responsible government in Canada, but it gave a decided impetus to those liberal tendencies which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, were so radically changing the character of English political institutions.

The value of the new edition of the report is enhanced by the excellent introduction of Sir C. P. Lucas, which fills the first volume. The editor brings to his task, not only thorough familiarity with the report, but wide and discriminating knowledge of the history of colonization, and particularly of English colonization. Opening with a brief chapter on the conditions in England at the accession of Queen Victoria, he passes on to a careful discussion of the conditions in Canada, the powers and instructions given to Lord Durham, and the "scope, character, and substance" of the report. The introduction is no mere summary; it undertakes to determine to what extent the conditions were as Lord Durham represented them, and to what extent his recommendations for Canada and his forecast of the future of the British colonies have been justified by the course of events since his time. The conclusion is that Lord Durham misjudged the French Canadian, that he was unfair to the English Government because he judged its past methods too much in terms of the liberal principles of his own day, that he did not foresee or desire for Canada the measure of independence which it now possesses, and that he was not concerned with colonies in the abstract, but only with a particular kind of British colony. The significance of the report is that it outlined a wise policy for dealing with the situation in Canada at that time, and in doing so pointed the way which has led to the relatively complete emancipation of British colonies of the self-governing type. While conceding the great importance of the report, the editor is chiefly concerned to dispel the illusion that Lord Durham was the bearer of a Heaven-sent gospel embodying principles of universal applicability.

It is particularly worth while to reprint this report now, when the question of colonial policy is again becoming of vital import in English government. In the fifth decade of the nineteenth century the current of opinion was strongly set towards liberalism; the report of Lord Durham, restrained and guarded as it was in its recommendations, was nevertheless in harmony with the prevailing sentiment. The result was that it was more liberal in its effects than in its character; many thoughtful men, towards the middle of the last century, were persuaded that the inevitable conclusion of Lord Durham's recommendations was the gradual disintegration of the Empire. This was not the belief of Lord Durham himself, and it would be curious if, at the opening of the twentieth century, his report should be found to contain suggestions pointing the way to more effective imperial union.

In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Princeton Theological Seminary, the members of the faculty send forth a collection of "Biblical and Theological Studies" (Scribner). The first essay is by Dr. Francis L. Paton on "Theological Encyclopædia." The author's keen analysis and love of order find ample scope in the systematization and definition of the various subjects of the traditional theological curriculum, in which he assigns to dogmatic theology the highest place. Prof. Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield contributes a paper on "The Emotional Life of Our Lord"—not a happy choice of theme for an unemotional Westminsterian Calvinist. In speaking of Christ as "a Being whose subjective life is depicted as focusing in two centres of consciousness" he is not entirely in accord with Athanasius and makes himself liable to a charge of heresy. Prof. John D. Davis, however, deduces the essential articles of the Athanasian creed from a verse or two of the prophet Isaiah, in an essay on "The Child whose Name is Wonderful." More modern is a sympathetic study of Jonathan Edwards, appropriate in a Princeton volume, by Prof. John DeWitt. A discerning analysis of a number of extra-creedal beliefs which have had considerable influence in the popular Christianity of England and America is found in the chapter on "Modern Spiritual Movements" by Dr. Charles R. Erdman. Other essays are "The Supernatural," by Prof. William Brenton Greene, jr.; "The Eschatological Aspect of the Pauline Conception of the Spirit," by Prof. Gerhardus Vos, and "The Aramaic of Daniel," by Dr. Robert Dick Wilson. There are fifteen essays in all, and the volume extends to above 600 pages.

In our obituary of the late Bradford Torrey (October 10) we stated that he was at one time editor of the *Youth's Companion*. Our attention is called to the fact that Mr. Torrey was never editor, but only one of the associate editors of that paper.

Adrian Hoffman Joline, who died last week at his home in New York, aged sixty-two, was a graduate of Princeton, a practicing lawyer until the time of his death, and always an enthusiastic bibliophile. He was the author of "Meditations of an Autograph Collector," "Diversions of a Book Lover," "At the Library Table," and "Edgehill Essays." Mr. Joline was an occasional contributor to the *Nation;* he was also a member of several historical societies.

Miss Geraldine W. Anthony, a writer, died in New York Sunday. After graduating from Barnard College, she wrote short stories and verses and two novels, "Four in Hand" and "The Victim of Circumstance."

The death is announced from Boston of Henry Austin, the author of "The Law Concerning Farms," "American Farm and Game Laws," and "The Liquor Law in England."

Science

The Evolution of the Vertebrates and their Kin. By William Patten. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $4.50 net.

"For almost a quarter of a century the problem of the evolution of the vertebrates has been to me a stimulus and a guide," says Professor Patten in his introduction to a masterly treatise on a problem more burning twenty years ago than now. Many another at that period busied himself with the same or similar morphological problems, and left them, without satisfactory conclusions, for the successive and more alluring waves of experimental embryology and zoölogy, of cytology, and of heredity and genetics. Professor Patten, alone in this country and with a few colleagues abroad, has remained true to his first ideas, adding evidence now on one side, now on another, until in this book he gives a completely elaborated theory of the origin of vertebrates based solely on morphology. Students who spend their days over the microscope, or who limit their philosophic speculations to interpreting changes in chains of generations of color patterns, will gain in breadth of view by carefully reading this book and absorbing some of the broad scientific spirit which animates its author.

Professor Patten traces the origin of vertebrated animals back to ancestors like the Eurypterids with arachnid affinities, thence upwards through the little-known Ostracoderms to the primitive vertebrates of dipnoan and amphibian types. A central argument in his theory is the phenomenon of coalescence of body segments to form the head, successive stages being found today in existing types of crustacea, insects, and arachnids. One great difficulty arises in the attempt to explain the reversal of dorsal and ventral surfaces of the arthropods into ventral and dorsal surfaces of vertebrates. He strives to show that the greater part of the arachnid body, with its primitive head, goes to form the vertebrate head, whereas the major portion of the vertebrate body consists of entirely new segments not represented in arachnids. Such a theory involves an enormous number of homologies, each of which is open to discussion, and most of which are so entirely opposed to traditional beliefs that Professor Patten's future would seem to be mortgaged to controversy. The closing of the arthropod mouth, the formation of the new vertebrate mouth the origin and phylogenetic significance of the vertebrate brain, will be particularly difficult for him to harmonize with the current views of comparative anatomists. He is aware of these difficulties and imperfections, and states his position with regard to them in the last sentences of his introduction:

> I would gladly make them less. But to be overconscious of the one, unsteadies the hand and draws the eye away from the open waters, and too long a delay over the inevitable defects means to be surprised by the night, and still unprepared.

Forthcoming are "Farm Management," by Prof. C. W. Pugsley; "The Farm Mechanic," by Prof. L. W. Chase, and "The Satisfaction of Country Life," by Dr. James W. Robertson; they form a part of Sturgis & Walton's Farmer's Practical Library.

The leading feature of the *Geographical Journal* for October is Ellsworth Huntington's article on the fluctuating climate of North America. The ancient ruins in New Mexico and the curves of growth of the giant sequoias seem to him to prove that the climatic changes of this continent were pulsatory and synchronize with those of the Old World. Other subjects treated are modern oceanography by H. R. Mill, a journey in southwestern Abyssinia by Dr. G. Montandon, and a review of the nine years' work of the research department of the Royal Geographical Society by Prof. J. L. Myres. The presidential address of Col. Sir C. M. Watson to the geographical section of the British Association on progress in the Sudan and the international map is also given.

A compactly written volume of 500 pages, including an extended bibliography and a good index, touching themes which could be grasped hitherto only by specialists, is "Distribution and Origin of Life in America" (Macmillan), by Robert Francis Scharff. As a summary of scattered publications upon fossil no less than upon recent forms, its publication will be welcomed; and its review of distributional lore, with digestions and assimilations, will appeal to a wide circle of naturalists. It is curious, by the way, that such a work dealing with American fauna should not have borne the name of an American author; perhaps the reason is that our particular specialist who is wise enough to write upon so difficult a theme was wise enough not to write at all. For, clearly, as one thumbs the present book, distributional puzzles in bewildering profusion arise in nearly every chapter. We are not sure whether Dr. Scharff has given the most satisfactory answer to even most of them, for to judge such a matter one would have to know in detail every individual puzzle. To instance a single example, "Archhelenis," the ill-discovered country from whose limits came South American and African forms: here Dr. Scharff, like von Ihering, Ortmann, Eigenmann, and others, accepts the view that such a land connection must have existed, although the trend of opinion seems now to be taking a turn. For Pfeffer and others, most recently Haseman, bring forward strong evidence for the belief that the forms common in these widely separated localities might have come there either as relics of early migrations in most cases from a northern stock, or as holdovers from groups of general distribution. The fact is that the zoögrapher of to-day is less apt to base his results upon the extension of continents over abysmal oceans—he has found simpler dynamic means at hand for solving his riddles, and the worker of the future will probably juggle less and less with serious subsidences and elevations of land masses than with the findings of experimental zoölogy. The pertinence of this general subject, we may mention, has not been considered by Dr. Scharff. If he had followed this intricate line of inquiry, he might not have collected his widely scattered data, and we should not to-day be reviewing an attractive book. And even should many of the "old-line" theories pass into shadows, we shall now have before us the documents carefully labelled and classified upon which the views of the future will take wholesome root.

Drama

Mr. Horace Howard Furness, jr., who is carrying forward the great Shakespeare Variorum, the life-work of his late father, has the seventeenth volume, "Julius Cæsar," almost ready. It will be brought out early next year by Lippincott.

To the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan; general editors, Professors Neilson and Thorndike) the volume of "Othello" has just been added. Considering the numerous interesting problems of interpretation which the play affords, we regret that the editor, Thomas M. Parrott, felt constrained to write an introduction somewhat briefer than the average so far for the series. Though a perfunctory effort is made to find human motive for Iago's conduct, the discussion entirely neglects the relation of this character to other Shakespearean and Elizabethan villains. It is also hard to think of Iago without recalling the doctrines of Machiavelli and their influence upon English thought. We should have been glad to see the matter touched on here.

The tenth volume of Beaumont and Fletcher has now appeared in the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam), bringing to conclusion a notable piece of editing. When A. R. Waller took up this task from the hands of Arnold Glover, who died before even the first volume had been seen through the press, we had the promise that an eleventh volume should be added, giving various notes on the authors and the plays. Unfortunately, Mr. Waller's engagements as assistant secretary to the Syndics of the University Press have prevented him from fulfilling this promise. Each play has a full *apparatus criticus* so far as the early editions are concerned, but of literary or explanatory help there is none. However, as the general plan of the Cambridge English Classics does not really embrace such editorial matter, we cannot feel aggrieved at its absence in this particular case. It is a good deal to have the assurance of a thoroughly accurate text.

"The New Sin," by a new English dramatist, B. Macdonald Hastings, which has just been produced in Wallack's Theatre, is greatly superior to the mass of contemporary drama. It is not mechanically a well-made play, as it starts from exceedingly forced and improbable premises and procures its situations by a series of arbitrary and incredible coincidences. The awkwardness and violence of the construction betray the novice. But the dialogue is forceful, even when it is not altogether judicious, and several of the individual scenes are of enthralling interest. It is not necessary to give the full details of a story whose strength lies in its incidents rather than its plausibility. The problem it presents is the extent to which the Golden Rule should be enforced, how much the capable, provident man is bound in duty to contribute of his energy and substance to the support of less fortunate fellow creatures who cannot or will not help themselves. It is plain that the piece has an allegorical significance, and that the personages are intended to represent classes of society. The hero, a fairly successful artist, is supposed to be the victim of an eccentric and iniquitous will. His millionaire father, whom he has mortally offended, not only disinherited him, but decreed that the vast fortune should not be divided among the other heirs, until after his, the artist's, death. The consequence is that his brothers and sisters, reared in idleness and hopelessly incapable, are sunk in the deepest misery, look to him for aid and pray for his death that they may come into their inheritance. The "new sin" is his persistence in living when his decease would bring such relief.

Occasional scriptural allusions, veiled, but sufficiently suggestive, indicate that the play is in some sort a manifesto against established creeds as well as against modern Socialistic theories. But that phase of it is not prominent and needs no more than this reference. The conscientious and benevolent hero strives to meet all demands upon him until he is bankrupt in health, hope, and purse, when in sheer despair he resolves to kill himself. But his younger brother, a cynical, irredeemable wastrel, commits a murder, of which he, discerning a means of escape in the gallows, assumes the guilt. He is promptly convicted, chiefly upon his brother's evidence, and condemned to die. His innocence is established, however—in a remarkably strong and ingenious scene—and upon his subsequent release, he resolves to play the altruist no longer, but lead his own life, fight for his own hand, and let his abominable kin sink or swim as they may. Here the play should have ended, with a definite, if mistaken, answer to the proposed problem. But in a concluding act the artist, unable to maintain his resolution, agrees to pay his family a definite sum yearly so long as they do not persecute him further. This is a lame and impotent conclusion to a work which, up to this compromise, probably dictated by managerial timidity, seemed charged with earnest convictions and clear purpose. Possibly the author wished to imply that the well-to-do must be just to themselves as well as generous to others, but the world stands in no urgent need of so elastic and comfortable a message. In his discussions of the various social and ethical questions which are cognate to his main theme he speaks with keen perception and no uncertain voice. And many of his conclusions are sound and inspiring. When extravagant, he is not mawkish. A man of his literary, inventive, and descriptive ability, ought to produce something of conspicuous note when his enthusiasms have been tempered by experience.

There does not appear to be much quality in the "Doormats" of Hubert Henry Davies, which has just been produced in Wyndham's Theatre, London. Doormats are patient, enduring folk upon whom harder and more selfish persons metaphorically wipe their boots. The play represents two couples, a foolish, romantic wife with a fond and gentle husband, and a selfish husband with a self-sacrificing wife. Apparently the tale and the dramatic interest are both thin, but Mr. du Maurier seems to have a very congenial character in the abused husband.

George Giddens, who has been engaged for Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company, has arrived in New York, and will begin rehearsals immediately. He was last seen in New York in "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's. He will play Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer," which will be the opening comedy; Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing." Frank Reicher, who has been "loaned" by Winthrop Ames to Miss Annie Russell, will appear as young Marlow and as Benedick.

Music

Mes Souvenirs. Jules Massenet. Paris. Pierre Lafitte & Cie.

Massenet's memoirs appeared so promptly after his death as to arouse the suspicion that the publishers may have had them ready for a long time to place in the market at the proper moment. There is, however, internal evidence showing that he must have been busy with the manuscript to the last. Of the 352 pages in the volume, 291 are devoted to the reminiscences, and on page 223 there is a reference to an event which happened only a few months before his death—the receipt of a cablegram from New York reading: "'*Cendrillon*' *hier, succès phénoménal.*" The final chapter, moreover, refers to other performances given in 1912. The bulk of the volume is based, as the reader is informed in the preface, on a diary which he began to write in boyhood at his mother's suggestion. This enabled him to recall the joys and sorrows of early successes and failures vividly He recounts them impartially. With pardonable pride he dwells on what was perhaps the greatest day of his life: the day when he met Queen Margherita and was invited to play for her one of his works, which her being in mourning prevented her from hearing in public. On the same day he met the Pope; also the son of Garibaldi. The premières of his operas were not great days for him, but days of doubt and torture, which he spent in rural seclusion, because of his aversion to curtain-calls. What pleased him most was evidence of enduring popularity, such as the 763d performance of "Manon."

Obviously, it was not his intention to include in his Memoirs all of the stories of his career and his operas that he himself or other writers had previously given to the world. There are a number of things related by Louis Schneider, Hughes Imbert, and his American biographer that are not in his Memoirs; nor did he, as he might well have done, include in them the charming autobiographic sketch which he contributed to the *Century Magazine* for November, 1892. On the incidents of his boyhood he dwells briefly, but tells some details that were unknown to his biographers. The disputed point as to whether he ran away from his parents to return to Paris and study music is set at rest; he did depart secretly, but his mother soon forgave him and lived to rejoice in his successes, dying on the eve of the five hundredth performance of "Manon." Her he worshipped. The other idols of his boyhood were chiefly the great French composers of the day, particularly Auber, Berlioz, Thomas, and Gounod. Auber, when Massenet first met him, was sixty-five years old. He used to say he had lived too long, and "*il ne faut jamais abuser de rien.*" In truth, he still enjoyed life very much and took a special interest in Massenet's progress. His habit was to rise so early that his day's work was finished at seven in the morning. Berlioz also had his eye on the young man, who, as a stripling, had once frightened his mother by not coming home till after midnight because he was secretly attending a performance of that composer's "l'Enfance du Christ." As for Ambroise Thomas, he was, from the beginning of Massenet's studies to his own death, a true friend.

When Thomas died, Massenet delivered the funeral address (which is reprinted in this volume), and Thomas's place as director of the Conservatoire was offered to him; but he declined, as he desired to devote the rest of his life to his operatic scores. He had enjoyed the academic eighteen years' teaching of composition; most of the young men now prominent in Paris as writers of music were in his classes, and nearly always the winner of the Roman Prize had come from these classes. But his heart was in his own creative work. Again and again he refers to the joy he felt in composing his operas: "*Avoir terminé un ouvrage, c'est dire adieu à l'inexprimable bonheur qu'un travail vous a procuré.*" The three years devoted to "Hérodiade" were to him "*une joie ininterrompue.*" One is a little surprised, however, on reading that the four works the creating of which gave him the most intense pleasure were the oratorio "Marie-Madeleine" and the operas "Werther," "Sapho," and "Thérèse"; for "Sapho," at any rate, is far from being one of his masterworks. Of all the operas, "Thérèse" (which has never been sung in America) appears to have been his favorite. Never, he writes, was he more deeply touched than when a friend said to him: "If you wrote the 'Juggler of Notre Dame' with faith, 'Thérèse' you wrote with the heart."

The explanation of his ability to write so many operas may be found in his statement that he got up every morning at four and worked till noon, the afternoon (six hours) being given over to his pupils. Six hours of sleep was all he needed. It is interesting to learn that he never made use of a piano to help him in composing. He had to do without one when he was placed in solitary confinement while competing for the Prix de Rome—for the simple reason that he who, in later years, earned above 700,000 francs a year could not at that time afford the twenty francs it would have cost him to hire a piano. At his country place in Egreville, he assures us, he never had a piano, in which respect he was like Verdi. With that great Italian he shared another trait. Calling on Verdi one day, he took along his valise. "I told him that it contained manuscripts which were always with me when I travelled. Seizing the bag brusquely, Verdi retorted that he did exactly the same thing, being loath to separate himself from his work when away from home. How I would have preferred," Massenet adds modestly, "to have his music in my valise in place of my own!"

Those familiar with the story of Massenet's life and the subjects of his operas will not be surprised to find a considerable number of these pages devoted to the fair sopranos who impersonated his characters, from Marie Heilbronner to Sibyl Sanderson, whose story is told at considerable length, to Calvé, Cavalieri, and Lucy Arbell. The last-named he commends specially for having, while impersonating Dulcinée in his "Don Quichotte," introduced the innovation of learning to play her own accompaniments (on the guitar) instead of relying, as other singers do in such a situation, on some musician behind the scenes. He placed much stress on such details, and doubtless his singers and pupils will give the world many more particulars regarding his ways at rehearsals. These rehearsals were not always conducted in Paris. Not a few of his operas had their premières in other cities, especially Brussels and Monte Carlo.

Besides the souvenirs, the book contains the funeral addresses delivered by Massenet at the deaths of Thomas and Frémiet, two orations in honor of Méhul and Berlioz, and other similar papers. These are preceded by three curious pages of "Pensées Posthumes" in which Massenet makes some whimsical predictions as to what will happen when his death is announced.

In one respect the last musical season in New York was the oddest on record. In consequence of Mendelssohn Hall being procured for motion pictures, the givers of vocal and instrumental recitals were driven to all sorts of places, some of which were new to concert-goers, and ill-suited for musical entertainments. This season most of these entertainments will take place in the new Aeolian Hall. There will soon be opportunity to judge if the acoustic qualities and the ventilation of this hall are as good as report says. If so, then music will at last have a home in New York such as it deserves. A beautiful hall, not too large and not too small, and with an abundance of fresh air, has much more to do with one's enjoyment of music than most people suppose.

One welcome feature of the new Aeolian Hall is its large, first-class organ. The organ is called for by a considerable number of compositions, but heretofore we have had little more than makeshifts, and eminent European and American organists have been prevented from giving concerts in this city because of a lack of an adequate instrument.

The Oratorio Society of New York will be conducted this season by Louis Koemmenich, who is said to be a master of his craft. "Elijah" will be sung on December 3 by the society, with Florence Hinkle, Margaret Keyes, Paul Althouse, Clarence Whitehill. At the "Messiah" performances on December 26 and 28 the soloists will be Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Christine Miller, Reed Miller, Herbert Witherspoon. On March 28 will take place the first performance in America of Otto Taubmann's "A Choral Service," with Inez Barbour, Mildred Potter, John Young, and Putnam Griswold as soloists. New readings are promised of the Mendelssohn and Handel oratorios. The Choral Service was written between the years 1893-1895, and had its first full performance with the Berlin Philharmonic Chorus in 1910 under the bâton of the famous Siegfried Ochs. It is scored for a double chorus, solo quartet, chorus of boys, organ, and full orchestra, and has a most serious and deeply musical content. It is exceedingly difficult, requiring the full capacity of a great chorus. The season includes a schedule of seventy-one rehearsals.

The list of soloists who will appear at this season's concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society, in Carnegie Hall, as thus far determined, is as follows: Eugene Ysaye, Mischa Elman, Emfrem Zimbalist, Henry P. Schmitt, Maud Powell, Louis Persinger, Bonarios Grimson, Henri Leon LeRoy, Schumann-Heink, Frances Alda, Marie Rappold, Florence Hinkle, Nevada Von Der Veer, Frederick Weld, Leopold Godowsky, Max Pauer, Ernest Schelling, Rudolph Gans, Josef Lhevinne, Germaine Schnitzer, Leo Schulz, Xaver Reiter, John McCormick, Carl Jörn, Edmond Clement, Reinhold von Warlich, Reed Miller.

The death is announced from Earl's Court, London, of Wilhelm Kuhe, in his eighty-ninth year. He was born in Prague, and went to London in 1845; in 1886 he was appointed professor in the Royal Academy of Music, which post he held until 1904. His "Musical Recollections" was published in 1896.

Art

THE HOLDEN COLLECTION.

Through the generosity of Mrs. L. E. Holden a small collection of Italian primitives has been indefinitely lent to the Metropolitan. Prior to distribution in the galleries the group is being shown in the special exhibition room where, widely spaced between fine Eastern carpets, the pictures form a very handsome ensemble. Only one is of the fourteenth century—a large Madonna on gold ground, with a recumbent nude Eve tempted by the serpent as a lower panel. The picture is chiefly noteworthy for its large dimensions, and for this odd if not unprecedented juxtaposition of the woman who brought sin into the world with her who bore the Redeemer. The piece has attracted the attention of critics. Mrs. Berenson detected the manner of the Sienese Domenico di Bartolo; Dr. Sirén that of Francescuccio Ghisi of Fabriano. The latter attribution is the better, but both are unsatisfactory. The panel betrays all the characteristics of the Bologna-Modena school with distinct Byzantine mannerisms. The composition and forms are exactly repeated in a Madonna at Pausula near Macerata, which is signed Andrea da Bologna, and dated 1372. He should be the author of the Holden panel. To this Bolognese master have recently been assigned, on new documentary evidence, the stories of St. Catherine in the lower church at Assisi.

Various appeals to curiosity or more worthy admiration are made by a quite exquisite Madonna attributed to Botticini, and by a finely executed version of an adoring Virgin of the sort which Mr. Berenson allots to Pierfrancesco Fiorentino. Two vivacious decorative bits are a Horse Race in Old Florence done by a follower of Uccello, and a King with his military escort by the Veronese Bernardino Parentino. This is sombrely splendid in color. But all the fifteenth-century pictures are of small account compared with Lorenzo da San Severino's delicately radiant Madonna enthroned against a gold ground and attended by four earnest saints. In such a work one marks the blending of many strains. Gozzola, Nicolo Alunno, and Crivelli have contributed something to this expression of hieratic purity. Probably the artist has admired as well the austere dignity of Piero della Francesca's Madonnas. Yet the humble imitation of greater men has resulted in a style sufficiently personal. Few pictures represent more appealingly the purity, simplicity, and reverence of early Umbrian art. Aside from devotional considerations, the picture has a distinct and lovely decorative quality. Great areas of black and dull rose are relieved against the gold. The whole is kept discreet, the flesh transparently pallid, as if the hour were before the dawn.

In passing from this exquisite vision to the more material painting of the sixteenth century some revulsion will be felt. In fact, beyond a sterling but dull double portrait by Moroni, and an over-vehement Burial of the Virgin ascribed to Lanziani, there is nothing very striking in this department. A little Madonna of Leonardo's school in former times was seriously championed. J. J. Jarves published it as a Leonardo in his "Art Studies." Unquestionably, a Leonardesque composition has suggested the figures in this attractive picture. The landscape background and what little of original painting remains in the figures suggest to Curator Burroughs Leonardo's imitator, Francesco Napoletano. A vivid and almost grotesque Adoration of the German school, with a charming landscape, has been attributed by Mrs. Berenson very plausibly to Aldegraver. We miss in the exhibition one or two charming Lombard pictures which were illustrated in Mrs. Berenson's article in the *Rassegna d'Arte*. Presumably, they did not fit into the hanging scheme, and will later be shown in the regular galleries.

It seems right to emphasize the personal associations of this little group of old masters. It is a remnant, about a third of the collection that Consul James Jackson Jarves assembled at Florence in the fifties and sixties. The more important part is in the Yale Art School, and has been lately installed in attractive new galleries. A few pictures were sold separately to the Boston Art Museum and elsewhere. Jarves collected with the intention of representing in an historical series the chief schools of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy. His means were small, and his intention was to appeal to public-spirited Americans to purchase the entire collection. He brought the pictures back about 1870, in the middle of the black walnut era, fondly imagining that the influence of such critics as Charles Eliot Norton would avail to sell the collection. The pictures were exhibited, and were the occasion of skepticism and merriment. At length Jarves was forced to realize on the collection. Yale University made advances on the major part; his old friend, L. E. Holden, of Cleveland, Ohio, on the rest.

At Jarves's death these debts remained unpaid, the pictures remaining with the lenders. For a while both the Yale collection and that of Mr. Holden were forgotten. Within ten years both have become the object of curiosity and pilgrimage for art historians of many nations. Jarves's taste merely had the fault of being that of the century to come. One could wish that the entire collection of this pioneer might be reassembled, if only temporarily, in New York, where it once was ignored. Such an exhibition would be an artistic event of note, a worthy memorial, and a just expiation.

F. J. M., JR.

Interesting discoveries have lately been made in the Roman Forum, where the south end of the nave of the Basilica Aemilia has been cleared. Three different strata were found: (1) a thin layer of ashes, with coins and remains of wood and iron (the latter belonging probably to the roof) lying on the pavement; (2) a stratum of earth, three feet thick, with marble fragments of the architectural members of the building lying upon it; (3) the west wall of the nave, which fell inward, probably in the eighth century A. D. From this it seems to follow that the building was not restored after the fire of the fifth century A. D., as has been hitherto supposed, with a row of red granite columns along the façade in place of the arcades that had hitherto existed, but that these columns had some other use; and that it was not totally destroyed by fire, but lay abandoned until the collapse of the nave wall already mentioned.

FitzRoy Carrington, well known as an authority on prints and for many years a leading member of the firm of Frederick S. Keppel & Co., has accepted the curatorship of the Print Department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. Carrington will also hold a Harvard lectureship on his specialty. It is understood that Dr. Emil Richter, who for some years has been in charge of the Museum Print Room, will remain as Mr. Carrington's associate. A considerable sum has been contributed to strengthen the collections, and the new curator will make annual trips to Europe in search of rarities. The intention is to bring the collection, which is already the most important in America, into the first rank. Mr. Carrington will continue to edit the *Print Collectors' Quarterly* from Boston.

"Pompeian Decorations" (London: B. T. Batsford), by R. A. Briggs, is a collection of twenty-five plates, about half in color, after Mr. Briggs's careful copies. There is a brief introductory note on the Pompeian styles, and a few lines to explain each plate. Mr. Briggs has been moved by a sense of the great delicacy of this Campanian work, and by justifiable discontent with the standard colored reproductions. The work is indeed of a most gracious gayety and relatively more important, in our feeling, than the pictorial compositions it encloses. Mr. Briggs's copies are sensitive and well reproduced. The collection is a valuable adjunct to the library either of a decorator or of an archæologically inclined reader.

"The Artist's Point of View" (McClurg), by Royal Hill Milleson, is ostensibly letters from an old painter to a beginner. The advice is chatty and sensible. Landscape painting is the theme, and there is especial insistence upon arrangement and consistent color relations. The neophyte is counselled to earn his living as he may while reserving his more personal efforts for the future, to ignore casual criticisms, avoid envy of his colleagues, and accept cheerfully the misdeeds of juries. One's only misgiving about this amiable little book is that it may be superfluous. The sort of painter who will take such advice really does not need it.

Finance

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

In the collapse of prices on the European Stock Exchanges, which began with the Balkan War scare nearly four weeks ago and which culminated in the extreme demoralization of last week, at the time when war had actually been declared, the point of peculiar interest was the fall in Government securities. It is not often that a sudden break of large proportions and wide scope occurs in that quarter of the market. In the first month of the Boer War (which began in October, 1899) Transvaal Republic 5 per cents fell only 1 point and British consols 2. The serious trouble on the markets was to come later, with the British reverses of December; but even then the securities of neutral states moved slightly. During the month after the Manchurian War broke out in 1904, Russian consolidated 4s fell 11 points and Japanese old 5 per cents 12, and in the Paris panic day which shortly followed, consols went down 2 points and French rentes 3; yet even on that occasion only a few Government issues were affected.

Our own 4 per cent. bonds went from 113 to 107 in the month when the Cuban War broke out in 1898, and Spanish 4s, which had sold at 61 at the end of February and at 43½ in the middle of April, got down to 29¾ in the opening week of May, a fortnight after the opening of hostilities; but bonds of the first-class European Powers scarcely moved. Even in the very recent Turco-Italian War, which began at the end of September, 1911, though Italian Government bonds fell 2 points in the next two months, and Turkish 4 per cents declined 10, no other European Government security was at all disturbed.

But how the securities, not only of the expected belligerents, but of neutral Powers, have moved since the Balkan trouble first became imminent at the beginning of October, may be seen from the following table. It gives the year's highest price on the London Stock Exchange; the price at the end of September (the day before the first "Balkan news"); the low price of last week's heavy break, and the price at last week's close:

	High 1912.	Sept.30.	Oct.14.	Oct.19.
British consols..	79 3-16	74	72⅜	73¼
French rentes..	95½	90¾	87⅞	89¾
German 3s	82	77½	76	77
Russian 4s	95¾	92	85	88½
Turkish 4s	91⅝	89	78	80
Bulgarian 6s ..	104½	101	92½	96
Servian 4s	89	86	67½	70
Greek 4s	56 9-16	52	47	49

Such exceptionally general weakness would ordinarily be ascribed to fear of unusual demands on the money markets, such as might compel withdrawal of capital from oustanding Government securities. The sharp rise in European bank rates, on Thursday of last week, indicated this explanation as the most probable. That being so, it is in order to inquire just what financial requisitions may be involved in the Balkan War.

The cost of war is always at the start a doubtful matter of calculation. Even the little Transvaal War cost England, on the average, a million dollars per day; it lasted two years and seven months, and, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's report, caused a total expenditure of $1,085,000,000, of which $795,000,000 was raised by British Government bonds, sold in the open market. The Manchurian War, which lasted a year and a half, cost something like $2,000,000,000 for the two contestants, or upwards of three million dollars daily, and fully half of this was borrowed from other markets by Russia and Japan. On the other hand, the Turco-Italian War is estimated at Rome to have cost the Italian Government $160,000,000, or only about $420,000 per day, while Constantinople correspondents figure the total expenditure of Turkey at $65,000,000, or only a daily $120,000.

But the nature of the campaign—a desultory guerrilla conflict on Turkey's part in Tripoli, and only a near-by colonial demonstration by Italy—made that necessarily a cheap war. The question is, then, whether a campaign with hundreds of thousands of mobilized troops, fighting pitched battles along the whole line of Turkey's northern border, would not be vastly more expensive. A Vienna estimate, in the current London *Economist*, figures out that the mere bringing into action of the 410,000 infantry and cavalry of Bulgaria and Servia will cost the first of those Governments $460,000 per day, and the second of them $360,000. Continued at that per diem rate, the expenses of those two belligerents would be fifty to sixty millions per month, and it would still be left to reckon up the outlay of Turkey, Greece, and Montenegro. How, then, will the money markets be affected?

Precisely at this point in the inquiry a very curious consideration obtrudes. Bulgaria is the best off financially of the Balkan states; it was in the Paris market, before the war broke out, to raise a $36,000,000 loan for refunding older issues. But Paris now reports its bankers unwilling to proceed with the negotiations, if the proceeds are to be used for war. The Servian debt, like that of Greece and Turkey, is administered by foreign commissioners, and the one loan lately placed was carefully "ear-marked," chiefly for railway-building purposes. Greece has virtually no foreign credit, and Montenegro is believed to have subsisted on subsidies from St. Petersburg and Vienna—largely the military old clothes of its rich relations.

All this presents a curious and in many respects novel situation—especially with financial Europe united in disapprobation of the war. It is quite true that all of the belligerents (perhaps excepting Greece) have been accumulating armaments and stores, and it is also true that even poor nations can sometimes (as with the Boer republics) feed and equip their armies from their own resources, and fight for months without recourse to outside money markets.

But the impending campaign has little or no resemblance to the South African conflict. It is a contest carried on in a locality long familiar for military manœuvres, and, so far as regards the Balkan states, it is a campaign of aggression and invasion rather than defence. As such, it is bound to be immensely expensive, if at all prolonged, and the problem of financing it may provide some new considerations in the financial side of modern war.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. A Living Immortality. Dutton. 15 cents net.
American Society of Church History, Papers. Second series, Vol. III. Putnam.
Annual Library Index, 1910. Publishers' Weekly. $5.
Arvine, W. B. Hang Up Philosophy, and Other Poems. Revised edition. Boston: Poet Lore Co.
Atteridge, A. H. Marshal Ney, the Bravest of the Brave. Brentano. $3.50 net.
Bangs, J. K. A Little Book of Christmas. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Bellows, Max. Dictionary of German and English. Holt.
Bendall, Gerard. The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham. Lane. $1.25 net.
Benn, A. W. Ancient Philosophy. (Science series). Putnam.
Bennett, Arnold. Your United States. Harper. $2 net.
Berkman, Alexander. Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist. Mother Earth Pub. Co. $1.50.
Blichfeldt, E. H. A Mexican Journey. Crowell. $2 net.
Brissaud, Jean. A History of French Private Law. Trans. from the second French edition, by R. Howell. Boston: Little, Brown. $5 net.
Brown, A. F. Their City Christmas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Brown, Julia. The Mermaid's Gift, and Other Stories. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.
Brown, Vincent. The Chief Constable. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Bryant, L. M. Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls. Lane. $1.25 net.
Burges, E. T. The Deserted Lake. Longmans. 75 cents net.
Burroughs, John. Time and Change. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Calkins, M. W. A First Book in Psychology (third edition); The Persistent Problems of Philosophy (third edition, revised). Macmillan. $1.90 net; $2.50 net.
Caven, Stewart. Palmers Green. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Chapple, J. M. The Minor Chord. Chapple Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Childhood. Pictures by C. B. Hunter and C. Ogden. Verses by Burges Johnson. Crowell.
Cody, H. A. The Long Patrol. Doran. $1.20 net.
Crawford, M. C. Romantic Days in the Early Republic. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Crowninshield, Frederic. Villa Mirafiore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Curtis, Edmund. Roger of Sicily and the Normans in Lower Italy. Putnam.
Deeping, Warwick. The Strong Hand. Cassell. $1.35 net.
Denison, Elsa. Helping School Children. Harper. $1.40 net.
Doyle, Arthur Conan. The Lost World. Doran. $1.25 net.
Egan, M. F. Everybody's Saint Francis. Pictures by Boutet de Monvel. Century. $2.50 net.
Emerson, E. W., and Harris, W. F. Charles Eliot Norton: Two Addresses. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.
Esenwein, J. B. Short-Story Masterpieces. Vol. I and II, French. Springfield, Mass.: Home Correspondence School.
Fenollosa, E. F. Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. 2 vols. Stokes. $10 net.
Flowerdew, Herbert. The Villa Mystery. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Foster, H. D., and Fay, S. B. Syllabus of European History—378-1900. Fourth edition. Hanover, N. H.: E. P. Storrs.
Gallon, Tom. As He Was Born. Doran. $1.25 net.
Galsworthy, John. The Inn of Tranquillity: Studies and Essays. Scribner.
Goodrich, Edna. Deynard's Divorce. Boston: Badger.
Gray, Thomas. Letters. Vol. iii. Macmillan. $3 net.
Greely, A. W. True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Gregor, E. R. Camping in the Winter Woods. Harper. $1.50.
Grimshaw, John. The People's Medical Guide. Macmillan. $3 net.
Hall, E. H. Elements of Physics. Holt. $1.25.
Hay, John. The Pike County Ballads. Illus. by N. C. Wyeth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Heine's Die Harzreise und Das Buch Le Grand. Edited, with notes, by R. H. Fife, jr. Holt. 60 cents.
Herzog, Rudolf. The Adventurer. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.
Howell, C. F. Around the Clock in Europe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Hudson, W. H. The Story of the Renaissance. Cassell. $1.50 net.
Hulst, C. S. Indian Sketches. Longmans. 60 cents.
Irwin, Will. The Red Button. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
Kelly, C. F., and Mowll, W. L. A Textbook of Design. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Kent, C. F., and Jenks, J. W. The Making of a Nation: Beginnings of Israel's History. Scribner.
Kortrecht, Augusta. A Dixie Rose in Bloom. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Lang, Mrs. Andrew. Men, Women, and Minxes. Longmans. $1.25 net.
Larson, L. M. Canute the Great (Heroes of the Nations series.) Putnam.
Little, Frances. The Lady and Sada San: A Sequel to The Lady of the Decoration. Century. $1 net.
MacNutt, F. A. De Orbe Novo: The Eight Decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghera. Translated from the Latin, with notes. 2 vols. Putnam.
Miller, J. R. The Book of Comfort. Crowell. $1 net.
Molière's Les Précieuses Ridicules and Les Femmes Savantes. Edited, with notes, by J. R. Effinger. Holt. 50 cents.
Moret, Alexandre. Kings and Gods of Egypt. Putnams.
Mortality Statistics, 1909. Washington: Census Bureau, Dept. of Commerce and Labor.
Nobel Institution Publications. Tome II, fasc. 1. Putnam.
Orczy, Baroness. Meadowsweet. Doran. $1.25 net.
Parr, O. K. The Little Cardinal. Benziger Bros. $1.25.
Perry, Bliss. The American Mind. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Perry, S. G. S. Melindy. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Phi Beta Kappa. Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter. Cambridge: The Society.
Pope, P. R. Writing and Speaking German. Holt. 90 cents.

Porcher, F. S. Mr. Perryman's Christmas Eve. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. 50 cents net.

Quaritch's Catalogue of Books on Natural History. London.

Rea, Lilian. The Enthusiasts of Port-Royal. Scribner.

Redfield, W C. The New Industrial Day. Century. $1.25 net.

Reinach, Salomon. Cornélie, ou le Latin sans pleurs. Paris: Hachette.

Robie, Virginia. By-Paths in Collecting. Century. $2.40 net.

Sabin, E. L. With Carson and Frémont. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Sadler, M. T. H. The Political Career of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell.

Salisbury, R. D., Barrows, H. H., and Tower, W. S. The Elements of Geography. Holt. $1.50.

Sanborn, A. W. The Clerks of Kittery: A Comedy. Boston: W. H. Baker & Co.

Sheard, Virna. The Man at Lone Lake. Cassell. $1.25 net.

Shields, J. A. Federal Courts and Practice. Banks Law Pub. Co.

Snow, W. B. Fundamentals of French Grammar. Holt. $1.15.

Stebbing, William. Truths or Truisms. Part II. Frowde. $1.60 net.

Steedman, Amy. Our Island Saints: Stories for Children. Putnam.

Stevens, W. O. "Pewee" Clinton, Plebe. A Story of Annapolis. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Talmage, J. E. The House of the Lord. Salt Lake City. *Deseret News*.

Tarkington, Booth. Beauty and the Jacobin. Harper. $1 net.

Tomlinson, E. T. The Young Minute-man of 1812. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Ward, Bernard. The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. Vol. III, 1820-1829. Longmans. $3.75 net.

Wemyss, M. C. E. Prudent Priscilla. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Williams, H. N. The Love Affairs of the Condés (1530-1740). Scribner.

Winter, Milo. Billy Popgun. Illustrated by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Woodberry, G. E. A Day at Castrogiovanni. Woodberry Society.

Woodruff, H. S. Mis' Beauty. Doran. $1 net.

Woodworth, R. S. The Care of the Body. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Wright, G. F. The Origin and Antiquity of Man. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $2 net.

Young, F. B. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. London: David Nutt.

For Art Lovers

The Collectors: Being Cases mostly under the Ninth and Tenth Commandments.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr., *Art Editor, The Nation.*

Campbell Corot, The Del Puente Giorgione, and other stories of rare things, in a quaint old-fashioned volume. Dr. Mather is a favorite contributor to "The Evening Post" and "Scribner's."

$1.25 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

American Graphic Art

By F. WEITENKAMPF, *Curator of Prints, New York Public Library, Author of "How to Appreciate Prints," etc.*

A history of the reproductive graphic arts (etching, engraving on wood and metal, lithography) and their application to such specialties as illustration, book-plates, posters, etc. The accomplishment of individual artists is considered primarily in its relation to general movements.

Profusely illustrated, $2.75 *net.*

Engraved Gems

By DUFFIELD OSBORNE

Signets, Talismans, and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern.

"We know of no handbook in any language that so nearly meets the practical needs of the average person interested."—*The Nation.*

With 32 plates figuring 700 *gems, and numerous line drawings. Large* 8*vo.* $6.00 *net.*

A practical, authoritative and clear book about the Montessori Method

A Montessori Mother

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, *Author of "The Squirrel Cage."*

Tells just what American mothers, and most teachers, want to know about this new method of training young children.

It gives a simple and wonderfully interesting account of what goes on in a Montessori school, describes the apparatus, possible home additions or substitutes for it, and the principles underlying its use.

Approved by Dr. Montessori, to whom, by permission, it is dedicated.

With pictures of the apparatus and of children at work in a Montessori school. $1.25 *net; by mail*, $1.35.

Henry Holt&Co., 34 W.33 St. New York

Ready October 28th

The MAN WHO CAME BACK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

This is the story of the primrose paths trod by a reckless young prodigal, spoiled by great wealth and dissipation and cast off by his father, who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. It is a story, too, of how a wanton of the music halls recalls him to himself, and of how he resolutely "came back." 12*mo. Illustrated by Bracker.* 75 *cents net.*

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

By JOHAN NORDLING

The love of Beethoven for the beautiful Countess, Julia Guicciardi, is the theme of this story, which has just scored a success abroad in three countries. A novel of fine artistry, and a faithful study of a great musician. 12*mo. Color frontispiece and other illustrations.* $1.25 *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold.
Send for price lists.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 5th Av., N.Y.
ESTABLISHED 1887.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Six Months Subscription Free

THE NATION will extend SIX MONTHS the term of any subscriber who sends a name not already on our list with remittance for the new subscription for one year.

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street New York City

THE EARLY ENGLISH DISSENTERS

In the Light of Recent Research
(1550-1641)

By CHAMPLIN BURRAGE
Hon. M.A. (Brown University) B.Litt. (Oxon.)

Vol. I. History and Criticism
Vol. II. Illustrative Documents

8*vo.* 2 *vols, with* 10 *Illustrations.*
$6.50 *net; carriage* 50 *cents*

"Mr. Burrage's collection of documents is invaluable, including many pieces which have never before been published and forming a remarkably illuminating picture of the earliest English Dissenters."—*London Times.*

"We cannot praise too highly the industry of Mr. Burrage, and we cordially congratulate him on the result of his arduous labours, which must influence all future histories of English Religion. The volumes contain beautifully executed facsimiles of title pages and documents."—*Athenaeum.*

New York G. P. Putnam's Sons London
American Representatives,
Cambridge University Press, Eng.

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. XLVIII. No. 2—PROGRESS AND UNIFORMITY IN CHILD-LABOR LEGISLATION

By William Fielding Ogburn, Ph.D.

8*vo.* *Paper Covers.* $1.75.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Four Stories by a New Writer

CHARLES LEE

The Widow Woman
Our Little Town
Dorinda's Birthday
Paul Carah, Cornishman

Stories written with humor, tenderness, vigor, and a deep insight into the hearts of men and women. *Each,* $1.25 *net.*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 W. 23d Street

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS OF IMPORTANCE

THE LATEST ESSAYS.

JOHN BURROUGHS' **Time and Change**

Among the subjects treated are "The Grand Canyon," "The Spell of the Yosemite," "The Phantoms Behind Us," "The Muse of Rock and Soil," "The Long Road," and "Through the Eyes of a Geologist." $1.10 *net. Postage, 10 cents.*

MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S **The Provincial American**

Wise, humorous, and eloquent papers by one of the most interesting and charming of contemporary American essayists. Among the topics discussed are: "A Hoosier Novelist," "Should Smith Go to Church," "The Spirit of Mischief," and "Confessions of a Best Seller." $1.25 *net. Postage extra.*

BLISS PERRY'S **The American Mind**

Studies of American traits as expressed in the books and the men, the ideas and the impulses, which are most genuinely characteristic of our people. $1.25 *net. Postage, 10 cents.*

AGNES REPPLIER'S **Americans and Others**

Miss Repplier, with her well-known originality and charm, in these papers touches on a variety of themes. Among the titles are: "The Condescension of Borrowers," "The Customary Correspondent," "The Mission of Humour," "The Grocer's Cat." $1.10 *net. Postage, 11 cents.*

JAMES G. MUMFORD'S **A Doctor's Table Talk**

In this delightful and instructive book one of the most distinguished living physicians writes with both wisdom and humor of some of the problems, responsibilities, and mitigations of his profession. $1.25 *net. Postage, 10 cents.*

CHARLES A. DINSMORE'S
The New Light on the Old Truth

Sensible and practical papers on "The Modern World and the Modern Man"; "The Bible"; "The Person of Christ"; "God and Salvation"; "Immortality"; "Improvement." The book is so pleasantly written that it should appeal to a large public. $1.25 *net. Postage, 10 cents.*

NEW FICTION.

Prudent Priscilla **By MARY C. E. WEMYSS**

This story of the adventures that befall a charming young woman because of her too ready sympathy with the misfortunes and entanglements of others, is the author's most delightful book. $1.25 *net. Postage, 11 cents.*

Linda **By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE**

Linda is one of the most appealing feminine figures in the fiction of recent years. How she develops from an illiterate West Virginia mountain girl into a Boston young lady of charm makes a story the reader cannot put down. *With frontispiece in two colors.* $1.20 *net. Postage, 12 cents.*

The Children of Light **By FLORENCE CONVERSE**

A suggestive and inspiring story of the adventures and experiences that befell a group of interesting young people who undertook to solve in their various ways the great problem of social reform. $1.35 *net. Postage 12 cents.*

Gutter Babies **By DOROTHEA SLADE**

Even more than the late Myra Kelly does Miss Slade make the reader feel both the pathos and the humor of the lives of slum children, which she so vividly portrays. *Illustrated in tint by Dorothy Stanley.* $1.25 *net. Postage 12 cents.*

POETRY.

Romance, Vision and Satire **By JESSIE L. WESTON**

A spirited and faithful rendering of one of the most interesting groups of poems in English literature, some of which have never before been translated into modern *verse.* $1.25 *net. Postage 13 cents.*

A Dome of Many Coloured Glass **By AMY LOWELL**

This collection of unusual poems, many of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, combines marked technical ability with a rare and individual poetical feeling. Miss Lowell is a sister of Percival Lowell and President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University. $1.50 *net. Postage 6 cents.*

Poems and Ballads **By HERMANN HAGEDORN**

Of the younger American poets few have made a deeper or wider impression on readers of contemporary verse than Mr. Hagedorn. His new collection shows a still wider range and a distinct advance in poetical achievement. $1.25 *net. Postage 6 cents.*

A UNIQUE TRAVEL-BOOK.

Around the Clock in Europe **By CHARLES F. HOWELL**

An original and cleverly planned book, made up of a series of impressionistic sketches of European capitals at the most characteristic times of day. *With 24 illustrations by Harold Kellogg, Boxed,* $3.00 *net. Postage 20 cents.*

VOLUMES OF AN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL NATURE

The Family

By JAMES Q. DEALEY.

"It is a pithy, wise little volume, every sentence well pondered, and expressing ripe scholarship and sound judgment. It accords well with the preponderance of opinion among the great sociologists, and I hope it will have a wide reading."—E. A. Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin and author of "Changing America." 75 *cents net. Postpaid.*

The Milk Question

By MILTON J. ROSENAU.

In this important book, Dr. Rosenau, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject, has produced a complete and authoritative study of all the various aspects of the question of the quality and healthfulness of our milk. *Illustrated.* $2.00 *net. Postage extra.*

Citizens Made and Remade

By W. R. GEORGE and LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.

A succinct account of the origin and development of the George Junior Republic, and the problems and difficulties which it has met and surmounted. It will be welcomed by all workers for civic betterment *Illustrated.* $1.25 *net. Postage, 11 cents.*

The People's School

A STUDY IN VOCATIONAL TRAINING.

By RUTH MARY WEEKS.

A clear, compact, and interesting statement regarding the vocational training movement in this country and abroad. In the Riverside Educational Monographs. 60 *cents net. Postpaid.*

Capitalization

By WALTER H. LYON.

An exposition of the methods and underlying principles of Corporation Finance by one of the foremost authorities in this field. $2.00 *net. Postpaid.*

The Task of Social Hygiene

By HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Deals in a most instructive and authoritative fashion with some of the most pressing and momentous questions of the day. "A singularly powerful book, the whole argument deserves careful study. It will supply much food for thought."—*London Daily Graphic.* $2.50 *net. Postage, 15 cents.*

4 Park Street
BOSTON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

16 East 40th Street
NEW YORK

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2470 THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 453 26 Dec 12

WELLESLEY FREE LIBRARY

From the Fall List of **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** Publishers New York

The New Dutton Novels

Ready Next Week

The Honourable Mrs. Garry

By LADY CLIFFORD (Mrs. Henry de la Pasture)

Author of *"Peter's Mother," "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," "Master Christopher,"* etc., etc.

Cloth, $1.35 *net; postpaid* $1.47.

The Flaw in the Crystal

By MAY SINCLAIR

Author of *"The Divine Fire," "The Judgment of Eve," "The Creators,"* etc., etc.

Cloth, $1.20 *net; postpaid* $1.29.

The Pilgrim Kamanita

By KARL GJELLERUP

"An uncommon type treated with splendid skill . . . one of the striking and important literary productions of the autumn."—*The Sun,* New York.

$1.35 *net; postpaid,* $1.44.

Ready Shortly

A NEW EDITION ON HAND-MADE PAPER OF

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft

By GEORGE GISSING

One of the most poignant, unforgettable books in which, under the form of fiction, a man ever expressed his inmost soul.

Cloth, $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.62.

NEW BIOGRAPHIES RICH IN PERSONALITY

T. DeWitt Talmage as I Knew Him

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. With a concluding chapter by Mrs. DeWitt Talmage. *8vo.* $3.00 *net; postpaid,* $3.17.

The Life of Michael Angelo **By Romain Rolland**

With a portrait and twenty-three full-page reproductions of the artist's statues and paintings. *Cloth, 8vo.* $2.00 *net; postpaid,* $2.13, *Ready this week.*

George Borrow: The Man and His Books **By Edward Thomas**

"The pleasantest and most 'understanding' study that Borrow's many-sided genius has yet received."—*Daily Telegraph,* London. *8vo. Illus.* $3.00 *net; postpaid,* $3.17. *Ready shortly.*

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London **By A. St. John Adcock**

74 illustrations from pen drawings by Frederick Adcock and 16 portraits. *Cloth 8vo.* $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.67.

Things Seen in Palestine **By H. H. Spoer (A. Goodrich-Freer)**

Things Seen in Russia **By W. Barnes Steveni**

Uniform with the seven volumes describing "Things Seen" in China, Egypt, Holland, Japan, Northern India, Spain, and Venice. *Each vol. illus. from photographs, in cloth* 75 *cents net; in leather,* $1.00 *net; postage* 6 *cents.*

Rambles in the Pyrenees **By F. Hamilton Jackson**

With plans and nearly one hundred illustrations chiefly by the author. *Cloth, 8vo,* $6.00 *net; postpaid,* $6.24.

To be published during November.

Karakoram and Western Himalaya

An account of the Expedition of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. By Filippo de Filippi, author of "Ruwenzori."

A readable narrative of adventure and a record of important explorations. The most superbly illustrated and altogether valuable travel-book of the season. *In two volumes, crown quarto, the set* $15.00 *net.*

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A Child's Book of Warriors **By William Canton**

Author of "The Invisible Playmate," "W. V., Her Book," "A Child's Book of Saints," etc. Illustrated in color and line by Herbert Cole. *Decorated cover, gilt tops,* $2.00.

Jolly Calle and Other Swedish Fairy Tales **By Helena Nyblom**

With decorations in black and white and illustrations in colors by Charles Folkard. $2.50.

Bee: the Princess of the Dwarfs **By Anatole France**

Retold in English by Peter Wright, and beautifully decorated and illustrated in colors by Charles Robinson. *Just ready.* *Decorated covers,* $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.67.

Send for Dutton's New Holiday Catalogue, Just Ready

Address the Publishers **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** 31 W. 23d St. NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The Week 397

Editorial Articles:

Prophets to the Fore 400
The Becker Verdict 400
Supervising Mankind 401
Efficiency Tests for Clergymen 402
New Reputations for Old 403

Special Articles:

The Literature of the Turco-Italian War 404
News for Bibliophiles 405

Correspondence:

Discriminating Tolls 406
Armageddon at Athens 407
The Interpretation of Life 407

Literature:

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and the Army of the Tennessee 407
Cynthia: A Daughter of the Philistines—The Man Who Was Good .. 408
Marcus Holbeach's Daughter 409
Majority Rule and the Judiciary 409
Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers 410
The Guardians of the Columbia—The Mountain that Was God 411
The Age of Alfred 411

Notes 412

Science 414

Drama:

Letters of Bulwer Lytton to Macready 415

Music:

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes 416

Art:

Salon d'Automne 417

Finance:

The War, the Election, and the Markets 418

Books of the Week 419

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

A Noteworthy Book

A Quarter Century of Public School Development

By WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, City Superintendent of Schools, New York City. With an Introduction by *Nicholas Murray Butler*.

$1.25

Articles and addresses, and selections from annual reports, collected by the Committee in charge of the celebration of Dr. Maxwell's twenty-fifth anniversary as Superintendent. Here in short compass are gathered the results of twenty-five years of experience in the administration of the greatest educational system in the world. The reader has unfolded before him the pages of progress in the accomplishment of ideals. He discovers how, step by step, all the elements of our educational system beyond the three R's have been fought for year by year and eventually adopted.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Just Published

JUNG DEUTSCHLAND

By ANNA GRONOW

University Elementary School, The University of Chicago

90 cents

"Jung Deutschland" presents as much simple idiomatic reading and as much grammar as an average student can cover during one year in high school. It teaches the fundamental principles of German grammar in and through the language itself. In very simple German the pupil is introduced to his everyday surroundings and happenings. The subjects have been chosen with a view to strengthening vocabulary, and also on account of their adaptability to teaching grammar. Oral work is considered the most important feature of the first year's course, in its attempt to inspire the pupil with confidence and with ease of expression through the German.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

CIVICS FOR FOREIGNERS

By A. A. PLASS

This book gives the essential facts concerning our government, together with explicit directions for the procuring of naturalization papers; contains vocabulary for Italian, German, Swedish, French, Polish, Greek, and Yiddish.

Cloth. 192 pages. Illustrations and maps. 50 cents

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

Verified in essential facts both by American and European Bankers

UNSEEN EMPIRE

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Dr. Jordan here shows that civilized nations are all in their degree under the domination of a power stronger than kings or parliaments, more lasting than armies or navies, the unseen Empire of Finance. He further shows that this mastery is not now in the hands of individual men, however powerful, but that it has passed over into an impersonal Empire of Debt. Many of the essential statements which Dr. Jordan makes have been verified by leading bankers both in this country and abroad. There is an "unseen empire" that can to a certain, and perhaps to a large, degree sway the destinies of nations, and the method, if not the exact extent of it, is told in this highly informing and suggestive volume.

$1.25 net; by mail, $1.32

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
25 BEACON ST., BOSTON

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

NOVEMBER
AND
DECEMBER
FREE

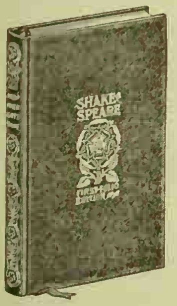
The issues of the Nation for December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

The Nation, 20 Vesey St., N. Y.

Completion of a Great Work

FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE

Forty volumes. Edited, with Notes, Introductions, Lists of Variorum Readings, and Selected Criticisms, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Photogravure frontispieces and rubricated title-pages. Cloth, gilt top, per set $30.00. Limp leather, per set, $40.00. Volumes sold separately, in cloth at 75 cents and in leather at $1.00 per volume.



Size 4¼x6¼

¶ The publication this year of seven new volumes in the famous "First Folio" Edition of Shakespeare's Works brings to a completion this monumental undertaking. The works just published are the three parts of "Henry VI.," "Henry VIII.," "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," and "Sonnets and Minor Poems." ¶ Shakespeare students and readers who have been buying the books as they came out from year to year will now be able to complete their sets. Those who have put off buying until all the plays appeared are advised that the time has arrived for them to secure this great work in its entirety. ¶ The publishers have been gratified at receiving numerous letters of commendation concerning the edition, the general tone of which can be seen from the few which follow:

"Delightful, thoroughly useful, and really instructive. I know of no edition that I would rather put into the hands of a young student or hold in my own."—HENRY VAN DYKE.

"The best books yet published for the study in college of separate plays."—Prof. H. N. MACCRACKEN, Yale University.

"I congratulate you on the form of your issue of the First Folio, and on having taken for it the best text of Shakespeare. The Notes and Literary Illustrations, etc., are admirable. Of the many editions I have, and have seen, yours will certainly come in the first rank."—J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

"I find this series beyond question the best for the purpose of my classes."—GEORGE B. CHURCHILL, Amherst College.

"Had there been such an edition thirty-five years, ago, I should never have undertaken a new variorum."—HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

"I never fail to find the volumes of this delightful edition illuminating and instructive."—EDWARD DOWDEN.

"It will prove, I am sure, the most desirable edition of the Plays which has yet been published. A reprint of the First Folio has never been within reach of the general reading public. You will do more for Shakespeare by this edition than has been done by any previous one."—HIRAM CORSON, Cornell University.

"Done with unusual intelligence. A great gain for Shakespearean students."—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

"The most useful edition now available for students." —BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company Publishers New York

New Macmillan Books of Notable Interest

LITERATURE

CHAUCER. The Modern Reader's Chaucer

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer now first put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. Thirty-two Color Plates by Warwick Goble. *Dec. covers, gilt edged, $5.00 net; carriage extra*

TRAVEL

BRYCE. South America: Observations and Impressions. By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, *Author of "The American Commonwealth," etc.* *Cloth, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.70*

LUCAS. A Wanderer in Florence. By Edward V. Lucas. Illustrated. *Dec. cover, $1.75 net; postpaid, $1.91*

BIOGRAPHY

HARRISON. Among My Books. Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. *Cloth, $1.75 net; postpaid, $1.89*

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

PORTENAR. Organized Labor. Its Problems and How to Meet Them. By A. J. Portenar. *Cloth, $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.08*

TARBELL. The Business of Being a Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell, Author of *"The Tariff in our Times," etc.* *Cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.34*

ROBERTS. The New Immigration. By Peter Roberts, *Author of "Anthracite Coal Communities."* Illustrated *Cloth, $1.60 net; postpaid, $1.73*

CLOPPER. Child Labor in City Streets. By Edward N. Clopper. Illustrated. *Cloth, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.33*

HISTORY

COMAN. The Economic Beginnings of the Far West. By Katherine Coman, *Author of "The Industrial History of the United States."* Maps. Illustrations. Two Volumes. *Cloth, $4.00 net the set; carriage extra*

CHANNING. A History of the United States. By Edward Channing, Vol. III. "The American Revolution. 1760-1789." *Cloth, $2.50 net; postpaid, $2.77*

EDUCATION

MONROE. A Cyclopedia of Education. Vol. 3. Edited by Paul Monroe, Ph.D. *Cloth, $5.00 net; carriage extra*

PHELPS. Teaching: In School and College. By William Lyon Phelps. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.00 net; postpaid, $1.07*

ATHLETICS

DIER. The Book of Winter Sports. By J. C. Dier. Handsomely illustrated. *Dec. cover, $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.64*

ART, ARCHITECTURE

POWERS. Mornings with Masters of Art. By H. H. Powers. *Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.21*

WHITE. Successful Houses and How to Build Them. By Charles E. White, M.A.I.A. Illustrated. *Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.22*

POETRY, ORATORY

YEATS. The Green Helmet and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. *Boards, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.31*

WINTER. Public Speaking; Principles and Practice. By I. L. Winter (*Harvard Univ.*) *Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.15*

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY

LEUBA. A Psychological Study of Religion. Its Origin, Function and Future. By James H. Leuba (*Bryn Mawr*). *Cloth, $2.00 net; postpaid, $2.15*

HOFFDING. A Brief History of Modern Philosophy. By Dr. Harald Hoffding (*Univ. of Copenhagen*). Trans. by C. F. Sanders (*Pennsylvania Univ.*). *Cloth, $1.60 net; postpaid, $1.73*

PUBLISHED BY **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1912.

The Week

There were thousands of people who felt themselves roused to indignant sympathy with Mr. Taft, at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's malicious attacks upon him in the primary campaign. Such people, even when they belonged to the Democratic party, drew considerable gratification from the reviving activity of Mr. Taft's campaign a month ago. They were willing to concede to him a certain share of the political advantage which accrues to an existing Administration from the return of prosperity to the country as a whole, and they accepted as part of the political game the President's public statements, asking voters whether they wanted to "change things" when their business affairs were moving so satisfactorily. Had Mr. Taft been content to rest on this general argument, he would have ended the campaign with dignity, even if it ended with his defeat for reëlection.

In 1908, Mr. Taft began his autumn swing round the circle with a defence of the judiciary's rightful powers in labor cases, and with an attack on the scheme of Government ownership of railways, which brought him the applause and respect of conservative men, even among his political opponents. When, however, he reached the old Protectionist battleground of Indiana, he began to tell his audiences how the Wilson tariff bill of 1894 brought on the country "the worst financial disaster it has ever seen"; and having thus pointed out the antecedent causes of the panic of 1893, he asked his South Dakota audiences to recall "that great tariff measure," "under the influence of which wheat went down below 50 cents." The feeling which those absurdities created in the minds of thinking men was expressed by a well-known lawyer, who declared, in a letter at the time, that the public man who resorted to such arguments either believed them, in which case he was too foolish to be a fit President of the United States, or else did not believe them, in which case he was intellectually too dishonest for that office. The criticism was severe, and we imagine that Mr. Taft himself felt its force. But here, at the similar period in his campaign of 1912, comes Mr. Taft again with this jewel of economic reasoning, in his written appeal to the farmers of Minnesota:

> It is not necessary to jog the memory of the older farmers of your State as to what happened when the Democratic party passed the Wilson tariff bill. Wheat went down to 40 cents a bushel, corn to 21 cents, oats to 18 cents, potatoes to 27 cents.

We do not know that any formal argument against the high protective tariff school could be more convincing than this illustration of the condition to which its doctrines bring a mind that has shown itself capable of grappling courageously and honestly with other problems of the day.

Gov. Wilson's words concerning the importance that would attach, in the event of his election, to Democratic control of the Senate are none too strong. With undisputed power to legislate, both the party and the new President would be placed in a position in which they would have a full opportunity to show what they can do for the country. Large promises have been made, of which no one can demand the immediate fulfilment, for tasks of the kind in contemplation take time; but on the other hand the country has a right to hope for some clear results actually achieved, and some significant beginnings of results to be accomplished later on. Against any accusation of failure in these regards, a divided Congress might serve as a convenient answer; but with both Houses Democratic, Mr. Wilson would find the field really open for carrying out the great policies of improvement that he has outlined. That opportunity he would eagerly welcome, tremendous as is the responsibility which it would place upon him. And it looks as if it were by no means improbable that he will get it.

For some years Chicago has been endeavoring to decide whether it wanted voting machines or not. A few months ago it purchased a number, which were used in a city election with varying success. Now an effort is made to prevent their employment in this election. The object of attack is the legal limitation upon the voter of one minute in which to cast his ballot, it being contended that this time is insufficient for arranging a "split" ticket. This contention is apparently borne out by the results of a test at Springfield. Experts succeeded in splitting tickets in forty seconds, but others fell far behind that record. The president of the Citizens' Association of Chicago, who has been a prominent figure in reform politics for many years, required above two minutes to vote, making several mistakes in the process. A street-car conductor was a little longer, and a reporter, strangely enough, was the longest of the three. Those who are opposing the machines for the approaching election assert that 30,000 voters will be disfranchised if they are used. Part of this result will be due to the one-minute limitation, and part to mistakes which will invalidate the machine-cast ballots; while, judging by experience, many voters, owing to their unfamiliarity with this method of voting, will stay away from the polls altogether.

A taxation reform of unusual interest and importance is involved in one of the Constitutional amendments—Amendment No. 3—to be submitted to the people of New Hampshire for ratification at the coming election. It is urged upon the voters in a simple but convincing statement issued by the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests, which sets forth both the glaring inequalities of the actual method of taxing forest property, and its inevitable effect in promoting the lamentable destruction of the trees. Under the existing Constitutional requirement that all property be taxed equally and proportionally every year, the growing crop of timber—if the requirement is obeyed—must be "taxed at its full value over and over again"; and the practical consequence is a twofold evil. On the one hand, the law is not fulfilled and its mitigation results in all sorts of inequities and abuses; and on the other hand, even this mitigated enforcement of the law is sufficient to compel forest owners to cut down forests so as to avoid further taxation, long before they otherwise would do so. The proposed amendment will permit the Legislature to provide a special system of tax assessment for forest property; the intention being that an annual tax shall be levied on the land value as such, irrespective of the growing crop of timber, and that the timber itself be taxed only at the time of felling, and then at a proper and adequate rate. It is to be hoped that this salutary reform will be adopted. The preservation of the New Hampshire forests is a matter of acute interest far beyond the confines of that State.

There are some supporters of the "Oregon system" who declare that a trap has been set for it this year by the Legislature. The citizens of that State are to vote on thirty-eight different laws and amendments. The proposal which the friends of direct legislation regard as dangerous is in the form of an amendment to the Constitution calling for a majority of the votes cast "at the election," instead of the majority of the votes cast "thereon," to carry any future amendment. In this the radicals see their pet scheme used against itself. They are opposing its passage tooth and nail, as also the passage of a proposal of similar tenor in regard to "initiative" measures. Other important provisions among the thirty-eight proposals, such as those for equal suffrage, for inheritance and income taxes, to provide a "blue sky" law and to abolish contract prison labor, make it plain that, for the student of government, Oregon's action at the polls will be well worth watching.

The establishment, through the gift of Mr. James B. Brady, of a Urological Institute in connection with the Johns Hopkins Hospital, is the third of a series of foundations made in recent years by special endowment at that great institution. The other two are the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic and the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children. All of these special establishments serve the double purpose of hospital and research institute, and, working in conjunction with the admirable staff of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, form an important addition to the country's resources for the advancement of medical knowledge. It is notable that, in these and other ways, the medical side of the activities initiated at Baltimore a generation ago through the far-sighted munificence of Johns Hopkins has been liberally promoted by men of wealth from a distance; but the general work of Johns Hopkins University, while it has received generous support from Baltimoreans, has had very little pecuniary aid from the country at large. The difference is doubtless largely due to the personal experience through which donors have become acquainted with the merits of the medical activities.

The busy news collectors in Mexico who began announcing the imminent fall of President Madero even before his election, have laid stress on two fatal circumstances. In the first place, Madero was a dreamer and theorist who was unequal to the practical exigencies of his position. In the second place, a national spirit was totally lacking in Mexico. The actual course of events has shown that in Madero the Mexican people has found a leader of extraordinary resourcefulness, of courage, and of tenacity. When Orozco's army was carrying everything before it in Chihuahua and the anti-Maderist press was announcing that at Torreón the fall of the Government would be signalized, Madero refused to give way to panic and bided his time until his forces were in a position to strike a decisive blow. The dramatic collapse of Orozco's revolution is a matter of recent history. The situation was a trying one. Besides Orozco, there were the Zapatist forces in the vicinity of the capital to be reckoned with, and in Mexico City there was discontent and disloyalty. Porfirio Diaz himself could not have dealt with the situation more effectively.

Then came the fiasco of Diaz at Vera Cruz, and it was demonstrated that Madero did have behind him the good will of the bulk of the nation. The walls of Mexico City did not tumble down at the magic sound of the name Diaz. The confidently predicted defection of Federal generals and troops did not take place. The expected upheaval of the entire countryside at the signal from Vera Cruz did not come off. It has been shown pretty conclusively that the Mexican people is not tired of Madero and that it is by no means convinced that he has badly failed in his work. The man who can hold his own against the powerful influences brought into the field by the supporters of Porfirio Diaz, who can command the obedience of his troops and the loyalty of their officers, who can keep order in the capital and deal pretty effectively with the marauding bands of so-called revolutionists in the provinces, seems to be quite the right man for his place. Madero's prestige to-day is higher than at any moment since he took office.

The break in the Borden Cabinet, made by the resignation of F. D. Monk, has been expected. The retiring Minister feels that, as his colleagues do not intend to submit the proposed new naval policy to the people, he will be put in the position of violating his preëlection pledge in the matter. Now, it may be perfectly proper for this particular official, under these particular circumstances, to give up his seat at the council table, but he cannot be blind to the gravity of the precedent he is setting. What would happen if officials in general were to act upon it, and resign rather than share the responsibility for the violation of preëlection pledges? Mr. Monk's act, we suppose, is dictated by the new spirit that has come over politics in recent years. Certainly, the time-honored course for him to have followed was to explain to his constituents that the preëlection pledge was, in fact, and despite appearances, being fulfilled to the letter. If this was absolutely impossible to "carry off," then he should have resorted to the *ultima ratio* of the politician. Ex-Representative "Jim" Watson of Indiana could have coached him. Facing a convention in his district during the McKinley Administration, shortly after he had voted upon a measure contrary to the expectations of his supporters, the sagacious Congressman struck an attitude, and declaimed in words like these: "But when I saw ranged on one side all those grand leaders of the grand old Republican party, William McKinley——" Here the cheering told him that the argument had gone home.

At a convocation held for the purpose of renominating Dr. Charles B. Heberden, principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, to be Vice-Chancellor for a third year of office, we read that the Vice-Chancellor "delivered the customary speech (for the first time in English), saying that when he addressed them last year he raised the question of abandoning the time-honored custom of employing Latin for this speech, and on the whole he considered that the use of English was better." Many will feel a pang of regret on reading this announcement. The change is not of vital importance, and a few severely practical reasons can be advanced which seem to make it desirable. Yet the abandonment of that "time-honored custom" signifies the breaking of another link in the chain which connects Oxford so intimately with the traditions and usages of the past. It may, of course, be pleaded that many of those who listen to the Vice-Chancellor are unable to follow him in Latin; but the quality of ambiguousness is by no means confined to speeches delivered in a dead language. Occasionally, too, there may be an element of the grotesque in the spectacle of a scientific or mathematical Vice-Chancellor wrestling with uncomprehended Ciceronian periods, and stumbling deplorably over his Latin quantities; certainly, after the event, there is scholarly, if unhallowed, joy in many common-rooms over the Vice-Chancellor's discomfiture. But these are small incidents, and if we began to eliminate from Oxford all the forms and ceremonies that contain for modern eyes something of the grotesque, it would be difficult to know where to stop.

The chief argument in favor of the "time-honored custom" prescribing that the Vice-Chancellor shall address Convocation in Latin is that it emphasizes the continuity not only of Oxford's history, but of the history of learning. When the Vice-Chancellor delivers his Latin oration he is using the medium of speech that made learning possible in the early stages of our present civilization, the *lingua franca* of scholars throughout the world, by means of which the thoughts and researches of the wisest of Europe were made the common property of all. In an age when books were rare and hard to come by, it was no small thing that the scholars of every nationality were able to write and to converse in a common tongue; when travelling in a foreign land was a difficult and hazardous adventure, it was of great solace to the cultured pilgrim that throughout Europe there was a chain of houses in which he could enjoy both hospitality and conversation.

> BERLIN, October 25.—The growth of cities at the expense of the country is responsible for the German meat famine, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg told the Diet to-day. Tariffs and taxes have nothing to do with it, he asserted. He suggested the draining and colonizing of the moorlands with the Government's financial aid as a palliative, but declared that the only sure remedy is an increase in the number of farmers.

The cable may not have done full justice to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, but we very much fear that it has reported him pretty accurately. Yet in any other domain than politics or economics, such nonsense could not go down for a moment. You keep foreign meats out for no other purpose under the sun than to enable home producers to get good prices for meat, and then you turn round and say that the price would be just the same if you had done nothing of the kind. As for an "increase in the number of farmers," Germany could get a very big increase in twenty-four hours by simply letting the farmers of Argentina, and Australia, and any other country that desires to sell meat, come into the German market. And if the Chancellor disdains such simple and "doctrinaire" considerations, the favorite "historical" method of German thinkers might come to his aid. Does he think that the cry for cheaper food, three-quarters of a century ago, in another country which was rapidly developing its manufactures, should have been silenced by the assertion that tariffs made no difference? Does he think England was acting under a sheer delusion when she abolished the corn laws?

To take one possible explanation of the unbroken series of Turkish defeats, is it probable, as some correspondents are now asserting, that the Turkish soldier has lost his fine qualities of the past? Instead of the splendid fighting animal, whom religious fanaticism made indifferent to death, and who won victories in rags and on an empty stomach, we are now asked to regard the Turkish soldier as indifferent, ill-disciplined, and prone to give way without a contest. The change is too startling to be credible. It is belied by the showing made in the Greek war of 1897, and only the other day against the Italians in Tripoli. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the long years of training under capable German officers have gone to waste. We must adopt the more plausible explanation that the Turks have so far been numerically weaker in the field than their opponents, and decidedly inferior in equipment. When Turkey's standing army was balanced against the armed forces of the allies, the important factor of mobilization was not sufficiently taken into account. Constantinople has to draw its reserves from Asia Minor, Armenia, and Arabia, whereas the allies are virtually fighting in front of their own doorsteps.

When we speak of the rapidity of the Balkan armies' advance, we must bear in mind also that distances are small in the present field of hostilities. Adrianople is less than twenty-five miles from the Bulgarian frontier; Scutari is about the same distance from Podgoritza, where the Montenegrin advance began; the Servians have had to move forward from ten to thirty miles to occupy the towns of Novibazar, Prishtina, and Kumanovo; the Greeks have moved forward about thirty miles to reach Serfidze. Over such short distances the first impulse of an offensive attack is enough to carry an invading army.

All doubt about what happened to the Czarevitch, and how he is getting on, has been dispelled by the following statement made by the Marshal of the Court of Russia:

> An accidental fall suffered by the Hereditary Grand Duke will keep his Imperial Highness in bed for some time still. You can place entire confidence in the statements of the official bulletins.

Even in countries whose governmental arrangements are less perfect than those of Russia, it is well known that official statements are always absolutely truthful—though some have suspected that the author of Pinafore intended a little mischief when he made Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., say that in his happy country "official communications are invariably regarded as unanswerable." But whatever may be true of less favored lands, no assertion made under governmental sanction in Russia has ever been known to be other than strictly accurate. We only wonder that the Marshal of the Court should have gone so far as to recognize that there may exist persons so depraved as to require his assurance that the official bulletins are worthy of entire confidence.

PROPHETS TO THE FORE.

These are Presidential prediction days, and they are giving us a flood of forecasts that would be perfectly conclusive if they did not destroy one another. Each campaign manager sees rosy. He confesses, if you press him, that six weeks ago the prospect was troubled, but now every cloud has been swept from the horizon, and "unless all signs fail," a sweeping and glorious victory is to perch upon his banner. But so it is on all other banners. Dixon and Perkins are not carrying New York for Roosevelt any more positively and solemnly than Barnes and Koenig are for Taft. Senator Dixon is really splendid. He has the Roosevelt vote, both popular and in the Electoral College, figured out to a nicety, and has put out his statement without the flicker of an eyelid. Not less enthusiastic is Mr. Perkins, but he has not the full *aplomb* of Dixon. Stating that his confidential reports show that Roosevelt is going to carry several Southern States, he adds that he is "green" in politics, and that his correspondents "may be stuffing" him. This is a momentary weakness in Perkins. The true election prophet must not admit that by any possibility can he be mistaken. He should say with calm authority, as does a Roosevelt organ, that all "unbiassed polls" show the Colonel far in the lead. One such unbiassed poll was printed last week by a Roosevelt paper in New York, showing that the employees in a certain establishment in this city stood: Roosevelt, 29, Taft, 8, and Wilson 7. But the head of that firm has since written to the *Tribune* to say that he employs only eight men, two of whom are under age. Thus is doubt cast upon a sure word of prophecy.

One hears wonder expressed why campaign managers should think it necessary or desirable to don the prophet's robes which so ill become them. Do they expect people to believe that they know as much as they pretend to know? Are they not fully aware that their loud predictions are taken by everybody as merely so much shouting to keep the courage up? Well, all this is one of the pleasing little arts of their profession which they feel that they cannot afford to neglect. By stoutly claiming everything, they may get something. If not the whole silk gown, at least a sleeve of it. The fact that previous forecasts of theirs have turned out ludicrously astray, they do not permit to deter them. They feel a kind of fatality upon them. They alter Descartes's phrase, and say, "I predict, therefore I am." What are they there for except to make prophecies? Students of these matters have noted one invariable rule: the more hopeless the chances of any given party, the shriller become its advance cries of victory. In 1892 the Republican party met a smashing defeat, but Chairman Carter would hardly grant, before the election, a single State to Cleveland. As Republican prospects declined, Carter's claims rose. So it has been again and again; and Senator Dixon is but following venerable precedent in putting out his tremendous claims for the Progressives at a time when the general conviction has become established that their situation is desperate.

Along with these official auguries go a vast number of "straw votes." Of these we do not hold so low an opinion as Mr. Dooley. He assured Hennessy that nothing so strong as American politics could be taken through a straw. There are straw votes and straw votes; some of them obviously worthless, but some highly significant. If we could get enough of them, fairly typical of sentiment in various parts of the country, impartially taken and honestly reported, we should have a very trustworthy indication how the election would go. The trouble with most straw votes and "postal-card votes" is that we have no means of knowing how accurately they represent the real preferences of the section or class which they profess to canvass. They may, indeed, give us an inkling of what the decided and clamorous voters mean to do, but the uncommitted vote, the silent vote, may escape them altogether. And then there is the vital point of what we may call the changed vote. It is the shifting of party allegiance that is the crucial thing; and the ordinary straw vote tells us little or nothing about that. It is of no use to set forth polls showing that Roosevelt or Straus, as the case may be, is going to receive such and such numbers of votes, unless information is at the same time given how many of those votes are to come from Democrats.

Every man of sense knows that, unless there is a marked Democratic defection this year, the sharp division on the other side will make Wilson's triumph easy and certain. It needs no one risen from the dead to tell us this. Nor is any remarkable mathematical ability or skill in divining the future necessary. All that one has to do is to take a pencil and paper and sit down with the figures of previous elections. But no one has produced evidence that any large body of Democrats will cease voting for their party. Mr. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, is about the only Democrat of any prominence who has announced his intention of supporting Roosevelt; and the effusiveness with which the Colonel greeted him last Sunday implies that he has had few occasions of that kind to hold out his hand. Even if as many as 10 per cent. of the Democrats were to vote for Roosevelt—and there is no proof whatever that the number will be near that—the remainder would mean a comfortable plurality over any division of the Republican vote between Roosevelt and Taft that is at all conceivable. It is the hard-headed perception of this truth, we suppose, that holds the betting odds firmly at 4 to 1 on Wilson, despite the best that Dixon and Perkins can do.

We have no thought of taking a turn at prophecy ourselves. Don't, onless ye know. But we are confident that every man can be his own prophet as wisely as he can put faith in the vaticinations of Barnes or Perkins or McCombs. He can look about him. He can sound his friends and acquaintances. He can study the signs of the times as they are broadly revealed the country over. He can put aside his own hopes or fears as irrelevant, take the main facts of the party situation as they stand out clearly, and make as good a guess as the next man. When it is beyond question that some, at least, of our political forecasters are lying prophets, there is no reason for believing that any of them are divinely inspired.

THE BECKER VERDICT.

It is obvious that the verdict of the jury in the Becker case came as a surprise to most people. A disagreement was the common and confident prediction. This did not mean that Becker was not generally believed guilty. We suppose that the details of the murder of Rosenthal, as they were little by little made public, left no doubt at all in the minds of intelligent men that Becker had a direct connection with that crime which startled a city even as hardened to such things as New York. It was not his guilt, but the legal proof of it, that was called in question. The feeling was that the long and difficult trial, with the abhorrent character of so many of the witnesses, would result, at best, in a hung jury. Hence the general astonishment—which is also an unmistakable feeling of relief—at the verdict of murder in the first degree.

This must be regarded as a most tonic event. It shows, for one thing, that justice in New York need not always move on leaden feet. The bold assassination of Rosenthal was done on July 16. In less than three months Becker was brought to trial All the involved processes of first detecting his hidden responsibility for the crime, next of marshalling the evidence on which he was indicted, and then of getting his case before a jury with skill and force sufficient to cause his conviction, were got through successfully with great speed. The sword of the law was not allowed to rust in the scabbard. People had not forgotten what the crime was before judgment had been pronounced upon it. The net result cannot fail to restore confidence in our methods of criminal prosecution, not only in New York, but in all large cities.

Even more important is it to have the demonstration that the weapons of the law are sharp and strong enough to cut through the network of police collusion with crime. It has been the boast of the "system" that it could snap its fingers at the criminal code and defy prosecutors and the courts. Nothing would happen. Everything would soon blow over. Even if any man was caught, he would be got off. That was the burden of the talk, as sworn to, between Becker and his hired assassins. The confederation between the police and favored criminals was represented as too powerful, with too many ramifications, for the District Attorney to break into. But Mr. Whitman has knocked all that into a heap. He has shown that the resources of criminal investigation and the agencies of the law are adequate to cope with the vilest conspiracies and the most intricate crimes that the "system" can devise. The strong arm of the law has grappled with the strong-arm squad. We can easily imagine the shock given at midnight to all the corrupt and conniving members of the police force by the news that Becker had been found guilty. They must have looked at one another with startled eyes, as if asking, "Who next?" Viewed from any angle, the verdict of this jury is the most terrible blow that the wicked and flaunting alliance between the guardians of the law and the violators of it has ever received.

For achieving this, District Attorney Whitman deserves the thanks of New York city, and so do he and his assistant, Mr. Moss, for the very great labor of preparing the evidence against Becker and presenting it in such a way as to obtain a conviction. And we think that Mr. Whitman had the true instinct for the demands of the situation when he arraigned Becker first of all. The wretched tools who actually did the shooting of Rosenthal might well be passed over for the time, in order to bring their principal to the bar. It was necessary to strike high as well as hard; and from the effects of the blow which Mr. Whitman has dealt we can see how sagacious he was in choosing where first to aim it. Some other order of prosecution might have seemed logically better, or even more sure legally, but the moral impression caused by success in going straight at the most heinous offender, proves that no mistake was made by the District Attorney.

Becker's counsel will appeal. There will necessarily be a review of the trial by a higher court. The blackest criminal is entitled to all his legal rights, and Becker must have his. If able and conscientious judges hold that errors were committed in the course of the trial sufficient to vitiate the verdict of the jury, it will be their duty so to decide, and it will be the duty of the public to respect their decision. But it is much to be hoped that nothing of the kind will be necessary. The reviewing judges will doubtless be impressed, as everybody else must be, by the fact that a carefully chosen and exceptionally intelligent jury came so promptly to the conclusion that Becker was guilty. These jurymen not only heard all the evidence, but had the opportunity of studying all the witnesses face to face. They must naturally have had their suspicions of Rose and Webber and the other refugees of the darkness who had to be called upon to testify, if any evidence at all was to be had; yet they scrutinized these wretches as they told their story and observed them under cross-examination, and must have made up their minds that the testimony was credible. At least, it was not broken down at any vital point. It is this broad consideration of the findings of the jury which must weigh most with the public, and will doubtless have due weight with judges. As the matter stands, there has been a signal and heartening vindication of justice. All must hope that nothing in the future disposal of the case will lessen its deep impressiveness.

SUPERVISING MANKIND.

Dr. Lewellys Barker's letter on "Preventing Czolgoszes and Schranks," printed in the New York *Times*, will attract more than local attention on account of the professional eminence of its writer. All that part of it which relates to the care and treatment of the insane, and much of what is said in it about the feeble-minded and similar classes, is not only highly important but wholly unexceptionable. But in some of its aspects, the proposed "national campaign for mental hygiene" raises questions which cannot be properly approached without consideration of the most far-reaching consequences, questions which go to the very core of life.

"Provision must be made," we are told, "for the birth of children whose brains shall, so far as possible, be innately of good quality; this means the denial of the privilege of parenthood to those likely to transmit bad nervous systems to their offspring." It is quite possible that Dr. Barker does not fully mean what he here says, though no qualification of it appears in the context; but, however much allowance we may make for intended qualification, it is clear that the social policy he has in mind goes far beyond the mere segregation or sterilization of pronounced degenerates or imbeciles. And this is all the more certain for the reason that such a programme has already attained considerable currency. Moreover, it is an indispensable programme if we set forth to achieve the object of "preventing Czolgoszes and Schranks." We would by no means be understood to admit that it would be *sufficient* for the accomplishment of that object; but surely nothing *less* would suffice. The question, then, is, What does the execution of this eugenic programme involve? What forces would be brought into play by it? How would it affect not only the lives of those directly or indirectly concerned, but the very feelings and ideals of life, of all mankind?

By whatever instrumentalities it may be proposed to carry any such scheme into effect, one thing is essentially involved in it—the making of a vital distinction between individuals upon the basis of a scientific, or quasi-scientific, estimate of their physical endowments. How serious the danger of error in the diagnosis, how grave the possibilities of mischief due to malice or prejudice, how pervasive might be the dread or the blighting uncertainty which would oppress those whose peculiarities made them more or less suspect—into these things we do not intend to enter. For in this proposal to mark out as derelicts such men and women as fail to come up to a desired standard of fitness, there is something which cuts still deeper into the texture of life and society. The criminal, the insane, the imbecile, clearly marked out to be set apart from the mass of normal human beings, we habitually ignore in the daily course of life; this is hard, cruel perhaps, but it leaves all the rest of mankind on the solid ground of equality in the things that are vital—not only equality in rights, but equality in self-respect, in the fundamentals of human dignity. In the relation of parent and child, of brother and sister, of friend and friend, all men, rich and poor, strong and weak, gifted and dull, stand on an equal footing. Each feels that if he but acts well his part, lowly though it be, he has earned the right to self-respect, and to the unpatronizing and unforced regard of those with whom he has to do. He asks for no other man's certificate that he is himself a man; he walks erect among his fellows. He may be deficient in mental power; he may have a less perfect nervous system than is to be desired; but he neither abdicates the rights, nor asks to be absolved from the responsibility, which he understands to attach to all the children of men. Take away this feeling, and can you presume to measure the awful gap that will be left? Can you estimate the value, the potency, of the simple and unquestioned doctrine that a man's a man? It is the safeguard of human dignity, it strengthens the weak to bear themselves worthily, it incites the strong to feel true consideration for the weak, it runs through the whole warp and woof of the web of life. Before we disturb it, we had better be very sure that our little scheme for doing without it will more truly serve mankind.

There are other grave aspects of the "campaign for mental hygiene" on which it might be profitable to dwell. But it may be more to the purpose to make a remark that bears equally upon many other current proposals of radical innovation. The argument for these proposals almost always rests upon a postulate tacitly taken for granted by their advocates. This postulate is that, in the particular matter that interests them, perfection should be attempted at any cost; and when we say "attempted," we do not mean striven for as an ideal, or as an ultimate goal, but directly sought by whatever means may be at hand. None of us want Schranks or Czolgoszes; but before we determine to prevent their birth, or even to prevent their growing up without special supervision, we instinctively ask whether it is worth while to make that sacrifice of the general freedom, and simplicity, and unconsciousness of the daily lives of men which such prevention would necessitate. None of us likes to contemplate the hardships of the very poor; but before we condemn the existing structure of society to demolition in order to abolish poverty, we wish to have some assurance that the things that make for the building up of character, and for the zest of life in almost all classes, will not be sacrificed in the process. Human society is far from perfect. But such advance as we have made from conditions infinitely worse than those that now exist has been bound up with the growth of certain fundamental ideas and institutions; and to pursue perfection in one particular respect without regard to the injury that those ideas and institutions may suffer is to run the risk of burning down your house for the sake of smoking out the rats.

EFFICIENCY TESTS FOR CLERGYMEN.

As the modern efficiency expert pursues his devastating way, the troubled question is more and more frequently heard: "Who of us is safe?" The old immunity of the college professor is soon to vanish. He has been asked to punch a time-clock as he teaches, and to work out a daily sheet showing by curves and percentages whether he is or is not an unprofitable servant. And now it would appear that clergymen will have to submit to like tests. If we may judge by the address to the Presbyterian ministers by the Moderator of the General Assembly, the time is drawing near when efficiency machinery will be set up in every pulpit. As reported in the press, Dr. Matthews was especially severe upon the clergy for their shocking waste of time and energy. They seem to make as many unnecessary motions as the old-style bricklayer. The speaker was very emphatic in his warnings that all this must cease if the church is not to fall behind the times. The pastor must be a driving man of business. He must have full authority to appoint his church-officers, and to engage and dismiss his assistants. They must be ready, with him, to work sixteen hours a day year in and year out, and to be able to account for every moment of their time; if they didn't in Dr. Matthews's church, he said significantly, "they knew what to expect."

Without holding him literally to every word put in his mouth by the reporters, it seems pretty clear that he is a great believer in what is called "the institutional church," and would have all of its manifold activities managed in the spirit of the most scientific industry. There must be no dawdling. Nobody in the church must look for leisure to invite his soul. All must go at high tension. The Apostle's injunction about "redeeming the time" is to be taken in the severest terms of the current doctrine of efficiency. For example, an assistant pastor should be expected, at the end of a day's work in the parish, to submit a precise and detailed record of all that he had done or attempted. He should turn in a time-card, filled out something like this:

9:30 to 10:27, visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.

10:27 to 11:03, bound up three broken-hearted.

11:03 to 12:15, at the hospital. Spoke to ten patients. Repeated twelve verses from the Scriptures. Offered three prayers. Recited four hymns.

12:15 to 12:32, lunch.

12:32 to 3:10, made a round of the classes in sewing, cooking, athletics, and inspected two companies of boy scouts.

3:10 to 5:20, kept office hours, seeing five

> book-agents, three applicants for charity, two clerical impostors, a delegation from the Daughters of the Revolution, and six persons with suggestions about enriching the church services and improving the sermons.
>
> Summing up the whole day, I humbly reckon my efficiency percentage at 97.3.

We would not be thought to decry, least of all, to burlesque, the multifarious activities of a large church in a city. They are undoubtedly of great usefulness, and it is needful to conduct them in a business way. Whatever the impulse behind them, or their ultimate aim, the actual details have to be attended to by careful administrators. This is the reason why it is sometimes said that the pastor of a great institutional church must unite in himself the qualities of the head of a big factory, a tactful manager of all sorts and conditions of men, a skilled financier, a profound student, a good writer, and an acceptable speaker. The combination is, of course, impossible; and that is the explanation of the division of labor in so many large parishes of the present day. A man cannot spend six-sevenths of his time serving tables and then on Sunday be a flaming prophet of the soul.

Efficiency tests where they may rightly be applied, say we, but beware of attempting to measure the subtle things of personal and spiritual influence by reducing all to percentages. There is something here too deep for the mechanical probe to reach. The truly great teacher is not so known because somebody has timed his lectures, or applied the yardstick to him, but because the hearts of the young are stirred within them as they listen to him, and from him they get guiding motives for their whole lives. And still more absurd would it be to attempt to classify and rank pastors and preachers by efficiency tables. Who will be impudent enough to think to express in figures the spiritual value of the goodness and benignity which beam from a man who has been minister of one village church for thirty years, and whose face itself has become a benediction? What way is there of making an arithmetical estimate of the services of Father Damien, or of any clergyman who goes fearlessly where infection or plague is raging? Can any statistics express the worth of a truly prophetic message from the pulpit? As well imagine that the most moving passages in the Bible can be explained by showing that they are an artful arrangement of vowels and consonants. Great is efficiency, but there are some things off which it must keep its hands; and the spirit that bloweth where it listeth is one of them.

NEW REPUTATIONS FOR OLD.

When Hamlet asserted that there was ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he was an arrant knave, he reckoned without the alchemy of modern historical criticism. The problem today would be to find a villain in Denmark or anywhere else who, when you looked at him aright, was not seen to be in reality a much abused man. There is Aaron Burr, for example. How old-fashioned it seems now to talk as if the slayer of Hamilton had been aught but a model citizen and statesman! To go still further back, the time-honored notion of Cleon as a demagogue received a body-blow when some one suggested that the witnesses against him were prejudiced. Aristophanes owed him a grudge because Cleon had pointed out the unpatriotic character of one of his plays, a play, moreover, that had been witnessed by foreigners; and Thucydides thirsted for revenge for the exile into which Cleon had once thrown him. We have even heard of a teacher who aroused sympathy for Henry VIII by tender allusions to the series of domestic sorrows that befell him. Unfortunately for the rehabilitator of evil reputations, the supply of famous sinners is not unlimited, and, accordingly, the industry has apparently been threatened with extinction. In the very nick of time, however, a new field has been discovered in the rogues of fiction. Why should Nero be whitewashed, and no good word said for Lothario? Is not one as real to us as the other?

So it seems to Otis Skinner at least, who is just getting his breath after the exertion of lifting Shylock upon a pedestal. That this immortal figure has long been invested with a dignity and pathos that no one in Shakespeare's audiences would have granted him, is well enough as far as it goes, but it is still short of the truth. The long-concealed fact is that Shylock was the only gentleman in Venice. He merely "made an honest contract" with Antonio, who was a liar and a profligate, and then tried to prevent him "from crawling out of it." The stipulated pound of flesh was "a thing of no value to Shylock"—as, indeed, the only gentleman in Venice was the first to point out—whatever may have been its importance to Antonio. Shylock, in a word, was simply the original representative of "big business," and as such should receive a very different kind of fame from that which has clung to him. What if Tennyson did say, in an unguarded moment, something about one's being all fault who has no fault at all? He had not heard of the true Shylock, beside whom Cordelia and Desdemona appear frail specimens of humanity.

Thus the way is now open for a general revision of the reputations of literary personages. The Advocatus Diaboli is no longer to read his indictment unopposed. The virtues of the blackest are to be called upon to plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of their exclusion from the isles of the blessed. We would not anticipate the exact results of this refurbishing. Whether Iago will emerge wearing the white flower of a blameless life, or only as a nobler Horatio, it would be rash to predict. That Othello grievously, perhaps designedly, mistook him, we regard as already settled. Indeed, may there not be an unexplored and rich field for the distracted seeker of new literary worlds to exploit, in this matter of the prejudice of authors against the types of villain which they put into their pages? Can we accept Chaucer's account of the Pardoner at its face value, when we have no means of knowing what the Pardoner might have said against Chaucer? Dante's little way of consigning his personal enemies to a very real Perdition should put us upon our guard. It is not impossible that we shall sooner or later discover that there has never been such a thing as a villain at all.

From so dire a calamity we may well call upon all the saints to defend us. How many of the most interesting pages of history and fiction would be left, if all those that are besmirched with the doings of the world's rascals, from Paris and Xerxes down to Falstaff and Becky Sharp, were torn out? Here, as luck will have it, a law of nature comes to our aid. For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction; not otherwise is the action possible. Mr. Skinner can elevate Shylock only as he depresses Antonio and Bassanio. We may have to give up our old villains, those to whom we are accustomed, but in return we are furnished with a new set. We are far from saying that there is no loss in the exchange. The rascals we get may be as fascinating as the rascals we lose, but this takes no account of sentimental values. It is asking a good deal of one to part with a scoundrel whom long association has endeared to him, and accept in his place a wretch whom a mere expert has decided to be the better scoundrel of the two. Suppose that one has taken a fancy to one of the Borgias. Does it not savor of cruelty to destroy one's faith in the malign possibilities of one's chosen villain, and is it not rather impertinent to bid one be content with, say, Jack Cade? It may yet become necessary to organize a society for the preservation of evil reputations.

THE LITERATURE OF THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR.

Rome, October 15.

The campaign in Tripoli, which has stirred Italian public opinion more than any other event since the wars of independence, has resulted in a continuous output of books dealing with the subject from every point of view. The books are not all of equal value, and many are only of slight and ephemeral interest. But they all bear witness to the birth of the new spirit of Italy, the new attitude of the Italian public towards questions of international politics, military affairs, and Socialism. Some of these volumes are merely the republished letters to various Italian newspapers of their respective war correspondents; others are studies on the economic, geographical, climatic, and agricultural conditions of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, while others again are literary essays on the war and its various aspects, human and moral.

The most remarkable piece of literature inspired by the campaign is undoubtedly Gabriele D'Annunzio's volume, "Le Canzoni delle gesta d'oltremare" (Milan: Treves), consisting of ten poems originally published in a daily paper. I use the word "inspired" advisedly, for these verses are full of genuine poetical inspiration and bring out the author's best gifts—his vigorous word-painting, his extraordinary mastery of the Italian language, his brilliant coloring. They also reveal in him another quality in a very high degree—that of virulent and scathing invective, which led in fact to the confiscation of the first edition of the volume on account of the diatribe, in "La canzone dei Dardanelli," against the Emperor Francis Joseph. D'Annunzio's faults, however, are not absent, and one cannot but regret his somewhat involved style and occasionally his too great fondness for allusions to obscure or little-known episodes. Realizing these difficulties for the ordinary reader, the author has provided copious notes of explanation. In some ways these poems rank with D'Annunzio's finest work, because of their deep sincerity. In the "Canzone dei Dardanelli" he attacks the foreign Powers for their interested hostility to Italy and their protection of Turkey with an almost Dantesque virulence.

Of the writers on the military operations and the political aspects of the Tripolitan campaign, Enrico Corradini, the novelist and apostle of the new Italian Nationalist movement, easily takes the first place. Although he went to the front as the special correspondent of the *Illustrazione italiana*, he is far more than a mere chronicler of events. His object is to describe the moral values of the African enterprise, the bravery, sobriety, staying power, and kindness of the Italian soldiers, and the effects of the war on the Italian character. To him the war was the great school of the nation, the temper in which the national spirit was steeled for its high future destinies, the fire wherein Italy's political life, so long dominated and oppressed by anti-national, anti-patriotic, self-seeking demagogues, was purified. In "La Conquista di Tripoli" (Treves) he sets forth the chief episodes of the war from the landing at Tripoli to the capture of Ain Zara, with picturesque vigor and accuracy. His accounts of Shara Shat, of Sidi Mesri, of Ain Zara are brilliant pieces of writing, and his volume also contains many vivid scenes of camp life, episodes of individual bravery, descriptions of scenery, and of the unearthed relics of ancient Rome which so impressed even the untutored common soldiers.

Another book by the same author, "Sopra le vie del nuovo impero" (Treves), deals more with the political side of the enterprise. It begins with a vivid description of the scene in the Italian Chamber when the decree extending Italian sovereignty over Libya was voted by an overwhelming and enthusiastic majority, and of the miserable collapse of Signor Turati, the Socialist leader, who, after posing so long as the master of the Italian proletariat, suddenly found himself isolated. An account of the situation in Tunisia follows, of the work of Italian emigrants and their relations with the French and with the Arabs, and finally we have a series of effective pictures of the various Ægean islands occupied by Italy, including an admirable account of Gen. Ameglio's brilliant operations in Rhodes. By *vie dell' Impero*, Sig. Corradini means lines of thought and ideal tendencies, rather than material and actual conquests. He regards emigration as the beginning of Imperialism, and is convinced that Italian Imperialism, based on the expansion of the Italian race and Italian culture protected by Italian arms, is superior to that of France, which is a purely capitalist movement, unaccompanied by French emigrants. Italian emigration, he believes, prepared the way, both spiritually and materially, for the occupation of Libya; and the occupation of the Ægean islands, which he is convinced ought to be retained in some form or other, should lead to Italian expansion and influence, both political and commercial, in Asia.

Giuseppe Bevione, correspondent of the Turin *Stampa*, is a more detailed historian than Sig. Corradini, and in his "Come siamo andati a Tripoli" (Turin: Bocca) gives a clear, vivid, and accurate account of the first phase of the campaign. His style is less picturesque, but he writes easily and agreeably and will always be read with interest. Sig. Bevione, like so many of the ablest and sincerest men in Italy to-day, is an ardent Nationalist. Paolo Giordani's "Sui campi d'Africa a Tripoli e a Bengazi" (Rome: Tipografia editrice nazionale) is the record of another journalist, and consists of letters published in the Rome *Tribuna*. The most interesting, when they first appeared, were those dealing with the operations in Cyrenaica, where correspondents were not allowed to land during the early months of the campaign, but now, of course, they have lost the charm of novelty. The same criticism applies to several other volumes of republished contributions to newspapers, such as Giuseppe Piazza's "Come conquistammo Tripoli" (Rome: Lux), and Pietro Pasetti's "Note ed episodi della guerra in Tripolitania" (Rome: Tipografia editrice della Sapienza).

In addition to the journalists, numbers of Deputies have flocked to Tripoli during the last twelve months, and it is even said that their presence constituted one of the chief difficulties of the Italian commanders. Some one remarked that the officious interference of men like Sig. De Felice, the member for Catania, and correspondent of a Roman paper, made one realize the calamity of war! Several of these itinerant statesmen have also recorded their impressions and experiences. Thus Sig. Vittorio Cottafavi has published "Nella Libia italiana" (Bologna: Beltrami), a volume of somewhat feeble sketches strung together without any particular sequence or literary merit. While the author does not add much to our knowledge, he, too, like all other writers on the expedition, bears witness to the admirable spirit of the troops and their cheerfulness and good humor under trying circumstances and in the face of a treacherous foe. Another Deputy who went to Tripoli and wrote about it is Guido Podrecca, the author of "Libia, impressioni e polemiche" (Rome: Podrecca e Galantara). The chief interest of this book lies in the fact that, although the author is a Socialist of advanced and violent views and a rabid anti-Clerical, he entirely approved the policy of the Italian Government. His example and that of several other prominent Socialists, has been followed by a large section of the party, including many of the leaders and most of the workingmen. In the preface he replies with vigor to his opponents within his own party. Emilio Pinchia, on the other hand, although not a Socialist (he and Don Leone Caetani were the only Constitutionalist Deputies who voted against the Government on the sovereignty bill), is one of the few men who have written against the expedition. In "L'impresa di Tripoli, il primo periodo, diario politico Settembre 1911—Marzo 1912" (Milan: Società anonima editrice Avanti) he has put together a number of letters, speeches, articles, impressions, and comments of his own. Sig. Pinchia discounts the value of Tripoli as a field for Italian enterprise, and repeats the old and now exploded theory that the campaign was undertaken for the sake of the Banco di Roma, which had developed important commercial interests in the African vilayet. According to him the only bright spots in the whole situation are the gallantry of the Italian soldiers and the spirit of self-sacrifice of the people, "which pursues its noble ideals, now as always, in the generous vision of the fatherland."

Two volumes on the natural conditions and agricultural possibilities of Libya have been published by Profs. Arcangelo Ghislieri and P. Vinassa de Regny, respectively. The former, "Tripolitania e Cirenaica dal Mediterraneo al Sahara" (Milan-Bergamo: Instituto italiano d'arti grafiche), is made up mostly of extracts from the works of other writers, explorers, and scientists. The author, who is a member of the Republican party and a pacifist, cannot wholly divest himself of his political ideas, and tends to present only the evidence unfavorable to the possibilities of future development of the new colony. The work is, moreover, somewhat sketchy and ill-digested. Professor Vinassa's book, "Libya italica, Terreni ed acque, vita e colture della nuova colonia" (Milan: Hoepli), is a more serious and careful essay on the same subject, based on personal experience as well as on trustworthy information from other sources. The author is sanguine as to the prospects of Italian colonization both in Tripolitania and in Cyrenaica, and proves by abundant evidence that the soil is fertile and suited to a variety of crops, and that if there is but little running water there is an ample and easily available supply of water under the earth. The first colonists, however, should in his opinion be men who have a little capital, or to whom the Government could safely lend money on easy terms. Such settlements should have a military character, and Professor Vinassa suggests that the time-expired soldiers who have served in the campaign should have the preference in the matter of land concessions.

Perhaps the most remarkable piece of prose on the war is the speech delivered by the late Giovanni Pascoli at Barga and afterwards published in pamphlet form under the title of "La grande proletaria si è mossa" (Bologna: Zanichelli). The Romagnol poet had been a strong opponent of Crispi's Abyssinian policy of 1895-96, and had written against it, but, like so many other Italians, he became converted to the necessity of his country's colonial expansion and was a firm advocate of the Tripolitan expedition. In this speech he describes in impassioned words how Italy, from a nation of laborers and emigrants working for foreign taskmasters, hewers of wood and drawers of water for alien capitalists, had become a nation in arms, an army in being, and was giving the world a great example of organized military power and of bravery in the field. The charges against the Italian soldiers spread abroad by the foreign press he attributes to the jealousy and astonishment which other nations felt when they saw the Italians, whom they believed capable of wielding only the pick and shovel and the "stiletto," well able to use the rifle and the bayonet. The oration ends with a fine invocation to the dead soldiers, who, having fallen at the moment of victory, will go to cheer the spirits of those other dead Italians who were struck down on the fatal days of Lissa, Custoza, and Adna.

The expedition to Tripoli has produced a profound change in the spirit and temper of the Italian people. There is a decline in literature of the morbid, sentimental, neurasthenic kind, which had been so abundantly exploited in the last two or three decades, and even writers who originally made their name in that field are tending to follow a more manly and robust vein. The war poems of D'Annunzio mentioned above are a striking instance of this. Books of travel and adventure, essays on the political and economic conditions of foreign countries, on colonialism, expansion, and military matters are now read with an eagerness hitherto unknown. A remark which one frequently hears is that "the war has changed us all and has changed all in us." It marks the birth of a new Italian national feeling, the real unification of the Italian people.

L. V.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The library formed by Mr. Beverly Chew, which has recently been purchased by Mr. Henry E. Huntington, is worthy of more than the passing notice which it has received in the news columns of the daily papers. Mr. Chew, who is vice-president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, is one of the best known of American book-collectors for more than one reason. Not only has he been collecting books much longer than most of the others (Sewall, Foote, Bierstadt, Adee, Cole, and Hoe, once his associates, are gone and their libraries have been dispersed at auction), but he was endowed by nature with a marvellous memory for details, at least about books, and the minutest particulars about editions, issues, states, and variations, locations of other copies. sales at auction, and prices of books and prints in the classes which interested him, are filed away in his well-ordered brain and always at command. Moreover, this information is always at the service of other book-collectors, and, what is not always so in similar cases, at the service of the booksellers. He has not written much upon bibliographical subjects, but his contributions to the short-lived *Bibliographer* upon the editions of Butler's "Hudibras" and upon Waller's "Poems" were models for others to follow, and, needless to say, they are the final word upon those subjects. He has never been abroad, but English book-collectors and librarians appeal to him as the final authority on many bibliographical subjects, and there is one English collector of engraved portraits of Milton who is eagerly and expectantly waiting for Mr. Chew to walk in upon him in his pleasant old house in Well Walk, Hampstead, that he may compare "states" of their prints and swap (though the English collector would never use this word) anecdotes about what bargains they used to get before their respective Milton portrait catalogues were circulated.

Mr. Chew has been a most faithful friend to the Grolier Club, and books and prints from his collection have been shown at many of the Club's exhibitions. The Club's display of Milton portraits (mainly Mr. Chew's) was the finest ever got together anywhere.

Mr. Chew, before his graduation from college, now forty years ago, was collecting books. Then he aspired to own nicely printed reading editions of the older English poets, especially those issued by William Pickering. Before Leon, who had a shop under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, began booming first editions of American authors, Mr. Chew and Mr. Foote (a well-remembered book-collector and one of the kindest-hearted of men) used to buy the choicest and rarest first editions of Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier at fifty cents and a dollar a volume. Mr. Chew sold his collection of American first editions in 1900, and it went, *en bloc*, into the J. C. Chamberlain collection. Indeed, some of Mr. Chamberlain's choicest volumes were formerly Mr. Chew's; most notable, perhaps, the copy of Lowell's first volume of verse, "A Year's Life," which Lowell presented to Tennyson and which Tennyson discarded. Mr. Chew bought it for a few shillings from an English second-hand bookseller's catalogue.

But the collecting of the works of the English poets, a love for which was probably inspired in him by some unremembered college professor of long ago, has been Mr. Chew's avocation for many years, and it is the collection of these books which Mr. Huntington has just purchased at a great price.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a library should be complete upon some one subject, even if no more than upon the history of pin-heads, and, if Mr. Chew has not been able to gather together the greatest collection of Shakespeare in the world, he has given his library the leading place for its collections of the first and later editions of the writings of such men as George Wither, John Donne, John Cleveland, Francis Quarles, Edmund Waller, and other writers of their period, who, as is shown by the number of editions, authorized or spurious, which have come down to us, were once the favorites of English readers. Nor are the monuments of English literature entirely absent from the collection. There is a set of the four folios of Shakespeare, the possession of which makes any library notable, though unfortunately the First Folio (1623) is not perfect, as has been stated in the press. The leaf containing Ben Jonson's verses and the title-page are in facsimile, but the volume is one of the largest, cleanest, and soundest copies known. It formerly belonged to the late John Boyd Thacher of Albany, and was one of the few books which he sold shortly before his death. Mr. Thacher's great collection of incunabula is now on loan at the Library of Congress and will, it is to be hoped, find a final resting place there. The Second Folio has the rare Smethwick imprint, and the Third is a fine copy of the 1664 issue from Frederick Perkins's library, with his arms. There is also a fine copy of Shakespeare's "Poems" (1640), bought, no doubt, largely on account of the frontispiece portrait engraved by William Marshall. Marshall's portraits and engraved titles have long been objects of Mr. Chew's love, and few have escaped him. The Miltons include the first "Poems" (1645), another book with a Marshall portrait, which is chiefly remarkable for the trick which Milton played upon the engraver. Below the portrait are four lines in Greek written by Milton and engraved by Marshall who, unfortunately, was not a Greek scholar. These lines have been translated:

> That this likeness has been drawn by an unskilful hand, you would say at once, if you could see the original, but, my friends, as you cannot recognize the portrait, laugh at the misrepresentation of this botching artist.

There is a first edition of "Paradise Lost," with the first title-page and with seven lines believed to be in the autograph of John Dryden, also a long series of later editions, including the very rare first American edition, with the portrait by Norman.

The unique character of the collection, however, lies in the unequalled series of the books of certain minor seventeenth-century authors: Brathwaite, Cleveland, Donne, Quarles, Vaughan, Waller, and Wither, and books by other such little-read authors as Crashaw, Denham, Flatman, Flecknoe, Sandys, Urquhardt, Southwell, and many others, books which are, many of them, actually as rare as Shakespeare quartos. The list of books by Richard Brathwaite comprises twenty-nine titles, that by John Cleveland thirty-five titles; that by Francis Quarles thirty titles, and that by Wither fifty-four titles, each being, probably, the most extensive series ever brought together.

Mr. Chew has also collected the books of nineteenth-century English poets: Tennyson, Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, and others, and especially those minor writers, such as Locker, Bridges, Blunt, O'Shaugnessy, and the writings in verse or prose of Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and Edmund Gosse. But these collections he has not sold.

It is to be hoped that some way may be arranged by which the Chew collection will retain its individuality as a part of the larger library which Mr. Huntington is bringing together so magnificently.

It must be either twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago that the writer of this, then employed in a book shop in a minor Western city, read in his *Critic* (the good old weekly *Critic!*) Mr. Chew's verses, "Old Books Are Best." He had never seen a really "old" book then, but the spark was there. Since then many of the world's rarest books have passed through his hands. Fortune has not permitted him to become a book-collector, only a bibliographer and a bookseller, but still he says, as Mr. Chew then wrote and still believes, "Old books are best." L. S. L.

Correspondence

DISCRIMINATORY TOLLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suggestion has been made that the United States Government could satisfy the stipulations of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in regard to equality of treatment "of the vessels of all nations" by the simple device of imposing a uniform charge upon all ships passing through the Panama Canal, and then granting a special rebate to American vessels. The uniform charge, it is contended, would fulfil the treaty condition of "entire equality" to the very letter: the subsequent rebate to American ships would be a mere matter of domestic economy with which other nations would have no concern. Should other nations find themselves injuriously affected by the special favor shown to American ships, they ought not to feel aggrieved, since there was nothing to prevent them from adopting a like liberal policy towards their own shipping. The United States would certainly not object to the Governments of other countries paying a part or the whole of the canal charges on their shipping by way of bonus.

But the advocates of this preferential policy have overlooked an important historical precedent in which a similar principle was involved. Under the terms of the Treaty of Washington, 1871, "the use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Dominion on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion" was granted to the citizens of the United States in return for certain concessions. The Canadian Government proceeded to spend large sums of money in improving the canal system on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. But the results, from a national standpoint, were very disappointing to the Canadians. The great bulk of the traffic continued to be carried in American bottoms and to pass through American ports. The Government at Ottawa, accordingly, resolved upon a policy of affording direct encouragement to Canadian shipping, and to the import and export trade of the lower St. Lawrence. To this end a series of orders in Council were issued under the terms of which a rebate of 18 cents a ton was granted on grain and other products carried through the Welland Canal to Montreal, or any port east thereof, in case of exportation; the transshipment of cargo in Canadian ports was permitted without loss of the rebate, but otherwise, if made in the United States, and the toll on cargoes eastward was reduced to one-half the amount charged on cargoes westward-bound. The purpose and effect of these measures was to favor the Montreal route and Canadian transshipment at the expense of American vessels and trade routes.

The United States Government protested strongly against this discrimination as a violation of the terms of the treaty. As the Canadian Executive failed to heed these representations, the President submitted the matter to Congress, which promptly passed an act requiring the President to suspend by proclamation the free passage of Canadian vessels through the St. Mary's Falls Canal, and to impose retaliatory tolls upon the same whenever he should be satisfied that the passage through Canadian canals of American vessels, cargoes, or passengers, bound to an American port, was prohibited, made difficult, or burdened with tolls which he should deem unjust or unreasonable. A proclamation was accordingly issued by the President, August 18, 1892, imposing a toll of 20 cents a ton "on all freight passing through St. Mary's Falls Canal in transit to any port of the Dominion of Canada."

The decisive action of the President had the desired effect. The following February the Canadian Government issued a new order in Council, imposing uniform dues on all vessels using the Welland and St. Lawrence, irrespective of their nationality and destination. Upon receiving assurances from the Canadian Executive that the new regulations involved the abandonment of all provisions in any way discriminating against the United States, the President issued a proclamation suspending the collection of tolls on the St. Mary's Canal.

In view of the resolute attitude of President Cleveland on this occasion, it is difficult to see how either Congress or the President can consistently support a somewhat similar preferential policy in respect to tolls on the Panama Canal. The guarantee of equality of treatment is even stronger in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty than in the treaty of Washington, inasmuch as it is expressly provided in the former that "there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise," and by way of additional security there is added "such conditions and charges shall be just and equitable."

The United States cannot afford thus to play fast and loose with her international obligations. To adopt such a policy would not only lower the honor and prestige of the Government among nations, but would justly expose American commerce on the Great Lakes to the danger of retaliation on the part of the Canadian Government. That this danger is by no means inconsiderable, is manifest from the fact that the tonnage of American vessels passing through Canadian canals on the inland lakes and rivers is much greater than the tonnage of Canadian vessels using the same, and is rapidly increasing with the development of Western trade. The dependence of American shipping on the Canadian canal system will be still further emphasized by the deepening of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, so as to afford unobstructed passage for seagoing ships from the shores of Lake Superior to the ports of Europe.

C. D. ALLIN.

Minneapolis, October 22.

ARMAGEDDON AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the fifth chapter of J. B. Bury's "History of Greece" occurs the following passage relating to the skilful politician who overthrew the Athenian democracy and became absolute ruler:

> By professing democratic doctrines, and practicing popular arts, he ingratiated himself with those extreme democrats who, being bitterly opposed to the nobles and not satisfied with the Solonian compromise, were outside both the Plain and the Coast [the two old parties]. Pisistratus thus organized a new party. . . . It included . . . many discontented men. . . . With this party at his back, Pisistratus aimed at no less a thing than grasping the supreme power for himself. One day he appeared in the agora, wounded, he said, by a foul attack of his political foes—his foes because he was a friend of the people; and he showed wounds which he bore.

The Muse of History seems to be rather an uninventive authoress; unlike Shakespeare, she is given to repeating herself. We are not told exactly what Pisistratus said on the memorable occasion of his showing his wounds to the people; but would it not be safe to conjecture that he said something like this?—

> I am not thinking of my own success. I am not thinking of my own life or of anything connected with me personally—I am not speaking of myself at all. I give you my word, I do not care a rap about being stabbed, not a rap. What I do care for is my country.

If the great Athenian expressed himself thus, no doubt he spoke sincerely. Who will venture to accuse the wolf of hypocrisy, when he protests that he cares for the sheep? POLITES.

Denver, Col., October 19.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mr. Harold G. Merriam on "The Semester Course and Cultural Studies" (*Nation*, October 10) leads me to send you the following suggestion. What our colleges seem to need most of all is a broad study of the interpretation of life.

At the risk of seeming visionary, and with a fair appreciation of the difficulties involved in the scheme, I would propose the following course, to extend through the four years of college work. The first year should give a discussion of literature and art as attempts to interpret life. Abundant reading should be required, and the course should be prescribed for all students. The second year should be given to a discussion of the purpose, methods, and limitations of science as an attempt to study and interpret life. The third year should be similarly devoted to a study of the great philosophies, not as systems of speculation, but as studies in the interpretation of life. The fourth year should be occupied with the still more intimate interpretation of life to be found in religion, which at present has virtually no place in college work, but is left to the free associations and Bible classes among students, without a special teacher.

Whatever the difficulties such a course might present, they would be amply paid for by the real, broad culture it would give to all students. The student would gain not only culture, but even more the ability to appreciate culture, which is in itself a high form of education. Another great benefit to be derived from such a course would be the destruction of the proverbial senior's or graduate's omniscience. If the student has never been directed to the deeper problems of life, but gets only a fragmentary solution of a fragmentary problem here and there, he may naturally imagine that he has solved all questions and acquired all knowledge in his four years of college life. A true cultural course would be the most effective cure for such a tendency, and this would in itself be a valuable preparation for life. W. A. LAMBERT.

South Bethlehem, Pa., October 24.

Literature

JOSEPH WHEELER.

General Joseph Wheeler, and the Army of the Tennessee. By John Witherspoon Du Bose. New York: The Neale Publishing Co. $3 net.

Mr. Du Bose, one of five soldier brothers, of whom three laid down their lives for the cause of the South, is well known as an author and journalist. Of Huguenot ancestry crossed with Scotch, as we infer from the record, he was nurtured in a South Carolina environment, and has the character and ideas to be expected from such antecedents and surroundings. His portrait of his hero is glowing but not extravagant.

Wheeler, a brilliant champion of the "Lost Cause," was oddly enough of old Massachusetts stock, a near kinsman of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, both being grandsons of the unfortunate Gen. Hull, of the War of 1812. His parents went to Georgia, where Joseph was born, but he was educated in New England until he went at last to West Point. His Puritan heredity and training did not quench his Southern ardor, and when scarcely out of boyhood he was armed and in the saddle. His promise for achievement was small. His stature was only five feet two, he weighed less than a hundred pounds, his voice was gentle, his manner unaggressive. But the stuff for the best soldiership was in him. It would be worth while for some one to show to how large an extent the great soldiers of history have been in physique small, compact, unimpressive men. Wheeler's frame was alive in every fibre, answering to the call of an iron will and a quick and well-balanced mind. He seems to have been never ill, went unwearied through a hundred combats, and though always in the front, escaped wounds. His puny figure seemed almost to elude marksmanship. It is to the credit of Bragg that he recognized early the quality of the almost child-like champion. He showed capacity at once, and at Shiloh commanded a regiment.

His rise was rapid. Before a year had passed he was a major-general, winning great distinction especially in covering the Confederate retreat from Kentucky in 1862. His rival as he rose was no other than Forrest, fifteen years his senior, who no doubt surpassed him in military genius, a fact which Wheeler seems to have modestly recognized. He was set above Forrest, but it was in spite of Wheeler's wish. Though mutually respectful, the two cavaliers never worked well together, and in a vivid picture, one of many in which his book abounds, Mr. Du Bose describes their final disagreement. Wheeler, with Forrest under him coöperating not cordially, had suffered a repulse, which led to a retreat through rain, darkness, and cold. Catching a brief rest in a miserable shanty,

> The generals gathered about a wide hearth where blazed a log fire. Wheeler sat on one side, Wharton on the other, while Forrest lay flat on his back, a turned-down stick-chair supporting his head, and the heavy boots enclosing his feet, wet, rested on the hearth. Wheeler dictated to his adjutant his report of the day to Gen. Bragg. Forrest sharply called out that his men "should receive justice." "I will give your men justice, General," was the low-spoken but firm answer. A scene followed. Forrest raved. He exclaimed: "General Wheeler, I am your friend. You know I respect you. You may take my sword from me, but I never will go into battle again under you!" "I do not want your sword, General Forrest," replied Wheeler, imperturbable. Wheeler once, at a later time of great peril to the army, offered to serve under Forrest for a given purpose, but Forrest never again served under Wheeler.

In the great campaigns of which the central events are the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and the fall of Atlanta, the reputation of the young general, only twenty-five, constantly grew. The inferiority of the Federal cavalry was at this time apparent, to none more plainly than to Grant, Sherman, and Rosecrans. It may be said, probably, that the Federal cavalry never became properly effective in the West until the coming, at the very end, of

James H. Wilson. Wheeler's task during the "March to the Sea" and through the Carolinas was indeed a forlorn one, but he maintained his prestige. When, in 1865, the Richmond Government conferred the rank of lieutenant-general upon a cavalry officer, it was a question whether Gen. Wheeler or Wade Hampton was the better entitled to the honor: it fell to Hampton perhaps unfairly. Wheeler's service, unbroken through the four years, was fearless, and in every way efficient. It is a disappointment that Mr. Du Bose's account of Wheeler ends abruptly with 1865. He lived forty years longer, a modest and loyal citizen of the Union he had sought to overthrow, becoming at last a conspicuous figure in still another war. But of all this he takes no notice.

The author, in this crowded book, is no more interested to describe Gen. Wheeler than to tell the story of the Army of the Tennessee, and both these topics seem incidental to a larger purpose, to narrate summarily the tale of the whole Civil War, in fact still more the relations of North and South from the foundation of the Government. A zealous disciple of Calhoun, and an experienced writer moreover, he presents with unusual force the Southern view. On many points, of course, his conclusions will be questioned, but they are not negligible. Candid historians must weigh them with care. As to South Carolina nullification in Jackson's day, he contends that it was a protest rather than a rejection, directed not against any constitutional provision, but against a Federal enactment believed to be unconstitutional, the "tariff of abominations," namely, quite certain to be set aside by the Supreme Court when opportunity offered. As to slavery, taking the thing in the large, Mr. Du Bose thinks it was beneficent. Several millions of a backward race were undergoing therein a schooling for a status higher than barbarism. The slaves were emerging into serfs, and in a generation or two were quite certain to become wage-earners. The extinction of slavery was certain, for economic reasons. A slave at his best in 1850 was worth $1,500, his yearly earning capacity but $200. It required long nurture to bring him to efficiency, and he rapidly deteriorated as he advanced in years. For long periods the slave's earning capacity was small; in childhood and old age he was only a charge. Economically, slavery was too burdensome, and was on the point of sinking out of sight, through its own weight, when the demand from outside for precipitate abolition aroused passion, and an angry people rallied to defend a moribund incumbrance. In Mr. Du Bose's sociology slavery, in spite of incidental inhumanities, was serving well the good purpose it has often served in human history, training for a higher status a race that has lagged behind. In substance, many good things which we are striving hard to gain in the industrial stage, old-age pensions, employers' liability in case of accident, insurance against illness and disability—these were all obtained. But it cost too much; it was surely doomed, and about to pass away as a thing outgrown.

In respect to the causes of the Civil War, Mr. Du Bose argues that the North, and not the South, was the Constitution-breaker. Massachusetts, in 1840, made it felony to return a fugitive slave, a direct infringement of the Constitution. The doctrine of the "Higher Law" was announced and widely accepted. The "Underground Railroad" was a fact East and West, and the party which prevailed in 1860 sanctioned or connived at the most extreme acts and utterances. His name for the war-party of the North is "The Nullifiers," and he contends that it is much more truly descriptive than when applied to South Carolina. The compact was broken, and the aggrieved States exercised their right, never yielded, to withdraw. We have no space or desire here to wrestle with the contentions of Mr. Du Bose. It would be indeed a threshing of old straw. It may be asserted that his arguments have been often and long ago refuted. But they will not down. Here they are presented with thorough sincerity and unusual ability.

As regards the conduct of the war, while Southern soldiership is held at the highest, the author does not minimize the great difficulties of the Northern armies, is fairly appreciative of their bravery, and cognizant of the skill of their greater leaders. His admiration of the force and tact of Lincoln is quite unbounded. He exalts his character, and holds that a great calamity befell the South in his assassination. Among the Confederate generals he admires especially Joseph Johnston, and holds that but for his displacement by Hood before Atlanta, in 1864, the Washington Government would have been overthrown and the cause won. This contention of Mr. Du Bose is easier to admit than many others. Had Sherman failed before Atlanta, the autumn election must have been lost to the upholders of the Union. Johnston's masterly defence had that end in view, and there is small reason to think he would have failed. For this disaster to the South, and the ill success in general, Mr. Du Bose bitterly arraigns the Richmond Government, and particularly Jefferson Davis. Conceding to him accomplishments, courage, sincerity, and force of character, he holds his leadership to have been fatally defective. He judged men poorly, blundered as to expedients, was impervious to advice, and obstinately self-willed. His diplomacy was utterly abortive. In finance he wretchedly failed. In its cotton the South possessed a source of vast wealth, which with proper management could have been continuously produced and marketed. The fatuity of Davis culminated in his conduct of the war. No skill or valor could avail to counteract the influence of his paralyzing hand. He sustains this charge by instances from the entire field of strife, but especially from the melancholy story of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee. Northern readers of this book will find many things to question, and at the South it must meet with much disapproval; but it is worth taking into account.

CURRENT FICTION.

[LEONARD MERRICK.]

Cynthia: A Daughter of the Philistines. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Desmond FitzGerald.

The Man Who Was Good. The same.

Mr. Merrick belongs to that brilliant, versatile, and industrious order of literary workmen which has done so much during the past two decades to console England for her lack of the higher imaginative product. It is long waiting for the curtain to rise again, but we are not permitted to be dull during the entr'acte. With a Shaw, a Wells, a Chesterton, or a Bennett always ready to do a turn in front, much may be forgiven the management for its slowness behind scene.

These are not young men. Each of them has qualified himself by a hard apprenticeship for the trade of literary entertainer. Each of them has learned the stops of various quills, and is a master of the quick change. Each of them at his best is something better than an entertainer, but entertainment is the business of their lives. The fact that they are so much cleverer at it than we Americans, who used to pride ourselves on being a nation of show-people, is disconcerting, but not hard to explain. The truth is, we have no such school of discipline as London provides her writing men withal. Flowery beds of ease are not the invariable portion of the American who writes for a living. The game is hard enough, whatever the local rules. But with us the worker of more than ordinary ability has a fair show. There are so many means of publication, so many audiences to appeal to; wages are at least above the starvation scale; at worst he can hardly be exposed to the grilling, killing struggle which an English writer has to survive in order to win a competence. Kill or cure—there is no reason why a man with vitality enough to pull through at all should not have strength left to be gay. Death must have lost its terrors for him; and if he had not been capable of taking life as a jest, he must have given it up long ago.

The late George Gissing set forth the details of that grim struggle—his gayety had not been proof against it, and he went through life a haunted man. Mr. Merrick no doubt had more to begin with, and it has survived, to the undoubted increase of his audience. But in one of his best novels—perhaps the best of them—he has given his own record of the experiences of a young writer in London. "Cynthia" and another of the early stories have just been reissued by an American publisher. This would seem to indicate that their author is gaining ground in this country rather than losing it. The fact that these new issues are not by the same publisher who only the other day inintroduced these novels and most of Mr. Merrick's other stories to the American public, is puzzling to the lay mind.

Mr. Merrick, we have said, belongs to the versatile school of current British authorship. It is not a versatility of the older type—like that of the late Andrew Lang, for example. Scholarship is not among its assets. But as entertainment its range is considerable. It passes with ease from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and employs the tools of realism or romanticism as the mood of moment, or the character of the chosen audience, may determine. Mr. Merrick has written some fifteen novels and a liberal handful of plays, all entertaining in one way or another. He began to write in the day when realism was an acknowledged war-cry, but the romantic vein was strong in him even then, and since has often had its way frankly. To compare "The Man Who Was Good," "Cynthia," and, say, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," is to compare different dishes by the same chef.

The helplessness of love, its persistence in the face of reason, is the theme of "The Man Who Was Good." The intention of the treatment is to record fact. The opening scene, a dressing-room in a provincial theatre, is presented without glamour, and the three persons therein, two actresses and an actor's wife, speak the tongue of real life. But almost at once the serpent of romance is seen to rear its head. The wife is not a wife: the actor is a villain, who virtually turns her out upon the street. She makes her way to London, and the tale of her vain efforts to find work is told with Gissing-like detail. From actual starvation she is rescued by "the man who was good." Coming to the knowledge of her story, he still wishes to marry her, but she cannot reward him with love. The situation is real, but the solution of it is on the plane of melodrama. That such a woman might still love the wretch who had betrayed and forsaken her, and might choose to give her life for the life of his child, is true; but the manner of her sacrifice has the damning novelty of a trivial invention. The whole affair has somewhat the effect of one of those moving-picture "shows" in which the photographic reproduction of real people in action is reinforced by dormant colored monsters of the popular fancy as crude and unreal as the chromos of a by-gone day.

In some of his later novels, we have suggested, Mr. Merrick has frankly thrown off the bondage of truth-to-facts. "Conrad in Search of His Youth," as a diversion of whimsical humor, has a sincerity of its own. But this writer is not most successful as a humorist. In such a story as "Cynthia," with its fidelity to fact and to that larger truth for which, after all, we have found no better word than romance, he is at his best. It records the hard facts of the literary trade in London, but it also tells a delightful story. On the basis of a first success with a novel which has had excellent reviews and a small sale, young Kent marries the beautiful daughter of a family of middle-class Philistines. His art is precious to him, and his discovery that it means nothing to his wife saps his feeling for her almost at the outset. The refusal of his second novel by publisher after publisher, and his unwillingness to make copy, earn him the scorn of the Philistine family, and might have been expected to alienate the stupid young wife. But she loves him, and love makes all things possible for her. His poverty, their actual want, brings her closer to him. Her heart awakes her mind, and she begins to understand his work. He begins to see the stuff she is made of, but is destined to pass through the halls of Circe before their union is finally made perfect. The change in each of them is shown not as a conversion by force of the author's elbow, but that gradual and natural development of kindred tastes and feelings which is so often the seal of an unpromising marriage.

Mr. Merrick is barely past middle age, just arriving, it should seem, at the fit age for quiet and sound interpretations of this sort. Why should not such a writer confine himself to his Cynthias—why should not Mr. Bennett be content with his Clayhangers—and leave the business of being merely amusing and clever to those who can be nothing better?

Marcus Holbeach's Daughter. By Alice Jones. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The sins of the fathers and the love affairs of the children make dull reading in these pages. One ends with the impression that in Lanse Louise, on the New Brunswick coast, the past generation of fathers must have been a uniformly bad lot. There was, or rather had been (since he is made known to us only as a bitter memory), the bibulous and improvident father of Jack Le Roy, whose widow must needs support herself by the sale of home-brewed remedies and home-made preserves, while Jack seeks his fortune among the hazards of Arctic exploration and mine prospecting. There was also the limp invalid hotelkeeper who collected geological specimens and absorbed his daughter's sympathy, while his wife conducted the business and saved to pay back his creditors in the States. That his innocence is eventually established is entirely due to the happy chance that brings the son of his fraudulent former partner to fall in love with his daughter. And, chiefly, there was Marcus Holbeach, amiable, personable, wealthy, who had had his illegitimate daughter brought up in the idyllic seclusion of this Canadian village, and who yearly, after the Cannes season and the Paris season and the London season were all quite over, seized the opportunity to escape from the society of a notorious, beautiful, and often burdensome Lady Violet, and repaired to this colonial retreat to play the fond English parent for a few weeks and go a-fishing. Him likewise the author has seen fit to remove finally from the scene of human affairs, after he has made a vain effort to marry his daughter to his nephew and heir-at-law, repelled Lady Violet's invasion of his domestic fastness, and indulgently provided for the future of his Virginia and her stoutly preferred Jack. The author displays far more interest in these dark pasts than in the peculiar quality of present-day life in the region described. The reader could wish that it had been the other way round.

THE OFFICE OF THE JUDICIARY.

Majority Rule and the Judiciary. By W. L. Ransom. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

Mr. Ransom writes in his preface, "Ambition is a strong stimulus to superlatives." These words correctly describe the tone of the introduction which Col. Roosevelt has written to this book. It is full of the usual denunciations of all who differ with him. The opposition of "ordinary men" is explained by the fact that they have access only to channels which are wilfully poisoned, but lawyers, and especially corporation lawyers, who disagree with him, do so because "they are generally unable to understand justice and are generally unable to think of the judge except as an instrument devised to protect privilege against the right of the people by invoking the technicalities of the law for the purpose of preventing the obtaining of justice under the law." The opinions of the New York Court of Appeals, which is held to be the chief obstacle to the realization of the ideas of social justice entertained by Mr. Roosevelt, are contemptuously referred to as not merely iniquitous, but stupid. It may be noted in passing that in at least three out of the four cases quoted Mr. Roosevelt has, as was demonstrated by Mr. Guthrie in his article in the *North American Review* for August, completely misrepresented the meaning and scope of the decisions as well as the facts on which they were based.

The tone of the book itself is entirely different. The opinions of the Court of Appeals are described as able and thorough; the author is aware of the facts, which have evidently escaped Mr. Roosevelt, that the political philosophy of the time when the "due process" clause was adopted recognized the existence of rights in the individual, independent of and superior to the State; that the domain of the State was limited to well-defined functions, not as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of law and right, and, as a consequence, that as long as these provisions guaranteeing such rights remain unchanged as part of the Constitution, the scope of the police power, so far as the courts are concerned, is a mere question of law to be determined by legal precedents. While the author states this point clearly in one part of his book, he elsewhere attempts to justify the proposed appeal to the people in the tendency of a few men to obstruct the will and needs of the many by matters which present "only divergences of views as to what is expedient and proper so far as society as a whole is concerned"; and again he quotes with approval the opinion of Judge Gaynor, that the courts have set themselves "against the manifest and enlightened will of the community in matters of commercial, economic, or social progress."

Such statements completely misrepresent the position of New York courts. In its opinion in the Workman's Compensation Act, which is the chief subject of attack, it expressly recognizes the strength of an appeal "to a recognized and prevalent sentiment," but bases its decision on the fact that such appeal must be addressed to the people and not to the court. Clearly, if such sentiment is in favor of substituting for the doctrine of reserved and superior personal rights the doctrine that "the State can do what it ought to do," regardless of the effect of such action on private rights, it is for the people to change the Constitution, not for the courts to interpret the existing provisions in a manner contrary to their meaning as seen by the light of history. The author tries at great length to demonstrate that the right so to change the Constitution actually exists. No one seriously contests the existence of that legal right. What is contested is the moral right of the majority to impose their ideas of justice and expediency on an unwilling minority; to substitute paternalism for individual action and decision, even where the individual is entirely capable of judging for himself what his best interests require; to compel, for instance, as the author advocates, the workingman to waive his right to be adequately compensated for injuries suffered without his fault, under properly drawn Employers' Liability and Labor Acts, and to force him to accept the utterly inadequate compensation which the Workman's Compensation Act extends to the careful and negligent alike.

This tyranny by the majority is treated lightly by the author, and still more lightly by Mr. Roosevelt. He quotes Mr. Bryce in support of the belief that no such tyranny exists in America. He forgets to quote the words which immediately follow; namely, that this is so because of "the host of constitutional limitations which a tyrannical majority would need some skill to evade," and because, thanks to such a guarantee, "they cannot encroach on the personal liberty of the citizen, nor *on the full enjoyment of private property*." The very safeguards it is now intended to remove.

But assume that the change is made, would the results desired by Mr. Roosevelt and the author be the logical consequence? It is proposed to submit to the people the question whether a law which has been declared unconstitutional by the court shall stand notwithstanding. The proposition is described as being only "an effort and means to bring laggard State courts of ultimate appeal up to the progressive standard set by the nation's great court." The reform is not advocated for that court because it has adopted such progressive standard. It follows logically from this that it never would have been proposed and would be unnecessary if all State courts had adopted such standard and had subscribed to the doctrine of Judge Holmes, as quoted by the author and Col. Roosevelt, that "the police power may be put forth in aid of everything that is held by the prevailing morality or the strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

Yet even under the new system it could not be held that, when the constitutionality of the law is challenged before a court, the mere fact that it has been passed by the Legislature is conclusive evidence that it comes up to the test. If this were so, it would be a mere play of words to say that the question is submitted to the court at all. The court would have to determine for itself whether, in its judgment, the law was backed up by a "preponderant opinion" that it was "immediately necessary to the public welfare." If the court should come to the conclusion that such prerequisite did not exist, it would have to declare the law unconstitutional. But if it did so, would not such a decision present the very case which it was intended to obviate? Would it not call for an "expression of the social opinion which is entitled to correct and overcome the court's original view as to what that opinion was"? Yet, according to the plan proposed, there would be no appeal to the people and the decision of the court would be final. We find no explanation in the book of this vital and fundamental inconsistency.

If the question as to the validity of laws intending to further social justice is no longer a legal one, what is the reason that the courts should be called upon to pass on it? If the question is one of mere expediency, we agree with the author "that it is all wrong to require or permit our judges to pass upon such matters." The New York Court of Appeals has always recognized this fact, and the books are full of decisions stating that where a measure is within the domain of State action, the question of its expediency and wisdom is not for the court.

If the change in our Constitution which is advocated is to be made, it should be left solely to the people to decide by referendum or other method what law passed by the Legislature accords with the prevailing ideas of morality or justice.

Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers. By Lionel Johnson. Edited by Thomas Whittemore. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.

Of all the disciples of Walter Pater the most loyal and most promising was Lionel Johnson, who died by a pitiful accident in 1902, at the age of thirty-five. Promising, we call him, although he had already accomplished some of the finest writing of his generation. He himself, we suppose, would have regarded his poetical work as more important than his prose, and in a way it is certainly his more finished product. But we may question whether, in the end, he might not have made the higher mark as critic. For one thing, notwithstanding the fact that his most imposing ode is called by the name of the land whose cause he championed and whose religion he adopted, his affiliation with the Irish movement probably diverted him in his verse from his true field, whereas this influence is scarcely felt in his prose. He was, in fact, but loosely connected with Ireland by blood, and by education at Winchester and Oxford he was wholly English. In execution his verse is solid, even magnificent, one of the precious things of the century altogether too little known, and in the estimation of many quite above the range of W. B. Yeats and his Dublin band. But in substance, as dealing with his personal emotions, it has at times a morbid strain, due, no doubt, to the terrible affliction—the angel of the darker drink—under which he lived.

One book of Johnson's prose we already had—a profound, but somewhat labored and immature, study of "The Art of Thomas Hardy." Now, the editor of the present volume, by access to the file of Johnson's published papers kept by his sister, Miss Isabella Johnson, has brought together a collection of reviews and other articles which we accept gratefully as one of the most valuable publications of the year in the realm of pure literature. Most of the papers are brief, and we rather think the editor has made a mistake in attempting in some cases to give them a larger look by welding together two or three articles on kindred topics; but they are never hurried and they almost invariably show the fruit of a fine and deliberate scholarship. The personal morbidness that breaks through some of his poems does not here appear; he stands for the large and wholesome things of literature—barring possibly his extreme devotion to Pater and his misunderstanding of Byron—with his face against the tide, a master of the great tradition. If this is journalism, what might he not have accomplished if health and the fateful shears had permitted him in his maturity to plan a book!

The subjects of the volume are various—"Walter Pater," "Savonarola," "Lucretius and Omar," "The Fools of Shakespeare," "William Blake," "Saint Francis," "Leonardo da Vinci," "R. L. Stevenson," "Renan Truly Shewn," "Thoughts on Bacon," "Charles Stewart Parnell," "Erasmus, My Darling," "Poetry and Patriotism in Ireland," "O, Rare George Borrow!" "Santo Virgilio, "Cant," "Burke," "The Age of Dryden," etc., etc., Manifestly, it is not possible to characterize in detail so many and so diverse studies. A quotation may give some indication of the way in which a theme, in the atmosphere of his wide knowledge, grows large and significant. He is passing from a consideration of "The Fools in Shakespeare" to the madnesses of history:

> It is the age of Hobbes and Herbert, Donne and Crashaw, Norris, Ferrar, and More; of men whose names and dates may fearlessly be mingled, on the strength of their common bond. That bond is an extravagance of mental habit: a wandering, whether to Christian Talmudism, Catholic Quietism, Anglican Platonism, or Erastian expedience, outside and beyond the strict limits of what is generally wholesome. An atmosphere is about in which the fool hides his cap and bells, and lurks in the folds of a Geneva gown, or lies ensconced in the lawns of Oxford, amid doctors and mitred men. Exclusive gibing is at an end, for folk are grown at once too wise and too foolish, too anxious and too trivial, to enjoy one hearty intellectual laugh at the world. Even Izaak Walton, peacefully angling among the water-meads of Itchen, his mind running on Marlowe's lyric, and no less on the bombast of Du Bartas; full of love for the venerable and courteous Provost of Eton, and no less for his "dear son" and unworthy son, Cotton—even Walton has not escaped scot-free from the infection of oddity. Despite the charm and beauty abundant, the age, as a whole, is warped from the Elizabethan vigor. And Sir Topas, continuing his research into continuity, would skip with a Benedicite over the strange years in which the strained brains of England gave way to madness, and such grim jesting sprang up as might be among the warring chivalries of Loyalist and Puritan; when there sat at last upon the throne, Dictator in all but name, a "gloomy brewer," who played monkey-tricks at Whitehall banquets, and made England honored through Christendom. Clearly, the professional jester was not wanted.

The Guardians of the Columbia. By John H. Williams. Tacoma: J. H. Williams, $1.50.

The Mountain that Was God. By John H. Williams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

By issuing these two handsomely illustrated volumes on the mountains and forests of our Northwest, Mr. Williams has rendered a service of great value to the States of Washington and Oregon, and to all nature-loving Americans. It is possible, as the writer of this review can attest, to be fresh from a fortnight's sojourn at the Riffelalp, above Zermatt, in face of the Matterhorn and the glacial wonders of the Gorner Grat, acknowledged the climax of scenic Switzerland, and still be awed and thrilled at the mere sight of the pictures of Mt. Tacoma (Rainier) and the three guardians of the Columbia River—Mts. Hood, Adams, and St. Helens—included in these books. To enjoy the "Playground of Europe," Americans are helping the Europeans to spend $150,000,000 a year. It is safe to predict that some day Oregon and Washington will harvest as many millions from the visitors to their mountain and forest playground as they now do from their bountiful fruit crops; and Mr. Williams's pictures and descriptions will greatly accelerate the advent of that date. His books are perhaps the strongest argument ever brought forward in favor of the exhortation, "See America Too." More than fifty photographers, professional and amateur, contributed their best to make "The Guardians of the Columbia" a pictorial monument to the Pacific Coast; and so well are their contributions reproduced that one needs a reading glass to get all their impressive details. The number of these illustrations exceeds two hundred. Many are full-page, some in colors. A glance at them will convince any Alpinist that we have picturesque peaks, snowfields, glaciers, and rugged ice formations unsurpassed anywhere; and so vast are the four mountains named that not only do they dwarf the Cascade Range near by, but all along the Oregon and Washington coasts, at a distance of fifty miles and more, one may say of them in astonishment, "Thou art so far and yet so near."

No one, surely, can look at the picture of Portland on page 61, with Mt. Hood towering in the background, without confessing that Oregon's metropolis is one of the most superbly placed cities in the world. The impression is strengthened by another telephotographic view, on page 113, of the city, with another stupendous snow peak, St. Helens, as the background. From the heights, in the residential district, four more snow mountains are visible. Mr. Williams's text is devoted chiefly to Hood, St. Helens, and Adams. He tells the story of their career as volcanoes so far as geologists have laid it bare; he relates the legends the Indians invented about them; gives accounts of first ascents; of present facilities for reaching and climbing them; of automobile roads and mountain clubs and hotels, and so on; while Harold Douglass Langville contributes a chapter on the vast forests which hold about one-third of the timber in our country.

Of "The Mountain that Was God" a second edition has appeared, with much new matter of value to tourists, and 190 illustrations of Mt. Tacoma and its surroundings. It may be worth while to call the attention of the Board of Geographic Names in Washington to the fact that nearly all the newspapers that reviewed this book were in favor of the old Indian name for our grandest mountain in place of the name given to it by Vancouver in honor of his friend, Admiral Rainier, whose only claim to such a distinction is that he fought hard to make our Fourth of July impossible.

The Age of Alfred. By F. J. Snell. [Handbooks of English Literature.] New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

This latest volume in the well-known series edited by Professor Hales is not always, as our German friends say, *auf der Höhe der Wissenschaft*, but, on the whole, it is an adequate and well-designed work of popularization. It is written with sympathy and good critical judgment and the liberal use of synopses and translations enables the reader to gain a pretty comprehensive idea of Anglo-Saxon literature.

The adequacy of the chapters differs considerably according to the literature of the several subjects of which the author has made use. Thus for the "Beowulf" he has had the advantage of Professor Sedgefield's recent edition, which gives a sufficient summary of critical discussion concerning the origin and composition of that poem; but in the case of poems, the standard editions of which have appeared outside of England, his information is less satisfactory. There is no sign, for instance, of his being familiar with the excellent editions of some of the principal monuments of Anglo-Saxon poetry which have been published on this side of the ocean—particularly in the Albion series.

The most curious error in the book is the assumption (p. 139) that Cynewulf is the author of the whole Exeter Book. Nor, it may be added, was there any need of quoting the late Professor Earle's wild opinion that Cynewulf flourished in the eleventh century. Mr. Snell is too fond of citing the authority of this scholar, whose work has never carried the weight outside of his native country that it seems still to carry there. As a matter of fact, whether rightly or wrongly, since Sievers's discussion of the subject, Cynewulf's *floruit* has been generally placed in the second half of the eighth century, not in the first half, as our author states. The legend of the poet's having been a professional *scop* in his youth has been so thoroughly exploded by C. F. Brown and others that it no longer deserves countenance. It is singular that Mr. Snell should make no allusion to the divisions in the "Christ," which are universally recognized, or to the sources of this poem—the Greater Antiphons of Advent, the hymn, "Apparebit repentina dies," etc., which are so significant for the methods of composition of the Anglo-Saxon Christian poets. The assumption that both parts of the "Guthlac" are by the same author, too, is against all probability. Still further, Mr. Snell's statement that the prose portion of the Anglo-Saxon version of the Psalms (Paris Psalter) is later than the metrical portion just reverses the judgment of the scholars who speak with most authority on the subject. The ascription of either division to Aldhelm, moreover, is out of the question. In connection with the Paris Psalter, it would have been well if Mr. Snell had mentioned what is really interesting about this book—namely, that in the *argumenta* of the prose-psalms it preserves the heretical interpretations of the psalms ultimately due to the great Greek theologian, Theodore of Mopsuestia—interpretations which in a somewhat distorted form anticipate so strikingly modern higher criticism of the Psalms. Besides, quite recently (in the current issue of the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*) Prof. R. L. Ramsay has shown conclusively that the above-mentioned *argumenta* betray the influence of Irish psalm-interpretation, so that they constitute one of the most interesting pieces of evidence in regard to the intellectual intercourse between England and Ireland in this early time.

Space fails us to comment on all the points in which Mr. Snell's book requires correction or additions. It is characteristic of his weaker side, however, that he should cite the antiquated edition (1834) of the Anglo-Saxon "Apollonius of Tyre" by his own countryman, Thorpe, instead of the much better one by Zupitza in Herrig's *Archiv* (1896). Furthermore, if "Beowulf" is by a single author, as Mr. Snell believes, and as is most probable, the conjectured influence of the "Æneid" on his work assumed by Brandl and Klaeber, is at least worth mentioning—for a Northumbrian poet writing about the year 700 a poem of this extent would be almost certain to know the "Æneid." Whether he was seriously influenced by it or not is, of course, another matter. Finally, it should be noted that it was Zangemeister, not Sievers, who discovered the fragment of the Old Saxon "Genesis" in the Vatican MS. which confirmed the latter's theory that the Anglo-Saxon "Genesis" in its narrative of the Fall of Lucifer and Temptation of Man was really derived from an Old Saxon original.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Co. promises for next week: "The Autobiography of an Individualist," by James O. Fagan; "The Japanese Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare," by George H. Palmer; "Uriel and Other Poems," by Percy Mackaye; "The Unconquered Air and Other Poems," by Florence Earle Coates, and Emerson's "Success" in the Riverside Press edition.

For a later date the same house announces volumes in the Riverside Literature series containing "Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gorboduc," both edited by Prof. Clarence Griffin Child.

Among Little, Brown's November announcements are the following: "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde, in the Modern Criminal Science series; "The Sea Trader: His Friends and His Enemies," by David Hannay, and "The Fir-Tree Fairy Book," by Clifton Johnson.

Desmond FitzGerald has in press: "When Dreams Come True," a novel by Ritter Brown; "The Heart of an Orphan," by Amanda Mathews; "Seeing Europe on Sixty Dollars," by Wilbur Finley Fauley, and "My Friends at Brook Farm," by John Van Der Zee Sears, the last survivor of that little colony.

Dr. Charles Frederick Holder, of Pasadena, Cal., has in press an illustrated history of Quakers in England and America, which begins with the time of Fox and continues the story down to the present year.

John Stuart Thomson has almost completed his new book, "Revolutionized China," which will be issued in this country by Bobbs-Merrill, with many handsome illustrations.

Putnams have the following list of miscellaneous publications announced for this season: "Bubbles of the Foam," the story of an Oriental despot, by F. W. Bain; "Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution," by Ernest F. Henderson; "A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5," by George Haven Putnam, revised and enlarged; "Little Cities of Italy," Vol. II, by André Maurel, translated by Mrs. Helen Gerard; "The Effects of the New Count on Auction Bridge," by Florence Irwin; "Recollections of the Civil War," by Mason Whiting Tyler; "Immigration and Labor," by Isaac A. Hourwich; "The Elmira Prison Camp," by Clay W. Holmes; "The Last Leaf," a gossipy chronicle of the last three-quarters of a century of world history by James Kendall Hosmer; "The Development of Religion in China," by J. J. M. De Groot, and "Problems of the Sexes," by Jean Finot of the French Academy, translated by Mary J. Safford.

Prof. Hermann Gollancz is bringing out through Henry Frowde, "The Book of Protection," being a collection of Syriac charms and incantations in the original, with translation, introduction, and notes.

Other books announced by Frowde include: "Donne's Poetical Works," edited by H. J. C. Grierson, 2 vols.; "Four Stages of Greek Religion," by Gilbert Murray; "English Literature and the Classics," by Gilbert Murray, J. A. Stewart, G. S. Gordon, J. S. Phillimore, A. C. Clarke, H. W. Garrod, S. T. Owen, R. J. E. Tiddy, and A. D. Godley, collected by G. S. Gordon; "An Introduction to Greek and Latin Palæography," by Sir E. Maunde Thompson, and "The People of God: An Inquiry into Christian Origins," by H. F. Hamilton.

In "Scenes and Memories," which Smith & Elder are bringing out this week, Lady Paget tells of her social life as the wife of the British representative at Berlin and Copenhagen, at Madrid and Florence, in the sixties.

From the same firm we may soon expect George Mallory's "Boswell the Biographer."

Miss Elizabeth Grierson, author of the forthcoming book, "What the Other Children Do" (A. & C. Black), sets forth her experiences as a worker in the slums of large cities.

Autumn publications of John W. Luce & Company include the following titles: "The Sunset of the Confederacy," by Gen. Morris Schaff; "The Introduction to a New Philosophy" ("Introduction à la Métaphysique"), by Henri Bergson; Remy de Gourmont's "A Night in the Luxembourg," translated by Arthur Ransome; "Indian Fairy Tales," by Lewis Allen, and "Aspects of the Irish Question," by Sidney Brooks.

Two anthologies, one called "The Charm of London," the other called "The Charm of Venice," have been compiled by Alfred Hyatt and published by George W. Jacobs & Co. For the London, Yoshio Markino has provided twelve illustrations in color, which certainly do not miss whatever romance the atmosphere of the city affords. The illustrations of the other volume are by Harald Sund, also in color. The text of both books draws a deep net through prose and verse, and offers many extracts which will be pleasantly new to most readers.

The H. W. Wilson Co., of Minneapolis and New York, have issued what is called a third edition of "The United States Catalog," which lists (under author, subject, and title, in one alphabet) all American books in print January 1, 1912. It is really a newly made work. Besides noting all books of whatever date now in print, it includes also the titles (marked "o. p.") of all books listed in the annual "Cumulative Book Indexes" since 1906. For titles of books in print before 1906, but now out of print, the searcher will turn to the "United States Catalog" of 1902, or the "Supplement" of 1905. The present edition, a huge volume, gives all the publications of more than three thousand publishers listed in the back of the "Catalog," besides regular English importations and Canadian books. The information given includes the publisher, price, date of publication, and the Library of Congress card number. The laborious task of editing has been carried through by Marion E. Potter and a staff of assistants. We need scarcely observe that the "Catalog" is indispensable for all booksellers and buyers. So far as our examination of the pages can speak, the work has been thoroughly carried out. We only regret that the publishers lend their authority to the freakishness of the spelling reformers.

Three thousand seven hundred and forty-two pages are bound beween the covers of a single volume, "The Home Book of Verse," which Burton Egbert Stevenson has compiled for Henry Holt & Co. The use of thin paper has made this practicable. The book is bulky, but not unwieldy, and the type is comfortable to the eyes. Mr. Stevenson has attempted to collect "the best short poems in the English language from the time of Spenser to the present day, together with a body of verse which, if not great poetry, has at least the distinction of wide popularity." The latter division we take to mean limericks, nonsense verse, and *vers de société,* of which the volume contains most of the old stand-bys. Living writers, even of the younger generation, will be pleased and often surprised to find how much of their work has been chosen. They will be gratified, too, by the arrangement according to themes, by means of which they may see themselves grouped in small divisions with Shakespeare, Milton, and somewhat lesser men. This feature, however, is one which will strongly appeal to serious students of poetry, for the work has apparently been done with great care and the categories are sufficiently precise to make comparison profitable. Placed together are poems of the sea, poems of places, those on friendship and brotherhood, etc. The confusion which might result from such a classification is avoided by three indexes, one of authors, one of first lines, and one of titles. Altogether, the apparatus shows unusual consideration for the reader's convenience.

Through Napoleonic documents there has flitted an elusive figure under some thirty variant appellations ranging from Biantowski to Piontikaioski. Until very recently no historian except M. Masson had been able to find as much as a page to say about this Polish officer. In "A Polish Exile with Napoleon" (Little, Brown), G. L. de St. M. Watson makes a real contribution in giving us the solid facts about him in a cleverly phrased biographical sketch. These facts may be very briefly stated. Charles Frédéric Jules Piontkowski, born near Warsaw in 1786, came under the spell of Napoleon's charm about the time of the Russian campaign. He fought for him until the first abdication, and then followed him devotedly to Elba. In March, 1815, he embarked from Elba with the great adventurer and played a part in the Hundred Days. After Waterloo he accompanied his fallen leader to Rochefort and England, and finally obtained the permission of the English Government to follow him to St. Helena. Four days after his marriage he set sail alone from England, and joined Napoleon in the last days of December, 1815. At St. Helena he aroused some jealousy and friction among the other voluntary exiles, wrote impudently to the English Government, was threatened with a horsewhipping by an English officer, and was ordered to leave the island when he had been there less than a twelvemonth. He returned to England, to his wife, and to the sympathetic ear of Sir Robert T. Wilson. To this English sympathizer of Napoleon he wrote, in 1817, a series of letters describing Napoleon's flight from France and his miserable, persecuted existence at St. Helena.

Piontkowski's letters, which are translated from the French by Mr. Watson, give some interesting details here and there about Napoleon, but they extend to only thirty or forty pages, and are not the most valuable part of this volume. They are merely the text to which Mr. Watson appends many incisive comments, and to which he prefixes a biographical sketch of his Polish exile and an arraignment of Forsyth and Masson. By going over the ninety volumes of Lowe Manuscripts in the British Museum, which is the material upon which Forsyth based his ponderous history of Napoleon's exile, he finds that Forsyth suppresses some of the secret dispatches, which, of course, are usually more important than the ordinary ones. He finds also that Forsyth makes some evident mistakes in deciphering the manuscripts, and that at every point where possible he is favorable to Lowe and unfavorable to Napoleon. Similarly, he discovers that Masson's sketch of Piontkowski is full of mistakes due to the learned Frenchman's ignoring English material and to his drawing too freely, apparently, upon his own imagination.

"Egyptian Days" (Houghton Mifflin) is the most readable and satisfactory of amateur accounts of a trip up the Nile which it has been our good fortune to see. It is sketchy and bright, full of fun and appreciation, and it gives a life-like picture of what one actually sees and hears. In fact it is all too brief. One of the chief merits of the book is that it does not attempt to rival Baedeker in details; it has no dismal array of quoted or borrowed erudition, and no masses of undigested misinformation taken in unacknowledged chunks from the guide-books. The least satisfactory chapter is that on the religious beliefs, but even here the faults are venial. The author, Philip Sanford Marden, editor of a Lowell, Mass., newspaper, took the usual tourist route by steamer, and with quick eye and ready pen has noted the events and incidents of the trip in natural and breezy style, so that his book may well serve a double purpose. It will serve to recall one's own experiences when the trip is over, and it may be used as a guide by one who has the pleasure still in expectation. The chief criticism falls at this point, for the publisher has used paper which, on account of its weight, renders the volume difficult as a traveller's companion. Publication occurred too soon after the advent of Lord Kitchener as the British representative in Egypt to enable the author to record the success of his administration, due to the fact that he knows the fellahin personally, and as a class, and is able to sympathize with their point of view.

A more fitting title to Thomas A. Joyce's "South American Archæology: An Introduction to the Archæology of the South American Continent, with Special Reference to the Early History of Peru" (Putnam) would be "Peruvian Archæology and Ethnology, with Slight Reference to Other Parts of South America." Considerably more than half the book deals with the ancient Peruvians and their influence on the surrounding areas. The author is truthful when he states in his preface that he has "ventured to *compile* the following chapters on the archæology of South America." As a compilation principally from Markham (reviewed in the *Nation* of March 21, this year), Prescott, Squier, Bandelier, and Uhle, the work is well done. The author follows Markham in what Bandelier has called "the Romantic School of American Archæology." He takes the early Spanish accounts as his gospel, and finds his inspiration from these highly colored descriptions made known to the English-speaking world by Prescott. Archæological research has not served to verify these accounts in all respects. The time has not arrived for a satisfactory book on South American archæology. Apart from the western and northwestern coast of the continent, very little is known. The author, unfortunately, has not had the benefit of Hrdlička's "Early Man in South America" (Bulletin 52, Bureau of Ethnology), which has lately appeared. Moreover, he does not seem to have availed himself of several sources on Peru, such as the articles in the *Revista Historica,* of Lima, Jiménez de la Espada's "Una Antigualla Peruana," and "Tres Relaciones de Antigüedades Peruanas," Fernando de Santillan's "Relacion," Martin de Morua's "Historia," and several others. There is a short bibliography, which does not pretend to be complete, and a workable index. The book contains a number of excellent plates, most of which, however, have been published before. Mr. Joyce persists in giving Bandelier the initials R. E., rather than A. F.

A single characteristic entitles Dr. C. L. G. Anderson's narrative history of "Old Panama and Castilla del Oro" (Washington: The Author) to a grateful welcome: it contains only the most incidental references to the Canal, and the author, despite his services as an army surgeon and as physician to the Canal Commission, ventures the suggestion that what God joined together, man might well hesitate to separate. Unlike most of the recent publications on the subject, this is actually what it claims to be, a book about the discovery and early history of the Isthmus prior to the year 1700. It is just the sort of book that nearly every one who goes to Panama asks for; an interesting narrative of the earlier Spanish epoch, giving with considerable fullness the stories of Columbus, Balboa, Pizarro, Henry Morgan and the Buccaneers, and the Scotch Darien Company. Dr. Anderson undertook a much-desired task. He has evidently labored earnestly and at length to accomplish his results. He has produced and published at his own expense a volume of 575 pages with forty illustrations, many of which are facsimiles of old engravings. It is largely made up of documentary material, usually in free English translations, presented in readable form. Unfortunately, Dr. Anderson does not distinguish for the reader between the statements made by Oviedo, the most trustworthy, and those of Gomara, the least credible, of the Spanish chroniclers. His footnotes give the impression, which is really quite unfair to the text, that he has merely trodden in the footsteps of John Fiske and Hubert Howe Bancroft, with occasional digressions in the company of Sir Arthur Helps and Washington Irving. He quotes extensively, but only when he happens to remember does he label his source. He tells of the deeds of Vasco Nuñez, giving him his proper name, but seemingly without understanding why this is more correct than the commoner "Balboa." Yet the book is not likely to mislead seriously those who take it for shipboard perusal. Like the historical writings of the late Dr. Elliott Coues, of which this volume is curiously reminiscent, it carries a dim but refreshing flavor of personality, a suggestion of individual prejudice and inborn convictions which crop up in the most unexpected places.

In the second volume of their edition of Lescarbot's "History of New France" (Toronto: Champlain Society), Prof. W. L. Grant and H. P. Biggar furnish the text and an admirable translation of Books III and IV of the originial. More precisely, the editorial work in this volume is entirely due to Professor Grant, while Mr. Biggar's contribution is confined to the introduction in Vol. I. In his third book, Lescarbot describes the voyages of Jacques Cartier, using for the first voyage the French translation of Ramusio, published at Rouen in 1598, and for the second voyage the original manuscript, presented by Cartier to King Francis I, and "bound in blue satin." This is now MS. No. 5589 at the Bibliothèque Nationale. The fourth book comprises the voyages of De Monts and Poutrincourt to the Bay of Fundy, the founding of Port Royal, relations with the Indians, etc. Professor Grant's notes leave little to be desired. They throw light where light is needed, without cumbering the text with unnecessary information; and they go a long way towards making this the standard edition of Lescarbot. In type, paper, reproduction of maps, and general appearance, the Champlain Society is to be congratulated upon the character of its publications. The third and final volume of Lescarbot is expected before the end of the present year.

Brig.-Gen. Henry Beebe Carrington, U. S. A., retired, who distinguished himself in the Civil War and later in his dealings with the Indians, died at his home in Boston, on Saturday. He was born in Wallingford, Conn., in 1824, and was graduated from Yale in 1845. He was author of several books, among them: "Crisis Thoughts," "The Six Nations," "Beacon Lights of Patriotism," "Washington, the Soldier," and "Lafayette and American Independence."

The report comes to us of the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of Dr. George W. Kitchin, dean of Winchester and later of Durham. He wrote "The Seven Sages of Durham," "Winchester" in the Historic Towns series, and a "History of France," besides several other less important works.

Dr. Eugene Oswald, whose death is reported at the age of eighty-six, was born and educated at Heidelberg, but is remembered mainly for activity in England, where he lived for many years. He was the author of "Early German Courtesy Books," "Thomas Carlyle, ein Lebensbild," "Goethe in England and America," "Land und Leute in England," "Memoirs," etc.

Capt. Frank Brinkley, for many years Japanese correspondent of the London *Times*, died on Monday, aged seventy-one. Capt. Brinkley was an authority on Japan and the Far East. He was attached to the British Legation Guards at Tokio, in 1867; was principal instructor at the Marine Artillery College. Tokio, in 1871, and later professor of mathematics at the Japanese Engineering College. For his services to Japan he was decorated with the third-class Order of Sacred Treasure. He was the author of "Japan" (1901), and "Japan and China" (1903).

Science

"The Chafing-Dish and the Preparation of Sandwiches," by Mrs. Alice James, is announced by Putnams.

Nowadays when we find upon the campus of a conservative university in the East lofty buildings dedicated to home economics, and see trains travelling through the Western States to demonstrate the science of the art of housekeeping, it is well to remember how much the movement owes to the initiative of one woman, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Her life as told by Caroline L. Hunt (Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows) presents a complete picture of her personality as seen by her friends, who have contributed their reminiscences, and as revealed by herself in her diary and letters. When she entered Vassar College in 1868, it was regarded as doubtful whether girls could be educated, and as quite improper for them to speak in public even in college chapel. When her mother objected to her study of surveying as unladylike, she wrote:

> And as for surveying, it is light work compared with washing. The chain is light and clean, and the pins also. The instrument for taking observations can be easily carried, and it is very fine work to take bearings. We cross brooks and woodland for pleasure, and pray why not for business? It requires a good deal of skill to go over a fence or a wall built of such small shaly stones as the walls here, but it can be done, and it is an accomplishment. I do not mean to do it with long dresses and hoop skirts, of course not. I find nothing in it not consistent with grace or virtue. I prefer surveying for a week to spending a week in fashionable society even of the best class, and there would be far less danger. Anything that will take the American woman out of doors will be a blessing to her.

This spirit, unfeminine and revolutionary as it then appeared, brought about a new form of training truly feminine, that is, higher education in what is by radical and conservative alike regarded as woman's special sphere, the home. It was Mrs. Richards's great achievement to bring kitchen and laboratory together, to show that cooking and cleaning are chemical processes; certainly a woman's work this, although it involved an invasion into masculine preserves at more than one point. When she left her laboratory for the last time, only a few days before her death, she was sixty-eight years old, and she had acquired a unique national reputation; she was recognized by the women as a good cook and by the men as a good chemist.

Bruno H. Bürgel, author of "Astronomy for All," which has now been translated from the German by Stella Bloch, is evidently a man of much experience in popular writing. He has made good choice from material ranging from the latest researches to remote and quaint historical works. The very copious illustrations are in the main well selected, and, with a few exceptions, are satisfactorily reproduced. Unstinted praise cannot be given to the text, for statements of facts and mere speculation are sometimes placed side by side without distinction. While reputable astronomers pretty generally refuse to accept Lowell's theories of Mars, we find them exploited here as if they were established fact. It is interesting to see the far-reaching speculations of Arrhenius set forth intelligibly, even if briefly, in sharp contrast to the views of Clausius, who was cock-sure of an ultimate end of things cosmic. Arrhenius, on the other hand, strongly contends for "an eternal, never-ceasing, circulatory motion of the universe, which turns nebulosities into suns, and suns again into nebulosities," a fascinating view, amplified in his recent brochure on "The Fate of the Planets." Moulton's cosmic hypothesis, too, is not neglected, whereby an explanation is sought of the thousands of spiral nebulæ discovered by Keeler. The translation from the German would be pathetic if it were not so ludicrous. We read of "years of light," "sheeted iron," of discoveries being "newsed," of a spectrum "throwing up" its lines, of the Yerkes telescope as a "twenty-five-yard refractor," of Phobos and Deimos being "undetected if Mrs. Hall had not egged on her husband," and of a great telescope as a "large glass eye," etc. The work deserves thorough revision by one whose English has not come to him second hand. (Published by Cassell.)

"The Healthy Baby" (Macmillan Co.), by Dr. Roger H. Dennett, is a useful book of small size, well suited to help inexperienced mothers in caring for their infants, with some advice pertinent to a later period. The instructions are simple and definite. The book differs happily from many books of its class in the absence of complicated tables of milk mixtures which have terrified many a mother to whom the artificial feeding of her baby has become a very practical problem. Dennett believes that complex formulas recently so popular are superfluous in the management of healthy children, and that their food may be prepared in much simpler ways.

Dr. Paul Segond, a noted surgeon, died in Paris on Sunday, in his sixty-second year. He was professor in the surgical clinic of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris, and surgeon in chief of the

Salpêtrière. Several scientific works bear his name.

Drama

Letters of Bulwer Lytton to Macready. Privately Printed. Newark, N. J.: The Carteret Book Club.

Of the one hundred and five letters constituting this volume, scarcely half a dozen are of any real literary importance. Most of them are hurriedly written notes of a trivial nature, and often very carelessly expressed. But for the celebrity of their author they would never have attained the dignity of type. Others have a definite value, because they exhibit Lytton in a somewhat unfamiliar aspect and cast a new light upon his methods and capacity as a dramatic author. In them he confesses very frankly, over and over again, his inability to put a story into effective theatrical shape, and concedes to Macready the main credit for the dramatic efficiency of his most famous and successful plays, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money." It is perfectly plain, from his allusions to the radical changes made, at the suggestion of the actor, not only in the arrangement of the action, but in the general outlines of the plots—and the gratitude which he expresses for them—that in all these pieces and some others less well known, such as "The Sea Captain" and "The Duchess de la Vallière," Macready was an active collaborator. But in every case it was Lytton who suggested the theme, elaborated the characters, and furnished the literary decoration. Unfortunately, the letters of Macready to Lytton, explaining his suggested changes and the reasons for them, which would have made this correspondence complete and coherent, have not been preserved, or, at any rate, not found.

It is somewhat surprising, at first sight, to find an author so confident in his own powers, as Lytton has generally been represented to be, treating Macready with so much deference, but it must be remembered that the famous actor was an autocrat in his own domain, was intensely irritable and sensitive to opposition, and was far the older man. Moreover, there can be no doubt of the mutual affection and esteem existing between the two, or of the sincerity of Lytton's faith in Macready as the one mainstay of the imaginative stage and his eagerness to be associated with him in his honorable ambition, without regard to his own financial profit. These letters show that he more than once refused to accept money legally due him, for productions which had proved less profitable than expected, and that he was always ready to attribute such disappointments to the inherent weaknesses of his own work, rather than to any fault in the acting or management. That he was essentially a story-teller and not a dramatist—a fact long ago recognized—is plainly shown by his dependence upon Macready's ideas when trying to get "Richelieu" into presentable form, and his complete failure to perceive that the Cardinal must be the central figure until the actor pointed out the fact. He intended Macready to play De Mauprat, a part for which he was unfitted by nature. Evidently Lytton had no clear notion of the value of a dramatic situation until he had experimented with it upon the stage. His lack of theatrical invention is indicated also by his industrious search for plots among writers of all times and nationalities, from Aristophanes and Terence downwards.

A letter that has a particular interest for Americans was written in 1844 in reply to some unknown comments by Macready on this country. He thinks that this "young Titan of a Republic" may justly complain "that almost every tourist has spoken of it in the mincing criticism with which a dancing master might favor the Farnese Hercules." On the subject of the alleged vulgarity of American manners he says that "the wonder rather is that in a People without a Court, without an idle aristocracy, . . . that so much civility to strangers, so much courtesy to women, so forbearing an usage of legal equality, are the characteristics of the population." It is a pity that Macready's letter, to which this is a rejoinder, has not been preserved to accompany it. The literary, historical, or biographical interest in the bulk of the correspondence is small.

John W. Luce & Co. will shortly add to their edition of August Strindberg a second volume, containing "Comrades," "Easter," "Paria," and "Facing Death."

"The Blindness of Virtue," by Cosmo Hamilton, just produced in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre here, will attract attention, doubtless, as it did in London, because of its subject, but would be much more effective if it were less disputatious and more convincing dramatically. Written in support of the thesis that many innocent girls are ruined for lack of proper instruction in the mysteries of sex, it actually, and apparently unintentionally, furnishes an instance where the girl's almost incredible ignorance, while it betrayed her into the most compromising situation, yet proved to be her sufficient safeguard. Mr. Hamilton has imagined a country clergyman's daughter, who, up to her seventeenth birthday, had virtually known nobody but her father and mother. A young man, who then comes to the house, seems to her a miracle of perfection, and she does not hesitate to tell him of her love. When he goes to London for a day, she goes to his bedroom, in her dressing gown, at 4 A. M. to welcome him on his return. He is abashed and overpowered by her innocence, and has not tried to take any advantage of it, when surprised by her father. Then, of course, follow passionate scenes, explanations, and a happy ending. Thus the piece, which is not without cleverness, or an assumption of serious purpose, discredits the validity of its own message. The truth is that problems of this kind, which have been debated for ages, and provoke endless differences of opinion, and whose solution must depend upon particular circumstances, are not profitable subjects for theatrical discussion. This play by Mr. Hamilton is particularly futile because he has not known how—or dared—to illustrate his own view.

The London Play Actors' Society will start its eighth season with a representation of Ibsen's dramatic poem, "Brand," to be played then for the first time in England in its entirety. A prose translation has been made by William Wilson. W. S. Fay, of the Irish National Theatre, will superintend the production.

The new Shakespeare memorial in Southwark Cathedral, London, will be unveiled by Sir Sidney Lee on November 4. The memorial, which is the work of Henry McCarthy, a well-known ecclesiastical sculptor, consists of a Gothic shrine, within which lies, in semi-recumbent attitude, a life-size alabaster figure of the poet. As first sketched in, the likeness was taken from the Chandos portrait, but so much doubt has recently been thrown upon the authenticity of this that the Droeshout portrait was finally followed, the fine impression in the Bodleian Museum serving as the model. Upon the Gothic base below the figure are carved five shields, that in the centre displaying the arms of Shakespeare, and the others those of Bishop Talbot; of Canon Thompson, the late rector; of Dr. Leftwich, the originator of the Shakespeare memorial and service; and of St. Saviour's, the poet's old parish church. The panel behind the figure shows old Southwark in relief, and includes the Globe Theatre and a portion of old London Bridge.

According to a London journal, Dr. Max Reinhardt is about to produce "The Playboy of the Western World" simultaneously in Berlin and Vienna.

Mme. Judith (Julie Bernat), the actress, died in Paris on Sunday at the age of eighty-five. She was, in her day, second only to Rachel, to whom she was related. Among her friends were George Sand, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas the younger, Louis Napoleon, Théophile Gautier, and other eminent persons. She made her first stage appearance at the Paris Folies in 1842, was instantly successful, and, after a season or two at the Variétés, was a member of the Théâtre Français in 1846, becoming Sociétaire in 1852. Among her most famous parts were those of Rosina and the Marquise in Beaumarchais's Trilogy, Charlotte Corday, Pénélope in "Ulysses," and Alcmène in "Amphitryon." She was the original heroine of Hugo's "Marion Delorme," and so was a participator in the exciting demonstration which attended its first performance. She translated the "No Thoroughfare" of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, into French, and also published "Le Château du Tremble," under the name of Judith Bernard. She was in her prime a noble type of Jewish beauty. She was married to M. Bernard-Derosne, well known as a translator of English works into French.

Pierre-François-Samuel Berton, playwright, is dead in Paris. He was born in Paris in 1842. He came of a family of actors, his grandfather having been the famous Samson of the Comédie Française. His father, Francis Berton, was also a well-known actor. M. Berton made his début at the Gymnase in 1859, and passed successively to the Odéon, the Comédie Française, the Vaudeville, and the Porte St. Martin, as well as other less known theatres. As an actor, his chief successes, perhaps, were won in "L'Ami des Femmes," "Le Rendezvous," "Fédora," "Le Nabab," and "La Tosca." But he played with credit in a vast number of widely contrasted parts. He also shared in the authorship of several popular melodramas and farcical comedies.

Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. With Historical and Descriptive Notes by Philip Hale. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

The bound volume containing the home programmes for 1911-1912 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a book of 1,594 pages. More than half of these pages are filled with advertisements. Now that this orchestra has become so popular and prosperous, it is to be hoped that these advertisements may soon be printed and paged separately from the reading matter, so that they need not be bound up with it. The programmes themselves thoroughly deserve being bound and preserved. They contain a good deal of valuable reading matter in addition to Mr. Hale's erudite yet entertaining and sane notes on the pieces played at the season's twenty-four concerts. Each of the programmes has a footnote imparting the information that there will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony. In order that the Boston music-lover's mind may not be arrested in its quest of culture even during that brief interval of time, Mr. Hale always provides a literary entr'acte, consisting either of an article on some general musical topic from his own workshop, or else, and more frequently, a paper reprinted from some English or American periodical. This Programme Book thus comes once a year as a life-preserver for a good deal that is valuable in contemporary journalistic literature.

Mr. Hale himself descants on Beethoven the Pianist, The Beginning of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruckner, Color, Tonal and Colored Audition, Works of Liszt Played by the Boston Orchestra, Salome and Her Dance, The Triangle, Wagner's Account of Himself. Mr. Hale's predecessor, W. F. Apthorp, provides interesting reminiscences of earlier years of the Boston Orchestra. Barry writes about Liszt and the Symphonic Poem; Newman on Bantock, Wallace, and Elgar's Second Symphony; Runciman on England's Lack of Great Musicians and on Brünnhilde's Self-Immolation, on which subject Bernard Shaw is also quoted. Of special interest are the reprints from the London *Times* of papers on Cathedral Festivals, A Chopin Relic, Humor and Quotation, Mannerisms, Musical Patriotism, Post-Wagnerian Opera, Science and Singing. A good index makes it easy to find what one happens to be interested in, and this index also embraces those incidental references and footnotes which are a specialty of Mr. Hale's and many of which contain information hard to find elsewhere.

French music is a particular object of Mr. Hale's admiration; he keeps his eyes open for everything relating to it, and no one who gets this annual record is likely to miss anything of importance. While Saint-Saëns towers high above all French composers of the day, the most prominent of them, and the most widely discussed, is Debussy. Under the head of "Cor and Debussy" Mr. Hale gives a bird's-eye view of contemporary French and German opinion on this exotic composer. An article from the pen of Raphael Cor entitled "M. Claude Debussy et le Snobisme Contemporain" aroused a good deal of discussion. The *Revue du Temps Présent*, in which this article appeared, thereupon sent a circular to a number of prominent European musicians, asking them to answer certain questions relating to that composer. Thirty of the answers were printed in a small volume which M. Debussy must have read with mingled feelings of pride and indignation. What he read, among many other things, was that he is a musician without parallel; that he is original, but only negatively so: "take away from music rhythm, melody, and emotion, and you have defined Debussy's musical works." The monotony of his music "stupifies the hearer." It leads to reveries; it is a mosaic of chords; the passionate admiration of it is in Paris "a disease of the season, or a crisis." There are many vain imitations of it—childish apings. He was just the man to work in sympathy with Maeterlinck, the "Shakespeare for snobs." Among the thirty whose answers are printed in the volume referred to are Siegfried Wagner, who says regarding "Pelléas et Mélisande": "I heard only one act, and no one should judge after one act." Another composer, Reynaldo Hahn, wrote that, while he held Debussy in high honor, he was not a Debussyite, and regarded Debussyites as unfortunate persons. Paul Flat agreed with M. Cor that there is "an enormous part of snobbism and bluff" in the reputation of Debussy. The most amusing thing in the volume is a remark contributed by Romain Rolland, whose novel in nine volumes, "Jean Christophe," has found so many readers and admirers. In answer to the question whether Debussy is likely to found a school, he writes: "Every great artist has a school. Every school is injurious. Would it not, then, be better if there were no great artists?"

The Flonzaley Quartet will give its usual series of three New York concerts this season, in addition to a similar series in Brooklyn, Boston, and Chicago, and many individual appearances throughout the country. The New York concerts will be given in Æolian Hall on Monday evenings, December 9, February 3, and March 10. This season marks the Flonzaleys' seventh visit to America. When first brought together by Mr. E. J. de Coppet, the members of the Quartet made a mutual agreement neither to teach, play in orchestra, nor accept individual engagements. The members of the Quartet are: Adolfo Betti, first violin; Alfred Pochon, second violin; Ugo Ara, viola, and Iwan d'Archambeau, violoncello.

The season for the Symphony Society of New York will open with two concerts on the afternoons of Friday, November 8, and Sunday, November 10, on which occasions an orchestra will be heard in the new Æolian Hall for the first time. The programme, which is the same on both afternoons, will start with the "Leonore" Overture No. 3, and will also contain the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven. Maggie Teyte will be the soloist. The concerts will close with a novelty, a "Suite enfantine," by Maurice Ravel, entitled "Ma mère l'Oye" (Mother Goose), to be heard for the first time in America.

The first pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, November 7, and Saturday afternoon, November 9. The programme for the first concert comprises the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, the "Roman Carnival" Overture of Berlioz, the "Mazeppa" symphonic poem of Liszt, and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." The programme for Saturday afternoon includes Bischoff's symphony in E major, the "Siegfried Idyl" of Wagner, and the "Euryanthe" Overture of Weber.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford has written a second concerto for piano. Robin H. Legge says that it was written for Moritz Rosenthal, who will probably play it in London next April or May. "I know," writes Mr. Legge, "that for some considerable time this distinguished pianist has been seeking a representative pianoforte work of British workmanship to add to his repertory in order to show his gratitude for many favors received from the public and from musicians here."

Herman Grau, manager for forty years of operatic productions, died in New York on Sunday. He was eighty-seven years old. Mr. Grau was born in Austria and came to this country fifty years ago to engage in the management of operatic productions with his brother, Jacob Grau. Later he took charge of the old Stadt Theatre in the Bowery. He produced grand opera at Terrace Garden, took charge of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and later founded the Grau Opera Company. Mr. Grau was an uncle of Maurice Grau, the operatic impresario.

Edgar Tinel, whose death at the age of fifty-eight is reported from Brussels, was director of the Royal Conservatory of Music of that city and a composer of international reputation. At the age of nine he won a scholarship in the Brussels Conservatory, and at twenty-three received the Prix de Rome for his orchestral work, "Klocke Roeland." Among his other works are: "Tableaux Symphoniques," "Mass of the Holy Virgin of Lourdes," and the oratorio "Franciscus," celebrating the life of St. Francis of Assisi, which was given last year at Carnegie Hall.

Art

SALON D'AUTOMNE.

Paris, October 12.

The scandal of the Autumn Salon makes a variegated impression on various people. There are painters who come to study abroad and get a starting glory from exhibiting at "the Paris Salon," without ever saying which Salon it was. And there are those who have a mild interest in art and say to themselves a salon is a salon, and that is the end of it. And others will always think that Art lively enough to make a scandal must be the coming thing, and so they go in for it. In reality, the Autumn Salon is too new and callow to have the prestige of the Spring Salons; and this year's very particular Autumn Salon is like the breakfast egg which the timid but scrupulously truthful curate accepted from his awe-inspiring bishop: "Is your egg good?"—"My lord, it is good in parts."

The scandal is among the French, not among foreigners. Monsieur Lampué, who is the oldest Municipal Councillor of Paris, led off. He has a tincture of paint in his composition; he studied at the Fine Arts School of Toulouse more than fifty years ago, and belongs even now to the Society of Independent Artists. He dipped his pen in his blackest ink and wrote straight to Government, that is, to the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts:

> Have you the right to lend a public monument to a band of malefactors who behave in the art world as apaches do in ordinary life?

In fact, the Autumn Salon is held, like the official Salons, in the Grand Palais, which is national property. The aged Municipal Councillor insisted that the young national Minister should go and have a look at it for himself:

> You will ask yourself if Nature and the human form have ever undergone such outrages. You will see with sadness that this Salon shows and accumulates the most trifling ugliness and vulgarity that can be imagined; and you will ask yourself again, Monsieur le Ministre, if this does not touch the dignity of the Government of which you are a part, since Government seems to take under its protection such a scandal by sheltering such horrors in a national monument. It seems to me that the Government of the Republic should have more care and more respect for the artistic dignity of France.

The chief protest is against the pictures of the "cubists," who try to make us see things as if they were composed of geometrical blocks; and against the "futurists" who would have us see things out of the four corners of our eyes all at once—quadruple strabismus instead of a straightforward outlook on the world.

The committee of the Autumn Salon has made a faint defence by a declaration of principle: "We admit all conscientious art efforts whatever they may be, no matter how personal or how foreign they may seem to the old-time formulas." One of the members of the committee turned the question: "The Autumn Salon is open to artists of every country. As is only fair, the jury comprises foreigners. Some come from England and some from Germany, and even from Russia—and that is why French taste is not always evident."

This gave the needed opportunity. Georges Lecomte, who has been president of all sorts of societies of artists and authors, had already resigned from the committee as a protest against the show they were making. He now came forward with an appeal "for French art—against all this defiance of common sense":

> For more than twenty years that I have been writing. I have defended with all faith and hope the art in which I believed modern sensibility was taking on a new form. I now retire from the Autumn Salon because I see that, through its weakness, the cause has been betrayed and compromised. By exhibiting with so much ostentation and in places of honor such shameless productions, the Autumn Salon casts on beautiful modern work the discredit which such ugliness is bound to provoke. You ask the crowd to make no difference between them. In its amusement and indignation, it too often risks confounding these illuminated eccentricities with the art of life and light and harmony and deep human emotion. When we think of all the trouble there has always been to bring the public to understand and admire, we suffer to think how this same public, thus bewildered, may go backward and take up again with dull and cold academic art. It is a reaction which has already begun and is growing strong.

We are here far away from the time of Zola's art hatreds. Impressionism is an outworn creed, and neo-Impressionism is dead. They have gone the way of symbolism and decadence in poetry. Naturalism, to which the aged romantic movement turned, survives but weakly before this classic revival. Philistine rebels no longer ask the newest painter to turn his picture upside down or sideways so that haply they may comprehend. These astonishing futurists play to the gallery of those who look on nature mostly when whirling by in their automobiles. And the cubists address themselves to a generation whose pastime has been the piecing out of puzzles. It is a slur on their predecessors to attribute to them the pained sincerity and fanaticism of early Impressionists.

All this barely leads us to the real question, which Georges Lecomte asks with a passion that can surprise only foreigners who do not take Frenchmen seriously: "Is it not our duty to think of the good name of French art? Among our supremacies, art is still intact. Can we allow foreigners to believe that our French art is made up of such horrors, that it goes staggering crazily along? And shall we allow its prestige to sink in ridicule?"

Even André Michel, the usually sober art critic who lectured lately in the United States, loses his placidity of temper and language:

> In this Autumn Salon, the snobbery of a few good souls has been pleased to group morose and maniac geometers with delirious dyers, crazily covering their defenceless canvases with color puddles and diagrams which you would say had been traced by some demented Bouvard and Pécuchet. One of the most unformed daubs of this Salon is dedicated: "To mariners, travellers, and mountebanks." Taking into account the foreigners, cranks, and humbugs who are the main originality of this Salon—in which "French" taste was to be renewed—we wonder the organizing committee did not choose this "symbolic and synthetic" picture for its poster.

Yet Professor Michel takes his samples of the offending painting and sculpture, not from these foreigners, but from "one of our Gascons." The picture is named Mountaineers Attacked by Bears, and is dated "Annecy, 1911—Paris, 1912":

> If I guess the rebus aright, then you must make out in the picture's tangle not only the episode of its title, but the route from Annecy to Paris, railway and bridges, telegraph wires and the compartment in which the painter sat during his journey, and the house in which he lives, as well as the mountain site where the wicked bears attacked the poor travellers—and the gun they used for their defence. Of bears and mountaineers, of road and landscape, only unformed morsels and scattered bits thrown and cut about at random remain, so that the mother bear herself would no more recognize her little ones than her victims.

As to Family Life carved in stone:

> It can only be compared to a pyramid of anatomic refuse which medical students occupied in dissecting monkeys have taken a morbid pleasure in putting together after radically and geometrically cutting and slashing each limb.

And all this "sorry show" of art comes from some one discovering that the "line" does not exist in nature, but only "planes," or, better still, "volumes." "The human form is of no importance—all is in the volume, monsieur!"

Because it concerns some of our young American artists in Paris, I must cite one more analysis of this new art craze that threatens to undo the Autumn Salon, which is really "good in parts." Thiébault-Sisson has for years taken a kindly interest in Art Independents, so that his language is all the more impressive:

> In the art city, the great part has hitherto been played by those who know. The revolutionary is the one who does not know, the man of instinct who believes his natural impulse is stronger than all rules, whose temperament expresses itself outside of all received habits, disorderly, rough, emphatic. This is the case of that colony of foreigners who, because they felt some disposition in themselves, thought they were immensely superior to their native surroundings, and came, possessed by their demon, to Paris to develop freely their instinct. In the heroic age of open exhibitions, we saw their fantastic compositions in which common sense, taste, shame, and the most elementary principles of drawing were equally offended, but with bursts of color sometimes strangely harmonious and attractive. These fits of insanity lasted not long. As they learned our language and came in contact with our art clans, these wild men were civilized and permeated little by little with a culture they had never dreamed of. It taught them the necessity of knowledge and the benefit of rule. They began studying with Henri Matisse and Guérin.

The cat is out of the bag. It has hitherto been dangerous to speak truth of Henri Matisse, whose talent nobody would deny. There is no revolution without leaders, says Dr. Gustave Le Bon. For Henri Matisse, with his eccentricities and improprieties, I will only refer, through fear of the Brahmins, to Matthew Arnold's explanation of Ruskin's indulging in wilfulness. In the idle companionship of a sea voyage, I once showed to a Scot who had made money in America the passage expressing the desire that the new part of Edinburgh should be destroyed and rebuilt, and New York be destroyed simply. His amazed comment was: "Why, the man must be a crank!" Abel Faivre has drawn one of his caricatures of the "bourgeois" for this year's Autumn Salon. The couple stand looking with astonishment at a picture, and the husband remarks: "Perhaps it is the Balkans!" S. D.

"Nietzsche and Art," by Anthony M. Ludovici, is in the press of John W. Luce & Company.

The *Bulletin* of the Worcester Art Museum, announces three interesting acquisitions. A Portrait of a Bergamesk Captain by Moroni seems from the reproduction to be of the first quality. The figure is shown from the thighs, and the pose is ingratiating, like that of the marvellous Tailor in the National Gallery. To Rocco Marconi, Director Gentner ascribes a very handsome Madonna and Child, highly Bellinesque, and evidently related to a Madonna ascribed to Giambellino, in the National Gallery. A minor, but charming, purchase is the bust of a youthful saint in glazed terra-cotta from the *atelier* of Andrea della Robbia. The Worcester Museum must be congratulated on such accessions, and its example may be recommended to other museums who practice too zealous and one-sided a patronage of contemporary art.

The death is reported from Paris of Frédéric-Charles-Victor de Vernon, one of the leading French engravers, at the age of fifty-four. M. Vernon devoted himself mainly to engraving medals, though his work in other branches of the art also was distinguished. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in his student days won the Prix de Rome.

Finance

THE WAR, THE ELECTION, AND THE MARKETS.

Compared with the opening of October, just before Europe began to sell in quantity, declines in important stocks have run as far as 5 to 6 points each in Steel common, New York Central, and St. Paul, 8 in Northern Pacific, 9 in Amalgamated Copper and Union Pacific. Reading has fallen nearly 10 points from its high price of the end of summer. This is a heavy break, and it is paralleled in a long list of other stocks. It is a question now in point, exactly what sort of Stock Exchange situation and what sort of immediate financial outlook are left as a result of this movement.

That is a question on which light can best be thrown by inquiry into the influences which must hereafter prevail, in the way of higher or lower prices. Probably most people of the observant sort would say that one or all of four main influences will determine the immediate future of the market. These are the movement of home prosperity, the course of the money markets, the incidents of the Balkan war, and the Presidential election. It is not very often in the history of a financial market that so many influences, each with an immediate bearing on finance, and each containing possibilities of great dramatic interest, are to be seen at work simultaneously.

Of the American position and the American trade revival, it is possible to say that, up to the present date, the most daring predictions of the hopeful prophets have been realized. The record-breaking grain crops are no longer a matter of conjecture or uncertainty. The actual harvest has been followed, during these very weeks when Stock Exchange prices were collapsing, by news of the largest aggregate net railway earnings on record for the month; by the greatest demand on transportation facilities (shown in the freight-car shortage returns) since 1907; by the largest September grain exports since 1902, and the largest total September export trade on record; by the largest sum of orders on the books of the steel-making companies since 1907, and the largest monthly production of steel on record. Taken by themselves, these factors have a sufficiently obvious bearing on investment values. Whether and to what extent their influence can be offset by other considerations, is the next question.

The money market contains certain possibilities in that direction. Last week, the shipments of currency from New York to the harvest States reached an abnormally large figure, and this loss of reserve money by the banks occurs at a moment when the offset on which the market lately counted—large import of gold from Europe—has been blocked by Europe's own necessities. Abroad, nearly all the great state banks have advanced their discount rates, and it is easily conceivable that something like an actual "money squeeze" might be occasioned, not only there, but here.

This is a really perplexing problem. The most that can be said with confidence at the moment is that only two months remain in which money rates will be an essential influence, and that during this period the danger of really acute money stringency is at least allayed by the recent heavy stock market liquidation on all markets of the world, and by the fact that the Treasury still has a "working balance" of $87,000,000, a substantial part of which could be placed on special deposit with the banks in the case of genuine need.

Whether the Balkan War is itself to be a continuing offset to the influence of home prosperity, or whether its financial effects have been already discounted, is perhaps even more largely a matter of opinion. War is the greatest of all games of chance, in finance as in diplomacy. The unexpected initial successes of the Balkan armies, in their movement of last week on the Turkish positions, have already disconcerted the calculations of diplomacy. The story of 1899—when Europe's markets believed, for fully two months after the break which greeted the beginning of the Transvaal War, that they had seen the worst of its financial influence, only to be awakened with a cruel shock when three British armies in South Africa were defeated and a long contest was foreshadowed—was not the first nor the only instance of the kind. Yet it will not be forgotten that in all such cases—not excepting the Boer War itself—existence of genuine home prosperity in America proved in a reasonably short space of time to be in this country the preponderating influence.

When one begins to ask what influence the election of November 5 is to exert on the Stock Exchange situation, a question of the oddest character is stated. On the one hand, precedent of the four past Presidential elections—in other words, the precedent of sixteen years—should warrant expectation of an enthusiastic "boom" in prices, with the outside public buying, immediately after the result is known. On the face of things, such expectation should be reinforced by the well-known fact that financial prediction, as far back as last spring, foretold a rise on the Stock Exchange after the election, whichever candidate were to win.

Precedent counts for much; especially precedent established alike in good business years such as 1900 and in bad business years such as 1908. There are, on the other hand, two possible circumstances which, as matters now appear, might be taken as somewhat impairing the value of the precedent. If Gov. Wilson is elected, this will be the first occasion since 1896 when the party out of power has been voted in again; and even in 1896, the defeated party, although nominally the party of the Cleveland Administration, was really controlled by the Populist forces which had captured it; so that McKinley's election signified maintenance of the *status quo*.. That would be one departure from recent precedent. Another would be provided, so far as regards the period with which comparison is made, if the opposition party were to win next week so overwhelming a victory, throughout the United States, as to confuse even political calculations. As to this, we shall have to wait for the midnight bulletins of next Tuesday.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, G. F. The Holy War in Tripoli. Longmans. $4.20 net.
Arabian Nights. Illustrated by René Bull. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Bailey, C. S., and M. E. Boys' Make-at-Home Things; Girls' Make-at-Home Things. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Baird, J. K. Hester's Wage-Earning. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Balfour, A. J. Selections from his Writings, Speeches, and Addresses, 1879-1912. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Banfield, E. J. My Tropic Isle. Outing Pub. Co. $2.50 net.
Banks, Eleanora. Correct Business and Legal Forms. Putnam.
Barbour, R. H. The Harbor of Love. Illus. in color by G. W. Plank. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Barnes, James. Rifle and Caravan, or Two Boys in East Africa. D. Appleton. $1.50
Belloc, H. This and That and the Other. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net
Benson, A. C. Thy Rod and Thy Staff. Putnam.
Beymer, W. G. On Hazardous Service: Scouts and Spies of the North and South.
Bible (Douay version). C. Wildermann Co. $1.
Bogart, E. L. Financial History of Ohio. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Bolitho, J. H. Our Reformation. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Bonsal, Stephen. The American Mediterranean. Moffat, Yard. $3 net.
Burdick, F. M. Is Law the Expression of Class Selfishness? (Reprint.) Cambridge: Harvard Law Review Assn.
Caffin, C. and C. H. Dancing and Dancers of To-day. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.
Chambers, R. W. Blue-Bird Weather. D. Appleton.
Channing, E., Hart, A. B., and Turner, F. J. Guide to the Study and Reading of American History. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn. $2.50.
Chaucer, Geoffrey. Complete Poetical Works. Put into modern English by J. S. P. Tatlock and P. MacKaye. Macmillan. $5 net.
Coleridge, S. T. Complete Poetical Works. 2 vols. Frowde.
Colles, H. C. The Growth of Music. Part I. Frowde.
Converse, Florence. The Children of Light. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Coolidge, W. A. B. Alpine Studies. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Croce, Benedetto. La Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.
Crockett, S. R. Sweethearts at Home. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Cyclopedia of Education, edited by Paul Monroe. Vol. III. Gai-lib. Macmillan $5 net.
Dalrymple, Leona. Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Danielson, F. W. Story-Telling Time. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Dreiser, Theodore. The Financier. Harper. $1.40 net.
Eardley-Wilmot, S. The Life of an Elephant. Longmans. $2.10 net.
Eddy, A. J. The New Competition. D. Appleton. $2 net.
Fee, M. H. The Locusts' Years. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Fisher, D. C. A Montessori Mother. Holt. $1.25 net.
Foster, O. H. Housekeeping for Little Girls. Duffield. 75 cents net.
François, V. E. Essentials of French. American Book Co. 90 cents.
Frankau, Gilbert. Jack ——: One of Us: A Novel in Verse. Doran. $1.20 net.
Garner, J. L. Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance. McBride, Nast. $3.25 net.
George, W. R., and Stowe, L. B. Citizens Made and Remade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Gouldsbury, Cullen. An African Year. Longmans. $1.40 net.
Groot, J. J. M. de. Religion in China. Putnam.
Hall, E. C. A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. Boston: Little, Brown. $4 net.
Hamilton, Cosmo. The Outpost of Eternity. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Hamilton, H. F. The People of God: An Inquiry into Christian Origins. 2 vols Frowde.
Hanson, J. M. With Carrington on the Bozeman Road. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Hauff, W. Caravan Tales and Some Others. Stokes.
Heckstall-Smith, B., and Du Boulay, E. The Complete Yachtsman. Outing Pub. Co. $3.75 net.
Hewitt, C. G. House-Flies. Putnam. 40 cents net.
Hoyt, Elizabeth. Some Little Cooks. Boston: Wilde. 50 cents net.
Hughes, Elizabeth. Women for Votes. Dutton. $1 net.
Hughes, Rupert. Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Presents. D. Appleton.
Hyde, G. M. Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Irwin, Will. Where the Heart Is. D. Appleton.
Johnston, R. M. Mémoire de Marie Caroline Reine de Naples. (Harvard Historical Studies, XVI.) Frowde.
Leaf, Walter. Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Levi, Hedwig. Work and Play for Little Girls. Duffield. 75 cents net.
Lewton, F. L. Kokia: A New Genus of Hawaiian Trees. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Loraine, M. W. The Lucky Chance. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Lounsberry, Alice. Frank and Bessie's Forester. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Harper.
Loux, D. H. The Vicar's Excursion. The Workers' Press. $1.25.
Loveday, T., and Green, J. A. Introduction to Psychology. Frowde.
McConway, William. Monograph on the Shakespeare Signatures. Privately printed.
MacGrath, Harold. The Place of Honeymoons. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
McMurdy, R. The Upas Tree. Chicago: Schulte & Co. $1.35 net.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. On Emerson, and Other Essays. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Martin, John. Prayers for Little Men and Women. Harper. $1.25 net.
Mather, F. J., jr. The Collectors. Holt. $1.25 net.
Messer, C. J. Next-Night Stories. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
M. F. A Valiant Woman. Crowell. $1 net.
Montague, M. P. Linda. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Norgate, Kate. The Minority of Henry the Third. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Northend, M. H. Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings. Boston: Little, Brown. $5 net.
Parker, Gilbert. The Going of the White Swan (holiday edition). D. Appleton. 75 cents net.
Pendexter, Hugh. The Young Fisherman. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Philostratus in Honour of Apollonius of Tyana. Trans. by J. S. Phillimore. 2 vols. Frowde.
Pollard, Joyce. Stories from Old English Romance. Stokes.
Pope, Jessie. How England Grew Up. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Priddy, Al. Man or Machine—Which? Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Prince, L. B. A Concise History of New Mexico. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. $1.50 net.
Repplier, Agnes. Americans and Others. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Rhoades, Nina. Little Queen Esther. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Rogers, C. F. Introduction to the Study of Pastoral Theology. Frowde.
Ross, D. W. On Drawing and Painting. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Rowbotham, F. J. Story-Lives of Our Great Artists. Stokes.
Sage, A. C. Two Girls of Old New Jersey. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Scott, J. R. The First Hurdle and Others. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Scott, Walter. Oxford Illustrated Edition. 24 vols. Frowde.
Shakespeare (First Folio Edition), edited by Charlotte Porter. Henry the Sixt (3 vols.); Sonnets and Minor Poems; King Henry the Eight; The Rape of Lucrece; Venus and Adonis. Crowell. 75 cents each.
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, or What You Will. Edited by W. M. Hart. (Tudor ed.) Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sharp, Mrs. William Sharp: A Memoir. 2 vols. Duffield. $1.50 net, each.
Sharp, William. Uniform edition, Vol. V, Vistas; the Gypsy Christ. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Skeat, W. W. The Science of Etymology. Frowde. $1.50 net.
Slade, Dorothea. Gutter-Babies. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Sladen, F. W. L. The Humble-Bee. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Slattery, C. L. The Authority of Religious Experience. Longmans. $1.80 net.
Sneath, E. H. Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man. Boston: Ginn. $2.
Spears, R. S. Camping on the Great River. Harper. $1.50.
Stevenson, B. E. The Home Book of Verse, American and English (1580-1912). Holt. $7.50 net.
Strand, G. B. Patience, Perseverance, Endurance; Possibility, Purpose, Endeavor. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net, each.
Stratemeyer, Edward. The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Taylor, Mrs. Basil. Japanese Gardens. Dodd, Mead. $6 net.
The 400. Anonymous. Woonsocket Pub. Co.
Troutbeck, G. E. Stories from Italian History. Stokes.
Turner, C. H. Studies in Early Church History. Frowde.
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. Lane. $4 net.
United States Catalog. Books in Print January 1, 1912. Third edition. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.

University of Michigan. Catalogue of Officers and Students. Third edition. Ann Arbor.

Valdés, A. P. La Hermana san Sulpicio. Edited, with notes, by J. G. Gill. Holt.

Walk, C. E. The Time Lock. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Wallace, C. W. The Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare. Berlin: Georg Reimer.

Way, Norman. The Moccasins of Gold. E. J. Clode. $1.25 net.

Wells, H. G. Floor Games. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Whitehorn, A. L. Wonder Tales of Old Japan. Stokes.

Young, Martha. Behind the Dark Pines. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Zelner, E. J. A. The Elements of Musical Theory: Text Book for Intermediate Schools. Macmillan. 40 cents net.

THE
Home Book of Verse
(American and English 1580-1912)

Compiled by Burton E. Stevenson

The poems which everybody says are good, as well as the verse which everybody reads. The great standards and the best verse of to-day.

3,120 Poems by 1,100 authors. 3,842 pages. India paper—single column—good sized type. Complete Author, title and first-line indices. 1 Volume, 2 inches thick, $7.50 net.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

MIRIAM LUCAS

By Canon Sheehan

Crown 8vo. $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50

The author of "The Queen's Fillet" and "My New Curate" deals in his new novel with some unusual features of Irish life in our own day, including the "Irish Curse." The scene of the story is laid partly in America.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE COURTS THE CONSTITUTION AND PARTIES

Studies in Constitutional History and Politics

By Andrew C. McLaughlin
Professor of History in the University of Chicago.

The work consists of five papers, the first of which discusses the power of a court to declare a law unconstitutional. It examines into the historical growth of the judicial power, and seeks, by reference to the writings of American statesmen of early days, to trace the idea of fundamental law.

Two of the papers deal with the growth and essential character of political parties, and are followed by one on the history of differing theories of the federal Union. The work fittingly concludes with a discussion of the written constitution in some of its historical aspects.

The work is a sane and illuminating contribution—of extreme value to lawyers and sociologists, but equally adapted in tone and scope to all who take an interest in the maintenance of a popular form of government.

308 *pages,* 12*mo, Cloth,* $1.50
Postpaid - - - $1.63

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Now Ready

The MAN WHO CAME BACK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

This is the story of the primrose paths trod by a reckless young prodigal, spoiled by great wealth and dissipation and cast off by his father, who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. It is the story, too, of how a wanton of the music halls recalls him to himself, and of how, thanks to her, he resolutely "came back."

12*mo. Illustrated by Bracker.* 75 *cents net.*

THE CAT

Being a collection of endearments and invectives lavished by many writers upon an animal much loved and much abhorred. Selected and arranged by **Agnes Repplier,** author of "The Fireside Sphinx," etc. Illustrated by **Elizabeth F. Bonsall.**

Prefixing her selections with an essay instinct with the charm of one of the most delightful of familiar essayists, Miss Repplier has here brought together the finest passages in literature devoted to the cat. 16*mo. Illustrated.* $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.08.

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

New Grant White Shakespeare

POCKET EDITION

Embodying the Ripest American Scholarship and Latest Shakespearean Study, after Years of Careful Preparation, is now ready.

Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT, BENJAMIN W. WELLS and JOHN B. HENNEMAN. *Finely illustrated with* 48 *photogravure plates.* 12 *vols. of handy size, bound in full limp leather,* $18.00 *net; separately,* $1.50 *net, per volume. Postage* 8 *cents each.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

PAINTINGS
BY THE OLD MASTERS
FOR SALE

The Trustees under the will of the late JAMES JACKSON JARVES offer for sale 12 original Paintings now loaned to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, including a study by Titian, a Razzi (or Sodoma) Magdalen, and fine examples by Tibaldeo di Pelligrino, Garofalo, Timotea delle Vite, Antonello da Messina, Costa, and William Blake.

Rare Opportunity for Museums and Collectors.

Address HENRY J. BOWEN, Trustee,
No. 469 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

By FREDERIC J. HASKINS

O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

SPEAKERS: SPECIAL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED. Material furnished for your lecture, speech, debate, club-paper. Expert service. Revision, Disposal of MSS.
THE AUTHOR'S AGENCY, 1543 Broadway, N.Y.

"A most comprehensive and important book."—*Boston Times.*

Nature's Harmonic Unity

A TREATISE ON ITS RELATION TO PROPORTIONAL FORM.

By Samuel Colman, N.A.

Edited by C. Arthur Coan, LL.B.

Square, 8vo. With 302 *illustrations by the Author.* $3.50 *net; by mail,* $3.75.

"The purpose of this book appeals to the Scientist and ought to be a matter of serious study for every beginner in the vocation of the Arts. It contends to prove that the pleasing forms in Nature as well as of human creation are ruled by mathematical laws. . . . "Colman's book on 'Nature's Harmonic Unity' serves a noble purpose; a rational appreciation of beautiful natural forms and based upon it the cultivation of a truly artistic spirit."—*Science.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

By "WILLIAM CARLETON."

The most notable book of our day.

Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32

Send for descriptive matter free.

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid 55 cents.*
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

DICTIONARY OF AVIATION

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

287 pages. *Cloth* $1.40, postpaid $1.45
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N.Y.

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

"TO LIBRARIANS"

It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

---

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2471 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library Nov 26 '12

Wellesley Free Library

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

The Modern Reader's Chaucer

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer now first put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. Numerous Color Plates by Warwick Goble. Handsomely bound. A work that has been long waited for. *$5.00 net*

TRAVEL

Mr. Bryce's *new book* South America: Observations and Impressions
By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth." The most comprehensive, clearest, sanest and illuminating volume on South America. *$2.50 net*

Panama
By Albert Edwards. The fascinating story of Panama. *Illustrated. $1.50 net*

SOCIAL BETTERMENT

Socialism from the Christian Standpoint
By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. The broad facts of Socialism and their relation to Christianity. *$1.50 net*

Christianizing the Social Order
By Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch. The new social awakening of moral and religious forces. *$1.50 net*

ART

Mornings with Masters of Art
By H. H. Powers, Ph.D. A fine interpretation of the development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo. *Profusely illustrated. $2.00 net*

A Wanderer in Florence
By E. V. Lucas. Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes, Paris, London, Holland. *$1.75 net*

FOR THE HOME

Successful Houses and How to Build Them
By Charles E. White, Jr. With over 400 illustrations. *$2.00 net*

Home Efficiency
By M. B. and R. W. Bruere. The management of the home from the practical standpoint. *$1.50 net*

Christmas By Zona Gale

Another of this favorite author's genial stories of American life, similar to "Friendship Village," a fine vein of romance revealing the meaning of Christmas. Illustrated. *$1.30 net*

NEW NOVELS

The Heroine in Bronze
Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel. "An ideal love story by the author of 'A Kentucky Cardinal.'" *$1.25 net*

The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne
Kathleen Norris's new novel. Has the same appeal as this author's successful novel, "Mother." *Colored illustrations. $1.25 net*

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS

Don't Give Up the Ship
By Charles Wood. A thrilling tale of adventure in the stirring war period of 1812. *Colored illustrations. $1.25 net*

Deering of Deal; or the Spirit of the School
By Latta Griswold. A capital story of school life. *Illustrated. $1.25 net*

NEW FICTION THAT IS DIFFERENT

London Lavender
By E. V. Lucas. A charming novel of quaint and romantic fancy. *$1.35 net*

The Drifting Diamond
By Lincoln Colcord. A thrilling and dramatic story of adventures in Southern Seas. *Colored frontispiece. $1.25 net*

NEW BOOKS FOR GIRLS

Peggy Stewart at Home
By Gabrielle E. Jackson. "A merry story."—*Outlook.* *Frontispiece. $1.25 net*

The Secret of the Clan
Alice Brown's new book. A story of absorbing interest for girls. *Illustrated. $1.25 net*

The Book of Winter Sports

All the sports of winter treated in fascinating fashion. Handsomely illustrated. *$1.50 net*

These books on sale in all bookstores at the net prices

PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, *New York.*

Publication Office, 20 *Vesey Street.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 421

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Progress and the Constitution 424
Metaphysical Standards of Living.... 425
The Turkish Downfall 426
The National Archives Again.... 426
Chaucer in Modern Prose 427

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Scandinavian Literature 428
News for Bibliophiles 429

CORRESPONDENCE:

University Fellowships 430
The Reading Librarian 430
The Coast of Bohemia 431

LITERATURE:

South America: Observations and Impressions 431
At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque.. 432
The Woman of It 433
The Inheritance 433
Life and Letters of John Rickman.. 433
Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt 434
The Trooper Police of Australia 435

NOTES 436

SCIENCE 438

DRAMA:

"The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy 438

MUSIC:

Interpretation in Song 441

ART 442

FINANCE:

Financial Europe and the Defeat of Turkey 442

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 443

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

CONNECTICUT

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university, and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to University work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing, and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation*.

Just Published
THE DRAMATIC METHOD OF TEACHING
By HARRIET FINLAY-JOHNSON
Edited for American Teachers by Ellen M. Cyr, Author of the "Cyr Readers."
Illustrated, $1.00

This book, the story of the author's experience as head mistress of the Sompting School, Sussex, England, is a revelation of the results which can be obtained along the line of dramatic methods in school work.

Under her guidance, lessons in history, literature, geography, and arithmetic became full of imagination and action. She succeeded in enlisting the interest of her classes in every branch of study, and this book reveals many secrets of her success in directing instead of suppressing the natural activities of childhood.

Whether or not dramatic methods are to be followed in detail, the unique story of Miss Finlay-Johnson's success makes entertaining and stimulating reading that cannot fail to interest every teacher.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston New York Chicago London

Just Published
FRANÇOIS' ESSENTIALS OF FRENCH
By VICTOR E. FRANÇOIS, Ph.D., Associate Professor of French, College of the City of New York.
90 cents

Development proceeds from the known English form to the unknown French form. Models precede the simple yet complete rules. The vocabulary is of moderate extent, and the exercises consist largely of sentences connected in sense.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Old English Ballads
By JOHN A. LONG

A collection of Robin Hood and other Old English ballads, edited for the use of children and youth. There is an appropriate introduction to each ballad. The book contains many charming illustrations.

Cloth. 144 *pages. Illustrated.* 50 *cents.*
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

TYPEWRITING For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words
Jack Liverpool, 7 Berwick Pk., Boston

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

DICTIONARY OF AVIATION
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
287 pages. *Cloth* $1.40, postpaid $1.45
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N.Y.

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America
By "WILLIAM CARLETON."
The most notable book of our day.
Sixth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32
Send for descriptive matter free.
Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
By FREDERIC J. HASKINS
O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold.
Send for price lists.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 5th Av., N.Y.
ESTABLISHED 1887.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER FREE

The issues of the Nation for November and December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

The Nation,
20 Vesey St., New York

On the Art of the Theatre
By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG
8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14
The most important book about the theatre published in years.
Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.*
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

"TO LIBRARIANS"
It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by
PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES
A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

New Grant White Shakespeare
POCKET EDITION
Embodying the Ripest American Scholarship and Latest Shakespearean Study, after Years of Careful Preparation, is now ready.
Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT, BENJAMIN W. WELLS and JOHN B. HENNEMAN. *Finely illustrated with 48 photogravure plates. 12 vols. of handy size, bound in full limp leather, $18.00 net; separately, $1.50 net, per volume. Postage 8 cents each.*
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**
Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.
Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.
For sale everywhere.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

Letters and Memorials
OF
Wendell Phillips Garrison
Editor of THE NATION 1865—1906
In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait

During the forty-one years in which he edited the *Nation,* with a thoroughness, ability, and conscientious devotion unsurpassed in the records of American journalism, Mr. Garrison was an indefatigable correspondent, never employing an amanuensis, but writing tens of thousands of letters with his own hand to his contributors, who embraced practically all the leading American scholars and critics of the period. From a dozen groups of these, which have been kindly loaned by the recipients, a sufficient number of selections has been made to illustrate the relations between Mr. Garrison and his great corps of contributors, the frankness and tact which he exercised towards them, and the wide range of his interests, tastes, and sympathies. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, a dozen of his best poems, and several of his characteristic editorials, reviews, and essays, besides a fine photogravure portrait. It likewise preserves the notable letter of appreciation addressed to Mr. Garrison by more than two hundred contributors to the *Nation* on the completion of his fortieth year of service, and his acknowledgment thereof.

Price $1.50 net, postpaid
Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY New York

The Reconstruction
OF
Economic Theory
By SIMON N. PATTEN
Professor of Political Economy, University of Pennsylvania

Economics has passed through two epochs, that of 1776, to which Adam Smith has given a classical expression, and that of 1848, the results of which are found in the writings of Mill, Marx, Carlyle, and their contemporaries.

In 1912 American thought is entering an epoch of equal significance. A demand is thus created for a restatement of economics in harmony with the broader and more unifying tendencies now becoming visible. Dr. Patten discusses current problems in the light of theories in the making.

CONTENTS:
I. THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN THOUGHT.
II. THE PROBLEM.
III. THE ORIGIN OF SOCIALISM.
IV. THE ECONOMIC MARX.
V. TYPES OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM.
VI. AN INTERPRETATION OF JOHN STUART MILL.
VII. THE FAILURE OF THEORIES OF DISTRIBUTION.
VIII. A RESTATEMENT OF THE THEORY OF DISTRIBUTION.
IX. PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF THE THEORY OF DISTRIBUTION.
X. BUDGET MAKING.
XI. FAMILY BUDGETS.
XII. THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.
XIII. VOLUNTARY SOCIALISM.
XIV. THE AVOIDANCE OF STATE SOCIALISM
XV. THE MEASURE OF PROGRESS.

Ready for distribution November 11th.
Cloth bound, $1.00
PUBLISHED BY
THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

Special Volumes Recently Published

The Outlook for Industrial Peace
The Initiative, Referendum and Recall
Industrial Competition and Combination
Efficiency in City Government
Country Life
China: Social and Economic Conditions

Price $1.00 paper; $1.50 cloth

ADDRESS
THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
West Philadelphia Post Office
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

From the Fall List of **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** Publishers New York

The New Dutton Novels

Just Ready

The Honourable Mrs. Garry

By
Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE
(*Lady Clifford*)
Author of
"*Peter's Mother*," "*The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*," "*Master Christopher*," etc., etc.

Cloth, $1.35 *net; postpaid*, $1.47.

The Flaw in the Crystal

By MAY SINCLAIR
Author of
"*The Divine Fire*," "*The Judgment of Eve*," etc., etc.

Cloth, $1.20 *net; postpaid*, $1.29.

The Pilgrim Kamanita

By KARL GJELLERUP

"An uncommon type treated with splendid skill . . . one of the striking and important literary productions of the autumn."—*The Sun*, New York.

$1.35 *net; postpaid*, $1.44.

Eve

AN INCIDENT OF PARADISE REGAINED.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS
Author of
"*God's Fool*," "*The Price of Lis Doris*," etc., etc.

$1.35 *net; postpaid*, $1.45.

Ready Shortly

A NEW EDITION ON HAND-MADE PAPER OF

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft

By GEORGE GISSING

One of the most poignant, unforgettable books in which, under the form of fiction, a man ever expressed his inmost soul.

Cloth, $1.50 *net; postpaid*, $1.62

BIOGRAPHIES RICH IN PERSONALITY

The Life of Michael Angelo **By Romain Rolland**
With a portrait and twenty-three full-page reproductions of the artist's statues and paintings. *Cloth, 8vo.* $2.00 *net; postpaid*, $2.13. *Just ready.*

Tolstoy **By Romain Rolland**
"A most human and sympathetic work."—*New York Times.*
"A most satisfying book."—*Chicago Tribune.*
Cloth, $1.50 *net; postpaid*, $1.64.

George Borrow: The Man and His Books **By Edward Thomas**
"The pleasantest and most 'understanding' study that Borrow's many-sided genius has yet received."—*Daily Telegraph*, London.
8vo. Illus. $3.00 *net; postpaid*, $3.17. *Ready shortly.*

T. DeWitt Talmage as I Knew Him AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Concluding chapter by Mrs. DeWitt Talmage. *8vo.* $3.00 *net; postpaid*, $3.17.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London **By A. St. John Adcock**
74 illustrations from pen drawings by Frederick Adcock and 16 portraits.
Cloth 8vo. $2.50 *net; postpaid*, $2.67.

Things Seen in Palestine **By H. H. Spoer (A. Goodrich-Freer)**
Things Seen in Russia **By W. Barnes Steveni**
Uniform with the seven volumes in the "Things Seen Series," describing China, Egypt, Holland, Japan, Northern India, Spain, and Venice. *Each vol. illus. from photographs, in cloth*, 75 *cents net; in leather*, $1.00 *net; postage* 6 *cents.*

Rambles in the Pyrenees **By F. Hamilton Jackson**
With plans and nearly one hundred illustrations chiefly by the author.
Cloth, 8vo, $6.00 *net; postpaid*, $6.24.

Karakoram and Western Himalaya
An account of the expedition of H. R. H. **Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi.** By Filippo de Filippi, author of "Ruwenzori."

A readable narrative of adventure and a record of important explorations. The most superbly illustrated and altogether valuable travel book of the season. *In two volumes, crown quarto, the set* $15.00 *net. Ready shortly.*

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Heroes and Heroines of English History **By Alice S. Hoffman**
Illustrated in color and black and white by Gordon Browne.
Cloth, full gilt, $2.50.

A Child's Book of Warriors **By William Canton**
Author of "The Invisible Playmate," "W. V., Her Book," "A Child's Book of Saints," etc. Illustrated in color and line by Herbert Cole.
Decorated cover, gilt tops, $2.00.

Jolly Calle and Other Swedish Fairy Tales **By Helena Nyblom**
With decorations in black and white and illustrations in colors by Charles Folkard. $2.50.

Bee: the Princess of the Dwarfs **By Anatole France**
Retold in English by Peter Wright, and beautifully decorated and illustrated in colors by Charles Robinson. *Just ready.*
Decorated covers, $2.50 *net; postpaid*, $2.67.

Send for Dutton's New Holiday Catalogue, Just Ready

Address the Publishers **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** 31 W. 23d St. NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1912.

The Week

Though Gov. Wilson's election to the Presidency was expected by all men able to view the political situation coolly, the extent of his victory impresses the imagination. Let no man say that his success was undeserved. He had a magnificent opportunity, but he seized it magnificently. Deliberately marking out the lines of his campaign, he clung to them tenaciously, and by the dignity and force of his speeches, the sagacity of his judgment, and the manliness of his bearing, held his party together in the face of a formidable raider, and won the support of thousands of Republicans and independents. This is a shining achievement. No sure good fortune made Woodrow Wilson appear taller from the shoulders upward than any other possible Democratic nominee this year. Over any other of the candidates at Baltimore, Roosevelt would have driven his chariot triumphantly. And first among the great gains of his victory, we put the destruction of the hideous superstition about the protective tariff, which was again dragged out the past month in the hope of deceiving, at the same time that it insulted, the intelligence of the American people.

But with the same vote by which Gov. Wilson's wonderful success has been attained, solemn warning has been given. It is not an hour for foolish elation. No man perceives this more clearly than Woodrow Wilson. His earliest words are all of deep responsibility, and of the sobering which such a victory as his carries with it. We may be sure that no eye is keener than his to read the signs in the political heavens. He sees the breaking up of the great deep in this election. Party allegiance was trampled upon. In the casting of ballots impatience visibly went with hope, imperious demands for the future alongside condign punishment for the past. The vast and fluctuating electorate stands ready to inflict its dire penalties upon Democratic failure. Gov. Wilson must be fully aware of all this. He must understand perfectly, for example, what courage and strength of will and calmness under obloquy he will need in order to prevent the party victory from being transmuted into a swinish rush for spoils. This would infallibly lead down a steep place into the sea.

This is no time to attempt to review Mr. Taft's Presidency. Every man knows in his heart, however, that it has not been that black betrayal and wretched failure which it has been painted. The country has many services to thank him for, as all will acknowledge when the rancorous animosities of the past few months have sunk to their proper level. But in the personal aspect of his humiliation, one fact will remain unchallenged. He brought his fate upon himself. When in 1908 he allowed Theodore Roosevelt to force him upon the Republican party and the country as President, he put his official life at the mercy of one man. Placed in the White House by grace of Theodore Roosevelt, he is now expelled from it by revenge of Theodore Roosevelt.

Besides winning the Presidency, the Democrats will have a tremendous majority in the House of Representatives, and, if present indications are borne out, also a safe margin in the Senate. With the exception of the first half of Cleveland's second Administration, this will be the first time since the outbreak of the Civil War that the Democratic party will have had control of the three branches of the Federal Government upon which devolves the power of legislation and administration. And in that exceptional two years following the election of 1892, the situation both of the party and of the country was so peculiar as to block disastrously the party's power to make a record of constructive work. The silver question was approaching its acutest stage, and upon this question the party was hopelessly divided within itself; the national finances were in a critical condition, and preparations had been made by the outgoing Administration for taking the extraordinary step of a bond issue in time of peace; a desolating panic prostrated business very soon after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration; and finally a little group of machine-made Senators, bitterly hostile to Cleveland, was in a position to paralyze the party in the upper branch of Congress. In every one of these respects, the situation to-day is in most gratifying contrast to that of 1892. The Democratic Congress will have the opportunity, and we believe will have the will, to coöperate effectively with the Democratic President in a great programme of national progress. That it may be guided by wise as well as patriotic leadership is to-day the hope and expectation of the country.

Among the influences which will bear on the political history of the coming Democratic Administration, there is one of high importance to which little consideration has as yet been given in the forecasts of people or politicians. It has been the peculiar lot of the Democratic party, in each of its Presidential victories for the sixty past years, to enter office at a time of business depression. When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated for the second time, in March, 1893, the great financial panic of that year was already beginning. His first inauguration, in March of 1885, occurred when the country was still shaken by the after-effects of the panic of 1884. Mr. Buchanan took office only a month or two before the outbreak of the panic of 1857. All three of those financial crises were the outcome of causes world-wide in their scope and purely economic in their character; but the handicap imposed by them on a new Administration was inevitable. The Republican party, on the other hand, has been favored by exceptional good fortune in the character of the period when its Presidential candidates have replaced those of the opposition. When Mr. McKinley took office in 1897 and Mr. Harrison in 1889, the tide of prosperity was running strongly in the country's favor. Gov. Wilson's Administration will begin under just such auspices as theirs.

The late Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Sherman, had a genial and attractive personality that made him particularly popular in Congressional circles, and won him a large number of friends. Yet he represented a type of public man now rapidly disappearing from view. The progressive movement everywhere has made it clear that there is no longer place for men who but twenty-five years ago were looked up to as the mainstay of political parties—the men who went into politics because of business and believed that victories in politics were to be achieved primarily to make money for the victors and their friends. The whole teaching of Mr. Sherman's party was along that line; the rich manufacturer from whom one could fry fat and to whom one could grant tariff favors was the exemplar of successful American citizenship. For this kind of business politics the Republican party is now paying a terrible but a deserved penalty. Its leaders of the future cannot be men of Mr. Sherman's kind, even though they embody in their personality great charm and all the social virtues, and are skilled party leaders and able parliamentarians.

There must be some mistake about the announcement that the Supreme Court of the United States has devised rules for making the administration of justice in the Federal courts more speedy and less costly. The way in which this reform has been brought about naturally makes us very suspicious of it. Judges have been giving a great deal of patient labor to it. They have conferred with one another and with legal experts; have had a large mass of evidence before them, which they have painstakingly sifted, and have carefully studied the various proposals for improvement laid before them. They have taken their time about it, too, and have been cautious. But the country knows very well that judicial reform cannot be brought about in any such pussy-footed way. The thing to do, as we have been told over and over again, is to let loose a hurricane upon the courts, to get the crowd to teach the judges how to decide, and to make an end at once of the law's delays by taking a popular vote in every case which it is desired to hurry to a conclusion. With all these new principles firmly fixed in the citizen's mind, he will know what to think of the pretence that by study and patience and trained intelligence a reform in judicial procedure has been accomplished.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since James Bryce wrote:

> Under the system of Congressional finance here described, America wastes millions annually. But her wealth is so great, her revenue so elastic, that she is not sensible of the loss. She has the glorious privilege of youth, the privilege of committing errors without suffering from their consequences.

Any interference with this glorious privilege is still sacrilege in the eyes of Congressmen, and, accordingly, by means of the convenient device of a "rider," they provided during their last session that no annual budget should be prepared for the Government until they should so order. The immediate purpose of this action was to head off President Taft and his Commission on Economy and Efficiency, who were known to be contemplating so violent an invasion of our liberties. In support of the position assumed by Congress, grave Constitutional and practical arguments are advanced. These would be much more impressive if Congress itself had been exhibiting a disposition to systematize the methods of raising and spending the people's money. The advantages of a budget are not only in the direction of wiser financing; of equal value would it be to help both citizens and officials to get an intelligent grasp of this important branch of the Government's activities. What the country had a right to expect was coöperation between Congress and the President in the establishing of so desirable an improvement. The attempt to thwart Mr. Taft in this respect will only delay the triumph of a policy that all other nations have long followed.

The census bulletin on illiteracy makes a most satisfactory exhibit of progress. The percentage of illiterates in the entire population has, in a decade, been cut down from 10.7 to 7.7, and this percentage among children from ten to fourteen years of age has been reduced, in the same period, from 7.2 to 4.1. The latter showing is both the more striking and the more significant of the two; it means that in the rising generation there are but little more than half as many illiterates in every thousand persons as there were among the young people of like age ten years ago. A remarkable feature of the detailed showing is that the reduction of illiteracy has not only been common to all sections of the country, and strongly marked in every section, but that it has been proportionally as decided in those sections in which the amount of illiteracy was already very small as in those in which there was—and is—a great deal of room for improvement. Thus (for children 10-14 years of age) while the percentage in the South Atlantic, East South Central, and West South Central States fell from 17.8, 18.2, and 16.2, respectively, in 1900 to 10.0, 10.7, and 9.4 in 1910, the New England percentage was reduced from 1.2 to 0.4, the Middle Atlantic from 0.9 to 0.4, the East North Central from 0.7 to 0.3, the West North Central from 1.4 to 0.6. This record of advance seems fully to justify the assertion in the bulletin that the figures "show that illiteracy in the United States is being gradually eliminated."

But, while the *relative* figures of illiteracy, the comparisons between 1910 and 1900, are at all points in a high degree satisfactory, some of the *absolute* figures are very far from what they should be. Especially is this the case in regard to the negro population. Thus in the three above-named Southern divisions of the country, among the negro children from ten to fourteen years of age, the percentage of illiterates is still 18.9, 20.7, and 22.4, respectively; which, though it is a marked improvement on the 31.3, 33.1, and 32.7 of ten years ago, yet represents a vast body of neglected childhood. The significance, too, of such a mass of illiteracy is more than what appears from the figures; for where downright "illiteracy"—the inability to read and write—is so common, we may be sure that a large proportion of those above that line have the most meagre schooling. There is much uphill work still before the men and women who are striving to procure the benefits of elementary education for the negro population of the South. Our foreign-born children, on the other hand, and the native children of foreign parents, make a most excellent showing. Throughout the North, illiteracy among the native children of foreign parents amounts to only about one-fifth of one per cent.; and even among the foreign-born children (of the ages in question) it ranges only from 2.1 to 5.8 per cent. Nothing could give stronger evidence of the rapidity with which the American school system takes hold of the inflowing tide of humanity.

While the publication of the Loeb Library of Greek and Latin Classics has now long been a certainty, the actual appearance of the initial volumes of the series is an event that should not be passed by without a word of welcome. With the original text on one page and the best obtainable English translation facing it on the opposite page, and with the price placing the books within the reach of all lovers of ancient literature, the publication of this great collection brings reinforcement to the friends of "the humanities" at a time when it is sorely needed. But, while Mr. Loeb's well-chosen munificence is thus an encouragement to what is in many ways a waning cause, we believe that it indicates something more than the feeling of one man, or one small group of men, in regard to that cause. In this day of large-scale operation in all directions, the currents of life which are not predominant are apt to be ignored altogether; and every once in a while something occurs to reveal their existence in quite unsuspected strength. Such a revelation was made, in this very matter of the classical tradition, when the new movement at Amherst was launched, a year or two ago; and so, we are inclined to think, the Loeb Library will prove to be not only a cause, but also a sign, of a wider interest in the classics than is generally supposed to exist at present. In any case, it will be a fine achievement—a notable addition to the higher intellectual resources of the English-speaking peoples, and a credit to our own country.

That football makes tremendously for the development of character has long been recognized, but it has seldom if ever before furnished so striking a manifestation of its possibilities in this direction as it gave a day or two ago at Dartmouth. On the squad was a well-built youth from New Hampshire. He had been on the team for a year, but had not displayed the prowess that might naturally have been expected from his appearance. On this occasion he was put in at guard. As usual, he was playing only fair football when something happened that proved to be the turning-point in his career: he was accidentally kicked on the nose. From that moment, observers say, he was invincible. He played harder as the game progressed, and stopped every play that was directed at him. He now sits among the mighty at the training-table. The regrettable feature of this otherwise inspiring incident is that what could so easily have been brought about by design in the very beginning was left to the caprice of chance. A man who may now make the All-America eleven some day was permitted to find himself as best he could. Evidently, the coaching system was gravely at fault. We trust that no more Dartmouth youths will have to wait a whole year for a trifling but indispensable bit of experience that shall in a moment transform them from boys to men.

Cuba's Presidential election on Friday disappointed the prophets—especially the inspired prophets of American intervention—by being conducted in the most orderly manner. None of that rioting and bloodshed at the polls which were so solemnly predicted, and which were to be the signal for the sailing of our men-of-war for Havana, appeared anywhere; no disturbances being reported from any part of the island. This speaks well for the growing self-restraint of the Cubans, while it also shows that they understood the bearing of a peaceful election upon the whole question of their continuing independence. The success of Gen. Menocal was generally expected, and was plainly desired by the most stable and substantial elements of the population. He seems clearly to be the best man for the job, to use the consecrated American phrase, but it is truly a big job that confronts him. President Gomez leaves him the legacy of a discredited and well-nigh wrecked Government. The interval before Menocal is inaugurated will be a critical period, but if that is safely got through, and the new President takes office next spring with the best people in Cuba sustaining him, there is every reason to hope that the young republic will acquire new strength and respect.

Mr. Asquith made a telling point in one of his recent speeches when, leading up to a powerful statement of the case against the threatened Unionist policy as to Ulster, he reminded his hearers of two earnest warnings uttered by him in the past, and disregarded by the Tories with disastrous results. The first related to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal campaign initiated in 1903—"a campaign in favor of a return to the old and discredited system of protection"; the second to the rejection of the budget of 1909 by the House of Lords. The Premier has no occasion to apologize for any assumption of prophetic gifts when he points to the fact that he repeatedly warned the Unionist leaders in 1903 and 1904 that they were "heading straight for the disaster into which they plunged in 1906," and that he likewise warned them in 1909 that rejection of the budget would bode calamity to the House of Lords. In both instances, he was resting not on any special insight peculiar to himself, but on the knowledge that political instincts and convictions which were deeply imbedded in the public mind of England could not be offended against with impunity. The "Tariff Reform" agitation has been a dismal failure; the rejection of the budget brought down on the House of Lords the penalty that level-headed men, friends and enemies alike, foresaw; and Mr. Asquith has no difficulty in making out a case against the Ulsterite irreconcilables quite as strong as that which held against the unfortunate positions assumed by the Unionist leaders upon the other two questions.

A step towards the union of cleanliness and godliness in India has been taken by the appointment of a commission to inquire into the sanitation of Hindu and Mohammedan centres of pilgrimage. For a series of years there have been outbreaks of epidemics at these points, and the departing devotees have carried away with them the germs of diseases which have later appeared hundreds of miles distant. It is also known that pilgrims carry contagion and infection to these centres, with serious results. Doubtless it is better to be dirty and holy than to have clean hands but an impure heart, and the Government will have to proceed tactfully in any strengthening of existing regulations. The part played in the Mutiny by the greasing of cartridges with the fat of certain animals must always haunt the officers entrusted with the task of "civilizing" India according to European standards and methods.

PROGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION

The agitation of which Mr. Roosevelt has been the central figure, and which, though it has flamed out with a sudden intensity in the last few months, was distinctly under way during a large part of his second term as President, has all along had as one of its essential features an assault upon the potency of the written Constitution, the distinguishing feature of our historic polity. That assault has taken various forms. For a long time it consisted chiefly in the vehement assertion of an extreme doctrine of loose construction, a doctrine under which it became the duty of the judges to read into the Constitution—or out of it—anything which an assumed change in the ethical or economic demands of public sentiment might call for. A more advanced stage was reached in the proposal that judicial decisions on certain great questions of Constitutional interpretation should be subject to reversal by popular vote; a proposal from the working of which the Supreme Court of the United States was, in terms, excluded, but which obviously carried with it, as a logical and even an indispensable sequel, the application of a like process to the decisions of the nation's highest tribunal. And in his final brief appeal to the voters on the eve of election, Mr. Roosevelt made a reference to "worn-out governmental expedients" in which it requires no great exercise of insight to see a contemptuous allusion to the restrictions of a written Constitution.

Among the causes of the growth of this agitation—by no means the only cause, but unquestionably a very powerful one—has been the belief, entertained by many highly intelligent persons, though with very little reason, that the Constitution of the United States is virtually unamendable. We say "with very little reason," because, although no amendment has been made to the Constitution for a century, except for those brought about by the Civil War, it is equally true that no earnest, determined, and general movement in favor of any amendment has been made at any time during that period, until very recently. Within the last few years, two changes—the income-tax amendment, and that providing for direct election of Senators—have aroused serious interest throughout the country; and what is the result? It was announced from Washington three or four days ago that thirty-four out of the thirty-six States required have approved the income-tax amendment; and there is no doubt that within a few months it will be incorporated into the Constitution. The direct election of Senators is not so far advanced, but it has been adopted by House and Senate, and will in all probability have an easy course through the State Legislatures. Moreover, in both of these cases, the adoption of the amendment would have been much more prompt had it not been for obstacles not germane to their purpose. Gov. Hughes's objection to what he regarded as a dangerous, though unintended, consequence of certain words in the income-tax amendment unquestionably delayed its acceptance by at least a year; and in the matter of the direct election of Senators, the difficulty of reconciling Northern and Southern views as to a purely accidental bearing of the amendment on the conduct of elections caused the proposal to hang fire for a long time. As it is, the quiet progress of these two proposals completely disposes of the notion that the Constitution is incapable of amendment except by war or by a tremendous popular upheaval.

It was not in the specific schemes of economic or social change embodied in the Progressive party's platform that the essential point of departure of that party was to be found. Many of these projects not only have the hearty approval of all humane and open-minded men without distinction of party, but had been making rapid strides towards adoption before the Progressive party was heard of. Some are of a different nature, and involve decidedly contentious matter. But the great thing that underlay the whole, the thing conveyed in a thousand ways though not expressed in any platform plank or perhaps in any explicit utterance, relates not so much to objects as to methods. Impatience of any such restraints as are imposed by a written Constitution is of the very essence of the movement; and even this does not by any means measure the extent of its departure from the American tradition. What the new Constitution of Ohio has done for that State is but an advance specimen of what, by the very law of its being, this movement, if it should persist, is bound to seek to impose upon the nation. Amendment of the Constitution initiated by a trifling percentage of the voters, and completed by the assent of a majority of those voting upon it at a single election; statutes similarly enacted, without the interposition either of the Legislature or of the Executive: this is what the logic of the Progressive movement, and the emotional force behind it, alike prescribe as its inevitable goal.

And why not? "What great harm," it may be asked, "would there be in this direct power of the people to settle the questions of the people? Let them make mistakes; they will learn to correct them." This is a cheap and easy answer; and it seems to satisfy the youthful reformers of all ages with whom the country nowadays abounds. Bow how about mistakes that cannot be corrected? How about a plebiscite for free silver in the dark years following the panic of 1893? That would have been an absolutely irreversible judgment—the mischief would have lain in the change itself, and could never have been undone. How about a plebiscite on Union or Secession? Who knows what would have been the result of that? Was the Union to be staked on the result of a count of noses at any single time at which its opponents wished to put it to the touch? And who knows what fundamental questions—questions quite as fundamental as either of these—the future may bring forth? The defenders of the Constitution to-day, the defenders of representative government to-day, stand for the preservation of established institutions in the face of sudden attack. They stand for "governmental expedients" which make it impossible to sweep away fundamental features of our political or economic structure without giving them a fair chance to measure their strength against the wave of innovation. It is no iron-bound Constitution that they are pledged to defend; it is a Constitution subject to change, but subject to change only when the desire of the nation for that change has been proved to be steady and assured. And under that Constitution, with such modification as the firm judgment of the country may demand, the nation will respond to the requirements of progress without sacrificing its sobriety or endangering its stability.

METAPHYSICAL STANDARDS OF LIVING.

No discussion of social conditions among the workers of the nation to-day is complete if it does not lay a great deal of stress on the question of immigration, on the changes in the industrial world that have resulted therefrom, and specifically on the American standard of living. Especially in treating of the character of the "new" immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe during the last thirty-five years, a writer seldom fails to point out the menace to the American standard of living that arises when vast hordes of poverty-stricken Italians and Slavs are brought into competition with the native workingmen. The main features of such contrasts are familiar. We are directed to the tenement districts of New York city or Chicago, we are shown perhaps a dozen Polish or Slovak laborers herded together in two or three rooms under destructive physical and moral conditions, and we are asked to consider what, under such circumstance, is to be the future. Mary Field, in the last number of the *American Magazine*, has done this in a series of very vivid and generally truthful sketches of the way in which wage-earners live in Chicago. Much in the same spirit is W. Jett Lauck's article on "The Vanishing American Wage-Earner," in the last *Atlantic*.

And yet, in both these studies of the immigrant wage-earner, though they seem to deal with concrete figures and conditions, there is discernible a peculiar hesitancy in getting down to the essential fact. The writers reason *a priori*. They show us what the living conditions are among the immigrant population, they remind us of the American ideal and draw the conclusion explicitly or by inference that a degradation of American standards is inevitable. But evidently a much simpler and more scientific way of going at the problem would be to ask specifically whether, taking the ninety millions of people in the United States as a whole, life to-day is on a lower plane than it was thirty years ago or sixty years ago. Is the average wage lower, is the average amount of comfort smaller, is the average percentage of destitution and crime larger, is the average standard of popular education on the decline? To bring forward specific figures on such vast and complicated matters is out of the question in this place. But we doubt if even the most remorseless critic of industrial conditions in this country will, as a matter of general knowledge and conviction, defend the thesis that the economic position of the American wage-earner has been going down under the pressure of immigration. As for the broader ethical and spiritual effects of the foreign inrush, the social worker will be the last to deny that it is precisely during the last quarter of a century that this nation has experienced a spiritual awakening whose effects in politics, industry, and social relations we are now beginning to see in full force. Reasoning *a priori*, the student of immigration would have argued, twenty-five years ago, that the invasion of uneducated foreigners, with no tradition of liberty and self-government behind them, must inevitably work a deterioration in our politics. Yet it is to-day that we are in the full swing of a campaign for governmental reform.

When the critics of the "new" immigration speak of the American standard of living there seems to be vaguely present to their minds a picture of the America of seventy-five years ago, with its industries located in the small manufacturing towns, and its population of independent, native workingmen living in their own homes, and moving, out of shop hours, on a basis of democratic equality with their employers. With this they contrast the condition of what they describe as industrial serfdom under which the foreign mill-worker or miner lives to-day. But that obviously is a false contrast to make when one wishes to discuss the effects of the "new" immigration. The true contrast to be drawn is between the living standard of the "new" immigrants and that of the immigrants of three-quarters of a century ago, when the Irish began to enter the mills and factories, to be followed by other races, such as the French-Canadians. The workingman of native stock reaching back, let us say, a hundred years, was never a tenement dweller. The city tenement and the slum arose with the first waves of the older immigration. The proper question to ask, therefore, is whether tenement conditions to-day are worse than they were fifty years ago, whether congestion among the Italians and Slavs of New York city, taking them as a whole, is worse than it was among the Irish tenement dwellers in 1860. At bottom it is not a question whether the "American" standard of living has been declining, but whether the standard of living among tenement dwellers in America has been going down. And on that point the answer would surely be by no means as one-sided as our writers would imply.

An analogous want of really close analysis is apparent in what the *Atlantic* writer has to say concerning the "vanishing" of the American wage-earner. He shows that when the cotton mills were first started in New England, "the looms and spindles were tended by the sons and daughters of the farmers who lived in the surrounding country." As the industries expanded, skilled operatives came in from Great Britain. After 1850 the French-Canadians appeared. After 1890 began the Slavic and Latin invasion. To-day the number of native Americans in the New England mills is one-tenth of the total number of employees. In the woollen mills the proportion is one-seventh. In the silk mills the proportion is one-fifth. Apparently, the American workingman has been "vanishing" indeed. But our writer neglects to mention that between 1870 and 1910, the output of our silk mills increased sixteen-fold, our cotton output increased nearly four-fold, and our woollen output increased nearly to the same degree. Presumably there has been a corresponding increase in the number of wage-earners engaged in these industries. It makes a very considerable difference whether we say that the Portuguese or Italian mill-hand has forced the native workingman out of his job or whether the foreigner has simply taken the job that could not be filled by American labor.

The vanishing American workingman! The non-metaphysical mind insists on asking where has the American workingman vanished to? Evidently, he must have vanished either up or down. Our writers do not assert that he has gone down. The native stock has not swelled the ranks of pauperism and crime. Has he, then, risen, as a great many people believe, to the position of foreman and director of the new masses of foreign labor? The writer in the *American Magazine* seems inclined to think that he has; wherefore, evidently, his standard of living has not suffered from foreign competition. But a more satisfactory answer is supplied by Mr. Lauck in the *Atlantic*. Speaking of the old English, Irish, and Scotch immigrants, whom, by contrast with the newer immigrants, he treats as "Americans," he tells us that "not only has this class ceased entering the mills, but those already employed have sought work elsewhere." Working elsewhere; in other words, the vanishing American wage-earner is still a wage-earner somewhere; he has not vanished at all.

THE TURKISH DOWNFALL.

Acknowledgment of defeat comes from Constantinople in the form of an appeal by the Ottoman Government for the good offices of the Powers. The final outcome of an extraordinary campaign can hardly be affected by what the next few days may bring forth. It is simply a question whether the present conflict shall go down in history as a two weeks' war or a three weeks' war. It was only on October 19 that the Bulgarian offensive began, and it is the work of the Bulgarian armies that has decided the issue. Just what have been the factors that entered into the Bulgarian victories we are still left to conjecture. It is only with the news of the approaching end of the war that anything but the most meagre details has begun to reach us as to the nature of the fighting. On the Bulgarian side there has been just one newspaper correspondent at the front, and his reports have dealt more with results than with the actual nature of the contest. Until now we have had to be satisfied with general impressions. The Bulgarians have displayed extraordinary courage and dash. Their commanders have been resourceful. The Turks were beaten steadily backwards. But as to the number of forces engaged, their strength in the various arms of attack, and the losses on both sides, there is still the greatest uncertainty.

It may be in place here to attempt a brief review of the movements of the armies from the investment of Adrianople and Kirk-Kilisseh to the present moment. We must imagine a rough triangle some 140 miles tall, with its base running from Adrianople to Kirk-Kilisseh and its apex, pointing southeast, at Constantinople. At Adrianople the fighting began on October 20, and almost simultaneously at Kirk-Kilisseh. The first Turkish defeat came at the latter place, which was taken on October 24. The fighting line then shifts forty miles to the southeast, and by so much nearer to Constantinople. The base of the triangle, roughly parallel to the original base line, now extends from Baba Eski on the west, through Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar to Visa. Along this line the decisive point was the capture of Lule Burgas by the Bulgarians on October 30. The Turks fell back, another section of the triangle had been cut off, and the base pushed back thirty miles nearer to Constantinople along the line between Chorlu, near the Sea of Marmora, and Sarai, near the Black Sea. There, for a while, the Turks made a stand, not with the hope of retrieving their fortunes, but for the purpose of enabling part of their forces to reach the Tchatalja line of fortifications forty miles to the southeast and within two days' march from Constantinople.

Of the spirit animating the Bulgarian forces enough has been said. What has been the conduct of the Turkish troops? Almost from the first there have been stories of panic and cowardice on their part. Regiments have been described as surrendering in a body, or fleeing to the rear and fighting for possession of the southbound trains. The retreat of the Turks after the battle of Lule Burgas is characterized as a rout in the London *Chronicle's* story from its correspondent with Nazim Pasha's army, the first piece of effective narrative the war has so far produced. Battalions, regiments, and companies are described as melting away into mobs of panic-stricken fugitives; and the *Chronicle's* story is echoed in other reports. But that the retreat from Lule Burgas, while precipitate, was not entirely a *sauve qui peut* appears from the fact that after being beaten on Wednesday at Lule Burgas, on Saturday, the day after the *Chronicle's* correspondent dates his dispatch, the Turks are fighting obstinately some thirty-five miles to the south along the line of Chorlu-Sarai. "Murderous" is the way one story characterizes Saturday's conflict, which showed a casualty list of twenty thousand. This story, it is true, comes from Constantinople, but it is amply confirmed by a dispatch of Sunday's date from Sofia, to the effect that the remnant of the Turkish army was making a stand along the line from Chorlu to Sarai.

It should seem to be clear, therefore, that it is not want of courage on the part of the Turks that has brought about their overthrow. The Bulgarians, of course, have been their match in that, and have had in addition the impetus that is always on the side of the attacking force, and, as time went on, the prestige of success. Much of the fighting has been of a ferocious character, hand to hand and dagger against club. But it now appears that preparedness and efficiency entered largely into the result. The *Chronicle's* representative speaks of the splendid effectiveness of the Bulgarian artillery, but it was an effectiveness made possible largely by the breakdown of the Turkish artillery, due to the failure of supplies. Turkish artillerymen are described as standing with folded arms at their guns, ammunition exhausted, and waiting for their fate. Ill-armed, ill-fed, ill-clad, the Ottoman soldier went out under a tremendous handicap. The outcome of the war is sure to bring a crisis in the affairs of the Young Turkish régime at Constantinople. The crisis will be all the more severe if it shall turn out that during the four years they have been in power they made no effort to prepare the army against the test which they must have foreseen was bound to come.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES AGAIN.

"The care which a nation devotes to the preservation of the monuments of its past may serve as a true measure of the degree of civilization to which it has attained." With this sentiment from a Russian Governmental source, Mr. Waldo G. Leland begins an authoritative article in the *American Historical Review* upon the condition of our national archives. He goes, however, beyond the usual complaint, not only in the fulness of his picture of their deplorable situation, but in his presentation of a programme for betterment. Certainly, there is very little of the civilized in our Government's present neglect of its archives, the value of which is obviously inestimable. It is not only that the records are scattered all over Washington in storehouses, disused theatres—the one in which Lincoln was shot has been used for some of the most precious papers of the War Department—but that wherever they are they usually suffer from such neglect as to insure often their rapid deterioration or make possible their theft or deliberate destruction as waste-paper. Where else than in Washington are abandoned car-barns deemed proper housing for records not only indispensable to the historian, but often vitally necessary to the proper conduct of official business?

Naturally, in such extraordinary hiding places the danger from fire is appalling. In the various departments priceless papers are kept on wooden shelves and in wooden cases. It is only by good luck that there has been no worse loss at Washington than that at Albany in the Capitol fire, over which every historian still mourns. Should some of these Washington records go it would entail an actual cash loss that would run into the millions—a cold business fact which alone ought to move Congress. The President's Efficiency Commission might also complain of the loss of time involved in getting at almost inaccessible records and in searching for others that have disappeared. Obstruction of business in this way costs a great deal of money. Not long ago, Mr. Leland reports, 760 file-boxes of the Indian Office archives were found in an attic of the Interior building, where they had probably lain since 1876. The archives prior to 1850 of the Chief of Engineers of the army will, it is hoped, be turned up in some similar place; but this is doubtful, for it is said that they were sent to the Capitol about 1850 and never returned. How unsafe this was appears from the old story that the open fire of the file clerk of the House of Representatives was kept going for a whole winter by the use of petitions and other documents which should have been most carefully preserved.

Mr. Leland's programme is, of course, premised upon the much-desired archives building. Without this a responsible administration or management is impossible—a fact long recognized by those who have fought for the building. Mr. Leland thinks the site originally selected is too far from the centre of things in Washington. Convenience and safety are the controlling requisites. As to its size, he estimates that 5,000,000 cubic feet of space are already in use for records in the District of Columbia, with an annual growth of 60,000 cubic feet. The bill now before the Senate calls for a building of 1,500,000 cubic feet. We fully agree with Mr. Leland that it would be a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy to start with one having less than double that amount. Warned, perhaps, by the architectural horrors of the Government Printing Office and the Pension Bureau, he modestly hopes for "something more than a storage warehouse." Indeed, there is no reason whatever why it should not be in keeping with the latest Washington buildings which have added so much to the city's beauty, and that it should be of the steel stack type, wholly fireproof, is also obvious.

Turning to the question of the control of the records, once they are housed, Mr. Leland emphatically urges that they should then come into the legal custody of the archivist. Any other course would, it seems to us, involve such a tangle as to be unthinkable. Yet there will probably be a determined effort to reserve to the various departments complete jurisdiction of their archives—a system which failed lamentably in England. Each department should, of course, have the right to designate the records to be deposited in the archives building; but central control of all the records would prove essential to efficiency and to the authentication of documents. As to the character of that control, Mr. Leland favors an Archive Commission, to be composed of a representative of each of the executive departments, with an archivist as the head of the actual work. Such an archivist would naturally keep in closest touch with the Library of Congress, which must remain the proper place for the preservation of private and historical manuscripts, and also with the proposed Commission on National Historical Publications to control the printing of such of the archives as warrant publication.

We have gone at length into these details because we feel that there is no subject connected with the machinery of our Government which demands a prompter attention at the hands of Congress. Every day that passes under present conditions means a loss of money, and of historical treasure that cannot be replaced. We are thinking not merely of the scholars and writers, who are deprived at present of access to the records, but of the wealth of unused educational matter of inestimable value to teachers and students of government, of politics, and of administrative law. More than that, a conflagration in certain places would cripple the workings of departments and bureaus and lay the Government open to being plundered for lack of the evidence with which to refute unjust claims. It took years to get the new Library of Congress; surely the time is at hand when this other need will be filled. Cabinet members have urged it for years, and so have committees of Congress. There can be no excuse for further delay.

CHAUCER IN MODERN PROSE.

Is the convenience of the modern reader too much consulted? It would be hard to mention any Continental masterpiece of which a fairly recent English translation does not exist. And having exhausted foreign works, the translators have turned to the monuments of old England. The stamp of approval was put on that movement by a great scholar when a few years ago Professor Gummere brought "Beowulf" within the reach of all. The venture was daring, but was pronounced highly successful. Now come Professor Tatlock and Mr. Percy MacKaye with a modern prose rendering of Chaucer, in a handsome volume, with choice colored plates (published by Macmillans). The question is whether this consideration for readers with extremely limited equipment will not in a very special sense make modern readers of us all. In the case of the Loeb Classical Library, the danger is partly forestalled by the inclusion of the original texts along with the translations. For obvious reasons, no such arrangement was thought necessary in the present book.

Chaucer in prose! The idea at one time would have seemed odd, even if the rendering were into another tongue. For Chaucer's rhythm, like the bells on his Monk's horses, which so clear and loud could "jingle in a whistling wind," has a way of getting into one's head. Just at first one is sure to feel resentment, upon turning to the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, to read in the new version:

> When the sweet showers of April have pierced to the root the dryness of March, and bathed every vine in moisture whose quickening brings forth the flowers; when Zephyr, also with his sweet breath, has quickened the tender new shoots in holt and moor, and the young sun has run his half-course in the Ram, and little birds make melody and sleep all night with eyes open, so nature pricks them in their hearts; then folk long to go on pilgrimage to re-

nowned shrines in sundry distant lands, and palmers to seek strange shores. And especially from every shire's end in England they go their way to Canterbury, to seek the holy blessed martyr who helped them when they were sick.

Readers will be apt to turn back to some such couplet as the following and grieve over its scattered melody:

And smalë fowlës maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yo.

Pronounced with the vowel sounds of Chaucer's day, these lines have a music comparable to that of the best Italian verse.

Great loss there is bound to be, as the two editors readily admit. It is not their aim, they assert, to win away from Chaucer's own words any readers to whom his language presents no difficulties; but rather to attract to him those who otherwise would not tarry at all. How many there are in the latter class, time and the publisher's count may tell. Their number is probably great. For the obstacle of the language is real and has long been felt. Even so early as the age of Elizabeth, Spenser's enthusiasm for Chaucer was not general, and though Dryden later made certain adaptations, he seems not to have understood Chaucer's metre. More recently schools and colleges have taken him up, and at Harvard the tradition started by Professor Child has grown formidable. Yale, too, has her Lounsbury. But for every one getting such expert instruction there must be many whose lack of the Chaucerian *Sprachgefühl* makes them botch and bungle, and then give up their experiment with the language altogether. They are likely to be more easily discouraged than an Englishman, the possessor of a Kelmscott Chaucer, who, reading with total disregard of proper accents, remarked cheerfully, "You see, it runs along pretty well if you scan it right." Granting, then, the demand for a modern version, it is a pleasure to acknowledge that Messrs. Tatlock and MacKaye have done their work well. Both had special qualifications, which are manifested by their constant endeavor to safeguard the feeling of the original lines.

Certain portions of the poet naturally come off better than others. Without the gentle tap of the rhyme the Prioress loses much in piquancy. Only Chaucer himself will do:

At metë wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippës falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir saucë depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.

For the same reason there is less pathos in the tale of the good Custance; nor can Chauntecleer ever look quite himself minus his quibbling couplets. But there are several instances in Chaucer where such personal traits must yield to the normal demands of narrative; so, for example, "Troilus and Criseyde." Here the sacrifice of the verse is not so serious. There be even some who have said—but it is heresy—that Chaucer would have done better this once to adopt prose; that the exigencies of the intricate stanzaic form have led to prolixity. "And shortly for to seye," cries Chaucer to disarm you, but meanwhile is merely filling out a verse and scrambling for a rhyme. Such dissenters will be specially interested in this modern rendering. As told there in prose, the story is still a delight and is expressed in language which appears highly suitable.

Chaucer modernized will never supplant his real self in the minds of them who know him, any more than the cleverest equivalents of Horace's Latin can suffice. But to those for whom the book was planned it may be heartily commended. If haply it shall produce a more general acquaintance with Chaucer, we shall expect it also to free him from the smart judgment, often heard, that he appeals only because he is quaint and that his characters are too simple to touch our own more complicated age.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

BERGEN, Norway, October 21.

One of the books which has attracted much attention in Denmark this season is Edmund Gosse's "Two visits to Denmark, 1872, 1874," translated into Danish by Valdemar Rordam, and published by Gyldendal. Gosse visited Denmark at a time when a new spirit was breaking forth, and, though a stranger, fully understood and described it. Of particular interest is the account of his acquaintance with Georg Brandes, who at the moment was probably the most hated man in the country, but who, as Gosse foresaw, was soon to be one of the leaders of Danish intellectual life.

The late King Frederick was especially interested in military affairs, being a general in the Danish army, and having fought in the Dano-German war of 1864. The most important events in his life were of a military character, and the timely little publication, by Axel Liljefalk, "Kong Fredrik den ottende, et bidrag til hans livs historie" ("King Frederick the Eighth, a Contribution to the History of his Life"), traces his career from his first service as a sub-lieutenant in the army till he led the big manœuvres a few years ago as a general and commander-in-chief. The book does not number much more than fifty pages, but gives the chief facts of the King's life, without trying to portray the development of the country during his reign.

A novel of some vigor is Harry Søiberg's "Af nyskovens saga" ("Of the New-Forest Saga"). The author belongs to the most promising of the younger generation in Denmark; by a former publication, "Af jordens slægt" ("Of the Earth's Race"), he obtained a name in Danish literature and a large circle of readers. His descriptions of nature, and the life in the forests and on the mountain slopes, are drawn with an intensity and force which remind one at once of Kipling, and, in Northern literature, of Johannes V. Jensen and Hamsun. The conflict in this latest novel is rather simple and lacking in originality; its interest is due to its poetical and psychological intensity, to the extraordinary fresh and direct charm by which the landscape is framed round a rough and primitive life. Among other Danish books must be noted a new (the fourth) collection of "Myths" ("Myter"), by Johannes V. Jensen, and a collected edition of Jeppe Aakjær's works, the joyful and sympathetic singer of Jutland. A book which is advertised as forthcoming is by Jacob A. Riis. "Hvorledes jeg blev amerikaner" ("How I Became an American"), most probably a translation of the author's well-known work, "The Making of an American."

Few organizations have played a more important part in Norwegian political and cultural life than the Norwegian Students' Society ("Det norske studentersamfund"), which was founded in 1813. In the Students' Society the leaders of the great cultural parties, Wergeland and Welhaven, led their bitter controversies, here Björnson orated to the lasting benefit of freedom and liberalism, and here were fought epoch-making battles for new thought and ideas. No wonder that the students, old or young, are proud and fond of their society, and no wonder that an account of the history of the society during the hundred years of its existence is met with interest and expectation. Dr. Fredrik B. Wallem's "Det norske studentersamfund gjennem 100 aar" ("The Norwegian Students' Society During 100 Years") will be complete in fifteen parts. The first of these, which has just appeared, traces the history of the organization through the early difficult years, and is written with accuracy and restraint. The work will be provided with a great mass of pictures of prominent members and with other illustrations, and will no doubt prove an appropriate contribution to the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the society on the 2d of October, 1913.

The only son of Henrik Ibsen, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, is a very industrious scholar. The philosophical work which he published last Christmas, "Human Quintessence," met with great approval in many countries, and his new book, "Udsyn og indblik" ("Views and Opinions") is likely to win equal success. Dr. Ibsen deals with political, social, and philosophical problems, and writes with the same vast knowledge, clear logic, and literary poise which marked the earlier production.

A book which will create a sensation in all the Scandinavian countries is the Norwegian professor, Yngvar Nielsen's substantial memoir, "Under Oscar 2s regjering" ("During Oscar the Second's Reign"), being notes and experiences from 1872 till 1884. The period which is here treated belongs to the stormiest in the history of the two formerly united countries, and the author, who was an active figure in the events of that day, contributes much that is new to an estimate of the leading persons in both lands. Through the whole work runs a warm and sincere sympathy and affection for the gifted King, who had the hopeless task of reconciling views and opinions which were diametrically opposed. And herein consists the main value of the work, that it throws new light on King Oscar's position in the controversy. The book should be read by all who are interested in the history and political development of the Scandinavian countries.

A bulky contribution to Dano-Norwegian literary history is Viljam Olsvig's "Ludvig Holbergs unge dage" ("Ludvig Holberg's Young Days"). Holberg was twenty years old when he left his native town, Bergen, Norway, but already had a marked personality, a solid character, and a mature intelligence. It is a curious fact, however, that no writer had heretofore told the story of Holberg's youth in Norway or had summarized the Norwegian prejudices with which he went out into the world. The work shows remarkable industry, a wealth of material having been gathered together, and will always stand as one of the chief sources for students of Holberg's early life.

Of the Swedish books of the season must be mentioned Prof. Harald Hjärne's monograph on Napoleon, which is a very able examination of the circumstances that led up to the defeat of "the great little man." A biography of Strindberg, by Gustav Uddgren, furnishes much of interest, although it is a rather fragmentary investigation of the poet's works. The second part of Fritz von Dardel's "Minnen" ("Recollections"), which covers the period 1863 to 1865, illuminates Swedish political and court life during that time. An interesting discussion of American questions is given in the recent book by E. H. Thörnberg, "Amerikanska samhällsproblem ("American Society Problems"). The author gives an account of the Swedish immigration to America, and deals with such other problems in the United States as those of the Trusts, the labor movement, and political corruption. The discussions appear to be well considered.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

So much has been written about Dr. Johnson that it might be thought the subject was exhausted. But notwithstanding the many things, fine and foolish, that are on record, the interest in the man is perennial, and welcome sidelights may still be found by the true Johnsonians, sidelights not to be obtained from the annotations of Croker, Napier, Hill, or even of Fitzgerald. Bearing this in mind, let the bibliophile who has the chance procure a copy of the eight-page pamphlet whose title-page is here transcribed:

DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. KNOWLES.
LONDON:
Printed for J. and A. ARCH, Gracechurch Street.
MDCCCXCIX.
Price Sixpence.

About the incident to which the pamphlet refers, Boswell has much to say, and to his not altogether candid narrative Croker has added a not too candid note.

Miss Jenny Harry was the daughter of Thomas Hibbert, a West Indian planter, who was born in Manchester and went to Jamaica in 1734, where he died in 1780. Her mother is said by Croker to have been a mulatto, and Jenny's birth illegitimate. She was sent to England to be educated, and the house of her guardian, Nathaniel Sprigg, of Barnes, was frequently visited by a clever Quaker lady, Mary Knowles, the wife of a wealthy physician, and herself distinguished for artistic and literary talent. Mr. Sprigg did not think it inconsistent with good manners to poke fun at the doctrines and practices of the Society of Friends, and these were defended with spirit and ability by Mrs. Knowles. Jenny Harry, a lively, sensitive girl of eighteen, was a witness of these encounters, and by the time she was twenty had become a convert to Quakerism. But, in a written statement of her reasons for the renunciation of Anglicanism, which shows much talent, she lays no stress upon Mrs. Knowles's influence, and, indeed, seems to have been either naturally or by reading and reflection the type of character to whom the doctrines of the Friends would appeal. She may be styled a "born Quaker." Miss Seward says that her father was so annoyed that he reduced her fortune from £100,000 to £1,000. Croker says that this was not the case; that her fortune was £1,000, and that her father was not angry, but gave her another £1,000. Such are the puzzles of history! The truth seems to be that as the only surviving child of a rich man, she might reasonably have expected a large share of his fortune, but the bulk of it was left to his nephews, and apparently the legacy was increased to £2,000 at their suggestion.

Up to her adoption of Quakerism Jenny had been in favor with Dr. Johnson, who, as all the world knows, was very fond of the company of women, especially if they were clever or pretty, or both. But after she became a Quaker he discarded her, and rudely passed her in the street without a reply to her friendly greeting. Her change of religion had offended her father. Dr. Johnson's unkindness had added to her grief. She asked Mrs. Knowles to intercede for her. On April 15, 1778, Johnson was at the bookseller Dilly's, along with the faithful Boswell, Miss Anna Seward, Mrs. Knowles, a couple of clergymen, and others. The conversation ranged from Mrs. Glasse's cookery to the relative amount of liberty allowed to men and women. Friendship and universal benevolence were also considered. "I am willing to love all mankind, *except an American,*" roared Johnson, to which Miss Seward replied, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured." Then they discussed Jonathan Edwards's tremendous doctrine of the will, and many other subjects. But when Mrs. Knowles introduced the name of Jenny Harry and solicited "kind indulgence for what was sincerely a matter of conscience," Dr. Johnson brutally replied, "Madam, she is an odious wench."

So far there is substantial agreement between the three who have chronicled the conversation which ensued, and it cannot be said that in any one of them Johnson shines to advantage, either as to manners or reasoning. Boswell, in a note, declares that he made a memorandum of the dialogue at the time, but he omits to state that he asked Miss Seward for her notes, and that he asked Mrs. Knowles for hers. He garbled Miss Seward's, and he suppressed Mrs. Knowles's statement of a matter in which she was so much concerned. While Boswell's own account reappears, of course, in every edition of his immortal work, none of his editors have thought fit to print in an appendix the accounts given by the two ladies. Miss Seward's letter to Boswell sending the "minutes" he had asked for is printed in the first volume of the *Friend,* printed at Philadelphia in 1828, and also, among other places, in the "Life of Edward Pease," by Sir Alfred Pease (1907). The same account, with verbal variations, appears in a communication to Mrs. Mompesson, December 31, 1785, which is printed in Anna Seward's "Letters." The three reporters were each dissatisfied. Boswell possibly toned down his account that he might not emphasize the Doctor's defeat. Miss Seward protested that he had garbled her statement. Mrs. Knowles was not content, because of what Miss Seward had omitted, as well as of what Boswell had suppressed and asserted. Miss Seward, writing to Helen Williams on October 19, 1788, mentions that "Mrs. K. is curiously dissatisfied with that tract, because it does not record a long, theologic dispute, which succeeded to what I *did* put down, and in which she ably defended her Quaker principles from the charge of Deism and absurdity which the Doctor brought against them. She fancies that she appears in a poor eclipsed light on the same manuscript, because she there opposes only strong, calm, and general reasoning to the wit of her antagonist." The result was that Mrs. Knowles's version was communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in June, 1791, and appeared also in the form of a pamphlet, several times reprinted, which I am now advising Johnsonians to obtain—if they can.

The "Dialogue" is lively reading. "Not I, indeed," the doctor exclaims, "I have not read your Barclay's 'Apology'; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt." The lady rejoined:

> This reminds me of the language of the Rabbies of old, when their Hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning Truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundations of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's "Apology" is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a Moral Philosopher of the first rank; a Teacher, from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every Court and University in Christendom!

Then, we are told, the doctor grew very angry, and became still more so "at the space of time the gentlemen allowed his antagonist wherein to make her defence," and his impatience excited Mr. Boswell himself, in a whisper, to say, "I never saw this mighty Lion so chafed before!"

After more discourse, the doctor said: "Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut for presuming to take upon herself as she has done." "I hope, Doctor"—this was Mrs. Knowles's final appeal—"thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where Pride and Prejudice can never enter!" But he was obdurate. "Meet her! I never desire to meet fools anywhere." Mrs. Knowles adds: "This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated, he took his coffee, and became for the rest of the evening very cheerful and entertaining."

Jenny Harry, who was the cause of this conversation in what Boswell called "that tremendous evening at Dilly's," died in 1784. This was less than a year after her marriage to an Anglican, according to the Johnsonian annotators. This, if true, would show that the smiles of Dan Cupid were more powerful than the thunders of Dr. Johnson. But it was not so. Joseph Joshua Green, of Goodwyn Lodge, Hastings, has communicated to me his MS. monograph on Jenny Harry and Mary Knowles. The marriage of Jenny Harry and Joseph Thresher, jr., a young Quaker surgeon, took place at Devonshire House, London, November 26, 1782. But her married life was brief. She died August 17, 1784, leaving a baby son, who died in the following December. And Joseph Thresher, her husband, died June 30, 1786. The long letter—long enough almost to make a pamphlet—which Jenny Harry addressed to her father in explanation of her passage from Anglicanism to Quakerism, is remarkable for its pathetic sincerity, and for the clearness and cogency with which she states her case. It is surely a matter of regret that, so far as I am aware, it has never been printed. I owe to the kindness of J. J. Green the opportunity of reading this interesting human document.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

UNIVERSITY FELLOWSHIPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under present conditions universities are competing with each other in the prices bid for graduate students, and students write to a professor or to the dean of a graduate school and say: "I am a graduate student, and have had such a course; such a university will pay me so much to study there, another will pay so much; how much will you pay me?" If these fellowships were only to enable a poor man of exceptional abilities to study, there would be more reason for them. But it will always be possible to find means to enable an exceptional man, who would be wasted in another profession, to become a university professor. We all know that in practice many of these fellowships are merely subsidies to induce students to study in a particular university, rather than in some other. Thus, if there were only fellowships enough, a university with a weak faculty would seem to be as well off as one with a strong faculty, and a professor who knows little more than he learned from his own teachers would seem as useful as one who works twelve months in the year, who keeps up with the progress of his subject, and is acquiring a reputation here and abroad; students would be hired for both alike. Fellowships for graduate students take away from universities and from the professors individually a very healthful rivalry and a proper incentive to greater energy and efficiency.

But how are the students themselves affected? Is it a good thing for them to pay them for what they receive? Does it not turn the world for them upside down? These fellowships set for students a bad standard from the beginning, even if the teachers are equally good. Should young men be tempted in this way to enter an academic life, when they would be more happy and perhaps as useful on the farm or in some other business? And are we blind to the effect which this sort of subsidization is having upon the Ministry?

American universities are suffering most of all from this, that men of talent and force of character are seldom willing to enter an academic life. Able men, when they graduate from college, look beyond the few years of professional training to the profession which lies ahead. If they are strong men they are not willing to enter a profession in which it is impossible for one to live decently and to support a family, without independent means. The reason why university salaries are not larger is quite obvious, and is often stated frankly; salaries will not be increased materially as long as it is possible to fill positions at the present rates. Fellowships which are subsidies to graduate students, increase artificially the supply of teachers at the present salaries, and each one hinders by just so much a change to a better state of things. If universities provided reasonable salaries for the members of their faculties, there would be no need of fellowships to induce young men of real ability to enter this profession.

It is obvious what answer will be made to all this. It will be said that there is no hope at present for any considerable change in salaries, and that, while this is so, if fellows are not paid there will be no students in the graduate schools. If, however, university professors are really adding to the knowledge and civilization of the world, this country will need them and demand them, and the demand will create a supply.

It will also be said that this argument opposes the trend of the times. Certainly many universities are hastening to increase their fellowships in number and amount in this humiliating kind of competition. But it is also true that a protest is being raised all over the country against this thing, and within the last few months the president of one of the four greatest universities in this country boasted that his institution, at least, had few fellowships.

Universities may need fellowships, many and large, for men who are no longer students, but are productive scholars, engaged in independent research. They may need fellowships as prizes for their own undergraduates, or for some other reason. But to hire students to attend their graduate courses, not one cent.

WILLIAM K. PRENTICE.

Princeton University, October 31.

THE READING LIBRARIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a volume published last year, entitled "Facts for Freshmen Concerning the University of Illinois," there occurs, in the chapter on Library Science, the following sentence: "There is a saying that 'the librarian who reads is dead,' which means that the up-to-date librarian is too busy to find time to read books; he must know what is in them without reading them." Aside from the fact that the saying is wrongly quoted and wrongly applied, whoever penned the above sentence is preaching a false philosophy.

There is a tendency, I know, among librarians who regard themselves as "up to date" to deprecate, consciously or not, the fundamentals of librarianship, and to suppose that a librarian must be an administrator and *nothing else*. Let it be said once for all that no one is a true librarian who is not a lover and student of books. That he must be an administrator besides is another matter—he must be both. If he is *not* a student and lover of books he will never be able to find out "what is in books without reading them."

There is a legend about Justin Winsor that he could get the meat out of a book merely by glancing at the title page, preface, and index, and dipping into the text here and there. Therefore, so runs the popular application, this trick is the first that the tyro should learn. When, however, Justin Winsor learned the trick, he had behind him a lifetime as a student of books.

"The librarian who reads is *lost,*" wrote Mark Pattison in his life of Isaac Casaubon; that is: the librarian who reads, and reads, and does *nothing more,* is lost as far as a real understanding of his function goes. The saying has been repeated again and again since that day, in decrying the old-fashioned librarian, who regards himself as a watchdog of the books in his charge. The saying speaks the truth—as far as it goes. But when it is used for the purpose of demonstrating that librarians do not need to know anything but methods and technique, then it is made to preach a false philosophy.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

Chicago, October 28.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a pity that you should have gone on all these years hoping for a geologist to explain how Bohemia once had a seacoast (see "The Alienist and Literature," *Nation*, October 17). It would have been so easy to ask some historian.

The possessions of the King of Bohemia once extended to the Adriatic, and took in some parts of northern Italy. Such conditions did not last long, but the story of "A Winter's Tale" might be supposed to occur at that time, even though the years passing in the play would have stretched historical accuracy a little. Shakespeare apparently was not advised of the changes of boundary, which seem to have been rapid in Bohemia about 1270 A. D., but he was not wrong about that seacoast.

CLARENCE A. BURLEY.

Chicago, October 21.

Literature

MR. BRYCE ON SOUTH AMERICA.

South America: Observations and Impressions. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The keynote of Mr. Bryce's attitude towards travel in general and towards South America in particular is given in his introduction (p. xxii):

> The duty of a traveller, or a historian, or a philosopher, is, of course, to reach and convey the exact truth, and any tendency either to lighten or to darken the picture is equally to be condemned. But where there is room for doubt, and wherever that which may be called the "temperamental equation" of the observer comes in, an optimistic attitude would seem to be the safer, that is to say, likely to be nearer the truth. We are all prone to see faults rather than merits. . . . If this maxim holds true, it is especially needed when a traveller is judging a foreign country, for the bias always present in us which favors our national ways and traits, makes us judge the faults of other nations more severely than we do those with which we are familiar. As this unconscious factor present in our minds darkens the picture that a traveller draws, it is safer for him, if in doubt, to throw a little light so as to secure a just result.

Fairness and common-sense are essential in a book of travel, and these qualities are present in almost every page of this book, but there is a decided tendency, as shown by the quotation given, to over-emphasize the good points and pass over lightly the weak points of South American life.

Mr. Bryce's journey to South America was along the "beaten path" of railways and steamship lines, but he managed to see and learn more of the country and its people and to look deeper into their past, their present, and their future, than many who have written books on South America after years of residence within the country.

The most important chapters and those to which the reader will naturally turn first are those at the end of the book. In the Rise of New Nations (chapter xli.) the author discusses the influences which have served to divide the South American continent into distinct nations. He finds that Chili (the country which seems to have pleased him the most), Argentina, Peru, Uruguay, and Brazil may be regarded as nations in the European sense of the word, having distinctive traits of character and a strong national self-consciousness. Although, as he says, a Costa Rican and an Argentine differ less than a Texan and a Vermonter, the feeling of a common Hispano-American brotherhood is weak. The memories of the former greatness of Spain, a common aversion to the Spanish yoke before the War of Independence, and even the Roman Catholic faith do not serve to bring about a feeling of unity. "The only thing that to-day would draw the republics into line and knit them together would be any threat of aggression from outside. They have long ceased to fear invasion, still less subjugation, by any European Power. But the enormous strength of the United States and recollections both of the war she waged against Mexico in 1846 and of some more recent events make them watch the actions of that country with a sensitive suspicion which even the correctness of her conduct in twice evacuating Cuba has not entirely dispelled."

This is the place where we should have welcomed a discussion of the political aspects of the Monroe Doctrine. In a later chapter (p. 509) he writes, from the point of view of the South American: "Since there are no longer rain-clouds coming up from the east, why should a friend, however well-intentioned, insist on holding an umbrella over us? We are quite able to do that for ourselves if necessary." The discussion of political questions is avoided, as is shown by the following: "With politics I have in this chapter, and indeed in this book, nothing whatever to do." Mr. Bryce's delicacy in this matter, although regrettable, is capable of explanation.

In discussing the relation of North and South America Mr. Bryce asks whether the term "Pan-Americanism" describes a fact or merely conveys an interesting aspiration. He finds that "Teutonic America" and Spanish America have nothing in common but two names, the name America and the name Republican. The fact is lamented that the same name was given to North and South America in the first place: "How much trouble would have been saved and how many mistakes avoided!"

There is a masterly discussion of the meaning of the word Republic. Attention is called to the distinction between the mere name and that which is behind the name. It is not enough to call nations republican and thus place them all in a single category. The word as used in South America may or may not cover a multitude of sins. Serious impediments are present in some of the countries at least to retard the realization of the hope for true republicanism. Physical conditions prevent in many places inter-communication between different parts of the same country and delay the building up of a national feeling. Racial conditions, together with economic and social conditions, hinder the establishment of a sufficient number of citizens in the true sense of the word. Historical conditions are all against the republican point of view. Excluding Chili and Argentina, Mr. Bryce is brought to the conclusion that the countries of South America have never been democracies in any real sense of the word. He adds that injustice is done to South America by censures and criticism which ignore these fundamental facts. "The Constitutions did not suit the facts and the facts had to prevail against the Constitutions, sometimes against their letter, usually against their spirit."

Three classes of states are distinguished: the first in which representative institutions are present in name only, whereas a military despotism is the real condition of affairs. Hayti is cited as the worst example. Mr. Bryce's evident dislike of giving offence keeps him from mentioning the names of others. The second class is that which has a Legislature imposing some restraint upon the Executive, as Mexico under Diaz. True republics form the third class. Chili and, to a less extent, Argentina are good examples of a free constitutional commonwealth. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bryce, who so frequently mentions Central America in his book, has refrained from discussing the results of British rule under a governor appointed by the King as seen in the Crown Colony of British Honduras.

With the author's usual optimism, the future for South America is held to be by no means as dark as some others have painted it. "Taking the eleven South American states as a whole, their condition is better than it was sixty years ago." Hopes are held out that this continent may finally catch up with the rest of the world, and will regain the two centuries it lost while under the rule of the Spanish crown.

Chapter xiii is an admirable discussion of the relation of races. A marked contrast is shown between North America and its problems dealing with the Indian and negro populations and South America and its inferior peoples. There is no "color question" in South America. Every one is classed as white who is not wholly of Indian blood, and the mixed population is thus added to the white. The subject of miscegenation is taken up briefly. The purity of the white race is not thought essential to the future upbuilding of the country. It is believed that a fusion of the races now inhabiting South America—aborigines, European, and African—will ultimately come about.

Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is named in the first sentence of the introduction as one of the reasons for the desire of the author to visit South America. One is therefore a little disappointed to find that the ancient civilizations are not treated more fully and in more detail. No doubt the short time spent in the country and the nature of the journey did not permit a more exhaustive examination of the ruins of the western coast. The usual pitfalls of exaggeration and Asiatic influence to account for the Central and South American cultures are avoided. The violent methods of the early Spanish explorers and the injury done the Incas are rightfully lamented. The Conquerors "destroyed, in the thoughtless insolence of force and greed, the whole system of society and government. . . . Wretchedness had replaced prosperity; such virtues as the people had possessed were disappearing, their spirit was irretrievably broken. The serfdom to which the peasantry were by the Conquest subjected was not paternal, as that of the Incas had been, and was harsher, because the new master was a stranger without sympathy or compassion."

Mr. Bryce's necessary avoidance of discussion of any topic likely to be embarrassing to this country is seen especially in his reference to Panama. Our Government had tried to obtain a grant from the republic of Colombia. No reasonable terms could be arranged. A revolt took place, and the new republic of Panama resulted and gave to the United States a perpetual lease of a strip of land ten miles in width. Nothing more! Another opportunity for just criticism is passed over in the discussion of the fortifications of the Canal, which the author describes as the "greatest liberty man has ever taken with Nature." An implied doubt as to the wisdom of fortification is shown in the sentence, "The visitor who sees the slopes where these forts and batteries are to be placed asks who are the enemies whom it is desired to repel?"

There are throughout the book many paragraphs of common-sense advice, in addition to the one already quoted from the introduction, which might well be taken to heart by travellers of all classes. Only one of these can be given: "It is a sound maxim never to lay weight upon uncertain causes when certain causes are available as explanations."

A few minor errors may be pointed out. Palenque is not in Yucatan. "Chullpa" (p. 133) and "chulpa" (p. 137) are probably the same word, and the use of the second with its definition is the proper one.

Every reader will thank Mr. Bryce for writing a book of travel so entertaining and so instructive that the lack of illustrations is not felt. Like the over-done illustrated lecture consisting of lantern slides, and now, of moving pictures, with a running commentary, far too many books of travel depend upon their pictures to carry the narrative. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Bryce may give us an equally good account of his recent trip to Australia and New Zealand.

CURRENT FICTION.

At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque. By Anatole France. A translation by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson, with an introduction by William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co. $1.75 net.

There are some books of Anatole France's that will last as long as men continue to read Lucian, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Gil Blas. "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque" is one of them. When you have turned the last page, you will recognize that the work belongs on the Index, you may think that it should be supplied with an appendix like Don Juan's classics, you may pitch it into the fire, chuckling like the delighted monastic censors in the painting. But you know very well that you cannot put an end to the abounding life that is in Monsieur l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard and his reverent pupil Tournebroche. With all their gross imperfections on their heads they are marked, like Tom Jones and Falstaff, for immortality. The English parallels are very inadequate. Tom Jones is only a spirited young animal. Falstaff resembles the abbé in being big-bodied, genial, a drunkard, a thief, a carnal sinner, and a sentimentalist; and yet, after all, he is but a lovable, brutal Englishman without culture or philosophy. Jérôme Coignard partakes heartily of the common sinful humanity of Sir John, but he includes, besides, within his ample sphere, nearly everything that his creator finds to love, pity, and deride in the civilization of the ancients, the Latin Christianity filtered through the Middle Ages, and the rationalism of the early eighteenth century.

Ex-priest, ex-professor of eloquence in the college of Beauvais, ex-librarian to the bishop of Séez, author of a translation of Zozimus the Panipolitan, this wine-drinking, wenching, mellow-hearted debauchee is, like M. France himself, a follower at the same time of Epicurus and Saint Francis of Assisi. A child of the "enlightenment" before the Encyclopædists and a disciple of Descartes, he keeps his religion and his philosophy in water-tight compartments: "Jacques Tournebroche, my son, be mindful never to put faith in absurdities, but to bring everything to the test of reason save in the matter of our holy religion." A student of theology, he is deeply read in the Fathers, and when he is in the vein, can be unctuous, devout, and seriously concerned for the salvation of his soul. He is also a classical scholar versed in the most recondite Grecian and Roman authors, and his rich table-talk is redolent of a charming erudition; but, when he is buried in a library and weary of labor and devotion, he does not hesitate to indulge his powerful sensuality in fare fitter for Trimalchio's feast than for the provender of a man of God. Escaping with some stolen false diamonds and some bottles of white wine from a drunken brawl in which he has stabbed a man, the good abbé is delayed on the Lyons road by the wrecking of his coach, overtaken by his pursuers at nightfall, and mortally wounded. Yet he lives long enough to make a beautiful repentance, obtaining salvation in the moment of death, and he expires in a pleasant odor of sanctity, not a little consoled by the fact that, as he had been struck down by a Jew, he "perished a victim to a descendant of the executioners of Christ."

M. France has given us his personal commentary on the abbé in a charming study of thirty-five pages prefixed to the companion volume, "Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard," published in the same year, 1893, with the "Reine Pédauque." In 1909 he returned to the theme with "Les Contes de Jacques Tournebroche." We mention these facts because, in the two or three pages of general appreciation with which Mr. Locke introduces the work before us, he does not mention them. After due reflection we cannot guess why Mr. Locke was asked to write this preface, unless it was because he is the author of a popular book called "The Beloved Vagabond." If our conjecture is correct, he has neglected a very pretty opportunity to acknowledge a debt and to discourse on the differences between the spirit of English and of French fiction. The relation between "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque" and "The Beloved Vagabond" is interesting. That Mr. Locke has borrowed in some fashion the happy invention of Coignard and Tournebroche—*cela saute aux yeux*. He sets out, just as M. France does, with the adoption of a clever boy engaged in a menial occupation by a very learned, very dirty, very benevolent vagabond of philosophical habit; and the boy in each case writes the memoirs of the alliance. But the two authors walk only a short way together. Mr. Locke's tale is conceived in English sentiment; his philosopher conceals beneath his soiled shirt a deathless romantic passion. M. France's tale is conceived in philosophical irony and Gallic cynicism; beneath all his classical and Christian culture, M. Jérôme Coignard is a sensualist, pure and simple. The one would persuade us that man is a flower that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust; the other presents man as an "obscene and evil fly" remarkably imprisoned in amber. If Mr. Locke could have overcome his diffidence, how gracefully he might have embroidered on his theme!

The Woman of It. By Mark Luther. New York: Harper & Bros.

The situation upon which this story is founded is a familiar one, but still worth interpreting. Stephen Braisted is a kinsman of Silas Lapham. He has reached middle age as clerk in a store at Tuscarora Falls, New York. By accident his wife hits upon a "relish" which he succeeds in getting upon the market. It becomes popular, even famous. Wealth pours in, and in due time Braisted goes to Washington as a member of the House. The son of the family is at Yale, and the daughter is placed in a fashionable and exclusive school in Washington. Braisted becomes immersed in politics of the practical sort, and his social ambition is roused. It all goes to his head. Meanwhile the wife, stout, old-fashioned, not even grammatical, is unable to follow him in his new course. She makes pathetic attempts—consults a beauty specialist, buys expensive clothes, and so on; but her Stephen still drifts away from her.

All this is genuine and moving, as a situation, and for twenty out of his twenty-odd chapters Mr. Luther makes a sincere attempt to interpret it with simplicity and dignity, and succeeds so far as Mrs. Braisted herself is concerned. And then suddenly and almost without warning the whole thing cheapens and flattens out. Mrs. Braisted undergoes a violent conversion from the mild, sweet-hearted rural wife and mother we have known to an alert, masterful woman of the world. Her rustic speech and manner go by the board. She, in fact, ceases to be, and another person takes her name and pushes the story, by way of a bit of melodrama, to a "snappy" conclusion. It is a pity.

The Inheritance. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If it were not for its fantastic plot, this would be a really comfortable story in which a household of young people grow up together quite as they used to do in the pleasant pages of Miss Alcott. But the plot contains many more astonishing things than could conceivably pertain to the normal course of young life in South Warwick, Connecticut, from the bread-and-milk to the marrying stage. This groundwork of likelihood is shot through with lurid gleams—recollections, revelations, adventure abroad, strange psychical mishaps. Most of the extraordinary features of the tale have to do with the parentage of the boy and the girl whom hospitable Dr. Caldwell adopts into his family and who grow up among his own sons to be the two pillars of his home, the one the doctor's professional successor, the other the ruling spirit of the house. The trouble is that these two very natural and agreeable young persons appear so thoroughly at home in their Connecticut environment that the reader finds it hard to take a proper interest in Hugh's claim to a title and estate in England; or in the brilliant position which Chrissy's mother held in Bermuda society before she married a savant in the last stages of Egyptology and came to vegetate in South Warwick.

As to how the good doctor sustained the loss of his personality by hitting heads with a tramp in a thunderstorm, that would make a good story by itself—which is to say that the pseudo-scientific does not, any more than the romantic, properly come inside the covers of this book.

LAMB'S FRIEND THE CENSUS TAKER.

Life and Letters of John Rickman. By Orlo Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

The subject of this memoir was not a brilliant letter-writer, and his character in general had more of the solid qualities than the entertaining, yet he is one of the men of his age with whom we are most pleased to become acquainted and whose biography we welcome accordingly. This is partly for the contingent reason that he belonged to Lamb's intimate circle of whist-players and furnished that maker of reputations with the theme for one of his most delightful letters. But that is by no means the sole reason. Rickman was a type, a very interesting type, and stands out with peculiar clearness by contrast with his associates. In an age of strong democratic drift, he was a triple-dyed and unrelenting Tory; in a circle of careless Bohemians, he was practical and prudent almost to harshness; among poets and philosophers who were introducing the new romantic movement, he was, not properly classical, but anti-romantic to the point of artistic obtuseness. Withal, if not precisely a lovable figure, he is thoroughly admirable, and beneath his somewhat forbidding exterior had qualities of honor and generosity, together with the rare gift of friendship, which draw us to him almost despite ourselves. Lamb wrote of him: "His memory will be to me as the brazen serpent to the Israelites,—I shall look up to it, to keep me straight and honest." Coleridge thought him a "sterling man," and Talfourd called him "the sturdiest of jovial companions." The present biographer, whose work we may say at once has been excellently carried out, thus sums him up:

> Rickman's friendships with these men and others—Poole, Telford, the engineer, and the Burneys—were characterized by a certain external formality which strikes rather chill upon the modern reader, who must remember, however, that society a hundred years ago was more patriarchal and punctilious than it is to-day. Yet rigidity was natural to the man. His family motto was "Fortitude in Adversity," and perhaps a puritanical fortitude in everything would best sum up his character. He was sturdily unromantic. He could write to Southey that he had "lately imported a wife," and remonstrate with Poole for supposing that he married for love. In his family his word was law, and even to his children his letters were rather portentously solemn. The grave homily administered to his daughter Ann on the occasion of her having confessed her inability to play quadrille music at a children's party might have come out of a Jane Austen novel. His taste for pleasure was not very highly developed. When the Lambs took him to Sadler Wells he slept, and his only recreation consisted in long driving tours in the yellow gig which Mrs. Lefroy describes, and these tours were planned on distinctly "improving" lines. He had a hatred of show and affectation, which led him to avoid "dinner-party intercourse," and deliberately banish the terms "drawing-room" and "dining-room" from his own house. A little litany which comes at the end of a letter to Southey gives a clue to some of his dislikes: "From all novelists, tourists, anecdotists, beauty-mongers, selectors, abbreviators, *et id genus omne*, good Lord deliver us! And also from overgrown theatres, which insure bad plays and bad acting." The beauties of Nature, he thought, were morbidly insisted on by the Lake poets; in his view they should be "as play hours." But Rickman was not in the least crabbed. "You know," he said. "I am in the habit of looking on the white side of futurity"; and again: "The wiser economy of life is to like as much as possible and to dislike as little as possible." Neither was he a domestic tyrant, and his excellent letters on Bertha Southey are proof that

he had a fatherly soul. His home life, indeed, was undisturbedly happy.

John Rickman, the son of a sturdy vicar of Newburn in Northumberland, was born in 1771. He was educated at Guildford Grammar School and at Magdalen Hall and Lincoln College, Oxford. In 1797 he met Southey, then residing with his wife at Burton, near Christchurch, and a friendship was formed which lasted untroubled through life. Most of the letters in the present volume are from the voluminous correspondence which passed between the two. He was at first, like Southey, a radical, but, like Southey again, turned soon to conservatism and became more and more of a Tory with years. The chief event of his life was his appointment in 1802 to the position of Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. This place he held for twelve years, exchanging it for that of Clerk of the Table, which he held for twenty-six years—until his death in 1840. Though violently opposed to the Reform movement, he performed his duties to the Reform Parliament with exemplary faithfulness. His diligence in preparing information for various bills and in indexing the Journals was enormous. And to these duties he added various exacting outside tasks, chief of which was his development of the national census. There were few men in England more systematically busy.

It would be interesting to gather excerpts from his letters to show the man in his many relations and activities, but we can only indicate a work which has, indeed, already been well done by Mr. Williams in his admirable Introduction. In politics Rickman was, as we have said, a stanch, some would say an outrageous, Tory. To him the men at the head of the Reform movement, whom he served decorously as Clerk, were a set of reckless incendiaries, whose guilt was only equalled by the feebleness and cowardice of their opposers. Nor was Rickman without a philosophy of his own in his reactionary zeal. His hatred of the enlarged enfranchisement and of the transfer of power from those who have to those who have not, was only a single phase of his opposition to the whole humanitarian movement of the day. Though a man of great private liberality, he stood unflinchingly for what he regarded as "justice" against what he held to be "sentimentalism." "Pray, avoid superfluous liberality," he writes to Southey, "the growing vice of the age; and much connected (as I suppose I could prove) with the mock humanity of the day—the most powerful tool at present of the anarchs. Justice as a general rule, liberality as a *rare* exception, for if not *rare* it supersedes the rule, so that the good are not protected, and the bad not restrained. Be sure that a great deal more selfishness than either you or I have, is but justice."

This dislike of sentimentality is really the keynote of Rickman's character. Something of this was seen in the extract quoted above from Mr. Williams's Introduction. A lover of beauty may protest when this trait leads a man into indifference, if not to actual distaste, for poetry and the arts in general. Yet there are compensations. If nothing more, there is at least something almost funny in Rickman's rigid attempt to criticise his friend Southey's epics while admitting virtually that all epics, not Southey's only, are a nuisance. And in contrast with the Dyers and Burnetts and other intellectual tatterdemalions whom Lamb gathered about him and forced on his honest friends, there is a fine refreshment in Rickman's magnificent philistinism. One confesses sadly that the beggarly ways of Coleridge as hinted at in these pages makes one almost wonder whether a housemaid is not of greater service in the general economy of things than the Muses. The most interesting parts of these letters deal with the strange Bohemians who hung upon Rickman and Lamb, helped by the latter with a sympathy half-divine and half-disreputable, and by the former with money and austere advice. We would quote largely from these episodes, were we not sure that every lover of Lamb will desire to read the book in its integrity. It would be contrary to the justice which Rickman so manfully worshipped to say that the amusing passages color his correspondence as a whole, but a hint of the rarer good things may be gathered from these sentences in a letter dated November 7, 1801:

> I send you herewith what I much value; a letter from Lamb of exquisite, perhaps unparalleled description; and of an interesting affair; literally and seriously, of G. Dyer *starving to death* and rescued from that rueful fate by the said C. Lamb. What strange men do we know! Dyer, who can starve to death, *without knowing it,* Lamb, who can rescue him, and *enjoy it as a joke,* and Burnett, of whom no mortal can make anything: certainly most unaccountable of all.

Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt. By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This is the most notable contribution to the history of religions recently made, and it is the most valuable ever made to the history of the religion of Egypt. It embodies the most exact scholarship of the type commonly regarded as German; and it is characterized by the brilliancy which is usually ascribed to the French. On one side there is a minute, exhaustive, and comprehensive study of the sources, and on the other a constructive ability which leaves nothing to be desired. The reader is taken back to the beginning of recorded religious texts, and is led through those of succeeding ages to the time when development had ceased and the original conceptions had become lost in the haze of antiquity.

Previous writers have confined themselves largely to the materials furnished by the so-called "Book of the Dead," long regarded as the main religious manual of the Egyptians. Temple texts found on walls, inscribed as late as the times of the Ptolemies, have furnished their share of material. Inscriptions from tombs of various periods have been used, but in none of the earlier books has there been an investigation based upon historical sequence, and one looks in vain for a perception of development in thought and conception. One may even find the assertion that there was no such thing as progress in Egyptian religious thought.

This state of things is not so much the fault as the misfortune of previous students and writers. But given the material, constructive talent was also needed, and the combination has only just become possible. Dr. Sethe of Göttingen has recently furnished the former, and Professor Breasted has demonstrated his possession of the latter.

It is about two years since a correct text of the Pyramid Texts was published by the German scholar. Twenty-five year ago Maspero, indeed, printed them, but in such incorrect form that little could be made of them. The texts in question were discovered many years ago in the smaller pyramids whose remains may still be seen at Sakkarah. Dating from the V and VI Dynasties, they form the earliest known contemporary and continuous religious documents. By reason of their antiquity they offered great difficulties of interpretation even to those familiar with the language in its later periods. There were variations in orthography, vocabulary, and grammatical construction which made them almost unintelligible.

Professor Breasted took these texts as his starting point and devoted nine months to their translation and to the comparisons upon which the presentation in his modest volume is based. Having ascertained the beginnings, he proceeded to follow the development and modifications of conception through the twenty centuries that followed. But it was not only the religious notions which called for delineation. The growth of moral conceptions also demanded investigation. As a result, his book gives an intimate view of the thought of a long-perished people, such as cannot be found elsewhere in works on Egypt.

The period covered by the Pyramid Texts is only one hundred and fifty years in the first half of the third millennium before our era. Their ruling conceptions were those of the earlier solar faith of the sun-god, Re. There existed also a rival cult, that of the god Osiris, who was associated with life and growth as seen in the phenomena of nature. It is little less than marvellous that the steps of the conflict between these rival religious systems should have been revealed to us, yet not only have they been traced, but we see the progress of the gradual triumph of the cult of Osiris over the solar faith. The first steps of the conflict go back to this remote period; the last are found near the end of the history when the earlier faith was giving way or had succumbed already to the malign influence of magic.

The section of the book which shows in the clearest way the appreciation of Egyptian religious aspiration is found in the chapters which deal with the religious reforms of the "heretic" king, Ikhnaton, Amenhotep IV. His ill-fated and futile attempt to introduce a solar monotheism is traced in its origin and development with a thoroughly sympathetic pen. The story as told by Professor Breasted is vital and pulses with the throb of religious emotion. No such delineation has been presented before.

The religious side of the discussion will interest a certain class of readers, but the social side is calculated to appeal to even a wider body. Religion and morals have not always travelled hand in hand, but where moral sanctions are most prominent there religion has had its influence. In Egypt the promises of the future at first concerned only the king, but gradually the classes and finally the masses came into view, and the prospect of future felicity became increasingly widespread. This progress was accompanied by changes in the conceptions of the chief deities, to whom were now ascribed thought and solicitude for men. Moral worthiness or unworthiness came to be emphasized in these conceptions, and there are evidences of a demand for social justice which anticipated the same cry to-day. This "emergence of the moral sense" had its effects not only upon the everyday life of the time, but also upon religion, particularly in reference to the future. Here radical changes are evident. Conscience assumed a more commanding place. When foreign conquest broadened the outlook of the Egyptian, so that he was no longer restricted to the narrow strip of land bounded by the mountains which rise east and west of the Nile valley, a conception of a world-god emerged. But the notion was too broad for the time, and it was opposed to the interests of the priests whose vested property rights promised to be restricted and whose prerogatives were seriously threatened. The brilliant ideals of the time were obscured and there was a relapse which marked the coming end. Magic, with its evil influence and its deadening of the moral sense, gained ascendency. Religion became mere formalism, and the nation fell a prey to foreign invaders.

The Trooper Police of Australia. By A. L. Haydon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

An American reprint of this instructive book from Australia is to be welcomed. The fine body of constabulary whose history and present status are herein described is a mainstay of law and order through the vast outlying regions of that southern continent. The smallness of its numbers is surprising in view of the immense area patrolled and the efficiency of the service. Each of the seven states of the Commonwealth furnishes and controls its quota, but all coöperate, so that it is virtually a homogeneous body, composed of picked men. The recruit must be at least twenty years old, well-statured, and physically perfect. He must be a good rider, able to read and write, and of proved intelligence. He is put to a rigid school in which his mind and frame are vigorously developed. His mastery of the horse, and also of the camel, is made certain. He learns, too, the elements of law, medicine, and accounts, and whatever will help him to administer widely. His pay is good, his promotion sure if he is meritorious, and support certain in old age and disability. The service attracts excellent men, its prestige everywhere is high, and its value in the wild regions which are its especial care is of the greatest.

The work is done largely by the troopers singly, though upon occasion they act in squads; any massing of the force is rare. In emergency the force may receive aid from the regular soldiery. It always has valuable auxiliaries in the "blacks," whose dexterity in tracking is superhuman, or, better, infrahuman. The trooper is first and foremost the upholder of the law, but he has been called "the handy man" of Australia. He instructs the backwoods justices as to the statutes, advises the bush-doctor in the treatment of his patients, lends a hand to surveyor, tax-gatherer, and postman, is the resourceful pathfinder; in sum, stands as guide, counsellor, and friend of the scattered settlers in all their perplexities.

The Trooper Police, during the ninety years of its history, has performed its work under varying conditions. It works in widely differing climates, in well-nigh impenetrable jungles, in rugged mountain-tracts, hardest of all in far-stretching, waterless deserts. The forms of crooked and short-coming humanity, with which it has had to deal, have been infinite in number, involving it constantly in embarrassing complications. Throughout her early period, Australia suffered the worst blight that can befall a country: receiving, with a few willing, honest settlers, a multitude of convicts. These came in fleets, through a series of years, well-nigh wrecking all hope for a proper state. The evil became only slowly apparent to its perpetrators, but the system was at last abandoned. The number of good immigrants increased; of the criminals, not a few showed that they were the victims of harsh conditions, needing only opportunity to develop into good citizenship. But when a better order seemed at hand, a new danger suddenly appeared. The discovery of gold brought upon the land an overwhelming influx of lawless, adventurous spirits. Europeans of every nation were jostled in the diggings by Asiatics and Polynesians. It was a Babel of tongues, of traditions, of ideals. The only thing in common was the greed for gold, a principle always isolating and never a bond. This second crisis, so acute half a century ago, was successfully passed. Seven fair Anglo-Saxon states have emerged from the confusion, which in our own day have united in a hopeful Commonwealth.

Throughout the turmoils early and late, the struggling provincial Governments, determined on preserving some semblance of civilized order, have had in the Trooper Police a good right arm. Mr. Haydon tells the story clearly and with much vivid detail. Mistakes in management have often occurred, but the Governments have made stepping-stones of their blunders, and with British tenacity have pushed on to better things. Few institutions of Australia are better worth study than its Trooper Police. The story is made graphic by concrete instances, and the reader's admiration grows for these intrepid and effective public servants.

Circumstances in America have been in some ways similar to those in Australia, though we have never suffered from such handicaps as the vast convict importation, or the influx, before well-ordered communities had time to grow and organize, of vast hordes of lawless gold-seekers. Nevertheless, stable citizenship in the wild West, and in many Eastern areas, has had similar difficulties to face. We have had, however, no such efficient instrument for guarding our peace as the Australian constabulary; and have been a prey to disorders which our south-sea brothers have controlled. Canada, indeed, has had in its "Mounted Police" an admirable organization, but we presume that this has not been so widely and pervasively potent as the Australian force. In the United States such an instrument is almost entirely lacking. In our older States, "Molly Maguires," "moonshiners," "white-caps," "James boys," and "Younger gangs" defy the law, and in the newer States disorders arise which we strive to cope with only

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

through Judge Lynch or the vigilance committee, falling back upon the regular army when chaos impends. The Canadians have done better than we, the Australians far better; and our Legislators, and citizens generally, appalled so often by eruptions of outlawry, may read with profit this record of how men of our stock, wiser than we, have conquered dangers even more threatening than our own.

Notes

Prof. John M. Gillette has in the press of Sturgis & Walton his new book, "Constructive Rural Sociology."

What promises to be an important book is Prof. Josiah Royce's "The Problem of Christianity," announced by Macmillan for early next year.

Kipling's "Kim" will be brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. in a special edition, wherein will appear for the first time reproductions in color of the terra-cotta plaques of the story, executed by the author's father, John Lockwood Kipling.

Other books announced by the same house include the following: "In Other Words," a book of verse by Franklin P. Adams; "The Heather Moon," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "Chasing the Blues," by R. L. Goldberg, and "Brotherly House," by Grace S. Richmond.

George H. Doran Co. brings out this autumn a highly varied list of fiction, including: "A Health unto His Majesty," by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "Jack: One of Us," being a novel in verse by Gilbert Frankau; "The Major's Niece," by G. A. Birmingham; "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor; "Valserine," by Marguerite Audoux; "The Key-Note," by Alphonse de Chateaubriant; "Meadowsweet," by Baroness Orczy; "Back Home," by Irvin S. Cobb, and "Adventures of Kitty Cobb," by James Montgomery Flagg.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford) is about to issue, through Dutton, "The Honorable Mrs. Garry," a novel of fashionable London.

Henry Holt & Co. promise for this week G. H. Perris's "Germany and the German Emperor."

That commission government is far from implying of necessity efficient government, is the lesson of "The New City Government" (Appleton), by Henry Bruère. As a director of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, the author undertook an "administrative survey" of ten commission-governed cities in Iowa, Kansas, Texas, and West Virginia, for the purpose of providing "a fact basis for judgment regarding the general character of commission government administration." The present book, which is the result, is a mass of organized information relating to the manner in which these cities meet their responsibilities. The activities investigated range from accounting systems to provision for protection of life and health. How much below advanced standards in one of the most important of these respects a widely-heralded commission-governed city can be, is told in the following passage:

> It is almost beyond belief that Des Moines, proclaimed as efficiently governed, should have no means of knowing the number of its inhabitants who die each year, or what they die of, and that it does not learn, or apparently care, about the number of births, or whether infants live or die, and if they die, the reason therefor. Des Moines doesn't even so much as attempt to know the number of persons having tuberculosis.

The book falls in two parts, the first four chapters being an exposition of the commission movement, with particular reference to the ten selected cities, while the bulk of the volume is concerned with their progress in efficiency. All these latter chapters are as applicable to non-commission cities as to the others. They emphasize the fact that efficiency is inherent in no form of government, although it has, in certain instances, not unnaturally accompanied the wave of reform that has swept in the commission plan. For town and city officials, especially, but for every one who is interested in civic improvement, the material that has been gathered and arranged in this authoritative compendium is of high value, and it is not available elsewhere.

By his popular adaptation of the Finnish "Kalevala" James Baldwin has put a noble old story at the disposition of youthful readers. Save in the case of certain chants and spells, the epic verse has been replaced by prose. Yet it is clear that the spirit of the original has not been greatly impaired. Mr. Baldwin has named his version "The Sampo" after the mill of bounty which Ilmarinen, prince of smiths, forged for Dame Louhi, the wise hag of the North, that he might win her daughter, the Maid of Beauty. Because this romance is made the centre of the present book, the deeds of the minstrel, Wainamoinen, receive less attention than in the poem, yet his outline is well sketched, as are those of outlying personages. One can readily understand the interest which Longfellow found in Finnish saga, for nowhere else, outside of Greek mythology, will you see the primitive forces of nature in such close conjunction with the doings of man. Mr. Baldwin and the Scribners may be commended for preparing an entertaining and serviceable book.

The fifth volume of the "Selected Writings of William Sharp" (Duffield & Co.) brings us, according to the title page, "Vistas, The Gypsy Christ, and Other Prose Imaginings." The opening words of Mrs. Sharp's Bibliographical Note are significant:

> The volume of "Dramatic Interludes," entitled "Vistas," was originally published by Frank Murray in his Regent series (The Moray Press, Derbyshire) in 1894. A few months later the succeeding volume in the series was "Pharais: A Romance of the Isles," the first of the writings issued by William Sharp over the signature "Fiona Macleod"; and "Vistas" is considered by some of his readers to be a link between the two methods of his thought and work.

Of that connection there can, we think, be no doubt. Its significance is brought out by a sentence or two of Mr. Sharp himself in his "Foreword" to the Interludes:

> Some of my critics say that "Vistas" is but an English reflection of the Maeterlinckian fire. Two of the most Maeterlinckian are, by those critics, held to be "A Northern Night" and "The Passing of Lilith"—creations, if such they may be called, anterior to the fortunate hour when I came for the first time upon "La Princesse Maleine" and "L'Intruse." I say "the fortunate hour," for almost from the first moment it seemed clear to me that the Belgian poet-dramatist had introduced a new and vital literary form. . . . A great creative period is at hand.

Now, there are indications a-plenty that Mr. Sharp regarded his Celtic writings, published under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod," as the herald voice of this new creative epoch. He thought, too, he was drawing his inspiration from the old wells of Celtic faith. As a matter of fact, it is perfectly clear that the tone and sense of this new school came not at all from the ancient literature of Ireland and Scotland, but were a proper offshoot of that peculiar romanticism which produced the Young Belgium and were fortified by the actual productions of Maeterlinck. Far from expressing the strength of a new dawn, Fiona Macleod was caught by the shimmering elusive beauty of a movement fast approaching deliquescence.

To the taste of the present reviewer, at least, the most interesting piece in this volume of William Sharp is "Madge o' the Pool," not named in the title page, a strong and finely conceived story of the Thames river "rats." "The Gypsy Christ" is too long-drawn-out and suffers by comparison with Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher." The rambling meditations on feminine beauty, entitled "Ecce Puella," are, it must be admitted, rather feeble. The "Vistas" are, as has been said, dramatic visions in the Maeterlinckian vein, and will seem successful to those who like that sort of thing. Their tone is well enough indicated by the stage directions at the opening of the first: "[An obscure wood, at whose frontiers neither night nor day prevails, but only a dread twilight, a brief way beyond the portals of the Grave. In the vast vault overhead no cloud moveth, no star shineth.]"

In style uniform with the edition of William Sharp's Writings, the publishers have reissued in two volumes the "Memoir" by Mrs. Sharp. A considerable bibliography at the end gives added value to this reprint. The Memoir was reviewed at length in the *Nation* of February 16, 1911.

Prof. Julius Sachs's volume on "The American Secondary School and Some of its Problems" (Macmillan) is a forcible plea for more efficient work in the classroom, as well as for enlarged opportunities for the teacher. The author's familiarity with American and European educational methods renders his criticisms and suggestions directly helpful. As against the frequent shifting of our teaching force, he points to the stability of the profession in Germany; as against the immovability of the work of the individual teacher here, to the much more intimate contact of all teachers and the director himself with the lowest as well as the highest classes, and he finds a close connection between the comparative independence of the textbook on the part of teachers in Germany and their habit (rare in American classrooms) of moving about among the pupils. So unusual is the sight of a seated teacher in Germany, says Professor Sachs, that in sixty-five classes visited there he saw but one teacher seated before his class. Equally radical is the difference between the privilege of taking elective courses here and abroad. In Germany an option in studies is granted only where the student has shown more than average ability and interest. Continuity in the pursuit of one subject, as much as anything else, is the secret of efficiency in the German classroom. We must refer the reader to the book itself for Dr. Sachs's stimulating remark concerning the "oral helplessness" of our pupils and the aid in the teacher's work that comes of "good health, a good constitution, sound lungs, with their concomitant, a normally resonant voice." The value of what the author says as to the need of making the pupils feel that they are all under recitation all the time might have been emphasized by referring to the conspicuous success of one of our highest institutions of learning, the Harvard Law School, where the interest is not allowed to flag for one moment, each student being under the constant stimulus of a possible direct challenge.

The purpose of the Swander Memorial Lectures, given in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at Lancaster, Pa., is stated to be "the promulgation of sound christological science." It is difficult to see how that purpose can have been served by the delivery and the publication of Dr. George S. Butz's long course of lectures on the Renaissance, "The Rise of the Modern Spirit in Europe" (Sherman, French & Co.). Dr. Butz is evidently familiar with the Reformation, and has read many books—some good and some bad—on the Renaissance; but he would seem to have no personal acquaintance whatsoever with the letters or the art of Italy, and his presentation of the familiar material is ill-proportioned and confusing. The title is not justified by any attempt at synthetic interpretation. The spirit of the Renaissance, as such, is discussed only in one long footnote taken mainly from Symonds. Dr. Butz is guilty of such errors in fact as calling the victim of the Pazzi *Giovanni* de' Medici, and placing Machiavelli and Guicciardini in the fifteenth century; and of such errors in spelling—some of them repeated—as Causabon, the Chevaleur Bayard, Caesere Borgia, Maecenus, and Marsilius *Facinus*. His constant straining after eloquence results in a pelting of metaphors which begins on the first page and ends only with the final adjuration: "Young gentlemen, hitch your car to the chariot of Phœbus Apollo." Michelangelo and Vittoria Colonna are "austere forms, it is true, severely beautiful, but withal concealing beneath their snowy vesture richest treasures. Those cold, stern brows but serve to veil the flashing brilliance of the diamond and at the heart of them there glows the concentrated fire of the ruby."

A simpler and better book is J. B. Oldham's "The Renaissance," in Dutton's Temple Primer series, which offers in scarcely more than a hundred pages an introductory sketch of the leading features of the great movement. Such brevity prevents the discrimination of periods and tendencies that were really very different, and the book necessarily fails in clearness and precision; but it is generally correct, and it is thorough in its topical plan. Lack of first-hand knowledge betrays itself in the repetition of certain generalities which are as invalid as they are familiar, and lack of appreciation in the dryness with which writers and artists are enumerated and dismissed.

Prof. Edward Jenks, already favorably known by his simple but scholarly way of presenting mediæval legal subjects, has succeeded admirably in stating concisely between the covers of a single handy volume, "A Short History of English Law" (Little, Brown), the elements of English legal history from the earliest times to the present day. "Institutes" might have been a good title for his book; for it is a comprehensive manual for beginners and busy persons who have not the leisure to read the monographic literature or even the more specific textbooks of such writers as Pollock and Maitland and Holdsworth. As the early history of English law has already been minutely studied, Professor Jenks walks at the outset in a region where the main path has been fairly well beaten out. His task is to state clearly and briefly, but with independence of judgment, what others have explained at length; to give a proper sense of proportion rather than to be complete; to stimulate rather than to satisfy. He performs his task well. Mr. Holdsworth was to be commended for the way he compressed within the compass of three volumes the development of English law down to the end of the sixteenth century. Professor Jenks covers the same ground in less than two hundred pages. For the second half of his volume, that is, for the period from the accession of Charles II to the present time, Professor Jenks, as he himself truly declares, has had to sail over an almost uncharted sea. His responsibility is great. The dangers of such a condensation as Professor Jenks has undertaken—inaccurate generalizations, omissions, desiccated compilation—he successfully avoids by his remarkable conciseness and cautiousness of statement, by his exercise of a proper historical imagination, and by his frequent employment of a discriminating adjective or striking metaphor.

Baron de Méneval, the author of "The Empress Josephine" (Lippincott), is a descendant of that well-known memoir writer who was secretary to Napoleon. As such, he is familiar with Napoleonic literature, and has written a biography to place the Emperor's first wife in a more favorable light than she has usually enjoyed. He has also had access to unpublished letters between Josephine's daughter, Hortense, and her chaplain; these reveal the unfortunate Empress as a kind, generous friend, and an excellent mother. But to find that the author (or more probably his translator) has made an error in each of the first three lines and confused Josephine with her father does not inspire initial confidence as to the accuracy of this biography; nor is this confidence strengthened when one reads a few pages later that Josephine's husband was one of the forty-seven nobles who "at the close of the sitting where the oath of the Tennis Court was taken" voted for the union of the three Estates; that "on the 20th of June, 1791, Paris awoke" to learn of the flight to Varennes; and that Louis XVI was imprisoned "in the Temple on the 10th of August." However, in spite of such inaccuracies, the book is interesting, and is of value as a corrective to scandal-mongering biographers and gossips, who have too much harped upon Josephine's shallowness and frivolity, and too little praised her for certain amiable qualities, which she undoubtedly possessed and which she transmitted through her daughter to her grandson, Napoleon III.

The Hispanic Society of America has issued, as its eighty-fourth publication, the text of a probably unique little Spanish chapbook of the early sixteenth century, containing some verses by the poet Juan Boscán, edited by Dr. Hayward Keniston. This appears to be the only surviving example of any of Boscán's poetry printed during his lifetime. The introduction discusses this possibility with considerable erudition derived from the abundant sources available in the unequalled collection of the Hispanic Society in New York. The text is presented with ample margins, numbered lines, and notes giving the variations from the reading of the text, as the author desired it to appear. There is all the paraphernalia of exact scholarship, but no hint of any reason why this text was worth printing. The poet, in the authorized edition of his works, expressly disavowed the mutilated versions which had found a way into print, and the little tract possessed by the Hispanic Society is very interesting evidence that such versions existed, and that the author was more or less justified in his annoyance at having them appear, claiming to be his offspring. In the present case, there would be some slight literary-historical value in knowing from what part of Spain the tract came. The editor makes a guess, but does not attempt to analyze the dialectic variations. He also seems to be entirely unaware of the possibility of using the typographic evidence, for the two reproductions which accompany the reprint are much reduced in size, although the page is ample for an exact facsimile, such as might have enabled a competent investigator to identify the locality where the original was printed. The whole tract might much better have been reproduced by photographic process.

The scope of Norman Douglas's "Fountains in the Sand" (Pott & Co.) is suggested in the subtitle, "Rambles among the Oases of Tunisia." Mr. Douglas brings to his theme an uncommon capacity for chance companionship. His portraits of French, Arabs, and half-breeds are admirable. He is learned as well, a hater of sentimentalism, and possessor of an ironic wit. While the book is well filled with facts, many will read it rather for its incidental comment. A singularly detached observer, the author analyzes West and East unsparingly. The picture could not be wholly pleasant, and though Mr. Douglas eschews the pathetic and overemphatic, certain portraits of vicious and fatalistic Arabs and derelict Europeans will haunt the reader with nightmare vividness. A refreshing contrast is the French engineer in charge of the great phosphate mines of Metaloui. He is a model of robust but not sordid pragmatism, with a genius for being very simply right on the most complicated issues. A description of the Waters of Tozeur—an oasis of date palms—will represent the average graceful quality of a style that is pungently various:

> Arabs will tell you that there are 194 water springs at Tozeur; they are ready to give you the names of every one of them,

and several more; these unite to form what may almost be called a river, which is then artificially divided into three rivulets—divided so neatly, says an old writer, that even some fragment of wood or other object drifting down the current is split up, perforce, into three parts, one for each of them; these three, later on, are once more subdivided into seven smaller ones apiece—twenty-one in all; and these, again, into a certain fixed number of almost microscopic brooklets. Allah is all-knowing.

Seven little villages nestle under the palms; here and there, too, you enter unexpectedly upon gem-like patches of waterless, shimmering sand—mock Saharas, golden and topaz-tinted, set in a ring of laughing greenery; there are kingfishers in arrowy flight or poised, like a flame of blue, over the still pools; overhead, among the branches, a ceaseless cooing of turtle-doves. At this season a Japanese profusion of white blossoms flutters in the breeze, and strews the ground; there peaches, apricots, plums, and almonds are giants of their kind, and yet insignificant beside the towering trunks of the palms whose leaves shade them from the sunny rays; the fruit trees, in their turn, protect the humble corn and vegetables growing at their feet.

Two new "Immortals" were elected to the French Academy on Thursday of last week, when Gen. Louis Lyautey, the French Governor of Morocco, was chosen to fill the place of the late Henri Houssaye, and Emile Boutroux that of the late Gen. Hippolyte Langlois. Gen. Lyautey has written much on colonization, and M. Boutroux, who is a professor at the Sorbonne, has several books to his credit on philosophical subjects, one of his latest being a study of William James.

Homer Lea, the American who acted as adviser to the leaders of the late Chinese revolution, died on Friday at Los Angeles. He was born in Denver in 1876. Even while a student at Leland Stanford University, he was obsessed by world politics, and determined to help to overthrow the Manchu dynasty. Though himself a hunchback, he made a specialty of military tactics, and at the age of twenty-two sailed for China. He joined the army of the allies to quell the Boxer uprising, and in 1901 returned to this country, calling himself a lieutenant-general in the Chinese army. In San Francisco he fell in with Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who was later to be the first President of China, and became his confidential military adviser. Mr. Lea was also an author. He wrote "Vermilion Pencil," a novel; "The Valor of Ignorance," a military work in two volumes; "The Crimson Spider," a drama, "The Day of the Saxon," and had in preparation a history of the political development of China. It was an *idée fixe* with him that America, for lack of military preparedness, was to be overrun by Orientals.

Science

"The New Book of Golf" is among Longmans, Green & Co.'s announcements. It consists of contributions from various hands and is edited by Horace G. Hutchinson.

The day of the elephant folio has passed, but the portfolio still persists, as in the work before us, "Studies of Birdlife in Uganda" (London: John Bale, Sons, & Danielsson). It has little to recommend it except as an *edition-de-luxe* presentation work, and its authors, R. A. L. and V. G. L. van Someren, would have been wiser to publish their pictures in some other form. They have selected twenty-five photographs of wild birds and have beautifully reproduced them as enlarged photogravures 12x16 inches in size. The subjects include woodpeckers, herons, darters, chats, shrikes, and kingfishers, all excellent but not remarkable. Five or six are mere duplicates showing the bird in slightly different pose, and a number have lost greatly in the process of enlargement.

The plates are marked only with a number, so that one has to refer to a printed list. Here, however, only very indefinite names are given, such as "Sandpiper at Nest," "Cormorants on Trees," which necessitates still further search through an eighteen-page text in which the confusion is accentuated by omission of the plate numbers. The scientific value which the authors claim for their pictures would be more real if these were differently set forth. We fail to discover the "darkest secrets" which the writers have "wrested from Nature."

George A. Lindsay has made an interesting summary of annual rainfall and temperature in the United States. Twenty-eight manuscript maps, covering the fourteen years 1891-1904, inclusive, were obtained from the office of the Weather Bureau of Washington. Half of these indicated the precipitation in inches per year, and the other fourteen the mean annual temperature. The total rainfall in cubic miles falling upon the State of Missouri during ten years, was within 2 per cent. equal to the discharge of the Mississippi River at St. Louis during that interval. So it is plain that most of the water which falls as rain or snow never reaches the sea through the medium of drainage, but is evaporated from the land. If all precipitation went into rivers, and should be conducted back to the sea, we should have enormous streams of water which would entirely dwarf our present ones. After the precipitation for each State had been computed, the amounts were summed up in five districts; the Northeast, the Southeast, the North Central, the South Central, and the Western. In 1896 the total rainfall in the Northeast section was 98.9 cubic miles; in the Southeast, 199.7; in the North Central, 363; in the South Central, 308.8, and in the Western, 326, making a total for the United States of 1,296.4 cubic miles.

With fourteen years taken as a basis, the average annual temperature of the United States, excluding the outlying parts, is 52.9 degrees F; the annual precipitation 1,308 cubic miles. Frequent attempts to show a periodic variation of the temperature and rainfall have been made, and to connect this period with some celestial phenomenon, such as sun spots. While there seems a tendency, especially in the first part of the fourteen years, for a minimum of temperature and rainfall to occur at a maximum of sun spots, the latter part of the period embraced is erratic in both the temperature and precipitation curves. The fluctuation is a large fraction of the general periodic change which coincides fairly well with the sun-spot period. The most that may be said is that there are not enough data, or perhaps, better, not enough work has been done on the vast amount of data already accumulated, to show with any certainty, or even probability, that any celestial phenomena govern the variation of temperature and precipitation from year to year. The remarkable thing is that the yearly variation is so small, considering the great storms and great variations of temperature extending over short periods. This very uniformity is perhaps more wonderful than the discovery of some celestial cause for the variation.

"The Life of the Plant," by Professor Timiriazeff, of Moscow, has been agreeably translated by Miss Chérémeteff from the seventh Russian edition. As the ripe thought of an exceptional man, the book may be read by the intelligent farmer with much profit. Recognized as the foundation of agriculture, horticulture, and forestry, the study of the physiology of plants presents to the general reader topics of absorbing interest. Professor Timiriazeff shows what the plant takes from soil and air, the influence of warmth and light upon it, how it converts the absolutely useless into those materials which nourish man and the rest of the animal world, how the green plant stands between man and starvation. When all this becomes generally known and applied, larger crops and diminishing danger of a hungry world will result.

Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle, one of the best-known gynecologists in this country, died last week in New York, at the age of fifty-six. After graduating from Yale in 1877, and in 1880 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he began an apprenticeship at the hospitals in New York, and from 1884 until the time of his death was attending gynecologist at the Roosevelt Hospital. He contributed to various medical journals.

Drama

"THE WINTER'S TALE" AT THE SAVOY.

London, October 17.

The excitement now raging over Granville Barker's production of "The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre means nothing in particular, except the reaction of critics and public from the dulness of a month of first nights that have not given anybody anything to write or to talk about.

All through September, theatre after theatre opened the season with new plays, each of which seemed to be trying to outdo the other in dramatic emptiness or scenic pretentiousness. We have had Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," with its patchwork of sentiment, stars and stripes, and innocence, and its "angel-child" strayed, apparently, straight from Anstey's music-hall parody to play the heroine. We have had Mr. Walter Browne's morality of "Everywoman," revised by Stephen Phillips, for the British public, and used as a peg upon which to hang Drury Lane's regular autumn riot of realism and spectacle—Everywoman, with her nonconformist conscience, who, if called

Mary Smith or Angelina, would not have the shadow of a chance even at Drury Lane. We have had the spectacular patriotism of "Drake" at His Majesty's, the inevitable offshoot from "Bunty" in a new arrangement of Victorian costume and Scotch accent, the—I hardly know how many more, and none in which I, at least, have been able to discover a gleam of interest, with the exception of James Montgomery's "Ready Money" at the New Theatre, like "Rebecca" and "Everywoman," an importation from America, but, unlike them, one that is welcome; an amusing farce, though I believe there have been critics who, expecting a moral in it—goodness knows why—and failing to find any, have been foolish enough not to enjoy its fun.

After such a record as this, it is no wonder that the first ambitious performance with some pretence to dramatic quality should be hailed, on the one hand, as the most original production of modern times, on the other, as a medley and farrago of all the most advanced fads and "isms" of the day. When the excitement gradually calms down, I think it will be found that "The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy deserves neither the exaggerated praise nor the exaggerated blame heaped upon it. That he has adhered rigidly to the text is a virtue of which Mr. Barker boasts and for which he may be honored. Whether or no he has given the real Shakespeare in his interpretation at the Savoy is a question over which discussion has been fierce, irrelevant as it is, since nobody to-day knows what the real Shakespeare, in this sense, is. In France, where there has ever been greater respect for form, it is pretty well known what Racine, what Molière, is, and in the performances at the Théâtre Français one has the comfortable certainty that the classic tradition is duly observed. But in England there is no tradition in these, or most other, matters; each new manager who makes Shakespeare his bid for popularity "muddles through" in his own way, and takes great credit to himself for the correctness of his version or his costumes.

When the question is one of the respective merit of their interpretations, however, it is much easier to answer, for there is no doubt that in some respects Granville Barker has left his modern predecessors far behind. The usual Shakespearean performance in the fashionable theatre means a distracting elaboration of scenery, a slowness of pace—especially at His Majesty's—that uses up one's interest before the first curtain falls, and the mouthing and ranting that destroy whatever reality might survive dramatic ideals and forms so dissimilar to our own; the usual Shakespearean performance presented by societies organized for the purpose is likely to be reduced to an archæological exercise, interesting to the student perhaps, but desperately dull to the mere playgoer. Granville Barker has wisely refrained from either popular or archæological extreme—though to the latter he may show decided inclination. One of the things he has been most severely criticised for is the rapid pace, the gallop, at which the play is taken at the Savoy—a gallop that we are assured is most un-Shakespearean. The criticism is only in a measure deserved, for Leontes (Henry Ainley), more enamored of his part than of his wife, lingers writhingly and gesticulatingly over it, acting with an evident determination that suggests he has not forgotten his lesson, as Cassius, with Beerbohm Tree; while Hermione (Lillah McCarthy) plays the statue in anticipation from the very first moment of the first scene. But the rest of the performance goes fast enough, more particularly in the sheep-shearing revels, and the effect of speed is increased by the fact that there is only one interval, and that the fall of a curtain replaces the ordinary business of scene-shifting.

But nothing could be less critical than to criticise this speed—this pace—for it is precisely what makes the play go—so much so, that if one does not happen to be a Shakespeare scholar, one can but wonder if this is not just the pace which Shakespeare himself would have given it. The action leaves no time for thought; it is so swift that all the delicious absurdities of plot and detail are carried off in the swing of the movement, the hurry from scene to scene. The encounter of Antigonus with the bear, though the most realistic of pantomime bears; the adventures of the infant Perdita, direct descendant of Romulus and Remus and close of kin to the Babes in the Wood; the naïveté of disguise by which Florizel is deceived by his father; Shakespeare's crude appeal to the gallery when he presents Paulina to Camillo, and so pairs off everybody happily at the end; all these things and as many more seem quite natural to the panoramic swiftness with which life passes in Bohemia by the sea. It may be objected that Shakespeare's verse must suffer in the race, and it does. The only lines I remember as having been delivered with genuine feeling for their rhythm and sense, as well as for enunciation and elocution, were those of Paulina's Steward (Nigel Playfair) in the one speech Shakespeare allows him, but with such generosity that it remains one of the most memorable in the play. This objection, however, is the less felt because anybody who knows the English theatre never expects to hear blank verse, or verse of any kind, or indeed fine prose, decently recited on the stage. In no detail of their profession do English actors and actresses show more lamentably the lack of that training and tradition to which the French owe their dramatic supremacy to-day.

To make Shakespeare live at this late date is no small accomplishment, and Granville Barker is to be congratulated on his success. Here, he has really been original. But when it comes to his manner of presenting the play, it must be admitted that he has not achieved originality even in his use and adaptation of the ideas and experiments of others. So freely has he borrowed, or rather, so freely have the designers of the scenery and costumes (Norman Wilkinson and Albert Rothenstein) borrowed for him, that almost every critic has brought a new accusation of plagiarism against him. He is Post-Impressionistic, he is Beardsleyesque; he takes his good from wherever he finds it, whether from the mediæval stage or *l'art nouveau;* he prigs beauty from the now fashionable Russian Ballet and eccentricity from the now over-rated Reinhardt; he has only done what Poël, Benson, and Gordon Craig have done before him; and in each of these accusations there is more than a word of truth.

But it would not matter how much he might beg, borrow, or steal, if he did it with distinction and in order to obtain fine results. At times he justifies himself, as in his treatment of the stage which he has brought down into the auditorium, and built up in three planes, with two doors for exit and entrance on either side: a modern modification of primitive arrangements appropriate to the play and to the period. The scenery in its simplicity is a vast improvement upon the vulgar gaudiness and extravagant realism that have been becoming worse and worse ever since Irving brought them into vogue at the Lyceum. The simple white palace of Leontes has no ornament save a row of quiet arches hung with dull gold curtains at the back, and is as restful as it is beautiful, besides being much more in character with Shakespeare's fantasy than the sham mediæval castle that would probably have been erected at His Majesty's to set the audience gaping with astonishment at the feat. The shepherd's cottage savors of the affectation peculiar to the modern architect of the "simple-life" cottage, but even so, it is more in harmony than the more familiar pretty pastoral scene abounding in landscape incident that elsewhere serves to distract the average theatregoer from the, to him, tedious verse of Shakespeare. The curtains, sometimes plain and sometimes relieved with conventional decorations, that fall with the shifting of the scenes, prove the effectiveness of simplicity, besides being admirable backgrounds to the different figures and groups. It is at this point that Granville Barker has gone hopelessly astray, for all his borrowing. The more simple and subordinate the background, the more it brings out the figures and groups posed and moving before it—a truth that he has not been the first to discover. But the figures and the groups at the Savoy cannot stand being brought out in such strong relief. Beardsley, the Russian Ballet, Reinhardt, have clearly been the chief inspiration of the costumes and the poses, though the spirit of Beardsley and the Ballet has been wofully misconstrued in the process. Of any mere inappropriateness it would be idle to complain, since any one costume or pose would be as appropriate as another to such a fantasy. With two possible exceptions, the costumes are guilty of a worse offence than inappropriateness—they are ugly, and ugliness in such a stage setting is the unpardonable sin. The head-dresses of men and women, with flaunting, foolish feathers and long, lean, meagre, unlovely locks of hair, would be more in keeping with burlesque or parody; in the various dresses the odd, rather than beauty, seems to have been the aim, and actors and actresses, conscious of their unloveliness, wear them awkwardly; certain details, like the birettas of the advocates in the court scene, are nothing more nor less than caricatures. Altogether, the straining after the sensational is all too obvious, and to add to the artificial effect thus produced, at certain crowded moments on the stage, the characters assume, and remain in, pantomime attitudes like so many supers from "Sumurûn" or "The Miracle"; the more obvious, and the more discordant, because of the rapidity of the action immediately before and after.

Granville Barker has made Shakespeare on the modern stage, for once, amusing—his crime to the critics; but he has not made Shakespeare beautiful, which is no less essential for success when the play is "The Winter's Tale." The triumph would have been greater had he drawn his audience by the merit of Shakespeare alone, instead of by the display of his sympathy with every "artistic" movement of the moment. But in the English theatre we must take our good where we find it, and we can only be grateful when there is any good to take, however much it may be adulterated. N. N.

Laurence Irving has published (Duffield) his English version of Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths," which was played in the Kingsway Theatre, London, last winter. It will convey to English readers, doubtless, a sufficiently accurate impression of the general character and scope of the work, although the habitual use of slang phrases peculiarly British indicates that it is by no means an exact translation. This, however, is not a matter of serious moment. The piece is not one of those masterpieces which demand from the adapter the most reverential literary treatment. It possesses a certain interest as a reflection of the manner of life in Russian slums, but the conditions which it depicts do not differ essentially from those which, unhappily, are only too common in the underworld of many other great cities in freer and more civilized countries. As a grimly realistic sketch of human misery and degradation it has the merit of veracity, but it throws no new light upon dark places, depicts suffering and evil without seeking the cause or suggesting a remedy, and is almost entirely lacking in the imagination, the insight, or the appeal to be found in the writings of such men as Dickens, Tolstoy, Balzac, Zola, or even Eugène Sue. Had it been written originally in English it would have been pronounced a melodrama of the third, or, at best, the second rate, in no way remarkable except for its frankness. It characterizes with crude vigor a number of perfectly familiar types, but has neither plot nor cohesion, and but very little dramatic action. Such episodes as occur, amid the wastes of talk, are of the ordinary police-court variety, and culminate in murder. The personages represented include a ruffianly and miserly dive-keeper, his abandoned wife, who fights with her sister for the favors of a pickpocket, a drink-sodden actor, a degraded swindling baron, a street-walker, and various tatterdemalions. Rascally officialdom is impersonated by a grafting policeman. The one respectable figure is a pilgrim, Luka, who preaches tolerance and acts as peacemaker, without in any way influencing the course of events. There are forcible passages in the dialogue, but they are rare, and fail to relieve the dreariness of a play which is as chaotic in form as it is pessimistic in spirit.

William Archer contributes the "Congreve" to the masterpieces of English Drama series (American Book Co.), now in preparation under Prof. Felix E. Schelling as general editor. In the present case the introduction is interesting mainly for what is said on that hoary question of Congreve's morality, or, rather, lack of it. Mr. Archer rejects the lame excuse that the different social conventions of that day are the real offenders, and equally confutes Congreve's own plea that in his works abuses are satirized. Satire, comes the retort, must, if it is to have point, set up by way of contrast a moral standard. Nothing of the sort is observed in Congreve. Nor is this irresponsible comic muse—"painted French baggage," Thackeray called her—to be fathered upon France, for the good reason that "it did not exist, in anything like such brutal and brazen forms, on the other side of the Channel." In his complete ethical indifferences Congreve, with Vanbrugh, is regarded by Mr. Archer as the last of the ancients, of the Jacobeans, rather than as the first of the moderns. "With Steele and Farquhar . . . a new spirit came into comedy—the spirit of meliorism, so utterly foreign to Congreve." The following are the plays included in this volume: "The Double-Dealer," "Love for Love," "The Way of the World," and "The Mourning Bride."

The production of "Julius Cæsar," which William Faversham has made in the Lyric Theatre, is, when existing dramatic conditions are taken into consideration, an eminently respectable achievement. It suffers, of course, as have most recent Shakespearean performances, from the subordination of text to spectacle, but the acting was upon a somewhat higher level of general intelligence than old theatre-goers might have expected. The conspicuous weaknesses in it, wherever they were displayed, were largely due evidently to over-anxiety and inexperience. Undue deliberations, excessive tonal emphasis and gesture were faults which most of the actors shared in common, and the diction—except in the case of two or three players—had neither cultivation nor distinction. In many instances the sense of the text was missed or distorted. But the representation, as a whole, was smooth, vigorous, picturesque, and had its touches of tragic dignity. Fuller Mellish, a veteran Shakespearean, had a good conception of Julius, but nearly spoiled it by over-acting and staginess. Tyrone Power, if somewhat heavy, was in many respects an admirable Brutus. William Faversham played Antony with intelligence and abundant spirit, but without rant. Mr. Keenan would have been a better Cassius if he had been less anxious over his points. Miss Opp was misplaced as Portia. The mobs had been trained with precision, but not much discernment.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" continues to be so successful at the London Haymarket that Manager Harrison is likely to abandon his idea of making an elaborate production of Ibsen's "The Pretenders." In its place he will probably present Stanley Houghton's comedy, "The Younger Generation." It will be preceded by a one-act play of a somewhat ambitious character. This is the work of Lord Dunsany, and bears the title of "The Golden Doom." The action takes place "a long time ago," and the story is entirely fantastic. S. H. Sime is designing both costumes and scenery; the latter will be painted by Joseph Harker.

According to the local critics, Aubrey Smith has scored an emphatic success at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre with "Instinct," a play adapted by an American dramatist, Penrhyn Stanlaws, from the French of Henry Kistemaeckers. It deals with a crisis in the lives of two persons, a distinguished surgeon and his wife. The latter has taken a deep but purely innocent interest in a young poet, who has come to regard her as his Egeria. In the absence of her husband, who pretends that work calls him away, Mrs. Mandover grants her youthful admirer a final meeting in her own house. Thither he repairs, and is suddenly attacked by serious illness. Dr. Mandover, upon his return, is in the mood for murder, but is recalled to a sense of his professional duty by the frantic appeals of his wife, who tells him that it is his mission to cure, and not to destroy. High praise is given to Aubrey Smith and Miss Lilian Braithwaite for their respective performances. It is easy to credit Mr. Smith with great effectiveness in a part of this kind.

Miss Gertrude Kingston announces two afternoon performances at the Little Theatre, in London, of a play, entitled "Barbara Grows Up," which made a hit on its original production at the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. The piece is "by an author unknown to London."

Maurice Maeterlinck has finished his promised sequel to "The Blue Bird," in which Tytyl and Mytyl are introduced at a much later stage of growth. He is luckier than most authors if he has been able to find new inspiration at the old font.

Music

Interpretation in Song. By Harry Plunket Greene. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Plunket Greene is one of the most prominent concert singers of our time. He is a bass, of the Wüllner type; that is, he owes his success much more to his art of interpretation than to natural beauty of voice. It is this that gives his book its special value. He has been through the mill and knows what he is talking about. His example and his teaching will be a stimulus especially to those who, like himself, have unusual obstacles to overcome. Yet let not those whose voices are naturally beautiful imagine that they can depend on that alone; a vast number of such have found out to their grief that a great gift like a lovely voice may count for nothing in the world of music. The number of such failures would be much reduced if every young singer would read this admirable volume.

Mr. Greene exaggerates when he says that, whereas players have greatly improved their technique during the last thirty years, the singer alone has stood still. Singers like players have mastered operas like Wagner's which a generation ago were pronounced impossible of execution. Nevertheless, the singer with a beautiful voice who has not taken the trouble to learn his business is much in evidence. So far as technique is concerned, Mr. Greene has nothing to tell them in this volume; he takes technique for granted—with one exception. Inasmuch as the whole structure of interpretative singing stands on breath control, the physical part of breathing is dealt with in an appendix. The rest of the volume is concerned chiefly with the three possessions with which (in addition to technique) the interpreter must start—Magnetism, Sense of Atmosphere, and Command of Tone-color. These topics are not discussed in a dry psychological manner, but are illustrated with vivid glimpses of actual happenings in concert halls. Nothing, for instance, could be more entertaining as well as instructive than the pages devoted to showing how easily the magnetic something which passes from singer to audience and from audience to singer is destroyed, not so much by some unexpected noise as by something visible which snaps the thread of attention to the artist and his music. "To a singer the roving eye in an audience is as terrible a danger signal as the early yawn."

In the pages relating to atmosphere Mr. Greene declares that the secret of interpretation lies in the treatment of a song as a whole. The atmosphere of the song creates the right mood in the singer—if he knows how to go about it. The author points the way in a long chapter, How to Study a Song, which is admirably conceived. Perhaps nowhere else in all the pedagogic literature relating to music can the student find such a key to the very heart of great songs as in this chapter. The greatest of all songs is, as the author rightly maintains (p. 238), Schubert's "Doppelgänger." To read the five pages he devotes to it, and then to play and sing the thrilling song itself (it is printed here with his interpretation marks) will mean to most students the dawn of a new insight into the inner secrets of expressive music. Among the other songs treated in the same fashion are Schumann's "Er der Herrlichste von Allen" and Stanford's "The Crow." In The Singing of Folksongs and a number of pages devoted to the analysis of British ballads that are worth while, the student will find more help of the same kind.

Singers talk a great deal about tone color without knowing as a rule what they mean by it. Mr. Greene clears up the matter by bidding the vocalist to "vitalize the breath and add to it the same color when singing the words that he would give when speaking them in accordance with their dramatic significance." After some remarks on Style he passes on to discuss at considerable length three main rules for all singers, these rules being: Never Stop the March of a Song; Sing Mentally Through Your Rests; and Sing as You Speak. The discussion of the first of these is of particular importance at the present time when singers are too prone to indulge in excessive and ill-timed variations of pace (rubato) at the expense of rhythm. It will give them pause to read the masterly remarks (p. 45) on the necessity of keeping up the march of the rhythm in "The Erlking" without any slackening, because through the whole song run haste and fear. No less timely and important are the remarks on the necessity for singing mentally through rests, so as to keep in the mood. Under this head there are also useful admonitions to vocalists as to songs and parts of songs in which the pianist sets the pace and the singer must be his humble follower.

The Making of Programmes and The Clergy and Intoning are other topics discussed. Mr. Greene's eminence as an oratorio singer also gives special value to his remarks on recitative. He is eloquent on the subject and on the causes of over-elaboration of details; he dwells pathetically on the martyrdom of memorizing poor songs and throws much light on the question why most English songs are so bad. His caricatures of the ordinary English contralto and other types are among the most amusing things in musical literature, as are his remarks on ballad accompaniments. Neat epigrams there are, as when he advises the singer to "ask himself not what he can put into the song, but what can be got out of it"—an admonition much needed. In short, Mr. Greene's book is full of wit and wisdom and invaluable advice to all who, be their voices beautiful or of mediocre charm, wish to succeed on the concert stage.

The *Harvard Musical Review* is a new periodical to be published monthly. The October number includes articles by Walter R. Spalding on "Utilitarian Values in Music," by Arthur Foote on "Thirty-five Years of Music in Boston," by T. M. Spelman on "Massenet," and by Nicholas Roosevelt on "Harvard and the Boston Opera." The editor writes that he has

> already succeeded in interesting a large number of prominent musicians in the enterprise, such as H. T. Parker, Philip Hale, Converse, Loeffler, Chadwick, Philip Goepp, Richard Aldrich, Morris Class, George Burdette, Edward B. Hill, and many others; a number of whom have promised to write for us. We intend to have their contributions form the backbone of the paper, and to supplement their work by that of the undergraduate editors, thus producing as a whole a paper which will have little in common with the usual American musical trade journal or guide for music teachers.

Next Monday the opera season opens with Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The other operas of the week will be "Götterdämmerung" on Wednesday, "Gioconda" on Thursday, "Madama Butterfly" on Friday, and "Tannhäuser" on Saturday afternoon. Brooklyn will have "Rigoletto" on the evening of that Saturday.

The chief offering of the Philharmonic Society this season will be an elaborate production of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, for which the MacDowell Chorus, with its usual numbers considerably augmented, has now for some time been rehearsing. In an early concert Conductor Josef Stransky will offer the new "Merry Overture" of Felix Weingartner, its first public performance. He will introduce also for a first hearing in these concerts Alexander Ritter's "Olaf's Wedding Dance, a Symphonic Waltz." The composer was a special friend of Wagner and a teacher of Richard Strauss. Other novelties to be presented by the Philharmonic during the season will be a new French symphony by Dubois, a posthumous overture of Dvořák, an overture by Erich Korngold, the thirteen-year-old Viennese composer; furthermore, new works by Sibelius, Bruckner, Debussy, Felix Draeseke, Max Reger, Emil Graener, and others, including Henry Hadley's "In Bohemia." The Philharmonic, under Mr. Stransky, will begin its season with a New England tour, appearing in New Haven under the auspices of the musical department of Yale University, in Providence, Holyoke, and Boston, returning to New York in time for the first concerts in Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening, November 14, and Friday afternoon, November 15. Mischa Elman, the violinist, will be the soloist of the New England tour and of the opening New York concerts.

"Parsifal" is to be produced at the Paris Opéra as soon as the copyright expires—on January 1, 1914.

Art

"The Romance of Sandro Botticelli" (Dodd, Mead), by A. J. Anderson, is a sequel to "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi." By dint of following up Botticelli's patrons and contemporary memoirs, adding withal a considerable dose of pure invention, a plausible background is built out of scanty materials. Although the chronology is bolstered up with an appendix, the original arguments need hardly be taken seriously. The not very difficult lover of historical romance will probably get pleasure and edification from this book. It is at times vivid, and not infrequently cheap. The definition of Platonic love as "a sexual friendship that was free from a suspicion of flirtation" is merely an extreme example of a frequent kind of offending. Mr. Anderson supposes a complete collapse in Botticelli's powers of expression after 1490. Clearly he regards the Calumny, the St. Zenobius panels, the Virginia, the Lucretia, and the Mystical Adoration in the National Gallery as inferior works. Plainly the book is for the cruder type of Botticellian, a clan sufficiently numerous to provide an excellent public.

From Country Life, Limited (London) we receive a handsome facsimile reprint in folio of John Shute's "The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture." This treatise on the classical orders was published in London in 1563, and is the first systematic treatment of the matter in the English tongue. Shute, on the title page, calls himself painter and architect. There is reason to suppose that he was chiefly the former. His Italian journey was made in 1550 at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland. Shute emphasizes the fact that, aside from the reading of Serlio and others, he studied the buildings on the spot, both ancient and modern. His treatise, which considers merely the draughting of the orders and their superimposition, is probably only the beginning of what was to have been an extended work. Possibly his influence may be detected in Longleat, but it seems as if his book, which is extant only in five copies, made little stir. Practicing architects in Elizabethan England undoubtedly had recourse immediately to Alberti, Serlio, and Palladio, the plates being sufficiently eloquent even to one who could not deal with the text. For antiquarian reasons, however, architects of scholarly type will be glad to have this excellent facsimile reprint on their shelves. It is accompanied by brief but sufficient introductory matter and notes by Lawrence Weaver. The edition is limited to one thousand copies.

In Francis Bond's "The Cathedrals of England and Wales" (Scribner) we have a guide-book which cannot fail to be of great value, not only to the architect, but also to that large, and increasing, number of laymen who make the tour of the cathedral cities of Great Britain. Inasmuch as each of these important buildings has a life-history of its own, the author's intention has been to add to their interest for the reader by treating them biographically. As he says in his introduction, the ordinary guide-book seems to be written with the one definite end—to save the legs of the visitor by offering no obstruction to his walking through the building once and for all, without retracing any of his steps. But if he takes such a course in the regular order, what he will see will probably be (as in Winchester, for example), "first, what was done in the nave in the latter part of the fourteenth and in the fifteenth century; then the work done in the crossing in the twelfth century: then work done in the transepts in the eleventh century; then the work in the choir in the first half of the fourteenth century; then the work done in the retro-choir early in the thirteenth century; finally, sixteenth-century work in the Lady chapel."

Such a procedure evidently gives the visitor to a cathedral no adequate idea of the vitality of the building as an organic growth, and leads him to overlook the practical and æsthetic reasons for the varied changes made as the building developed. Mr. Bond's biographical method, on the contrary, has the great merit of placing before us, as a consecutive story, the processes which have led to the constructions as we find them to-day—a story which gains in interest as he describes, with no little skill, the motives which led to their rebuilding and rearrangement. In a book which covers so broad a field with such minuteness of detail, it would be too much to hope that no errors of fact and interpretation have been made; but these our author has used care to avoid by special consultation with local experts. The book is profusely illustrated with small but excellent photographic reproductions.

New sections on Japanese metal work give special value to a second edition of H. Wilson's "Silverwork and Jewelry" (in the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks, edited by W. R. Lethaby and published by Appleton). The author, since the appearance of the first edition of his manual, has witnessed demonstrations by Profs. Unno Bisei and T. Kobayashi, of the Imperial Fine Arts College, Tokio, where he was "deeply impressed not only by the simplicity of the tools and methods, but by the miraculous skill with which these tools and methods are employed." Mr. Wilson's descriptions of the Far Eastern processes of inlaying, damascening, and casting are illustrated with explicit pen drawings, and are of a kind to stir the imitative faculties of the Occidental metal worker, whether professional or amateur. A report of a lecture by Mr. Bisei gives important historical and technical information about methods of working and decorating metals in the Ashikaga and subsequent periods, formulæ for the composition of *shibuichi* and *shakudo*, and recipes for coloring metals. These details will not interest the general reader (save here and there a collector of Japanese sword guards or bronzes), but they are full of useful suggestions to the craftsman. A newly added chapter on Egyptian jewelry follows Emile Vernier's book on Egyptian goldsmiths' work. The second edition, for the rest, is, like the first, an admirable guide to elementary workshop practice in the crafts with which it deals.

Finance

FINANCIAL EUROPE AND THE DEFEAT OF TURKEY.

When the Balkan War was beginning, exactly a month ago, the decline on Europe's stock market began, which culminated in the two-hour panic of Saturday, October 12, on the stock exchanges of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. When the early news from the front came in, two somewhat opposite symptoms developed on those markets—money stringency, which led to a rise in official discount rates at all the great European state banks, and recovery in the stock markets, which at London became rapid in last week's closing days. This last-named movement occurred in the face of the Turkish army's unexpected and sensational defeat. It occurred, also, notwithstanding the earlier and quite general consensus of foreign critics, that a Turkish victory, which should maintain the *status quo*, would make for financial reassurance, whereas a sweeping victory for the Balkan states, with the diplomatic friction which must accompany settlement of peace, would be highly disturbing to the markets.

Financially, then, the questions now at issue are: Will the markets of the next few weeks be more affected by the fact that the war is near its end and a prolonged strain on capital resources averted, or by the fact that the uncertainties of another Berlin conference are before us? In either case, was the recent apprehensive movement on Europe's money markets due to the Balkan war alone, or to other and deeper causes which the war brought into light.

It was on Thursday, October 17, that Turkey formally declared war. On the same day, bank rates went up at London, Paris, and Stockholm; the Bank of Germany similarly moved up its rate on the 24th; the Belgian bank rate had already risen on the 16th; the Bank of Austria followed suit on the 25th, and the Imperial Bank of Russia on the 29th. On Thursday, the 31st, the Bank of France again advanced its rate, fixing the highest minimum since November, 1907. Only in the Wall Street panic of that month, and in the "Boer War panic" in the autumn of 1899, has any such general advance of rates at the European state banks occurred.

For three reasons, the rise in the French bank rate is the matter of special interest. Only once before in this generation—in 1899—has the Bank of France raised its rate twice in a single fortnight. Last Thursday's second advance occurred on a day when the Bourse, at its monthly settlement, was paying differences on the panicky fall in prices of the three preceding weeks. Finally, and of singular historical interest, Thursday's 4 per cent. rate was not only the highest established at any time since November, 1907, but was actually the highest level reached at the Bank of France in October of any year since 1881.

In 1907, the 4 per cent. rate was fixed as a barrier to the seemingly limitless demand for gold by the panic-stricken New York market. In 1899, the rate got to 4½ in December, on the defeat of England's South African armies and the blockade of the Transvaal gold mines. In 1881, the Paris bank rate rose to 5 per cent. on October 20, after having been 3½ as recently as September, and the reason then, as was the case last month, was a very menacing speculative situation on the Bourse.

It had been suddenly discovered, at the time, not only that a multitude of private speculators had gone beyond their depth, but that banking institutions were involved. The Bank of France and the Government tided matters over until the monthly Bourse settlement of February, 1882. One or two Paris banks then had to go; the French financial market was thrown into panic; the London bank rate went to 6 per cent., and even on Wall Street call money got up to 17 per cent.

This is in many respects an interesting precedent. It is not to be supposed that it infers any such sequel at Paris to the present disturbances. Nothing of the sort followed the high Paris rates of 1899 and 1907. But the difficulty in the present case seems to be that the Balkan crisis caught the Paris credit market heavily extended. That was not true of 1899; still less of 1907. But the very fact that during 1908, 1909, and 1910 Paris was resorted to by every borrowing Government and market in the world, and that nearly all applicants were accommodated, suggested a process of tying-up capital.

Paris has taken quantities of shares from here, and not always shares of the best quality; it has engaged heavily in rubber shares, South American shares, bonds of second-rate Governments (including the Balkan states), and, above all, Russian industrials in the field of oil, iron, and coal. Many people wondered why, in September of last year, after the French banks had called back their loans from Germany and thereby caused a financial crisis at Berlin, there should have ensued a formidable crash at Paris also. On the face of the situation, it would have been inferred that such recall of capital would have made the Paris position extremely comfortable, and there were some European critics who argued that Paris was bringing its money home from Germany, not because it feared a German war, but because it had to have the capital back at once.

One of the most singular of all the incidents of this whole curious chapter of European finance is that, while the financial world, during the whole of 1912, has been pointing at Berlin as the market which would have the most painful experience in the "October settlement," the actual arrival of October found Berlin, on the whole, in thoroughly sound condition, but Paris itself in straits. Perhaps financial Berlin has to thank the New York banks, and their loan of $120,000,000 during the tiding-over of last winter, for its own easy escape; but even this leaves us confronted with the state of affairs at Paris.

This phase of the European financial situation will remain deeply interesting, whatever happens in the Balkan war. It will be equally interesting to see how this European situation affects our markets. In the foreign tight-money period of 1907, we were ourselves the cause. In the similar stringency of 1882, our markets suffered heavily in the after-results—chiefly because Wall Street also had been over-speculating, and had just completed a season of disastrous harvest failure.

In the other severe and general European money stringency of our time—the crisis of 1899—the American market was temporarily incommoded, and for a time was badly pinched. Then it resumed its movement of prosperity, which swept along to April, 1901. The movement was hardly impeded, even by the Berlin market's very serious crisis at the end of 1900; our own markets were building on the foundations of genuine economic strength and trade revival.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, F. R. In Other Words. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Adams, John. The Lenten Psalms. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Amphora: Collection of Prose and Verse. Portland, Me.: Mosher.
Bassett, S. W. The Story of Lumber. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Baur, P. V. C. Centaurs in Ancient Art. Berlin: Karl Curtius.
Beach, Belle. Riding and Driving for Women. Scribner. $4 net.
Beach, E. L. Roger Paulding Gunner's Mate. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.
Beckford, Wiliam. Episodes of Vathek. Trans. by F. T. Marzials. Phila.: Lippincott. $5 net.
Begbie, Harold. The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing. Doran. $1.25 net.
Bell, E., and Baillie-Weaver, H. Horses in Warfare. London: Humanitarian League.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Four Men. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Bergson, Henri. The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Boston: Luce & Co.
Björkman, Edwin. Gleams. Mitchell Kennerley. 75 cents net.
Book of Winter Sports. Edited by J. C. Dier. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Bourne, George. Change in the Village. Doran. $1.35 net.
Bradley, A. C. Coriolanus. Frowde. 25 cents.
Bradley, A. G. The Gateway of Scotland. (Illustrated.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Brown, K. H. The Hallowell Partnership. Scribner. $1 net.
Burch, D. S. Dairy Farming. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Burr, A. J. The Roadside Fire. Doran. $1 net.
Carroll, H. K. The Religious Forces of the United States. Revised to 1910. Scribner. $2 net.
Comstock, Fanny. Greek Myths and Hero Tales. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Coolidge, Herbert. Pancho McClish. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Craddock, C. E. The Ordeal. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.20 net.
Curtin, Jeremiah. Myths of the Modocs. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Curtis, A. T. The Little Runaways at Home; Marjorie in the Sunny South; Grandpa's Little Girls Grown Up. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Curtiss, G. H. and Post, A. The Curtiss Aviation Book. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Dimock, A. W. Be Prepared, or The Boy Scouts in Florida. Stokes. $1 net.
Eucken, Rudolf. Back to Religion. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Evans, D. T. Principles of Hebrew Grammar. Part I. London: Luzac.
Finlay-Johnson, Harriet. The Dramatic Method of Teaching. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Fiona, Mac Leod. The Silence of Amor. Portland, Me.: Mosher.
Fisher, R. H. The Beatitudes. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Fonseka, L. de. On the Truth of Decorative Art. London: Greening & Co.
Foster, A. A. The Message of Robert Browning. Doran. $1.25 net.
Franklin's Autobiography. Edited by F. W. Pine. Holt.
Fried, A. H. The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. Doran. $2 net.
Fulton, R. I., and Trueblood, T. C. British and American Eloquence. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Fyfe, T. A. Who's Who in Dickens. Doran. $2 net.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Illus. in color. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Gould, E. L. Polly Prentiss Goes to School. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Gould, E. L. The Admiral's Little Companion. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Graham, Tom. Hike and the Aeroplane. Stokes. $1 net.
Grenfell, W. T. What Can Jesus Christ Do with Me? Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Griffith, H. S. Letty's Sister. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Hagedorn, Hermann. Poems and Ballads. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Hale, L. C. Motor Journeys. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.
"Handasyde." The Four Gardens. Illus. by C. Robinson. Phila.: Lippincott.
Herbertson, F. D. North and Central America and the West Indies. (Oxford Geographies.) Frowde.
Hodges, George. Saints and Heroes Since the Middle Ages. Holt. $1.35 net.
Holland, R. S. Historic Poems and Ballads described. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.
Intercollegiate Debates. Vol. II. Edited by E. R. Nichols. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. $2.
Jacobs, S. P. Christ in Ethics. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Janson, Gustaf. Pride of War. Trans. from the Swedish. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.30 net.
Jowett, J. H. The Preacher, His Life and Work. Doran. $1.25 net.
Kilbourne, C. E. An Army Boy in Pekin. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. Kim. Illustrated by J. L. Kipling. Doubleday, Page.
Kyle, M. G. The Deciding Voice of the Monuments in Biblical Criticism. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.
Leather-Bound Pocket Series. Latent Energies of Life, by C. R. Brown; Misfortunes of a World Without Pain, by N. D. Hillis; Conservation of Womanhood, by T. Roosevelt; Signs of the Times, by W. J. Bryan; The Call of Jesus to Joy by W. E. Griffis. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net, each.
Lee, A. L. A Junior Co-ed. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.
Lee, Jennette. Mr. Achilles. Dood, Mead. $1 net.
Lee, Vernon, and others. In Praise of Old Gardens. Portland, Me.: Mosher.
Lincoln, J. C. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Loeb Classical Library. First ten volumes—Apostolic Fathers, vol. 1; Euripides, 2 vols; Philostratus, 2 vols.; Propertius; St. Augustine's Confessions, 2 vols; Terence, 2 vols. Macmillan. $1.50 net each.

Lummis, C. F. The Enchanted Burro. New edition. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Lyttelton, Lucy. Lyrical Poems. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

McCarter, M. H. A Wall of Men. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

McCarthy, C. H. Columbus and His Predecessors. Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey. 50 cents net.

McCauley, C. V. The Garden of Dreams. Chicago: McClurg.

McCurdy, Edward. Roses of Paestum. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

McFadyen, J. E. A Cry for Justice: A Study in Amos. Scribner. 60 cents net.

McIntyre, J. T. Ashton-Kirk, Secret Agent. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

McIntyre, J. T. The Young Continentals at Monmouth. Philadelphia Penn Pub. Co.

Marquand, Allan. Della Robbias in America. Princeton University Press. $4.50.

Martin, M. E. The Ways of the Planets. Harper. $1.25 net.

Masefield, John. Jim Davis. Stokes. $1.25 net.

Metropolitan Sewerage Commission, Report. New York city.

Meyer, J. A. The Green C.: A High School Story. Harper. $1.25.

Milner, Florence. The Teacher. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Morris, E. B. Blue Anchor Inn. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Morris, William. Collected Works, Vols. 13 to 16. Longmans.

Nettleton, G. H. Old Testament Narratives, selected and edited. Holt.

O'Brien, S. R. English for Foreigners. Book II. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 70 cents net.

Orcutt, W. D. The Writer's Desk Book. Stokes. 60 cents net

Parrish, Randall. Gordon Craig, Soldier of Fortune. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Patterson, J. E. The Lure of the Sea. Doran. $1.25 net.

Pennell, E. R. Our House and London Out of Our Windows. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion. Fourth series, edited by A. N. Blakeman. Putnam. $2.50.

Pierce, J. N. The Masculine Power of Christ. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Price, M. P. Siberia. London: Methuen.

Rauschenbusch, Walter. "Unto Me." Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.

Redfield, W. C. The New Industrial Day. Century. $1.25 net.

Remick, G. M. Glenlock Girls at Camp West. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Richmond, G. S. Brotherly House. Doubleday, Page.

Sangster, M. E. The Mother Book. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.

Savory, D. L. Das erste Jahr des Deutschen Unterrichts. Frowde.

Scott, W. R. The Americans in Panama. Statler Pub. Co.

Shakespeare, All the Tales From. By Charles and Mary Lamb and H. S. Morris. Illus. in color. 2 vols. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Shea, Cornelius. Love and Lure: A Romance of Arizona. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Sheldon, C. M. A Builder of Ships. Doran. $1.20 net.

Sheppard, W. C. The Rambler Club's Aeroplane; Rambler Club's Gold Mine; Rambler Club's House-Boat. Penn Pub. Co.

Slattery, Margaret. A Guide for Teachers of Training Classes. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Smith, W. B. Ecce Deus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2.25.

Somerville, E. O., and Ross, M. Dan Russel the Fox. Doran. $1.25 net.

Spenser. An Original Canto, Designed as Part of his Fairy Queen. University Heights (N. Y. city). A. H. Nason. 30 cents.

Spring in Tuscany, and Other Lyrics. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

Stevenson, R. L. The Flight of the Princess. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

Strindberg, A. Plays: Creditors, Pariah. Trans. by E. Björkman. Scribner. 75 cents net.

Tarbell, I. M. The Business of Being a Woman. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Thurston, E. T. The "Flower of Gloster." Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Tolman, W. H., and Guthrie, A. W. Hygiene for the Worker. Amer. Book Co. 50 cents.

Tragicorum Graecorum Fragmenta Papyracea. Frowde.

Van Dyke, H. W. Through South America. Crowell. $2 net.

Van Rensselaer, Mrs. J. K. Prophetical, Educational, and Playing Cards. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $3 net.

Watson, G. C. Farm Poultry. Revised, enlarged. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Watson, John. The Interpretation of Religious Experience. (Gifford Lectures, 1910-12.) Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. $6 net.

Weitenkampf, F. American Graphic Art. Holt. $2.75 net.

Wells, Carolyn. The Lover's Baedeker and Guide to Arcady. Stokes. $1 net.

Weston, J. L. Romance, Vision, and Satire: English Alliterative Poems of the Fourteenth Century. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.

West, Paul. Just Boy. Doran. $1.20 net.

White, S. E. The Land of Footprints. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Whitman, Walt. Memories of President Lincoln. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.

Woolley, L. T. Faith Palmer at the Oaks. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1 net.

Wright, K. A. Sweet Songs of Many Voices. Boston: Caldwell Co.

Just Ready

Germany and the German Emperor

By HERBERT PERRIS, author of "A Short History of War and Peace" (*Home University Library*), "Russia in Revolution," etc.

With map, 8vo. $3.00 *net.*

A study of the modern German character as an evolution of German political history. A sympathetic defence of the German people and their political aims; but not less a frank indictment of certain national traits, reflected in the Kaiser's *Welt Politik.*

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

MIRIAM LUCAS

By Canon Sheehan

Crown 8vo. $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50

The author of "The Queen's Fillet" and "My New Curate" deals in his new novel with some unusual features of Irish life in our own day, including the "Irish Curse." The scene of the story is laid partly in America.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Now Ready

The MAN WHO CAME BACK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

This is the story of the primrose paths trod by a reckless young prodigal, spoiled by great wealth and dissipation and east off by his father, who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. It is the story, too, of how a wanton of the music halls recalls him to himself, and of how, thanks to her, he resolutely "came back."

12mo. Illustrated by Bracker. 75 *cents net.*

THE CAT

Being a collection of endearments and invectives lavished by many writers upon an animal much loved and much abhorred. Selected and arranged by **Agnes Repplier**, author of "The Fireside Sphinx," etc. Illustrated by **Elizabeth F. Bonsall.**

Prefixing her selections with an essay instinct with the charm of one of the most delightful of familiar essayists, Miss Repplier has here brought together the finest passages in literature devoted to the cat. *16mo. Illustrated.* $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.08.

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

A MEMOIR OF GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

Together with a Record of the Earlier Years of the Publishing House Founded by Him

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

8vo. With Photogravure Frontispiece. $2.50 *net. By mail,* $2.75.

"With George Palmer Putnam as with many of his contemporaries, to be a publisher, an author, a soldier, a collector of customs, all more or less at the same time, was nothing unusual. Thus it happens that his biography which his son has written contains a thousand good stories of people whom his father met, authors, publishers, soldiers, ambassadors, diplomats and others. As a spectator at Bull Run, as publisher, as author, he distinguished himself, but particularly as publisher, and it is as a publisher that he is able to recount his best stories."—*N. Y. Times.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK LONDON

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

BINDER FOR THE NATION

To receive the current numbers in a convenient temporary form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with "The Nation" stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

THE NATION 20 Vesey Street, N. Y. City

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2472 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 180 Dec 26 12

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY'S
NOVEMBER BOOKS

MARY JOHNSTON'S CEASE FIRING

As Miss Johnston chose for the title of her first novel on the War between the States "The Long Roll," the call to action, so for the second and last she has chosen the command "Cease Firing." In imaginative power, vividness and impressiveness the book is even greater than "The Long Roll," which the critics agreed in styling "the greatest war novel ever written."

Throughout the book General Lee is the dominant figure, as Jackson was in the former work, and although the story, following history, must close with the defeat of the South, it ends, nevertheless, with a fine and sane note of hopeful looking-forward to the future.

Illustrated in Color by N. C. Wyeth *$1.40 net. Postage 14 cents*

ESSAYS, HISTORY, &c.

SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.
Humanly Speaking
Delightfully whimsical essays in which the author of "The Gentle Reader" travels, observes and arrives at certain interesting conclusions. $1.25 *net;* postage 12 cents. (*Ready next week.*)

Our House
By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.
London life as seen from an upper apartment overlooking the Thames, illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Boxed. $2.50 *net;* postage 18 cents.

Boston New and Old
By T. RUSSELL SULLIVAN.
Well-known and remote corners of Boston leisurely described. Strikingly illustrated by Lester G. Hornby. Limited to 750 copies. $7.50 *net;* postpaid.

The Autobiography of an Individualist
By J. O. FAGAN.
The varied experiences and the wise observations of an unusual man, author of "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman." $1.25 *net;* postage 11 cents.

Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakspere
By GEORGE H. PALMER.
An essay of unusual interest combining literary and religious exposition and criticism. 75 cents *net;* postage extra.

POETRY

Shadows of the Flowers
By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
A selection of fifty charming passages from Aldrich's writings, illustrated and printed in a style quaintly unique. $2.00 *net;* postage extra.

Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody
The poet's complete works, including a large collection of unpublished pieces together with an introduction by John M. Manly. Two vols. with portraits. Each $1.50 *net;* postage 11 cents.

A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass
By AMY LOWELL.
This collection of unusual poems combines marked technical ability with a rare and individual poetical feeling. $1.50 *net;* postage 6 cents.

The Unconquered Air and Other Poems
By FLORENCE EARLE COATES.
This brilliant and appealing volume begins with the strong and suggestive piece inspired by the wonders of aviation, and contains numerous other poems of significance. $1.25 *net;* postage 8 cents.

Uriel and Other Poems
By PERCY MacKAYE.
In this, his latest volume, Mr. MacKaye brings together his important recent poems on occasions of academic and public interest. $1.00 *net;* postage 7 cents.

OF SPECIAL APPEAL

The Children's Reading
By FRANCES J. OLCOTT.
A review of the entire field of juvenile literature, by the former head of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh. $1.25 *net;* postage extra. (*Ready next week.*)

Gutter Babies
By DOROTHEA SLADE.
"Exquisitely written . . . what with the text and pictures, this is a delightful and appealing book."—*Living Age.* Illus. in tint. $1.25 *net;* postage 12 cents.

When I Was a Child
By YOSHIO MARKINO.
The vivid and picturesque narrative of childhood experiences in Japan, and of youthful adventures in San Francisco. Fully illustrated by the author. $1.50 *net;* postage 15 cents.

The Japanese Twins
By LUCY FITCH PERKINS.
'Pictures the queer life and customs, games and duties of the children on the other side of the world. Illustrated by the author. $1.00 *net;* postage 14 cents.

The Milk Question
By MILTON J. ROSENAU.
A complete and authoritative study of all the various aspects of the question of the quality and healthfulness of our milk. Illustrated. $2.00 *net;* postage 16 cents.

Ready November 23

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY
By HENRY D. SEDGWICK
An important contribution to the field of Italian historical scholarship. Mr. Sedgwick is well-known as one of the most brilliant of contemporary essayists and historians. In two vols. Illustrated. $5.00 *net;* postage extra.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 445

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Is it a "Revolution"? 448
Judges Do Move 448
Balkan Diplomacy 449
Mr. Bryce's Retirement 450
Prints in Boston 451

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Bergson and Rousseau 452
News for Bibliophiles 455

CORRESPONDENCE:

A New Thing in American Politics .. 456
Fellowships 456
Coleridge and Southey Again 456
Church Gifts 457

LITERATURE:

Mark Twain 457
Out of the Wreck I Rise.—Mary Pechell.—The Master of the Oaks.. 459
Caviare 460
Astrology and Religion Among the Greeks and Romans 460
Rowlandson's Oxford 460
Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni 461
Your United States 461
Courts, Criminals, and Camorra.... 462

NOTES 462

SCIENCE 464

DRAMA 465

MUSIC:

Modern Dancing and Dances.—Dancing, Ancient and Modern 466

ART:

Congress of Archæology 467

FINANCE:

An "After-Election Market" 468

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 469

* * * **Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.**

Educational

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university, and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to University work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing, and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation.*

Manly's ENGLISH POETRY
8vo, cloth, xxviii+580 pages, price **$1.50**
The book includes poetry ranging in date from the beginning of the middle-English period to the death of Tennyson. No other single volume of equal range and price is now available, and each year sees an increase in the popularity of this work among readers and students who desire a carefully selected, well-balanced and exhaustive collection of poetry.

Manly's ENGLISH PROSE
8vo, cloth, xix+544 pages, price **$1.50**
A companion volume to "English Poetry" and, like it, intended for use in a general survey of English literature. The period covered extends from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle through the time of Robert Louis Stevenson. In this book there is probably a larger field from which to choose than has ever been offered in any similar collection of the world's literary masterpieces.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Just Published
Elementary Calculus
By Professors VIRGIL SNYDER and JOHN I. HUTCHINSON of Cornell University.
$2.20
Presents the Calculus in simple and direct form, but with accuracy and thoroughness. The book is well-balanced in choice of matter and extent. Many new examples are introduced.
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Health in Home and Town
By BERTHA M. BROWN
A practical guide to good health and good home making, for the use of young people of school age.
Cloth. 312 pages. Illustrated. 60 cents
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

The most important of recent books on the Near East. Mr. Woods carries the subject forward to a point hitherto unattained.
—New York Times.

THE DANGER ZONE OF EUROPE
Changes and Problems in the Near East
By H. CHARLES WOODS, F.R.G.S.
WITH 3 MAPS AND 52 ILLUSTRATIONS
8vo. 1911. 328 Pages. $3.50 net
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

DICTIONARY OF AVIATION
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
287 pages. *Cloth* $1.40, postpaid $1.45
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N.Y.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

Exceptional Library Facilities for preparing essays, club papers and bibliographies. Edith Lowe, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

NOVEMBER
AND
DECEMBER
FREE

The issues of the Nation for November and December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

The Nation,
20 Vesey St., New York

IMPORTANT BOOKS

HEREDITY AND EUGENICS. By JOHN M. COULTER, WILLIAM E. CASTLE, EDWARD M. EAST, WILLIAM L. TOWER, and CHARLES B. DAVENPORT.

A book intended to present the recent developments of knowledge in reference to evolution, heredity, and eugenics, and related subjects. Five of the leading investigators in this field have collaborated in its production, and the result is a work which will appeal to the general public, because it presents the latest conclusions in a popular and extremely interesting manner. The authors are eminently fitted to discuss that branch of the subject covered by their respective contributions to the work.

312 *pages*, 8*vo*, *cloth; postpaid* $2.70.

THE MECHANISTIC CONCEPTION OF LIFE. Biological Essays by JACQUES LOEB, Head of the Department of Experimental Biology, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

This volume consists of nine chapters written on different occasions, and mostly in response to requests for a popular presentation of the results of the author's investigations. The layman is led into the wonderful realms of biology, where he is made to see with understanding eyes things which heretofore have had no meaning for him, or about which he has at best speculated and thought with but partial comprehension.

238 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth; postpaid* $1.65.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By BENJAMIN M. DAVIS.

In this book Professor Benjamin M. Davis has attacked the problem of the co-ordination of all the agencies now at work on the problem of agricultural education. He had performed a service which will be appreciated by all who have any large knowledge of the problem and of the difficulties which the movement encounters. He has made an effort to canvass the whole field and to give a detailed exposition of the forces employed in building up a rational course of agricultural education. He has presented more fully than anyone else the materials which define the problem and which make it possible for the teacher to meet it intelligently. The annotated bibliography at the end of the book will do much to make the best material available for anyone desiring to get hold of this material through independent study. The book serves, therefore, as a general introduction to the study of agricultural education.

170 *pages*, 8*vo*, *cloth; postpaid*, $1.12.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York
The Cambridge University Press, London and Edinburgh
Th. Stauffer, Leipzig
The Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaisha, Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto.

Publishers

This is to remind you that Composition, Electrotyping, Presswork and Binding are taken care of in the best manner and at the most reasonable prices by

The Nation Press
N. Y. Evening Post Building
Twenty Vesey St.
New York City

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

Designed by Mr. JAMES LOEB
Edited By
T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D.
Assisted By An
Advisory Board of Eminent Scholars

A new, comprehensive and uniform series of classical Greek and Latin texts with parallel English translations of the highest attainable quality. "One of the most important contributions ever made to the world's stock of accessible literature." —*N. Y. Times*.

TEN VOLUMES NOW READY

GREEK	LATIN
Euripides. 2 vols.	**Terence.** 2 vols.
Philostratus. 2 vols.	**Propertius.** 1 vol.
Apostolic Fathers. Vol. I.	**St. Augustine.** 2 vols.

Ten additional volumes will be ready in December.

A descriptive circular of the whole series mailed free on request.

Each volume, cloth, $1.50 net; flexible leather, $2.00 net

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 64-66 5th Ave., N.Y.

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
By FREDERIC J. HASKINS
O.K.'d by the President, the Cabinet, etc.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1 net. Postpaid $1.15
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia

TYPEWRITING For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words
Jack Liverpool, 7 BerwickPk., Boston

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS

By

Meredith, Galsworthy, Tchekoff, Mrs. Dargan, &c.

The Letters of George Meredith

EDITED BY HIS SON.

The letters of George Meredith, which have been in process of selection and preparation since his death in 1909, will be found one of the most varied, interesting and revealing of such autobiographical collections. They extend over some fifty years, beginning—except for a few scattered notes from his boyhood—about 1858, when Meredith was thirty years old, and after his first marriage. Among his correspondents are included his lifelong friends, John Morely (Lord Morely), Admiral Maxse, another of his most intimate associates; Frederick Greenwood, Chapman, the publisher, Leslie Stephen, Robert Louis Stevenson, Trevelyan.

2 vols. $4.00 net; postpaid, $4.38.

The Poems of George Meredith

With some notes by G. M. TREVELYAN.

Complete in one volume. With portrait.
$2.00 net; postpaid, $2.19.

The Inn of Tranquillity

By JOHN GALSWORTHY.

This new collection of John Galsworthy's shorter writings is divided into two sections, one containing papers "Concerning Life," the other "Concerning Letters." The second has a special value in that therein Mr. Galsworthy sets forth his literary and artistic beliefs. The first is rather similar to that charming earlier volume of sketches called "A Motley."

$1.30 net; postpaid, $1.39.

The Mortal Gods and Other Dramas

By OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

A new book of poetic dramas by Mrs. Dargan, whose previous volumes, "Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas" and "Semiramis," have given her not only a position in the first rank of American poets, but a position peculiarly her own. "A Son of Hermes" is a drama of the time of Alcibiades, "The Sword of Love," one of the Crusades in the twelfth century, and "The Mortal Gods" deals with current social philosophy in an imaginary country.

$1.50 net; by mail, $1.65.

Plays

Chapman, George	
Best Plays ....*Spec. net,*	$1.00
Plays. (Complete)..*net,*	1.25
Congreve, William	
Complete Plays. *Spec. net,*	1.00
Cunliffe, R. J.	
New Shakespearian Dictionary ....*net,*	2.50
Dargan, O. T.	
Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas.......*net,*	1.50
Son of Hermes and Other Dramas ....*net,*	1.50
Semiramis .... *net,*	1.00
Davis, R. H.	
Farces: "The Galloper"; "The Dictator"; "Miss Civilization" ....*net,*	1.50
Miss Civilization......*net,*	50
Dekker, Thomas	
Best Plays ....*Spec. net,*	1.00
Dickens, Charles	
Short Plays from Dickens, *net,*	1.00
Dryden, John	
Dramatic Works. 2 vols., *Each, Spec. net,*	1.00
Farquhar, George	
Best Plays ....*Spec. net,*	1.00
Ford, John	
Best Plays ....*Spec. net,*	1.00
Galsworthy, John	
Eldest Son .... *net,*	.60
Justice ....*net,*	60
Little Dream ....*net,*	.50
Pigeon ....*net,*	.60
Gilbert, W. S.	
Original Plays. 4 vols. *Each, net,*	.80
Hewlett, Maurice	
Agonists ....*net,*	1.50
Heywood, Thomas	
Best Plays.....*Spec. net.*	1.00
Horne, H. P., and Others, ed.	
Nero and Other Plays. *Spec. net,*	1.00
Van Dyke, Henry	
House of Rimmon....*net,*	1.00
Wendell, Barrett	
Raleigh in Guiana; Rosamond and a Christmas Mask ....*net,*	1.50

Lives of Artists

Gardner, E. A.	
Six Greek Sculptors, *net,*	$2.00
Ghirlandaio	
By G. S. Davies....*net,*	4.00
Giotto	
By Basil de Selincourt *net,*	2.00
Jameson, Mrs.	
Early Italian Painters *net,*	4.80
Low, W. H.	
Chronicle of Friendships, *net,*	1.50
Painter's Progress...*net,*	1.50
Michelangelo	
By G. S. Davies, *Spec. net,*	5.00
Morelli, G.	
Italian Painters, 2 vols. *Each, net,*	6.00
Piranesi	
Life and Works. By A. Samuel, Reprinting.	
Pisanello	
By G. F. Hill......*net,*	2.00
Pollaiolo, Antonio	
By Maud Cruttwell, *net,*	2.00
Raphael	
By A. P. Oppe, *Spec. net,*	5.00
Reynolds, Sir Joshua	
Life. By W. Armstrong, *net,*	25.00
Same ....*net,*	3.50

Plays by Anton Tchekoff

"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea-Gull," and "The Swan Song." Translated from the Russian by MARIAN FELL.

These four plays, by one of the greatest of modern Russians, whom Tolstoi declared to be comparable only to Maupassant, show not only the range and depth of his astonishing genius, but they give a picture of Russian life unequalled since Turgénieff. Three of the plays are here translated for the first time into English.

Frontispiece, 12mo. $1.50 net; postpaid, $1.65.

The Kiss and Other Stories

By ANTON TCHEKOFF.

After reading one or two of these you understand the comparison of Tchekoff to Maupassant. Their method is the same. But these stories do not tempt you to look into method. They are so natural and detached that you take them as a matter of course. Your feeling is like that given when a search light bores into darkness and reveals something before quite hidden. They reveal Russian life particularly, but all life generally—as do the plays translated by Marian Fell.

$1.50 net.

Creditors and Pariah

By AUGUST STRINDBERG.

With a valuable introduction by the author.

The second is one of those singular duels of intellect in which you can follow rapid thrust and parry and see chance rise and fall as clearly as if the two men fenced with rapiers.

"Creditors" reveals the soul of a woman who takes but never gives. It is one of the writer's most famous plays—a fascinating but terrible three-sided conflict between this woman and two men.

Edwin Bjorkman is translator of these as he was of earlier volumes.

The price is 75 cents net; by mail, 83 cents.

The New Life of Byron

By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE.

The first detailed life since the publication of Lord Lovelace's "Astarte" in 1905, and thus the first seriously written biography since the "Byron Mystery" was solved. In it the author discusses that remarkable episode and the theories evolved by Mr. Richard Edgcumbe from the publication of "Astarte"; she sums up the psychological situation of the three parties concerned and points out the true value of Harriet Beecher Stowe's revelations.

With 24 illustrations. Two vols., 8vo. $6.00 net

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 153 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1912.

The Week

How much of a "mandate" will the Democrats have behind them for tariff reform? Doubtless a great deal will be made in protection quarters of the fact that both Roosevelt and Taft stood for high protection, and that if we added their votes in every State, leaving Wilson's as it stands, Wilson would be found badly beaten. But, apart from the fundamental unsoundness of any such might-have-been calculations, there are two circumstances that destroy this contention as related to the tariff question. In the first place, the great bulk of the Roosevelt vote was given to him without any reference to the tariff issue; it was a "We Want Teddy" vote, Teddy being wanted by his followers either because he was personally their idol or because he stood for the distinctive programme of the new party—the "social justice" programme. Thus Jane Addams expressly stated that she espoused Roosevelt's cause in spite of her intense opposition to protectionism. And in the second place, whatever may be said of 1912, there is no question at all about the "mandate" of 1910. It was on the tariff issue that the Republican party was then overwhelmed, and everything that happened between the Congressional elections of 1910 and the Presidential election the other day only confirmed the showing then made of the state of the public mind on the subject.

Difficulties of party nomenclature will confront the opposition in the new Congress. There will be Republicans and Progressives, of course; but how is the distinction to be made between the Roosevelt Progressives and the anti-Roosevelt Progressives? The situation in the Senate is peculiarly interesting. Of the seven men who by their vote on the Payne-Aldrich bill broke openly with the Administration, and earned the name of Insurgents, one, Dolliver, is dead, and another, Beveridge, is out of the Senate. Senator Nelson's term expires next March, but he seems to be sure to succeed himself. When the break with the Republican party became permanent, the provisional term Insurgent gave way to the almost official name Progressive. To the five survivors of the original Progressive Senators—Bristow, Clapp, Cummins, La Follette, and Nelson—there have been added three others, Gronna, Poindexter, and Works. But of these eight men, only two—Clapp and Poindexter—are Roosevelt men. Now that the Progressive name has become so closely associated with the fortunes of the Colonel, what will Mr. La Follette do, or Mr. Nelson, or Mr. Works? Will they retain a label which morally is theirs but in practice would stamp them as followers of one they decidedly do not love? Or are we to have something like a four-party system in the Senate, with Democrats, Republicans, Progressive Republicans, and National Progressives?

A marked feature of the election was the widespread embarrassment caused by the "big" ballot. Voters from the Atlantic to the Pacific were confused and impeded in the registration of their choice by ballots both unwieldy and puzzling. In Pennsylvania eleven party tickets helped to swell the ballot to proportions which gorged the boxes long before the polls closed. Mayor Blankenburg of Philadelphia, who voted about midday, was forced to "stuff" the box by the judicious used of a poker. In Chicago, the ballot was said to be the largest ever voted anywhere. In the State of Washington the official paper measured no less than thirty by forty inches; and the fact that thirty-eight measures were presented for the ratification of the people of Oregon, in addition to the names of national, State, and local candidates, necessitated a huge ballot in that commonwealth also. Indeed, it was but a slight exaggeration for one of our Chicago contemporaries to remark that the problem of the voter was to get himself and his ballot into the booth at the same time. The evils of such a condition are manifest. There is ground for hope, however, that the extent of the annoyance this year may prove an effective argument for the short ballot in the future.

Of the two Napoleonic moves suddenly made by the Colonel preparatory to the campaign of Armageddon, it is difficult to say which has proved the more complete failure. He declared for woman suffrage, and five of the six suffrage States refused to follow his banner. His cool throwing over of the Southern colored delegates was an act of deliberate calculation, and that calculation has been absolutely falsified. Hardly so much as the faintest echo to his bid for Southern white support was heard from any quarter during the campaign; and the figures of the election confirm the tale of flat failure. Is it not quite possible, too, that both the sudden access of fervor in the woman-suffrage cause and the hasty adoption of a policy towards the negroes which was in diametrical contrast with his actions while President, hurt the Colonel in all parts of the country by chilling the faith of thousands in his sincerity?

A professor of history has doubtless as much right as anybody else to state just what would have happened in an election if things had been other than as they were; and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, in a long and elaborate letter in the New York *Times*, makes abundant use of that privilege. His lucubrations, however, are almost childishly innocent; and he further relieves us of any impulse we might nevertheless have felt to analyze his speculations into what *would* have happened, by making a ridiculous blunder as to what actually *did* happen. He lays great stress on the matter of the Southern vote, which "the name Republican repels"; and this is what he says about the figures of that vote:

> The scanty returns show Roosevelt votes in every Southern State, with a total of between 500,000 and 600,000. That is a splendid start in the South, but the greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party.

Now, taking the returns as given by Professor Hart himself in the table appended to his letter, the total Roosevelt vote in the eleven Southern States was not "between 500,000 and 600,000," but just 271,000; and the aggregate of the votes for Taft and Roosevelt together in these States was 473,000. But this is not the worst of it; for, so far from being "a splendid start in the South," the fact is that Mr. Taft in 1908, with the full burden of the repellent name Republican on him, polled 504,000 votes in these same States, or 31,000 more than Roosevelt and Taft together polled this year.

So gross a blunder—due to no mere arithmetical slip, for Mr. Hart simply did not think it necessary to look up the figures of 1908 in order to assert that the figures of 1912 were something new and wonderful—ought to suffice for one exhibition by a professor of history; but Professor Hart gives us a delightful logical error for good measure. He asserts that the figures of the election show that the Roosevelt men at the Chicago Convention were right in their claims in "Texas, with 38,000 to 36,000." The decision of the Committee on Credentials, he says, "has been 'recalled' by the voters." We have no desire to go into the facts of the case; but it would be interesting to know by what newly invented mental process Mr. Hart is able to regard the 38,000 Texas votes for the Progressive candidate in November as having been Republican votes in June, in the face of his own statement that "the greater part" of those who voted for Roosevelt in the South last Tuesday are men whom "the name Republican repels" and whose votes "cannot be had for the Republican party."

This is unquestionably, and in some sense preëminently, an age of discussion. The multitude reached by the printed word is incomparably greater than that which, in any previous age of the world, was seriously addressed by the exponents of varying views on the great questions of the time. Equally striking is the range of topics which form the subject-matter of discussion. On the one hand, there is an enormous mass of problems occupying the attention of specialists in the various sciences; and on the other hand, in the domain of politics, of ethics, of economics, of social customs and ideals, of human interests generally, old-established convictions and traditions are constantly challenged in the forum of general popular discussion. And finally, the instrumentalities of discussion have been multiplied with almost bewildering rapidity. Congresses, conventions, conferences, societies, "academies," clubs, organizations of every conceivable nature, and dealing with every conceivable interest, abound in a degree that a few decades ago was wholly unknown.

In spite of this vast extension of the function of discussion in our modern life—perhaps indeed because of it—there is one important aspect of discussion in which we seemed to have retrograded rather than progressed. It must often impress the lover of keen and solid debate that, in the very places where this might most be looked for, we find it almost wholly absent. To take the most conspicuous of recent discussions, the Presidential campaign just closed: it furnished no such crop of genuine debate, debate with backbone, as the older political contests of our country used to supply. The combatants seldom came to grapples, and when they did the discussion was confined to the very largest outlines of their respective positions. One can hardly help feeling, in this and in other instances, that with the spreading out of the field, the enlargement of the audience, and the multiplication of the quantity of argumentative matter fed to the public, there has gone a certain softening of the metal, a certain blunting of the edge, of the sword of debate.

The programme of the annual meeting of the American Economic Association, to be held in Boston December 27 to 31, is of exceptional interest. This is owing not to the mere timeliness of the subjects, for this may well be an objection rather than a recommendation in the case of a body which should be regarded as primarily scientific; but the topics to be discussed, besides being timely in the highest degree, are all of them of such character as to demand for their proper treatment the resources of minds thoroughly trained in the methods of economic thought. The four main subjects are "The Minimum Wage," "The Rising Cost of Living," "Banking Reform," and "Economics of Governmental Price Regulation." We would suggest to the management of the Association that special arrangements be made to obtain such means of reporting the meetings as will encourage the publication by the daily press of fairly adequate accounts of the papers and discussions; full reports are of course printed in the Proceedings of the Association some months later, but these do not reach the general public. We note with interest the statement, in the announcement, that "it is the aim to give less than the usual time to the reading of formal papers and more time to discussion."

Signs of a rush for the cyclone cellar are still exasperatingly absent. During the campaign, this strange insensitiveness in the presence of great peril might have been ascribed to the invincible optimism of the American temper and the confidence of the great business men of the country that, in spite of all signs to the contrary, the nation would at the last moment rally to the defence of that protective system on which its prosperity has been built. But there is no longer any way out of the conclusion that the business world is simply deaf, dumb, and blind. With the Democrats actually sweeping not only the Presidency and the House, but—what few thought possible up to a very little while ago—also the Senate, ruin stares the country squarely in the face, and yet the business world goes on smiling as if nothing had happened. It is not content even with a besotted silence on the situation; here is a group of financiers and business men of national prominence meeting in Philadelphia and talking of the prospect of brilliantly good times before the country.

One of the most regrettable of Mr. Taft's preëlection acts was his coming out in favor of the Militia Pay bill, just two or three days before the voting. There was no necessity for thus committing himself in advance to this measure, which is, on its face, one of the most dangerous that have been before Congress in many a year. Ever since the foundation of our government the militia service of the country has been performed by volunteers, who are unpaid except when actually in camp or in the field. This bill provides payment for every drill participated in by a militiaman in the armories, at the rate of from fifty cents per man upward. Now, it cannot be maintained that this is necessary because of a failure to obtain good and sufficient recruits for the Guard. It has always been possible to get men enough for regiments which are well administered. In New York State, for instance, we have seen within a year the organization of three new cavalry and artillery regiments, while the colored people are begging for the opportunity to form still another. It is estimated that the bill will cost the Government eight million dollars to begin with. This is probably just about as trustworthy a guess as those in the past in regard to the cost of pension bills. If the history of our Government shows anything, it is that this eight millions will rapidly be doubled and trebled; it would be a false step that, once taken, could not be retraced, and it would lead to one raid after another upon the Treasury.

Another world's record is brought to the attention of a proud and happy nation by the secretary of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, who writes:

> You no doubt will be interested in knowing that Gov. Joseph M. Brown has just measured an acre in his Cherokee County farm, which produced 158 bushels of corn. This breaks the world's record for corn raised by a Governor.

The new world's record is duly noted and accepted. It immediately takes its place beside the recently established world's record for the highest altitude ever attained by a Hard-shell Baptist minister in a one-hundred-horsepower Blériot monoplane, flying between 2 and 4 P. M. in a non-mountainous country; the world's record for the quickest time ever made by a one-legged Irish newsboy in swimming the North River from West Fifty-ninth Street to Weehawken, and other similar world's records which cause the breast of every true American to swell with pride. As a people, we suppose ourselves to be liberally endowed with the sense of humor.

An important contribution to the psychology of salesmanship has just been made in a trial in London. An art adviser and an art collector, both well known, combined their forces for the purpose of making a concerted attack upon American millionaires. The attack was so far successful in one case as to result in the sale of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of pictures. The commissions upon this amount would be quite attractive, and the plaintiff sued to get them. During the cross-examination of the defendant the following colloquy occurred:

> When you offered Mr. Temple only $10,000, was it so that you might get another bit for yourself?
>
> No, not at all. It was because I had discovered his incapacity and unworthiness.
>
> The fact remains that, having discovered his incapacity and unworthiness, you still went on taking introductions from him for buying purposes.
>
> But not for selling.
>
> Then his unworthiness did not affect him as a buyer?
>
> No. I held and hold to-day the impression that his "highfalutin" manner and habit of flattering people to the top of their bent has a disturbing effect, and is not calculated to inspire a buyer to buy.
>
> But it is calculated to inspire a seller to sell?
>
> Yes. Mr. Temple is a past master in that.

Our correspondence schools in the science of salesmanship should not overlook this "tip" from a country whose business methods we are too apt to undervalue.

The report of the Royal Commission on Divorce recommends marked liberalizing of the existing laws. In the present conspicuous position of questions of women's rights in general, the recommendation that husband and wife be placed upon an absolutely equal footing is naturally raised to prominence in the newspaper headlines; but this measure is only one of several changes of the highest importance recommended by the Commission. On the question of equality there seems to have been complete unanimity in the Commission; while on the most far-reaching of the recommendations in the direction of enlarging the grounds for divorce, a minority of three is recorded in opposition to the majority of nine. If the recommendations of the majority shall be embodied in law, divorce will hereafter be obtainable in England on five grounds other than adultery—wilful desertion for three years and upward, cruelty, incurable insanity after five years' confinement, habitual drunkenness found incurable after three years, and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence. In this country there will be few to doubt the wisdom of these provisions for relief from the marriage tie when it entails cruel and needless hardship.

The term Holy War, when used of the Mohammedan world, still connotes something awful and menacing to the Western imagination. In the last half-dozen years the Holy War, in connection with that other indefinite thing, Pan-Islamism, has been spoken of as a possible event which the European nations must guard themselves against. But there have been Holy Wars in Mohammedan countries in this period, and they have shown no apparent difference in the final outcome. The natives of Morocco have risen against the French in the name of the Prophet. The Turks in Tripoli gave to their fight against Italy a religious cast. But the French and the Italians have made their way just as if it were an every-day, secular war they were engaged in. A Holy War is no more effective than any other kind of war if there are no men and guns to fight it with. In Morocco, in Tripoli, in Persia, and now in Turkey, the Mohammedan world has come into conflict with European ambitions and has had to give way. The only thing the proclamation of a Holy War can lead to is the massacre of Christians. But experience has shown again and again that massacre, whether in Turkey or in Russia, has been brought about by orders from above. We doubt whether the Ottoman Government will run the risk of utter destruction by instigating slaughter which can do nothing to change the fortunes of the present war.

In French military circles much comfort is taken over one supposed lesson of the war in the Balkans. The fact that the training of the Turkish army was for years under the expert guidance of a German officer of high rank, and that the Turkish fortifications were erected under German supervision, is regarded in Paris as disastrous to the legend of German invincibility. In addition, there is the fact that the Bulgarian forces have been equipped with the same type of artillery that has been lately introduced in the French army, and have amply demonstrated its effectiveness. But it seems that the Balkans have repeated the lesson of Manchuria; the chances of war cannot be forecast by the mere weighing of population masses. Preparation, courage, dash, will enable a nation to defeat one twice its size. To that extent France, with her forty millions, need not lose heart at the thought of Germany's sixty-odd millions. But it is absurd to imagine that the parallel between Germany on the one hand and Russia or Turkey on the other can go any further. There are some who maintain that the famous German military discipline has gone stale. But no one asserts that the spirit of the nation is not as vigorous as it ever has been.

IS IT A "REVOLUTION"?

After every one-sided national election, many start up with confident remarks about a "political revolution." This year the temptation that way was obvious, and some are unable to resist it. Col. Watterson naturally leads the band of positive interpreters of the results, and, undismayed by his own sad record as a prophet, he undertakes to read the future. To his mind, the "revolution" is already an accomplished fact. The Republican party has fallen "into a heap of shapeless ruin." "It will never rise again." "The little that is left of it the Bull Moose will swallow." Everybody is familiar with this kind of writing. It is easy and picturesque, but is it not far too easy and too picturesque to be probably true?

We remember to have heard that sort of thing before. After the utter collapse of the Democratic party in 1872, with Greeley as candidate, there were equally glib and cocksure assertions that the result of the election was revolutionary and that the Democratic party was forever done for. It was spoken of as a "putrescent corpse." But in two years' time the corpse started into life vigorous enough to elect a majority of the House of Representatives, and again in 1876 to poll a greater popular vote for its Presidential candidate than the Republicans were able to muster. Great historic political parties are generally, like Fuzzy Wuzzy, shammin' when they're dead. A sword was, indeed, thrust into the vitals of the Whig party in the shape of the slavery question, which in like manner was presently to rend the country asunder. But will even the loudest-snorting Bull Moose pretend that there is any issue comparable to that one to-day dividing the Republican party and threatening it with destruction? Those with a memory recall that similar prophecies of speedy Republican dissolution were made after that party was smitten hip and thigh in 1892. In that year, too, Wisconsin and Illinois and other supposedly rock-fast States were carried by Cleveland, and in view of the astonishing election returns a veteran political observer felt justified in saying that the Republican party had all the marks of a dying party. In fact, however, it was soon to enter upon a long new lease of power.

The truth is that an established political party is a particularly tough organism, very hard to kill. The mortality rate of third parties is, indeed, alarmingly high—close upon 100 per cent., in fact. But the name and the banner to which millions of voters have been for generations in the habit of rallying, will not so easily disappear. The name, to be sure, may come to have new meanings. On the banner the mottoes and inscriptions will vary from time to time. But the historic continuity is not easily broken off. Children will keep on being born Liberal or Conservative, Democratic or Republican, no matter whether those party names have ceased to signify exactly what they did in the days of their grandfathers. It is obviously this almost infinite adaptability of parties that increases their chances of survival. At the very moment when they are said to be worn-out, exhausted, and fit only to be discarded, new elements of life and popular strength may be infused into them.

A terrible blow the Republican party has unquestionably suffered. But at present there is no convincing reason for asserting that it has met with more than a disaster, from which there may be recovery. The party has in other years shown too great a power of recuperation to warrant these hasty conclusions that it has now been "annihilated." It still has a hold upon the affections and loyalty of millions. It still numbers many able leaders and skilled politicians. We may be sure that they are not thinking of abandoning their party name, or of giving up hope. They will eagerly watch for opportunity to grasp the skirts of circumstance and to be carried back into power. Revolution for revolution, they will count upon one working in their favor in the course of years, and by the law of averages. If all else fails them, they will draw courage from their belief in the inability of the Democrats long to refrain from quarrelling and blundering.

No, "revolution" is too portentous a word to apply to what has happened. Some more moderate expression, such as readjustment or realignment, would more closely fit the case. That great party changes are before us is plain to the dullest. The Democrats cannot possibly hold the political strength which came to them through the nearly equal division of their opponents. They are certain to lose some States and many Congressmen in the elections of 1913 and 1914. And the great political question is in what shape and by what means the party of opposition may be reconstructed and made effective. To this problem, no man need have any doubt that the consummate politician at Oyster Bay is giving anxious thought. How if he should in time make approaches to the Republican leaders? How if he should open confidential communications with the Republican bosses? How if he should quietly prepare to "chuck" the Progressive party as such, and to carry over all of it that he could to the Republican ranks, on condition that he be made commander-in-chief of the allied forces in 1916? We are far from asserting that these things will occur. But they may occur. Various kinds of party rearrangement may be attempted; and if any of them succeed, even partially, we shall soon see how premature and absurd it is to speak of the election as meaning a "revolution."

JUDGES DO MOVE.

During the past few years the nature and functions of the judge have been discussed in this country with a freedom and even rudeness never known before. Extreme views on either side have been presented—too extreme to be credible; but in one rather moderate opinion there has been acquiescence by many who yet would not agree that judges are either saints or devils. This common opinion is that the judge, from the character of his training and of his work, is a being who dwells apart from the currents of thought and the turmoil that deeply affect his fellow-citizens. He is often pictured as an official who lives, as it were, in an apartment hermetically sealed, studying his cases and making his decisions with an eye solely upon precedent, and totally unaware of what is going on in the stirring world about him. Sometimes his sense of aloofness and of immunity from criticism is represented as a kind of selfish complacence; so Walter Bagehot jocosely described the appointed judge as saying to himself: "Thank Heaven, I can be removed from this office only by vote of both Houses of Parliament!" But the usual feeling is merely that the judges are set too far apart from the human interests of their time, and too indifferent to them. This view was sharply challenged not long ago by a former judge, W. H. Taft, who affirmed that no set of men were more sensitive than judges to the opinions of their fellows and the demands of the public.

In confirmation of this, several recent actions by the courts might be cited. There is, for example, that sweeping revision of the rules of procedure in the Federal courts, set forth the other day by the United States Supreme Court. As explained by Chief Justice White, to whose initiative and patient labor the reform is largely due, the new regulations will greatly facilitate the administration of justice. This will be made more speedy and less costly, while many abuses, such as the issue of injunctions without notice to the persons adversely affected, and without provision for an early hearing, are done away with. It is not the details, however, that we would now dwell upon, but the main fact itself. Here is a great step forward in the reform of judicial procedure, the work of judges themselves. In this instance, at least, it is not true that they were wholly ignorant of popular complaints, or indifferent to the need of devising and applying remedies for the things complained of. They went about the improvement cautiously, to be sure, and not by the methods of hurricane reform, but the point is that they did go about it and achieved it.

Even in the matter of judicial decisions there is evidence that the judges are awake to the need of modifying old rules of law in order to make them better fit modern conditions. Just before the election, there was a somewhat heated controversy—on one side—between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root, with three or four other eminent lawyers. They alleged that in Mr. Roosevelt's criticism of certain decisions of the New York Court of Appeals, the law had been misstated and the exact ground and effect of the decisions misapprehended. The disputants did not really address themselves to the same point; but in his reply Mr. Roosevelt had the facts on his side when he asserted that, whatever may have been the case with the early decision regarding the assumption of risk by an employee, the latest decision by the Court of Appeals took a different and more humane view.

The case in question was that of Fitzwater v. Warren, which was decided on October 22. The opinions were printed in the *Law Journal* of November 4. The question of a master's liability for injury to a servant was involved, and, in brief, the decision was that "public policy precludes an employee from assuming a risk created by his employer's violation of a statute [for safety appliances, etc.] or from waiving liability of the latter for injuries caused thereby." In his majority opinion—two judges dissented—Chief Justice Cullen was very frank in admitting that the court had departed from its earlier doctrine. But he pointed out that the Federal courts had taken a different view of the law of employer's liability, and also that "the doctrine of the Knisely case had been largely qualified, if not virtually overruled," by a subsequent decision of the Court of Appeals itself. After the argument from the law and from cases cited, the Chief Justice closed his opinion with some striking words bearing directly upon the general matter we are discussing. Judge Cullen said:

> The statute which the defendants violated was enacted for the express purpose of safeguarding the persons of employees. Where an employer deliberately fails to comply with the statute the courts should be loath, except in a very clear case, to hold that the employee assumes the risk of his master's violation of the law. Otherwise the beneficent results sought to be attained by the statute will fail to be realized. There seems at the present day an effort by constitutional amendment to render a master liable to his employee for injury received in his employment, though the master has been guilty of no fault whatever, and I feel that such effort is in no small measure due to the tendency evinced at times by the courts to relieve the master, though concededly at fault, from liability to his employee on the theory that the latter assumed the risk of the master's fault.

Such a manifest readiness of the Court of Appeals to take cognizance of a visibly rising public sentiment, and to make old rules bend to new conditions, is a good thing for the country and a good thing for the judges. It shows them—what, of course, all people not blinded by passion knew them to be all along—to be as alive and humane as the next men. Even when the courts are compelled to make decisions which appear to go against the feeling of instinctive natural rights, they are careful to point out that it is the law, not their own desires, which they are expounding, and to indicate the changes in legislation which ought to be had in order to make the statute square with humanity. It is certain that it will need only a few more instances such as those we have mentioned—and they could doubtless be paralleled from the judicial records of many States—to make an end of the absurd conception that a judge is not susceptible to the aspirations of the men and women about him, and lives his life and does his work apart, as a sort of unnatural monster without either knowledge of his struggling fellows or a flicker of pity for them.

BALKAN DIPLOMACY.

For the moment Austria is the centre of interest in the Balkan situation. It is generally assumed that it is for Austria to decide whether the present war shall widen into a general European conflict. War or peace is in her making by the attitude she assumes towards Servian claims in the reshaping of the map of the Balkan peninsula. That such a process of reconstruction is at hand is taken for granted. It is to follow the final defeat of the Turks before Constantinople. As a matter of fact, until the final collapse does come, there is a large element of uncertainty in the game of territorial rearrangements that is now being vigorously played on paper. The Turk may not be stripped quite so bare of his European possessions as the allies have threatened. And, naturally, the more there is left to the Porte, the less there will be for the allies and other interested parties to divide. If Bulgaria, for instance, obtains satisfaction in Thrace, her allies will have a free hand in their respective spheres. If Bulgaria obtains less than she expected, she might be inclined to seek compensation in Macedonia, where Bulgarian, Servian, and Greek claims come into conflict.

But for the time being let us assume that Turkey is brought to her knees, that Constantinople, with a surrounding strip of territory, is all the Porte can save out of the ruin, and that the rest of her European possessions are to be carved out and distributed. How would this process be carried out if the matter rested entirely with the Balkan states, if Austrian ambitions, Russian ambitions, Italian ambitions, were left completely out of account? European Turkey to-day has a population of about 6,500,000. To Constantinople and its environs may be assigned a million and a half. There would thus be a population of some five millions to be redistributed politically, including more than a million Mohammedans divided into two great groups, the Pomak mountaineers of Thrace and Macedonia and the Mussulmans of Albania. The Christian population, numbering something less than four millions, and omitting such minor groups as Armenians and Wallachians, would show about 1,500,000 of Bulgarian race, about 1,000,000 Servians, and about 800,000 Greeks. The fact that these races dwell closely intermingled makes an exact reconstruction on ethnical lines impossible. But taking practical reasons into consideration, Bulgaria would receive her share of the profits on the Black Sea and the Ægean, and Greece would spread northward into Epirus and the neighborhood of Salonica.

When we come to Servia, we find that without outside interference her share would be the easiest one to define. The Serb population now under Turkish rule is concentrated in the Sanjak of Novibazar, which projects northward like a horn from the main line of the Turkish frontier, and is bounded on the east by Servia, on the west by Montenegro, and on the north, for a distance of some thirty miles, by Austria-Hungary. Were Servia to occupy Novibazar and close up the gap between its frontiers and Montenegro, Austria would be cut off from all possibility of future access to the Ægean, the accepted goal of traditional Austrian diplomacy. But even if Servia were to consent to Austrian sovereignty in Novibazar and seek compensation further to the south, in the direction of the Adriatic, as she is now doing according to report, the difficulty with Austria is not avoided. Any Servian approach to the Adriatic draws a bar straight across the line of the Austrian advance. There are alternatives. Servia might yield to Austrian threats and abandon her hope of finding an outlet to the sea. But that is unimaginable. Of the four Balkan states, Servia alone has no outlet to the sea. Even tiny Montenegro has the two ports of Antivari and Dulcigno. In view of the tremendous sacrifices the Servian people have made, and their splendid victory, it is impossible to suppose that they will consent to remain a landlocked nation, dependent for their economic well-being almost entirely upon the good-will of Austria.

There is one possible way out. Servia might search for her harbors, not on the Adriatic, but on the Ægean. Instead of putting herself square across Austria's path, she might march parallel with Austria southward. Salonica is exactly the same distance from the Servian frontier as San Giovanni di Medua, the Adriatic port which the Servians are reported to be coveting. Such an arrangement, it is true, presents many difficulties. It would produce a territorial gerrymander of extraordinary character. Instead of adding the compact natural territories to the southwest, with a predominant Serb population, it would be tying a thin, elongated tail to the Servian kite, presenting all kinds of difficulties of an administrative and military nature. Moreover, such a Servian advance to the Ægean would be crowding both on Bulgaria and on Greece.

Will, then, Austria consent to abandon her traditional policy? Will she give up her hopes of Salonica? That, likewise, is too much to expect. And yet it may be pointed out that Austria's aspirations towards a port on the Ægean were based on a state of affairs which has now disappeared. The problem as it presented itself to Austrian statesmen under the old conditions was probably something as follows: The rule of the Turk in Europe would recede, but gradually. Step by step Austria would move downward, from Bosnia into the Sanjak of Novibazar, from Novibazar into Macedonia, and so on to Salonica. As Austria moved southward, the humble Balkan people would be appeased with a bit of territory here and a bit there. But to-day that is out of the question. The Balkan states will not allow the outsider to run off with the lion's share of the spoil. Servia will insist on a substantial slice of the Turk's dominion. So will Greece, coming north to meet the Servian expansion. Even if a narrow pathway should be left open for Austria to Salonica, what strategic value would it have with the Balkan states camped on either flank? With the Balkan states united and flushed with victory, Austria's approach to the Ægean would be very much like a runner with the ball dodging his way across a football field, always in danger of being tackled and thrown.

MR. BRYCE'S RETIREMENT.

Mr. Bryce is an Englishman, but he is at the same time about the most popular American. When we stop to think of him officially, we remember that he is British Ambassador, but nothing can now prevent this country from regarding him as, somehow, an American institution. We can imagine another man in the British Embassy at Washington, but Mr. Bryce cannot be supplanted as a sort of life-ambassador to this nation, which he so wonderfully understands and which he has so greatly helped to understand itself. The announcement of his coming retirement inevitably causes wide regret. This is somewhat lessened by the assurance that his resignation is not to take effect at once. He wishes to leave the diplomatic slate clean for his successor, and may continue in Washington till the new President comes in. He passed some time ago the age-limit for Ambassadors in the British service; but his home Government was wise enough to see that years do not count in the case of a mind so alert and energetic as his, and made an exception in his favor. The exception was really in favor of this country, to which no higher compliment could have been paid by England than sending Mr. Bryce to Washington.

Recent dispatches from London intimate, what has been well known, that the English Conservatives, with some of their most powerful organs in the press, have taken a highly unfavorable view of Mr. Bryce's diplomatic career. This attitude has been, in part, a result of the bitter party warfare in England. Mr. Bryce was not a regularly trained diplomat. He entered the service late and at the top. He had been an active and eminent Liberal, and it was perhaps not unnatural that a dead set should have been made at him by his political opponents when he left the Cabinet to become Ambassador. At any rate, a Tory newspaper campaign was early begun against him, and has been pretty steadily kept up. It started off at what Swift called the standard of stupidity, by alleging that Mr. Bryce was not tactful in his dealings with Americans. The London *Times* had a portentous cabled account of the way in which the British Ambassador, by not going to a gathering in Pittsburgh where the German Ambassador was present, had allowed Germany to take first place in American affections. But this sort of stuff was soon perceived to be too ludicrous, and the attack was shifted to Mr. Bryce's efficiency in his official work. Charges of varying degrees of silliness have been made in the English press and aired in the House of Commons. They have been mèt by the most precise denials on the part of Sir Edward Grey, and the confidence of the Ministry in Mr. Bryce has been unshaken; but it is obvious that repetition of the accusations has tended to give them a certain weight with a portion of the British public.

What has been alleged is that Ambassador Bryce has not stood up stoutly enough for the interests of his own country; that he did not closely enough watch American machinations against Canada (we are giving the Tory point of view); and that he allowed himself to be overreached in diplomatic agreements. But to any one familiar with the facts, these charges fall of their own weight. Mr. Bryce is a keen man of business. He is not so foolish as to imagine that a diplomat can win every point, but both Roosevelt and Taft, as well as Secretaries Root and Knox, would bear witness to the truth that Mr. Bryce has been as resolute as any Ambassador ought to be in maintaining every essential contention by his own Government. The only instance in which there was the slightest color for the charge that Mr. Bryce had been neglectful, or had been deceived, was the case of the Canadian reciprocity agreement. But his Tory critics overlook the fact that he was not and could not be a party to that negotiation. Canada kept it jealously in her own hands. She would have brooked no English interference with her fiscal freedom. Mr. Bryce's duty was limited to reporting what was being considered and what was finally done. He did not know, and no one was able to conceive, of Mr. Taft's writing that fearfully indiscreet letter to Col. Roosevelt about making Canada an "adjunct" of the United States. If writing it was a huge blunder, publishing it later was well-nigh a diplomatic crime. Mr. Bryce, though wholly blameless, no doubt suffered from it in England. But in general it may safely be asserted that his official work has been as successfully performed, in its own way, as his greater mission of unofficial intermediator.

How ably and delightfully he has played this last rôle, it is needless to argue in detail. No speaker on public occasions has been so much sought after as he. Before the American Bar Association, before historical and antiquarian societies, at chambers of commerce and at colleges, he has made addresses as a welcome and honored guest; and throughout the land has made himself known to all sorts and conditions of men as a friend of this country, intelligent enough to admire her and brave enough to point out her shortcomings. In view of all this, it is simply laughable to read the Tory complaints that Mr. Bryce has not been a success in this country! Ask his diplomatic colleagues, above all, ten years from now, ask his successor, who will be a lucky man if, after prolonged and arduous labor, he is able to attain one-tenth part of the influence which Mr. Bryce had from the beginning of his Ambassadorship, and has since constantly increased.

Although we must make up our minds to part with Mr. Bryce, we shall know that his friendship for this nation will continue undimmed, and that his amazing knowledge of our affairs will induce him to follow our future attempts to solve the present democratic problem with intense and unfailing interest. Retirement can mean for him only a change of mental activity. His eagerness for information, and his power of interpreting it philosophically, will go with him into his days of greater leisure, and will keep on making of his conversation and his writing that fine blending of instruction and charm which they long have been. Unbent by the weight of years, with a memory still wax to receive and marble to retain, so that all his vast stores of knowledge are readily at command, with hope for the world unquenched in his heart, the stoutest of convinced optimists, Mr. Bryce may go on giving us, when freed from official cares, incisive studies and rich comments on the march of democracy.

PRINTS IN BOSTON.

The announcement made by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts relative to the reorganization of its Print Department, and to a plan for closer coöperation with Harvard University in recognizing the educational value of the engraving arts, is sufficiently interesting and important. "The United States should possess a print collection worthy of comparison with the great collections abroad, and it is felt that the Boston collection offers the best field for development." So speak the Museum authorities, and they announce the appointment of a new curator of the department, Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, of New York, to carry out this great undertaking. It has a national no less than a local significance. Indeed, this national aspect is already emphasized by the further statement that "the Department will be well equipped to coöperate with print collectors both here and elsewhere, and it is hoped that a national society of print collectors in America may be the outcome of the organization."

So far, print collections in American public institutions have received their accessions for the most part through gifts by private individuals. The result has been that their growth has been more or less governed by considerations of personal taste, and that they are thus rarely representative of the engraving arts as a whole. The time has obviously now come for the museums to undertake constructive work on a more extended scale than ever before, and to bring their collections to a point of completeness where they will be of real service to the serious student. It will not be necessary in every instance to have the finest proof of any given etching or engraving; but a good proof should so far as possible be procured of every important plate. The student should have access to a full documentary record of every master mentioned in the standard textbooks.

This is apparently the aim of the Boston Museum, which has already made a good beginning in this very direction, as was noted by Dr. Wilhelm Bode on the occasion of his recent visit to America. It is stated in the *Bulletin* that "the Print Department of this Museum has now more than sixty thousand prints, a collection which shows the history of the art from its beginning, and contains examples of the work of all the great masters." Doubtless contributors to the large endowment fund which is now being raised, who live in other cities, see in the excellent nucleus thus provided an advantage on the part of Boston to offset other advantages offered by cities like New York and Washington as centres for a great national collection of prints, and as radiating points for a nation-wide effort to foster their appreciation. But Boston itself possesses still further advantages, not least among which are the position it holds historically as a leader in intellectual and cultural movements, and its proximity to Cambridge. There is no other American university whose fine arts department is so well organized as Harvard's. In the combined treasures of the Boston Museum and the rich Gray collection at the Fogg Museum, the Harvard student will have unparalleled facilities for the study of prints; and in Mr. Carrington, who will both lecture at the University and talk informally to students in the galleries of the two museums, he will have an instructor thoroughly trained in the knowledge and appreciation of his subject.

For twenty years Mr. Carrington's work has lain in this field, and, while his experience has been mainly commercial, a business like that of print-selling involves so considerable and so constant an exercise of the critical faculty that it is difficult to see what training could better fit a man for academic duties. As for his more purely technical work at the Museum, Mr. Carrington has long been known as an expert authority on prints, and is undoubtedly well qualified to become curator of a great collection; while the active part he has taken in the educational propaganda inaugurated by the late Frederick Keppel as part of his business policy, should be of great assistance to him in conceiving and carrying out plans to increase the number of print lovers in America, to organize them, and to direct their efforts. To help him in this, he will have the *Print Collector's Quarterly*, which he started two years ago, and which, it is understood, will hereafter be published by the Museum with the guarantee of a friend. Under these auspices, this magazine, which already occupies the field alone in this country, should greatly increase the scope of its usefulness.

We see no reason why the Boston enterprise, to whatever proportions it may grow, should not rather encourage than discourage plans for similar extension and university coöperation elsewhere, in any city which is so fortunate as already to possess a college and the nucleus of a print collection. Such collections may be rendered of high advantage to a community by development along the right lines. This would entail no vast expenditure, as does the accumulation of a representative collection of paintings, or even of drawings by great masters. It does require, however, a certain moderate outlay, and one of the lessons of the new Boston venture is the need, on the part of museums and libraries, not only of gifts, as heretofore, of fine private collections of prints, however limited in range, but of endowments as well to permit custodians and curators to purchase prints in accordance with a fixed scheme shaped to meet the requirements of individual institutions. Doubtless some part of the fund which is being raised by the friends of the Boston Museum to make it possible to add Mr. Carrington to its staff, is to become available for such uses, and it is to be hoped that the example will serve as an incentive to those who have the good of our other great galleries at heart.

BERGSON AND ROUSSEAU.

Perhaps the two men most talked and written about internationally of late have been Rousseau and M. Bergson. The world has, to be sure, just been celebrating the bicentenary of Rousseau's birth; but quite apart from the bicentenary there has been a constant stream of books and articles for years past, nearly all designed to show that Rousseau is, in Amiel's phrase, an ancestor in all things. The *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* recently devoted a special double number to a symposium on this very theme. To what extent does Rousseau embrace in his universal influence M. Bergson and his philosophy? No one of the distinguished foreign and French contributors to the Paris symposium, nor, so far as I am aware, any one else, has spoken clearly on this point. Yet this relationship would seem worth establishing, even though M. Bergson may not prove to be, as one of his admirers recently asserted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a more important philosophical figure than Kant, and probably as important as Socrates. Like other thinkers, M. Bergson can be understood only with reference to his background—the previous ideas that he is continuing or from which he is reacting.

I.

In any case what he is reacting from is perfectly clear. The so-called anti-intellectualist movement* of which he is the leader is a protest against the scientific dogmatism that reached its height during the second half of the nineteenth century, a sign that the world is growing weary of a certain type of naturalistic positivism and its attempt to lock up reality in its formulas. The walls of that particular prison house of the spirit are plainly crumbling. Parts of the edifice have been collapsing of late with almost dramatic suddenness. M. Bergson's attack has been directed mainly against the pretensions of pure science to impose its methods on the study of the living and the organic. But even in the field of inorganic science itself points of view are appearing that would, if accepted, be in some respects a menace to the whole structure, the foundation of which was laid by Kepler and Galileo, Newton and Descartes. The "relativists," for example (of whom the chief is, perhaps, Mach of Vienna), have been arriving at novel conclusions regarding certain underlying conceptions of physics. What has been going on among the mathematicians may be inferred from the title of a recent volume—"Mysticism in the Higher Mathematics." The late Henri Poincaré put his emphasis on intuition rather than on intellect even in geometry (though the geometry was to be sure non-Euclidean).

There can be no doubt as to the shrewdness of some of the blows that M. Bergson has delivered at what one may term scholastic science. The danger is, of course, manifest that men may argue from the abuse of the intellect by certain pseudo-scientists of the mid-nineteenth century, a Herbert Spencer, let us say, or a Taine, against its legitimate use in scientific inquiry. The scientific intellectualists, especially the Darwinians, are as a matter of fact rallying briskly to the defence of their position against M. Bergson.

I have, however, neither space nor competency to discuss the bearings of the anti-intellectualist movement on science, whether organic or inorganic. My interest is in the contention that Bergsonism and similar tendencies are on their constructive side "humanistic" or "religious";* for both epithets have been applied to them. For example, a recent writer in the *Deutsche Rundschau* entitles an article on the contemporary French philosophical movement (he enumerates more than twenty leaders, of whom M. Bergson is only the best-known internationally) "The Renascence of Idealism in France." I am going to examine M. Bergson briefly from this point of view, admitting that he does not represent the whole of the movement.

M. Bergson's aim, as he himself would define it, has been to rid philosophy of

---

*Cf. A. Fouillée, *La Pensée et les nouvelles écoles anti-intellectualistes*. Alcan, 1911.

*Cf. C. Coignet, *De Kant à Bergson, réconciliation de la science et de la religion dans un spiritualisme nouveau*. Alcan, 1911.

every form of the metaphysical illusion (including the scientific form) and so to make it vital—an aim that is in itself highly laudable. With the older type of metaphysician ordinary mortals felt that they had very little in common; they could at most address to him the Virgilian query:

> Quid struis? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres?

But the philosophers of late have been coming out of their chilling clouds of abstractions. If, on the one hand, they have been breaking down the barriers that separate them from science, on the other, they have been growing literary, so literary, in fact, that the time would seem to have arrived for the men of letters to return the compliment and become to the best of their ability philosophical.

The literary critic especially should be willing to meet the philosopher at least half way, if, as I believe, both are confronted at present by the same central problem. For to inquire whether the critic can judge and, if so, by what standards, is only a form of the more general inquiry whether the philosopher can discover any unifying principle to oppose to mere flux and relativity. We are told by the new school that any attempt to unify life in terms of the intellect and impose on it a scale of values, is artificial. We must oppose to this artificial unity our vivid intuitions of change, of the infinite otherwiseness of things. Now, however little we may accept the whole of this thesis, we must grant that M. Bergson—and James, it seems to me, even more than M. Bergson—has rendered a service to philosophy in thus turning its attention to what Plato would have called the problem of the One and the Many. Most people, James admits, do not lose much sleep over this problem, yet he is right in thinking that all other philosophical problems are insignificant in comparison. If philosophy once gets firmly planted on this ground, it may recover a reality that it has scarcely had since the debates of Socrates and the Sophists. Instead of the intricate fence with blunted foils to which the intellectualists have too often reduced it, we may once more see the flash of the naked blade.

In his own dealings with the problem of the One and the Many M. Bergson is evidently not a new Socrates, as the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* suggests, but rather a new Protagoras. But in the actual form that the philosophy of the flux assumes in him, he reminds us even less of the ancient sophists than of Rousseau. James, indeed, would have it that M. Bergson reminds us of no one. "Open Bergson," he says, "and new horizons loom on every page you read. It is like the breath of the morning and the song of birds. It tells of reality itself, instead of merely reiterating what dusty-minded professors have written about what other previous professors have thought. Nothing in Bergson is shop-worn or at second hand." All this exaltation of M. Bergson's spontaneity has itself a highly Rousseauistic flavor. What one always finds in Rousseauism is the thirst for immediacy as compared with something that is secondary, artificial, conventional. Moreover, one gains this fresh contact with reality, not by rising above the ordinary intellectual level, but by sinking below it, though the Rousseauists have employed a thousand pseudo-mystical devices to convince themselves and us of the contrary.

Now, M. Bergson is plainly a Rousseauistic primitivist, in that he would have us get our vision of reality by looking downward and backward instead of forward and up. The opposition he establishes between concepts and percepts, between intellect and intuition, is nothing but Rousseau's old opposition between thought and feeling, the head and the heart. The good Bergsonian must come to feel like Rousseau, that his "head and heart do not seem to belong to the same individual." Anything he can attain intellectually he is to regard as artificial, secondary, conventional, to be justified not philosophically but only practically (it will be observed that M. Bergson abandons both thought and action to the utilitarians). If a man would become philosophical, he must turn his back on both the intellectual and the active life, and "intuit" the creative flux; he must twist himself around, in M. Bergson's own phrase, and peer down into the vast swirling depths of the evolutionary process. He then sees life as it is, a pure process of motion and change, no longer artificially immobilized by the intellect.

II.

To the student of the romantic movement M. Bergson's constant insistence on intuition as opposed to intellect will seem very familiar. The whole movement from Rousseau down is filled with the preaching of the vital and the intuitive and the spontaneous, with protests against those who would, in Carlyle's phrase, convert the world "into a huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine." The similarity here between M. Bergson and the German romanticists, between him and Schopenhauer, etc., has been pointed out. I should like to show, if I had space, that Goethe, in his warnings against the over-intellectualizing of science, also anticipated M. Bergson at his best. The pretension of the intellectualist to imprison both nature and human nature in his formulas is, as a matter of fact, intolerable. Taine offends as gravely in this respect as those earlier rationalists from whom Carlyle and the German Rousseauists were reacting. Taine would reduce man, to quote his own words, to a "problem of mechanics," to a "living geometry," whose formula may be worked out and whose future may be predicted from his present in such a way as to eliminate time as an effective factor. But we must not, says M. Bergson, thus impose the geometric upon the vital order, or, what amounts to the same thing, confound the mechanical and spatial with the temporal. For the vital and the organic "time is the very stuff of reality," accompanied as it is by a "constant gushing forth of novelties," unpredictable from the platform of intellect. M. Bergson's treatment of time and of the rôle of time is perhaps the most original part of his philosophy.

But why are we forced to get our glimpse of reality by looking backward and downward instead of forward and up? Why can we not effect our escape from intellectualism by rising above it as well as by sinking beneath it? M. Bergson replies that to grasp what is above the ordinary intellectual level would require a special order of intuitions, and that, according to Kant, no such intuitions exist. But perhaps, in a matter of this gravity, it would not be well to trust too implicitly to Kant. If it is a question of citing authorities, we have Plato and Aristotle on the other side, supported, one is tempted to add, by the immemorial wisdom of the human race. "After reading Bergson," says James, "I saw that philosophy had been on a false scent ever since the days of Socrates and Plato." On the contrary, to get back to Socrates and Plato and Aristotle might be the best way of recovering the great tradition in philosophy after many years of wandering in the romantic wilderness; for these men, instead of being mere intellectualists, as M. Bergson is constantly assuming, put their final emphasis on intuition at least as much as he does—only the intuition in which their philosophy culminates is not of the Many, but of the One. In working towards this type of intuition the soundest method may still prove to be the Socratic and Platonic method of definition. Instead of reducing the intellect to a purely utilitarian rôle, as M. Bergson does, we should employ it in multiplying sharp distinctions and then put these distinctions into the service of the character and will. These sharp distinctions are, as it were, the railings on either side that protect a man in the toilsome ascent from the lower levels of his being and keep him from being precipitated into the outer void. The very word intuition is much in need of being defined, that is, divided and subdivided, Socratically. Good sense itself, according to Dr. Johnson, is intuitive, and this is a form of intuitiveness of which we stand in special need at the present crisis, for this word would scarcely seem too strong to apply to a time when the philosophy of the flux is proclaimed so confidently and received with such applause. This naturalistic vertigo seized upon Greek society at the very height of its achievement and marked the first downward step towards the abyss. "Too many of our modern philosophers," says Plato in words that might have been written to-day, "in their search after the nature of things are always getting dizzy from constantly going round and round, and then . . . they think there is nothing stable or permanent, but only flux and motion."

M. Bergson himself admits the kinship between a philosophy of pure motion and vertigo. "In vertigo," says James in turn, "we feel that motion *is*." Perhaps that is why Rousseau, as readers of the "Confessions" will remember, deliberately courted giddiness by gazing down on a waterfall from the brink of a precipice (making sure, first, that the railing on which he leaned was good and strong). One might fairly, indeed, bring against Rousseau the charge that Aristophanes brought unjustly against Socrates—that of being a worshipper of the god Vortex. Faust himself is only a good Rousseauist, and at the same time a forerunner of the modern point of view in philosophy, when, having despaired of dealing rationally with the problem of reality, he dedicates himself to vertigo (*dem Taumel weih' ich mich*).

Now, we not only can define Socratically other forms of intuition besides this giddy "intuiting" of the flux, but we can bring to the support of our definitions a wealth of concrete illustrations that was not at the command of the Greeks. When Pascal, for example, says that "the heart has reasons of which the reason knows nothing," he evidently refers to the superrational intuitions. When La Rochefoucauld, on the other hand, says that "the head is always the dupe of the heart," he no less plainly refers to the region of impulse and instinct in human nature that is below the rational level. One might again so compare Rousseau and Pascal as to show that, though both writers make everything hinge upon the "heart," they attach to the word entirely different meanings, because they use it to describe entirely different orders of intuitions.

We might deal in a similar fashion with M. Bergson's assertion that we should strive to see life not *sub specie æternitatis*, but *sub specie durationis*. Let us cite a few examples of the opposite doctrine from the most diverse sources. "The sage is delivered from time," says Buddha. "Happy is the soul in which time no longer courses," says Michael Angelo. In "the core of God's abysm," says Emerson,

> Past, Present, Future, shoot
> Triple blossoms from one root.

And so we might go on indefinitely lengthening the list of those who have found their supreme reality not in time, but in transcending time. For M. Bergson past, present, and future also melt together, but not as a result of transcending time, but, on the contrary, of plunging into it more deeply. He would have us feel time directly in its continuous flow and forget the artificial divisions imposed upon it by our "meddling intellects." M. Bergson's "direct vision" of time is, as a matter of fact, difficult to distinguish from the revery towards which Rousseau aspired—a point that might be made clear by a comparison of his Oxford lectures* with the fifth "Promenade." *Il s'agit*, says M. Bergson, *d'un présent qui dure*. In the ordinary enjoyments of life, even the keenest, says Rousseau, "there is scarcely an instant when the heart can say to us: I would that this instant might last forever" (Cf. "Faust"). But revery is a state "in which the present lasts forever" (*où le présent dure toujours*), and in which the soul suffers from "no void that it feels the need of filling."

To attempt to transcend time is, according to both James and M. Bergson, to fall inevitably into the metaphysical illusion. In general, everything that makes for unity is, according to these philosophers, dead, inert, merely conceptual. Readers of the *Nation* will remember the paper† in which James, adopting Taine's identification of the classic spirit with the spirit of abstract reasoning, concludes that the only way to be vital is to be romantic, that is, to expand from the One to the Many, or, as we may say, to fly off the centre. According to M. Bergson, the process by which one grows vital is not merely expansive, but "explosive."

III.

The underlying assumption of M. Bergson and other recent philosophers that a man becomes vital only by expanding from the One to the Many, only by moving from the centre towards the periphery, will not, as a matter of fact, bear serious scrutiny. The process of moving towards the centre may be just as intuitive and vital and also just as "infinite." For though a man may move towards the centre, he can never within the bounds of finite experience reach it. The romanticists have been assuming for a century or more that they have a monopoly of all the imagination and intuition. They have accorded at most to the classicist the possession of reason. But if a genuine classicist should appear in our midst he would agree with Rousseau that "cold reason has never done anything illustrious." In his warfare on romanticism he would oppose enthusiasm to enthusiasm and intuition to intuition. The way is open for a swift flanking movement on the whole romantic position. A man may, however, we must admit, make the proper distinctions and do all in his power, and then, instead of attaining "theory" in the Aristotelian sense (that is, immediate vision), he may not get beyond theory in our sense, and so become a fair target for M. Bergson. We are simply forced to say, in Joubert's quaint phrase, that some men's heads have no skylights in them.

Nor do we get round this difficulty by following M. Bergson. The sum of his message is that we should be æsthetically perceptive, that we should try to see life as the great artists see it. But it is no more given to the ordinary man to be as æsthetically perceptive as Keats, let us say, than it is to be as spiritually perceptive as Emerson. The enterprise in either case is of somewhat the same order as that of adding a cubit to one's stature.

We should not, however, spend too much time brooding on what would once have been called the mystery of grace. We should rather fix our attention on the feasibility of adding something by our own efforts to both our spiritual and æsthetic perceptiveness. For æsthetic perceptiveness is a precious thing if only it be directed to some adequate end. Right here it seems to me, is the fundamental weakness of M. Bergson. We are to perceive, in his own phrase, purely for the pleasure of perceiving. It is not we who are spontaneous in this system. We are merely privileged at most to contemplate the spontaneity of nature within us and about us, its expansive or "explosive" processes, without knowing whether these processes are moving towards any goal, or, if so, whether the goal is one with which we can concur. We do not, as the saying is, know where we are going, but merely that we are on the way. One might suppose that a spontaneity more worth having would be that of the individual who reacted upon his vital "urge," and imposed upon it the yoke of a human purpose. "Life," M. Bergson replies, "can have no purpose in the human sense of the word." It is hard to see how even its admirers can claim virility for a philosophy that would have us turn away from both thought and action and seek our vision of reality in an aimless æstheticism. It is at just the opposite pole from the philosophy of Aristotle, with its emphasis on acting with a purpose, a purpose, moreover, that is linked intuitively by a series of intermediary purposes with the supreme and perfect End itself. For if the intuition of the Many makes itself felt as vital impulse (*élan vital*), the intuition of the One is felt rather as sense of direction, as inner form, as vital control (*frein vital*).

**La Perception du changement*. Clarendon Press, 1911.

†*Nation*, March 31, 1910.

IV.

Those who exalt vital impulse and deny vital control may, as I have said, simply err from lack of light. But they may do so for another reason that is far less flattering to human nature. "Most persons," says Aristotle, in his downright fashion, "would rather live in a disorderly than in a sober manner." The ordinary man, says Goethe in a similar vein, prefers error to truth because the truth imposes limitations and error does not. But the ordinary man is not going to do anything so crude and inartistic as to admit such a preference either to himself or to others. In lieu of the reality of truth, he would like at least to have its specious semblance. Here lies the everlasting opportunity for the sophist and the pseudo-idealist. The world, as the Latin adage puts it, wishes to be deceived (*vult mundus decipi*). The idea of decorum, as worked out under Jesuitical auspices, did something to satisfy this permanent need of human nature. Perhaps the last triumph of the *genre* was Talleyrand, whom Napoleon described as "a silk stocking filled with mud." Rousseau attacked and overthrew this conception of decorum, but only to set up a still more fetching form of pseudo-idealism. "You wish to have the pleasures of vice and the honor of virtue," said Julie to Saint-Preux in a moment of unusual candor. Saint-Preux would indulge his lower impulses and at the same time pass as a noble enthusiast. He would live in a universe with the lid off, to borrow an elegant image from the pragmatist, and yet be accounted "spiritual." Rousseauism on this side may be defined as the art of throwing a pseudo-idealistic glamour over unrestraint; or, in Lasserre's phrase, as the rapturous disintegration of human nature. You remain uncurbed (to take the form of this disintegration with which we are most familiar at present) but make up for it by clamoring furiously that curbs be put on other people. You enjoy the illusion of reforming society instead of settling down to the sober reality of reforming yourself. Lacking the substance of a thing, you at least go through the motions and flaunt your *panache* confidently in the eyes of the world.

The ancient tradition of the world is that wisdom abides with the One and not with the Many. In seeking to persuade men of the contrary, M. Bergson is holding out to them the hope that they may become wise by following the line of the least resistance, that they may grow "spiritual" by diving into the flux. Why the pathway that M. Bergson opens into "reality" should prove so alluring to the men of the present is obvious. Men are now devoting their active intellectual powers to building up a vast machinery, and then manipulating it to practical ends. The intellect is properly employed in this way, says M. Bergson reassuringly, being as it is an obstacle rather than an aid to "vision." A man, we are to believe, may devote all his mental energy to the stock market, and yet be numbered with the sages, if only he succeeds in his odd moments in immersing himself in *la durée réelle* and listening, in M. Bergson's phrase, to the "continuous melody of his inner life." The romantic æsthetes and the utilitarians, the two classes of persons who have most flourished during the past century, are both flattered by this solution of the difficulty. The romantic æsthete that often co-exists with the utilitarian in the same man is flattered. The Bergsonian philosophy is indeed in its essence an ingenious *modus vivendi* between æsthetes and utilitarians. Like the kindred philosophy of James, it may be best described, to borrow the title of M. René Berthelot's book on M. Bergson, as *un Romantisme utilitaire.*

Let me repeat that I am not attempting in this article to do justice to M. Bergson's philosophy as a reaction against scholastic science. I have not emphasized, as I might have done, its striking originality in details. I have merely tried to show that in its general emotional expansiveness it is a late birth of Rousseauistic romanticism, and as such allied with all that is violent and extreme in contemporary life from syndicalism to "futurist" painting. It would seem to encourage rather than correct the two great permanent maladies of human nature—anarchy and irrationality. In so far, instead of being humanistic or religious, it is at the opposite pole from humanism or religion.

IRVING BABBITT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

While reading the new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher in the Cambridge English Classics, I was struck by the frequent employment of *ye* for *you* in "The Loyal Subject," which is one of the plays attributed to Fletcher alone, and it occurred to me that this usage might afford a supplementary aid to distinguish his work from that of his various collaborators. The test, so far as I have carried it out, has justified this expectation. Fletcher uses *ye* for both numbers and cases, and in both serious and comic scenes, with great frequency, and is distinguished by this mannerism from, at least, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, Massinger, Middleton, Field, and W. Rowley.

A good illustration of the value of the test in confirming the accepted attribution of parts in a collaborated play is offered by "The False One." Of this tragedy, Prof. G. C. Macaulay ("Cambridge English Literature," Vol. VI, chap. v, appendix) ascribes acts i and v to Massinger, acts ii, iii, and iv to Fletcher. A count of the *you's* and *ye's* results as follows: Act i, 55 *you's*, 0 *ye's;* act v, 30 *you's*, 1 *ye;* act ii, 61 *you's*, 31 *ye's;* act iii, 34 *you's*, 36 *ye's;* act iv, 47 *you's*, 45 *ye's*. The number of *ye's* here, in acts ii, iii, and iv, is characteristic of Fletcher, although the ratio often falls considerably lower. The other plays I have tested are as follows:

"Wit at Several Weapons." This is ascribed in the "Epilogue at the reviving of this Play" to Fletcher in part, and it was included in the first and second folios of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is ascribed by Macaulay probably to Middleton and Rowley, and this ascription is confirmed by the *ye* test, in so far, at least, as there are no signs anywhere of Fletcher.

"The Maid in the Mill." According to Macaulay, acts i; iii, 2 and 3; v, 2 (a), were written by Fletcher, the rest of the play by some one else, probably Rowley. The test distinguishes Fletcher's work clearly. Thus, iii, 1 (to "Enter Lisauro"), has 16 *you's*, 0 *ye's;* the rest of the scene (apparently Macaulay's "scene 2") has 25 *you's*, 19 *ye s;* iii, 2 (apparently Macaulay's "scene 3"; there are only two scenes as printed in the folios), has 55 *you's*, 59 *ye's;* v, 2 (to "Enter Antonio"), has 38 *you's*, 34 *ye's;* the rest of the scene has 73 *you's*, 0 *ye's*.

"Valentinian" is by common ascription and by the *ye* test, all Fletcher's.

"Bonduca." This is attributed by Macaulay to Fletcher and Field, but by the *ye* test would belong entirely to Fletcher.

"The Bloody Brother." According to Macaulay acts i and v, 1, belong to Massinger; ii, 3, and iii, 1 (part), 2, and v, 2, to Fletcher; ii, 1, 2, and iv, 1, 2, to Jonson; iii, 1 (part), and iv, 3, to Field. By the *ye* test there is no sign anywhere of Fletcher. Possibly the whole text was revised by Massinger or another.

"The Honest Man's Fortune." Macaulay divides, "apparently," as follows: Tourneur, i; Massinger, iii, 1; Field, iv; Fletcher, v; the rest doubtful. According to the *ye* test, act v is Fletcher's; acts iii and iv show no sign of his work; acts i and ii have a few *ye's*, but a lower ratio than is charteristic of Fletcher.

"The Two Noble Kinsmen." The title page of the quarto (1634) gives this play to Fletcher and Shakespeare, and it is included in the second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. Critics are now pretty generally agreed that Fletcher wrote part of the play, but the name of his collaborator is still in dispute. I may say for myself that I cannot conceive the style of the non-Fletcherian scenes to belong to the mature Shakespeare; the pregnant, allusive, crowded language points, in my judgment, more strongly to Chapman than to any other writer of the day. While going through this play I marked the words which seemed to me more or less uncommon. On counting them up I found the number to be thirty-six, and all of them, with the exception of "greise," evidently a misprint, fell in the non-Fletcherian parts. This eccentricity of diction again points to Chapman, although I have not looked for these particular words in his acknowledged plays. But this by the way. Macaulay ascribes to Fletcher acts ii, 3, 4, 5; iii, 3, 4, 5, 6; iv, 1, 2; v, 2, and parts of other scenes. The *ye* test, on the whole, confirms this division, but with the following exceptions: ii, 4, has neither *you* nor *ye*, but it consists of only a single speech; ii, 5, is non-Fletcherian; iii, 3, is non-Fletcherian; iv, 2, has no *ye's*, but is short; v, 1 (the first 19 lines), would belong to Fletcher.

"Henry VIII." According to the *ye* test the following parts belong to Fletcher: i, 4, ii, 1, 2; iii, 1, 2 (from "Exit King"); iv, 1, 2; v, 3, 4, 5. Short and indeterminate scenes are i, 3, and v, 2.

The test when applied to the mixed work of Beaumont and Fletcher gives curious results. "Four Plays," which is, as the name indicates, made up of four independent pieces, shows a small percentage of *ye's* in the first and second Triumphs, and a high percentage in the third and fourth. This falls in with the common opinion which attributes the first two Triumphs to Beaumont and the latter two to Fletcher. But in the plays which are units, such as "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and "The Coxcomb," the mark of Fletcher does not occur at all. It should seem that the writing here, at least in its final form, was almost entirely Beaumont's.

So far only I have carried the investigation; nor, I confess, have I gone through the literature of the subject to see whether any curious reader has forestalled me in the suggestion. So far as I remember, it has not hitherto been made. Possibly some one else, who has more time and inclination for this kind of work than I have, may push the test further, and may be able to draw nicer inferences as to the way in which Fletcher collaborated with the various dramatists of the age. One larger conclusion, at least, seems clear. the text of these plays must be pretty close to the form in which it was actually written down by the author; for if there were much revision by copyist or printer, this minute distinction of style would not have been preserved. The frequency of the *ye's* does not seem to depend on the printer of the first or second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of any of the separate editions, and it remains virtually unchanged for each play.

P. E. M.

Correspondence

A NEW THING IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To-night it was given to Princeton men to celebrate the election to the Presidency of a man whom they have cherished long as one of their own, and have supported as a comrade and leader embodying a character new in American public life. No one who stood to-night among the crowd of Princeton men before Mr. Wilson's house and listened to his quiet words could have failed to believe that a movement has begun in American politics of the loftiest promise.

We have seen a man who had lived in retirement and simplicity, given over to scholarship and critical reflection, rise by virtue of native reason and strength and fineness of character to national fame—have seen him by these qualities win the confidence of a numerous people which has not hitherto been conspicuous either for trust or for interest in the type of philosopher-statesman. In the comparative seclusion of Princeton, which would seem to afford but little field for the development of the "man of action," he has grown to be one who has proved to Americans that to increase and deepen knowledge is not to enervate the will; that high principles championed in the academy may be put into instant and vigorous execution if the people but yield their trust; that courtesy, reason in debate, and open-mindedness are not necessarily incompatible with our peculiar style of politics.

No mere learning, of course, should brevet any man for so high an office; yet I for one believe that, if not in themselves the mark and sign of political fitness, Mr. Wilson's degrees and the academic offices he has filled are the symbol of what may be a momentous change. Democracy has failed in no slight measure because it has refused to entrust power to men in high position. We now see the most notorious of democracies disregard the precedents of well nigh its entire career; discover for itself and repudiate counterfeit judicial conservatism; turn away from the arguments *ad captandum* of a man whom eight years ago they chose as President, and whose courage they still admire, to this quiet, earnest man whom the public has known only from his recent record as Governor of New Jersey, and whose "efficiency" can hardly be ascribed to chance, or, indeed, to anything but the unique life he has led as a student, as a critic of affairs, and as an inspirer of young men.

E. W. Friend.

Princeton, November 5.

FELLOWSHIPS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. William K. Prentice, of Princeton, asserts in the *Nation* of last week that universities are frankly competing with one another in the prices bid for graduate students, and that the students, tempted by the munificent baits of university fellowships, are lured into academic life, regardless of their opportunities for usefulness on the farm or in some other business. The conditions he portrays would indeed be alarming were they not clearly hypothetical; but even if there were a university faculty so weak in scholarship and strong in philanthropy as Mr. Prentice imagines, could it by such means attract graduate students? University fellowships commonly amount to about six hundred dollars, and often place the incumbent under obligations to engage in no other remunerative employment during the year. The price of graduate students, therefore, is comparatively reasonable, and the incompetent professor hires them to listen to him rather than stenographers or plumbers (who would serve just as well to give him an appearance of usefulness) simply because they are less expensive. What young man would not waste a year of his time listening to such a professor, what scholar would not desert his libraries and the stimulus of kindred minds for half a plumber's wage?

Columbia University is conspicuous for its success in building up a large graduate school in the last dozen years, and its business methods have been called commercial. There are twenty-four fellowships open to about twelve hundred men graduates. Each student, therefore, has something like one chance in fifty of receiving an award. Furthermore, a glance at the present list of fellows shows that all but two had spent at least a year in graduate study, and hence had fairly embarked upon their professions, before being appointed fellows. Here, then, is one large and important university where the system of fellowships cannot justly be included in any such sweeping indictment.

But in asserting that young men of real ability and force of character cannot be induced to enter an academic life unless they are lured from the farm or from business occupations by the glitter of university fellowships, Mr. Prentice makes a more serious charge against the teaching profession. Are we to believe that only a fool would be a scholar? If it is true that students undertake to become college professors only in hopes of immediate or ultimate reward, then indeed they are shortsighted. But the young man who deliberately decides to become a scholar because he is born to that calling and can be nothing else, may have talents in his way and still be willing to prepare himself for teaching. He may even allow himself to be subsidized and yet maintain an average character. Perhaps he may soothe his wounded pride by reflecting that had he elected the career of farmer or manufacturer, he would still be exposed under our tariff to the danger of a liberal subsidy. But the thing he will not do is to choose his university on any other considerations than the scholarly reputation of its faculty and its opportunities in the way of libraries and laboratories.

George F. Whicher,
Fellow in English.

Columbia University, November 11.

COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Sherman has done me a favor by remedying the incompleteness of my letter in the *Nation* for October 10, and a slight injustice by implying that I did not know the facts which he recites in his letter a fortnight later. I ought, it is true, to have mentioned the former schoolmate whom Coleridge met in London in September, 1794, who was agent for an American land company and praised the region of the Susquehanna. The anecdote would have suited my purpose, which was to show that the poets probably had in mind, with possibly many other examples of colonization, the particular plan which was at that very time being carried out by French *émigrés* in Pennsylvania.

That the Susquehanna project had by no means received its death blow six months before June, 1795, as Mr. Sherman says it had, is evident from a letter of Southey's to his brother Thomas, March 21 of that year, in which he says, "If Coleridge and I can get £150 a year between us, we purpose marrying and retiring into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practicing agriculture till we can raise money for America—still the grand object in view." It was not till November 14 that Southey married Edith Fricker and set off to Lisbon, and it was only in November that he announced to Coleridge his abandonment of Pantisocracy. The change in Southey's plans, implying, as it seemed, a defection from principles which had until lately been rather loudly proclaimed, excited Coleridge's extreme grief and anger.

He had perceived a faltering in October. It was then that the blow fell, and it caused one of the deepest disappointments of his life.

I might add to Mr. Sherman's list of citations a reference to Coleridge's amusing letter to Southey in the autumn of 1794, on the propriety of taking servants and children to their Paradise Regained. At that time the scheme was just assuming something like definite shape. It had not yet attained all its magnificent proportions. Meanwhile, the French colony at Asylum was already established. Coleridge is, or affects to be, much concerned about the little Frickers, asking, "How can we insure their silence concerning God, etc? Is it possible *they* should enter into our *motives* for this silence?" The letter was printed in the *Illustrated London News,* April 15, 1893, and in Coleridge's *Letters,* I. 102.

Mr. G. S. McClintock, of Wilkes-Barre, a descendant of one of the Asylum colonists, has shown me a letter written by the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt during his visit to the settlement, in which he gives a more favorable account of its prospects than he printed in his book. In his letter the name of the village appears to be Asylum-le-roy. This would tend to confirm the tradition, mentioned in my former letter, that the colonists entertained some hope of harboring Louis XVII or Louis XVIII.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Princeton University, October 29.

CHURCH GIFTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At this time of the year when hundreds of teachers and students are having their attention directed anew to the Canterbury Pilgrimage, some of the readers of the *Nation* may be interested in noting that a fourteenth century custom referred to by Chaucer is to be found to-day in the negro churches of Kentucky.

In describing the Wife of Bath, Chaucer says that:

> In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
> That to the offring bifore hir sholde goon;
> And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
> That she was out of alle charitee.

The editors explain that at that time no collection box or plate was passed through the audience as now, but that the people carried their offerings of bread, cake, or wine to the altar. The Wife of Bath desired to lead the procession, as that was the place of greatest prominence. In our negro churches gifts of money have taken the place of the offerings in kind, but they are still carried to the front of the church by the givers themselves, just as in Chaucer's day. And, though the question of precedence causes no rivalry now, there are as great, if not greater, opportunities for display. The place for the offering is usually a table just in front of the pulpit, and the people walk down the aisle and place their gifts on the table, with as great a consciousness of their importance as ever the Wife of Bath could have had.

One of my cousins had a servant who asked for twenty-five cents every time she went to church. As the girl was earning only a dollar or so a week, her contributions seemed disproportionately large, and my cousin attempted to reason with her. "La, Miss Susie," said the girl, "those that don't give as much as a quarter don't get their names read out, and I should die for shame if I was at church and didn't get my name read out." What would not the Wife of Bath have given to have had her name "read out"?

LOUISE DUDLEY.

Georgetown, Ky., November 5.

Literature

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

Mark Twain. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Bros. 3 vols. $7 net.

The reviewer sat down before these three thick volumes with a determination to do his duty, yet with a distinct apprehension that he should be overtaken by fatigue before he emerged from the two-hundred-and-ninety-sixth chapter and plunged into the twenty-four appendices. He was thinking of Mark Twain as an author of books; and his mind was still irritated by memories of the extravagant admirers who saluted the veteran of a thousand ovations as a superlative artist, a profound moralist, and a grave philosopher. He knew Mark Twain's works tolerably well, greatly admired three or four of them—the others much less—and wished them all shorter. He remembered that Twain had been writing autobiography in one form or another for fifty years, and that the later instalments in the *North American Review* had affected him as painful and terribly prolix. He reflected on the fact that Mr. Paine was a man of Western education and sympathies, that Twain was his literary idol, and that this biography was the fruit of six years' labor, during four of which the subject had offered himself for study and had dictated volumes of recollections. He suspected that these 1,719 pages would constitute a last disproportionate monument under which the old humorist would be buried. Then he opened the book and began to read.

When he left off reading two or three days later, he felt as if he had just returned from an exploration of the world, and were rounding out in tranquillity a restless life that had extended over three-quarters of a century. He looked back over a stream of experience of historical breadth and national significance, in which the writing of books had been only an incident. He had been carried back to the days of Andrew Jackson, and, with the hope and hunger of the westward migration, had drifted as the slave-holding John Clemens out of Kentucky into Tennessee and on to Missouri, and there had died, dreaming in poverty of his 75,000 acres of Tennessee land unsalable at 25 cents an acre. He had been born again in the son, half-educated, mischievous, and eager, and had set type for a struggling little journal in Hannibal, Missouri, ten years before the Civil War, and had made his first sensation by printing in his brother's paper a poem inscribed "to Mary in H——l [Hannibal]." He had taken one end of a Testament, his mother the other, and had promised not to "throw a card or drink a drop of liquor," and had set out to see the world, still as printer, in St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Keokuk, and Cincinnati. But then he heard the call of the river, and for four years was a pilot, and studied the intricate mysteries of the Mississippi, and laughed and jested with rivermen from St. Louis to New Orleans, till a shell from the Union batteries exploded in front of his pilot-house and ended that chapter. Then for a few days as second lieutenant of an extemporized militia company, he rode a small yellow mule to the aid of the Confederacy. Next, the golden flare in the far West caught his eye, and, couched among the mail-bags behind sixteen galloping horses, he swapped yarns across seventeen hundred miles of plains till he reached Carson City, and became a miner, and suffered the quotidian fever of the prospector daily anticipating the yellow nuggets in the bottom of the pan, and filled his trunk with wild-cat stock, and knew the fierce life of frontier saloons and gambling hells. From the unfruitful pick and shovel he passed on into the boisterous, bowie-knife journalism of the *Enterprise*, and thence to vitriolic humor on the *Morning Call* in San Francisco, and he sent his name to the Atlantic Coast with the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and lined his pockets with gold by a great news "scoop" in the Sandwich Islands.

It was 1866, he was thirty-one years old, and his career had just begun. He now entered upon a forty-year engagement as a public lecturer, and competed successfully with Fanny Kemble and P T. Barnum, and made himself known personally to hundreds of thousands, and convulsed them with laughter. At the same time he became a great traveller, perlustrated the cities of his native land, plundered the vineyards of Greece, presented an address to the Czar, visited Jerusalem with the Innocents, sojourned in England and gossiped with the Prince of Wales, in Germany and dined with the Emperor, in India and was entertained by a native prince in Bombay, interceded with President Krueger for the prisoners of the Jameson Raid, captured the cities of Australia and New Zealand, and exacted tribute from the whole world. Three or four years after the Civil War he began to throw off books as a comet throws off meteors. Then he took up the burdens of a publisher, bargained with Gen. Grant for his memoirs, and sold a quarter of a million copies where the other bidder had planned for a sale of five or ten thousand. His imagination took fire at a dream of magnificent wealth, and he became a great speculator, and in one year invested $100,000 in projects, and sunk a fortune in an unperfected type-setting machine, and went into bankruptcy. Then, at the age of sixty he girded himself anew and made another fortune in three years and repaid his creditors to the last dollar, and in a few years more had accumulated a third fortune for himself, and drew annual royalties equal to the salary of the President of the United States, and built himself splendid mansions, and rested from his labors on an Italian mahogany bed, clad in a dressing-gown of Persian silk. Then the University of Oxford summoned the printer, pilot, miner, reporter, traveller, lecturer, author, publisher, capitalist across the sea, and robed him in scarlet, and made him a Doctor of Letters, and he retired into unofficial public life till the call came to set his course towards the sinking sun.

This is not the biography of an author; it is the prose Odyssey of the American people; and it will continue to be read when half of Mark Twain's writings are forgotten. It will continue to be read because it conveys in relatively brief compass the total effect which he spent a lifetime in producing—with American recklessness and prodigality, with floods of garrulous improvisation. Mr. Paine loiters a little, it is true, through the mild Indian summer of Mark Twain's final prosperity, but that was the period of his personal relations with his hero, and we must forgive him if, like an artist infatuated with his subject, he paints us several portraits differing only slightly in attitude and shading. His first two volumes are really marvels of compression; he disposes, for example, of the trip to Palestine in twenty-odd pages, and of the voyage around the world in less; yet we venture to predict that he tells about as much of those famous expeditions as after the lapse of a hundred years a more sophisticated posterity will stay to hear. From first to last he rejects tempting opportunities to digress into history and overflow into description; he supplies only so much setting as serves to bring the actor into higher relief. He is under an illusion, we believe, as to the value of Mark Twain's theology and philosophy and literature—notably in the case of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; but his sense of what we may call biographical value is admirable. His book is full of animated and characteristic phrase, gesture, and attitude. He has extenuated nothing of his hero's weakness or his strength, and has set forth with all possible veracity the processes through which the man of the frontier became, without losing his essence and his tang, quite literally the man of the world.

No one recognized more frankly than Mark Twain himself that in a sense he was a raider from the Border. He never pretended to be the thing that he was not, and, on the other hand, he was never ashamed of the thing that he was. He planted himself, according to the Emersonian injunction, squarely upon his instincts, accepted the "society of his contemporaries, the connection of events," and, with a happy faculty for turning everything to account, capitalized his very limitations. It was one of the secrets of his immense personal effect that he never felt nor looked like a scholar or a thought-worn literary person, but rather like a man of affairs—erect, handsome, healthy, debonair—in his earlier years like a prosperous ranchman, later like a financier, a retired field-marshal, an ambassador, or, as his friends would have it, like a king. It was an iron constitution, tempered in the Mississippi and tested in the mining camps of the West, that enabled him to endure the stupendous fatigues of his great lecturing tours, to throw off 100,000 words of a novel in six weeks, to toil—without exercise and smoking heavily—all day and half the night, and, when he was past seventy, to talk copyright for hours with a hundred and fifty different Congressmen and radiate superfluous energy at a dinner in the evening, or to play billiards with his biographer till four o'clock in the morning.

If a kind of unconscious frontier impudence persuaded him of his competency as a Biblical critic, and carried him into the realm of abstract ethics, and led him late in life to add the weight of his authority to the followers of Delia Bacon, it was a kindred and valuable mental innocence that made the first fifty years of his life a perpetual voyage of discovery, sharpened his observation and his appetite for experience, and preserved the vernacular vigor of his speech. Had he undergone in his formative period the discipline of an older and firmly stratified society, he would have been saved from some lapses in taste, but he would have lacked that splendid self-confidence which is born of living among an homogeneous folk, and which in the long run explained his unrivalled power, on the platform and in print, of getting in touch with his public. As pilot, miner, and Nevada journalist he found his most profitable associates among men rather than among women, and there he formed the habit of addressing himself to a robust masculine audience—a habit which gives him an almost unique distinction in American literature, and marks him clearly as belonging to the heroic age. It is a significant fact that he was introduced to his future wife by her brother, who had become a great friend of his on the voyage of the Innocents. It is an equally significant fact that the friendship terminated and the brother departed on a journey when he learned that the humorist intended to marry his sister. If Mark Twain ever became a lion among the ladies, it was because they liked lions, not because he accepted their conventions. He detested Jane Austen, her works, and her world; and unabashed he accounted for his antipathy: "When I take up one of Jane Austen's books, such as 'Pride and Prejudice,' I feel like a barkeeper entering the kingdom of heaven." What he thought of the "kingdom of heaven" he has set forth in another place. His religious ideas he had from Tom Paine and Robert Ingersoll—another mark of the spiritual frontier; his finer moral feelings, from his wife and from his mother.

In his rather heavy-handed attack upon Bourget, Mark Twain declared that there is *nothing* "characteristically American" except drinking ice-water. But on the occasion of a railway accident he wrote to a friend, "It is characteristically American—always trying to get along short-handed and save wages." If the eulogists of Mark Twain's humor could hold themselves to a strict inquisition, they would find themselves praising sometimes his legitimate triumphs and sometimes—with an admiration for success that is characteristically American—his colossal crimes. His humor has many phases, but in the main it depends upon the absolutely reckless release of that speculative temperament and imagination which ruined the pioneers in Tennessee and squandered a fortune in unprofitable inventions. Mark Twain's typical "good story" is something like a Western "good proposition"; it is a magnificent lie with an insignificant kernel of truth. If the truth evaporates entirely, the result may be painful burlesque—such as we find in the low spots of "Huckleberry Finn" and the "Connecticut Yankee." This Western humor depends also upon a perfectly fearless revelation of the reaction of the pioneer upon an unfamiliar environment. This is the prevailing humor of the "Innocents," and of some of Mark Twain's confidential communications: "Whenever I enjoy anything in art, it means that it is mighty poor. The private knowledge of this fact has saved me from going to pieces with enthusiasm in front of many and many a chromo." Nothing could be more delightful of its kind, unless it is the confession of a mistake that he made at Oxford after he had received his degree. At a dinner given at one of the colleges he wore evening dress, but found the assembled company clad in their scarlet academic costume: "When I arrived the place was just a conflagration—a kind of human prairie-fire. I looked as out of place as a Presbyterian ly hell." But this humor sometimes depends also upon a disregard of the proprieties, and on occasion it consists in nothing but this disregard of the proprieties. An example that pretty well illustrates this type may be found in the one-hundred-and-twenty-third chapter of the biography. The humor on this occasion consisted in reminding Gen. Grant and his veterans of the Army of the Tennessee and the six hundred guests at a great and solemn banquet that once upon a time their grim commander-in-chief was wholly occupied in trying to get his big toe into his mouth—"and if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded." The house, we are informed, came down with a crash, and Sherman exclaimed, "I don't know how you do it!" But that was what, in the present state of civilization, should be called a crime. It is a crime against taste, colossal and barbaric. It is humor befitting the bronzed revellers in Carson City or the Welsh giants of the "Mabinogion."

Mr. Paine, like some other recent critics, dwells with a kind of retaliatory gusto upon certain Brahminical reservations in the welcome accorded to Mark Twain by members of the older New England inner circle; he is sure that the world is now having its laugh at the Brahmins. He reminds us also that, while Twain was still on a kind of nervous probation in America, he had been received with unrestrained delight in England. But the right explanation of the hesitation on this side of the water does not seem to have occurred to him. The fact is that Twain was hailed with jubilation by Englishmen because he answered perfectly to their preconceptions of the American character. They could enjoy him, furthermore, with the same detached curiosity and glee that their ancestors at the Court of James I felt in the presence of Pocahontas—another typical American who, as we read, received marked attention from the Queen, and accompanied her to the Twelfth Night revels. We imagine that some gentlemen in Virginia were a little worried lest it should be thought in England that all their wives were Indians—without deeming it at all necessary to apologize for Pocahontas; she was a lovely barbarian, to be sure, but she was truly representative only of the dusky background of their civilization. The Brahmins with some justice looked upon Mark Twain, and will continue to look upon him, as a robust frontiersman, produced in the remote Jacksonian era, carrying into the courts of kings the broad laughter of the plains, and only representing adequately an America that is already historical and almost fabulous. We would no more condescend to this Herculean humorist than to any other epic hero; we accept him heartily as we accept Robin Hood and Charlemagne, the wily Odysseus and Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. But, surely, in this day, when we are all exalting the primitive, it should be thought no diminution of his greatness to say that he would be out of place in the "Divine Comedy" or "Paradise Lost"—to reaffirm that he is the hero of what our ballad enthusiasts call a "folk" epic, and that he wins upon us by the savory earthiness, the naïve impudence, the lucky undisciplined strength of the folk hero.

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE CRIMINAL AS HERO.]

Out of the Wreck I Rise. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mary Pechell. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Master of the Oaks. By Caroline Abbott Stanley. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

From the light-heartedness of the picaresque novel to the irony of "Jonathan Wild" or "Barry Lyndon" was a long step; but we have since made further progress in our treatment of the criminal as hero. As the male novelist and playwright has made a heroine of the woman with a past, so the female writer has begun to give the place of honor to the man with a past. We happen to have before us a group of three novels by women, in each of which a thief plays the part of hero.

By hero we do not merely mean a central figure about which the action revolves. We mean a person who is intended to appeal to our sympathies and even to our admiration. Not a few among the protagonists of modern fiction—Dr. Mitchell's François, for example, or the more recent and more famous Raffles—have shared the moral topsy-turviness of a Wild or a Lyndon. Whether as the fruit of heredity or environment (matter for argument between the Lombrosos and their adversaries), there is certainly a class of criminals to which the worse seems the better reason: witness the testimony in the Rosenthal case of current fame. Miss Harraden's gentleman-criminal, divested of the glamour in which feminine fancy arrays him, belongs to this class. Nevertheless, she appears to expect that the unprejudiced observer will find him, if not an admirable, at least a charming and compelling person. Looked upon with detachment, his only sure asset seems to be that fascination which the self-possessed and physically feeble rascal has for the eternal woman.

Adrian Steele is a successful playbroker who deliberately, and without any sort of necessity, cheats his clients of their royalties. He has made some thirty thousand pounds by giving false returns of the number of performances, when one of his lesser victims gets on the trail. Now, Adrian believes he has only taken full payment for services which the amount of his commission mocks at. He has made these men what they are, and deserves a fair slice of their profits. But with wife and child, and position in the world, the prospect of exposure brings him suffering. So he turns for comfort to two women whom he has wronged and deserted years before. He finds them both still adoring and ready to vie with each other in bringing about the concealment of his crime from the world. They do not succeed, and there is only one means left for Adrian's rising out of the wreck of his life. Self-sacrifice? Regeneration through suffering? Nothing so commonplace, you may be sure. Leaving the three women who love him and the child he professes to adore, the contemptible rascal puts himself and his fatal charm in the way of an Alpine avalanche and vanishes in a mist of feminine tears.

The thief of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is a more ordinary person. He has one claim on the reader's sympathy to begin with, which has never been challenged. If Richard Wigney's great-grandfather, the last Earl of Wolferstan, had been able to marry the woman he loved, Richard Caryll would now be Earl of Wolferstan. Not to be in line for that title has embittered his life from the cradle, and he has taken advantage of the position of trust in which he has been placed as a very young man, to embezzle a large sum of money—by way of protest against the laws of this unjust world. The crime has been hushed up for business reasons, and the young man has gone to Australia. Having made his fortune, he returns to England, buys up the ancestral estate, and wins the heart of Mary Pechell. A rival learns his secret, and it is for Mary to choose to share his second exile with him. Richard at least lacks the detestable complacency of Adrian, and we are rather glad to have him escape the legal penalty of his fault, though it does not greatly matter, one way or another.

The master of "The Oaks" is a more appealing figure from the masculine point of view. When a boy, he takes a small sum of money from a bank in which he has an ill-paid position, knowing that a check is on the way which will more than cover the amount. Mails are delayed for several days by a washout, and the technical theft is discovered. The authorities refuse to consider the special conditions, and proceed to make an example of the poor wretch. He breaks jail, acquires money, begins life anew, makes a respectable place for himself, and is about to marry the girl of his heart, when his crime comes to light. Given America for England, it is the case of Richard Wigney over again, up to this point. But a consideration of honor causes the master of "The Oaks" to give himself up to the law, and so reveal his past to his betrothed, when he has only to keep silence to be safe forever. He pays the physical and social penalty which Wigney escapes, and his lady's loyalty is put to a correspondingly severer test. Of course, she passes it.

Caviare. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is not a highly moral tale. It is a sobering fact that such literary wares may now be looked for even from Boston. The chronicle of the two apprentices does not run as it did in Hogarth's day, and the hand that wrote the Rollo books would be powerless to sway the emotions of youth-to-date. We understand there is still a market for "Gates Ajar" and "The Wide, Wide World," but it must have sunk in the social scale; it is not composed of young maidens who smoke cigarettes, or young men who play with margins. They must have spicier fare—hence the title and content of the present story.

The hero is an English Honorable, who, after Oxford, has spent ten years idling about Europe. When it is said that the scenes of his present exploits are Paris, Monte Carlo, and Wall Street, an inkling will have been given as to the trend of the action. He meets the beautiful American girl (for, of course, there is one) at a questionable resort in Paris, to which her father, an American financier, has taken her; champions her through a difficult night; offers himself (to the father) as a suitor the next day. The father tells him he must go to work and earn enough to support her. If, after a year, etc. The Honorable assents, and sets out for America by way of Monte Carlo. At the Casino, by using a system touchingly based upon the name of his beloved, he promptly transforms two hundred pounds into five thousand. On shipboard, westward bound, he turns another penny by winning the pool on the run. Almost on landing he receives a market tip from a damsel (not the lady of his heart) whom he has succored aforetime—as it were, in his stride. In two days on Wall Street, his five thousand pounds become a million and a half. So they marry and live happy ever after.

RELIGION OF THE STARS.

Astrology and Religion among the Greeks and Romans. (Vol. IX of American Lectures on the History of Religions.) By Franz Cumont. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Astrology, says Professor Cumont, an alliance between mathematics and superstition, is the most persistent hallucination that has ever haunted the human brain. No one is better fitted than he to describe the history of this pseudo-science. But what he here undertakes to discuss is not so much astrology proper, divination by the stars, as astrolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies. The present volume gives in popular form material contained in his larger work, "Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism." It is an admirable picture of the rise of Babylonian star-worship, its fusion with Greek philosophy, and the resulting emergence of a great religion which seemed at one time ready to contest with Christianity and Mithraism the control of the Græco-Roman world. The cult of the stars originated in Babylonia, but its development into a universal religion was the work of the Greeks. Just as the empirical Chaldean astronomy was converted by them into a science of astronomy, so out of the divinization of the heavenly bodies they constructed a religious system of compact dogma and lofty aspirations that appealed to and satisfied some of the best minds of the early centuries of our era.

It is not always easy, as Cumont observes, to distinguish the two components in the new astral religion, and he himself sometimes uses the term "Chaldean" without defining it precisely. This term was employed by the ancients to designate not only the Babylonian people and their learned class, the priests, but also the outsiders, Greeks and others, who adopted and developed the worship of the stars. How it is to be understood in any particular case in Cumont's description must be gathered from the connection. Thus he seems (p. 28) to regard the conception of "a Necessity, superior to the gods," as Babylonian. But this is hardly probable. The idea is certainly Greek (it is distinctly stated by Plato), and it is not found in any purely Babylonian document; the "tablets of fate," mentioned in mythical poems, are merely symbols of the power that was exercised by any dominant deity; in the later literature the fortunes of men are determined by the supreme god (in Babylon by Marduk)—there is no "Necessity" above the gods. Cumont's whole sketch of the "Chaldean" theology of the Alexandrine period (p. 28 ff) must be read critically. In the conceptions of the eternity of the world and the deification of Time, and in the worship of the world as a whole, one must look for something beyond the Babylonian star-worship.

The triumphal progress of the new astral religion is eloquently described by Cumont. In the invariability of stellar motions Stoicism recognized something akin to its conception of fate, and the great Stoic, Posidonius of Rhodes, Cicero's teacher, was an apostle of astralism in the Græco-Roman world. As time went on, the cult of the heavenly bodies united itself with the better religious tendencies that had asserted themselves in the empire. Thoughtful minds turned gladly from the old anthropomorphic divine figures to gods dwelling in or identical with the mysterious bodies that went their way serenely, standing above earthly weaknesses. The spectacle of the starry heavens aroused religious emotion in certain minds, passionate desire to be one with the cosmos, and so to be freed from mundane limitations. The greatest of the luminaries took precedence in the heavenly host, Sol Invictus came to be regarded as leader and lord of all things in heaven and earth. Thus a monotheistic cult emerged—that is, the splendid figure of the Sun offered a satisfactory point of attachment for the monotheistic feeling of the time. To the stars also philosophers looked for the abode of souls after death; the old underground hades had disappeared, the future condition of the soul was to be determined by ethical qualities, inward purity could find an appropriate dwelling-place only with the heavenly gods or in the celestial ether.

This grandiose scheme of life maintained itself for several centuries, but with variation in details. It was sometimes pantheistic, a real worship of the cosmos; sometimes it recognized many heavenly divine powers, sometimes one supreme deity. Notwithstanding its alliance with astrologic absurdities, it helped to clear the religious atmosphere, and was one of the forces that prepared the way for the triumph of Christianity. Naturally, it appealed only to philosophic circles—the masses continued to worship the local gods or to find satisfaction in the mysteries (Mithraic and other) till these were absorbed in the Christian system. A survey of West-Asiatic and European history from the second century B. C. up to the present time would be necessary to make clear why it is that, while the astralistic cults proper have vanished, astrology has never entirely lost its hold on men's minds.

Rowlandson's Oxford. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. $4 net.

Oxford is a theme pretty well exhausted, both from the inside and from the out, from the tourist and from the undergraduate point of view; yet Mr. Gibbs has caught a fresh aspect of the old city. The familiar drawings of Rowlandson are the ostensible peg on which he hangs his comments, but he allows himself a wide latitude, and the reproductions of the drawings are more by way of attractive adornment to the volume than having any direct bearing on the subjects treated. Nor are the drawings here shown identical with those made familiar through the engravings. The engraver of Rowlandson's sketches had, it appears, his own ideas about the architectural beauties of Oxford, and gave a Georgian finish to most of the buildings represented, "so that some of the most beautiful and characteristic buildings in Oxford and Cambridge, so delicately portrayed by Rowlandson's pencil, are turned into rectangular monstrosities, the like of which was never seen in either university town." Mr. Gibbs, therefore, asserts that his illustrations from Rowlandson's water-colors "are here reproduced for the first time." This book would be valuable, if for no other reason than for the fact that the illustrations exhibit Rowlandson as something more than the rather coarse cartoonist we have generally supposed him. In the foreground are the comic scenes and figures with which we are familiar, but behind them are delicate tracings of spires and towers and quadrangles which reveal the artist a master in architectural draughtsmanship.

Rowlandson, however, is only the excuse for a comparison of the Oxford of to-day with Oxford of the eighteenth century. Mr. Gibbs is well qualified for the task he has set himself, which is to show that, though other things may change, the undergraduate is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It being, as he tells us in his preface, but two years since he himself "went down" from St. John's College, he still has the undergraduate point of view; his memories are undimmed, his enthusiasms unspotted from the world. Consequently, if at times he is a little naïve, it is a refreshing naïveté, and when he compares the "Smarts" of yesterday with the "Bloods" of to-day, or writes of "Freshers'" clubs, or Oxford tradesmen, or college discipline, he speaks as one having authority still fresh enough to be well remembered.

Mr. Gibbs has studied his subject with thoroughness, and gives us a very complete picture of university life in the eighteenth century. His authorities are contemporary records, and he quotes freely from that implacable 'varsity satirist and scourger of abuses, "Terræ Filius." Certainly, there were not wanting occasions for satire in the Oxford of those days. The dons were a drunken, dissolute lot, and the undergraduates asked nothing better than to follow the example set them by their seniors. Degrees were bought and sold; university offices were sinecures filled by persons totally incapable of performing the duties nominally required of them by the statutes; well might Gibbon remember with disgust the absence of all encouragement to studiousness that he found there.

Things have changed at Oxford since then, and Mr. Gibbs pays tribute to the high ideals that inspire the dons of to-day; but the undergraduate, in essentials, is the same now as he was when Rowlandson depicted him—a genial, happy-go-lucky youth, with a tendency towards the extreme in dress, a taste for metaphysics and dalliance with the Muses, and a healthy addiction to bodily exercise.

Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni. A Cura di Giovanni Sforza e Guiseppe Gallavresi. I: 1803-1821. Milan: Hoepli. Lire 6.50.

It has long been undisputed that Alessandro Manzoni was the chief man of letters in Italy during the nineteenth century. He attained to that eminence when still young, and he held it till his death in 1873. Amid the political revolutions and the changes in literary fashions of more than fifty years, he reigned benignly, beloved even by those who were in no sense his followers. Leopardi was a greater poet and a far more significant figure, but he was never popular and national as Manzoni was.

Now, nearly forty years after his death, a fairly complete edition of his correspondence is promised. The first volume, which lies before us, covers the period 1803-1821; that is, from his nineteenth year to the publication of his Ode on the death of Napoleon. Always shy, and reticent even to his intimates, he nevertheless put into his letters much that helps us to trace his religious and intellectual evolution, and much that reveals his lovable nature. He combined great personal sweetness with a keen intelligence and sound taste.

During this formative period we trace his metamorphosis from Voltairean deist to fervent Catholic—a conversion which was brought about through the influence of his wife, Henriette Blondel, a Swiss Protestant who early embraced Catholicism. Although he remained unshaken in his new faith, Manzoni did not surrender his liberty of criticism: so that we find passages in these letters which, under the present régime at the Vatican, might subject him to ecclesiastical censure. When, for instance, he tells one of his spiritual advisers that the French Clericals have themselves to blame for bringing religion into disrepute by their political intrigues and ambitions and by their appeal to the state to prohibit all non-Catholic forms of worship, he seems to anticipate Modernist protests by more than eighty years. (His letter is dated April 7, 1820.)

But Manzoni was never a controversialist, and there is little theology in his letters. They abound in references to his "Inni Sacri" and to his plays, with discussions of Romanticism, with which Scott's novels were imbuing him. His "Carmagnola" had what some might call the good fortune to incur the sneers of the *Quarterly Review*. Goethe, by defending the "Carmagnola," introduced Manzoni to the German public, a service which he reinforced a little later by translating the splendid Ode.

Some of the last letters in this volume hint at the "Promessi Sposi," which Manzoni had begun. There are a few references to contemporary events—the lynching of Prina, for instance—and many to the intellectual situation. The letters from correspondents, who number some fifty persons, fill out or explain Manzoni's own. There are portraits and facsimiles and brief notes. The editors expect to complete their work in three volumes.

Your United States: Impressions of a First Visit. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Mr. Bennett is unduly cautious. In taking leave of his book, he says: "As for these brief chapters, I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view which they put forward. There is naught in them which is not liable to be recalled." Mr. Shaw was bolder. Never having visited this country, he consented to write for one of our magazines the true explanation of American cities, but only on condition that not a change should be made in his copy, and he further implied that his word on the subject was final. That was magnificent. But to issue a book of first impressions and at the same time to fear that it may become outworn is to admit that one is only an ordinary human being. And who ever desired a critic to do that?

Mr. Bennett, perhaps because he yielded to the spell of this land with a too serious abandon, soon reveals himself to the reader as being not very different from many of us whom he came to explore. He acknowledges the superior comforts of our hotels and dwellings, with a shameless disregard of the romance attaching to such places abroad. Dropping into the American rhythm with surprising ease, he cannot understand why we are charged with rushing. We don't waste time in going about our business, but our goings and comings are so well organized that as he stops to recall the helter-skelter of a European crowd, we appear by comparison quiet and orderly. In good American fashion he knows, too, that Boston would like to be thought more English than she really is. One could wish that Mr. Bennett were not so facile. He has met us more than half way. Throwing off the drag of foreign traditions has left him an astonishing modernist. So absorbed is he in watching the great national machine in motion, hammering out the present and future, that any survivals of our past fail to touch him. So our system of education has for him no roots, it is all branches; and he is moved by them in much the same way as the most modern pedagogue who is over-zealous to read efficiency in sheer numbers. For some reason, Mr. Bennett has never in his life stopped off at Oxford or Cambridge. Hence his estimate of our universities is not complicated by a comparison with those English seats of learning. He "liked the complete life-sized railroad locomotive in the engineering-shops" at Columbia, and, after two or three other glimpses, came away "with a deeper and more reassuring conviction that America was intensely interested in education, and that all that America had to do in order to arrive at real national, racial results was to keep on being intensely interested." We understand now why the English prefer to have Americans who visit them continue to twang through the nose; there's some subtle message in that twang. Figuratively speaking, Mr. Bennett, for the occasion of his visit, adopted our nasal, bringing us no world-old message and repeating much of what his friends and excellent guides about this land have told him.

But if Mr. Bennett is a momentary American, some of his impressions are those which Americans enjoy having and being reminded of. He has grasped the American business man more sympathetically perhaps than any previous visitor:

> The attitude of the American business man toward his business is preëminently the attitude of an artist. You may say that he loves money. So do we all—artists particularly. No stock-broker's private journal could be more full of dollars than Balzac's intimate correspondence is full of francs. But whereas the ordinary artist loves money chiefly because it represents luxury, the American business man loves it chiefly because it is the sole proof of success in his endeavor. He loves his business. It is not his toil, but his hobby, passion, vice, monomania—any vituperative epithet you like to bestow on it!

He feels, too, though as dumbly as the rest of us, the meaning of our downtown skyscrapers—a meaning compounded of smoke and outline and human endeavor, the whole become beautiful in spite of itself. He draws a pretty picture of what is, after all, the nation's supreme hope—its youth—by saying briefly, "a number of young men and maids came out of a high-school and unconsciously assumed possession of the street." Finally, Mr. Bennett speaks with true understanding of a certain stratum of our civilization as illustrated by apartment houses in the Bronx: "Efficiency in physical essentials was inculcated—and practiced—by the landlord-company, whose constant aim seemed to be to screw up higher and higher the self-respect of its tenants." That a corporation should find its profit "in the business of improving the standard of existence and appealing to the pride of the folk," was, to him, as it is to all Americans, a sign of genuine robustness in our civilization.

Courts, Criminals, and Camorra. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Entertainment, rather than instruction, is the purpose of this book. Its author does not hesitate to criticise our criminal procedure, but he rarely rises to a higher strain than that of banter, and never permits himself to be mistaken for a reformer. He enjoys a fling at The Pleasant Fiction of the Presumption of Innocence, but he holds out no hope that this fiction can be abolished. Nor does he invite the reader to any serious discussion of procedural problems which now vex our bench and bar.

When he passes from "Courts" to "Criminals" his resolution to amuse is unmistakable. The opening chapter of this section, entitled Why do Men Kill? was written, not because the author had pondered the theme until he was burdened with matured ideas. Quite the contrary. It was prepared, he assures us, because a genial editor had telephoned him to send up a story for January on the above lurid title. In other words, this chapter, as well as the remainder of the section which deals with Detectives, was produced to supply a definite demand for a prescribed sort of copy. Undoubtedly, it served well its immediate purpose, but whether it merits reproduction in book form is open to grave doubt.

No such uncertainty can be felt about the third section of the book. Here the reader can learn much about the Camorra in Italy. If he is entitled to be called the learned reader, he may know all that is here told, and much more. The ordinary reader, however, will glean a maximum of useful information with a minimum of effort. He cannot fail to enjoy Mr. Train's graphic pictures of the Camorrist trial at Viterbo. They are quite different from those which were presented to us in the daily press, less grotesque and less highly colored. Probably the experienced criminal prosecutor saw the same scenes with different eyes from those of the press men at Viterbo. Indeed, Mr. Train declares that these reporters gave the American editors just what they wanted—sensational copy. On the other hand, he has attempted to describe the trial as he saw it. He declares that "he has never in his legal experience seen a judge presiding with greater courtesy, patience, fairness, or ability, or keeping, as a general rule, under all the circumstances, so perfect a control over his court, as the president of the assize in which the prosecution of the Camorra was conducted; nor is he familiar with any legal procedure better fitted to ascertain the truth of the charges which were tried."

Notes

Prof. W. P. Ker has collected for the forthcoming Vol. III of "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association" (Frowde) papers by Gilbert Murray, A. A. Jack, J. W. Mackail, and George Saintsbury.

Macmillans announce "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint," by Father Bernard Vaughan.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out in January "Bunker Bean," a novel by Harry Leon Wilson; and, somewhat later, books by Maurice Leblanc, J. C. Snaith, and F. F. Moore.

"Costumes, Traditions, and Songs of Savoy" is the subject of a handsome volume by Miss Estella Canziani, which Dana Estes will shortly have ready.

Lemcke & Buechner announce a new and thoroughly revised edition of Passow's Greek-German Dictionary, under the editorship of W. Crönert. It will be issued in about fifty parts at 2 marks 80 pfennigs each, for subscribers until the summer of 1913, when the price will be raised nearly half a mark.

Among the November announcements of the Yale University Press are the following: "The Moriartys of Yale," by Norris Osborn; "A Journey to Ohio in 1810," edited by Prof. Max Farrand, being the first volume in the Yale Series of Historical Manuscripts; "Greek Refinements," by William Henry Goodyear; the sixth volume of "Yale Biographies and Annuals (1805-1815)," compiled by Prof. F. B. Dexter; "The Index Verborum Catullianus," by Prof. Monroe N. Wetmore; and "Personal Names from Cuneiform Inscriptions of the Cassite Period," by Prof. Albert T. Clay.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for this week: Stanley Washburn's "Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in the New Empire of Western Canada," and "Some English Story-Tellers, a Book of the Younger Novelists," by Dr. Frederick Taber Cooper.

"From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift" is the title chosen for Vol. IX of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," which Putnams will publish immediately. The table of contents embraces the following headings: "Defoe—the Newspaper and the Novel," by W. P. Trent; "Steele and Addison," by Harold Routh; "Pope," by Edward Bensly; "Swift," by George A. Aitken; "Arbuthnot and Lesser Prose Writers," by G. A. Aitken; "Lesser Verse Writers," by Thomas Seccombe and George Saintsbury; "Historical and Political Writers," by A. W. Ward; "Memoir Writers," by Thomas Seccombe; "Writers of Burlesque and Translators," by Charles Whibley; "Berkeley and Contemporary Philosophy," by W. R. Sorley; "William Law and the Mystics," by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon; "Scholars and Antiquaries," by James Duff Duff and H. G. Aldis; "Scottish Popular Poetry before Burns," by T. F. Henderson, and "Education," by J. W. Adamson.

The same house has in press: "Swords and

Ploughshares," a work on peace by Lucia A. Mead; "The Peace Movement of America," by Julius Moritzen; "Indian Pages and Pictures," by Michael M. Shoemaker; "Problem of the Sexes," by Jean Finot; "Bible Reading in the Early Church," by Dr. Adolf Harnack; "Protestantism and Progress," by Ernest Troeltsch, translated by W. Montgomery; "An Unorthodox Conception of Being," by William Ellsworth Hermance, and "Fine Books" (Connoisseur's Library), by A. W. Pollard.

An outline of Mohammedan history from 622 to 1522, in the form of annals, is the device which the Prince of Teano has adopted to anticipate his slowly proceeding work, "Annali del Islam." The period embraced by the five volumes of this *magnum opus* which have already been published is also included in the projected epitome. "Cronografia Islamica" is the title the shorter work will bear.

London journals express satisfaction over the Crown's appointment of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch to be King Edward VII professor of English literature in the University of Cambridge, in succession to the late Dr. Verrall. As novelist, poet, and critic, Sir Arthur carries to his new position a mind uncommonly versatile.

Plans are taking shape for the second meeting of the University Commission on Southern Race Questions, to be held at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., December 19. The commission was organized last May at Nashville by Dr. James H. Dillard, of New Orleans, president and director of the Anna T. Jeanes Foundation. The membership is composed of one man from the faculty of each of eleven Southern State universities, as follows: James J. Doster, Alabama; C. H. Brough, Arkansas; James M. Farr, Florida; R. J. H. DeLoach, Georgia; W. O. Scroggs, Louisiana; W. D. Hedleston, Mississippi; Charles W. Bain, North Carolina; Josiah Morse, South Carolina; James D. Hoskins, Tennessee; W. S. Sutton, Texas, and William M. Hunley, Virginia. The chief object of the commission is to encourage the scientific and sane study of the negro question.

We have received simultaneously two translations of M. Bergson's "Introduction à la métaphysique," a brief work originally published in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* of January, 1903. One of these translations has been made by T. E. Hulme and published by Putnams, as "An Introduction to Metaphysics"; it follows a revision by the author and has profited by a certain number of alterations in the text introduced by M. Bergson to make his meaning clearer. The other translation, by Sidney Littman, is issued by John W. Luce & Co., as "The Introduction to a New Philosophy." So far as we have looked into these versions, each is expressed in clear English. Those who are familiar with M. Bergson's work need not be told that this little treatise is an excellent introduction to his larger metaphysical books.

Henry Frowde has produced an edition of the Waverley Novels in twenty-four volumes, printed on Oxford India paper, which is a model of publication for those who desire their Scott in small compass. The typography is remarkably clear, and this, after all, is the main thing. The author's introductions and notes are retained, a newly prepared glossary is added to each novel, and more than 900 of the old illustrations are reproduced. To one detail only can objection be taken. No publisher, so far as we know, has had the courage and good sense to print the end of "St. Ronan's Well" as Scott wrote it, but each has reproduced the revision which he made in compliance with the utterly absurd squeamishness of the original publisher, and which deprives of zest and meaning one of the most finely conceived tragedies in the language. There can be no complaint that the present edition of the novel follows the example of all its predecessors, but at least the cancelled paragraphs should be printed in a note, as they have before been printed, so as to give the unwary reader some key to the anti-climax of the story as it stands. But that is a detail. As an offset, the volume which contains this novel and "The Surgeon's Daughter" extends to above 600 pages, yet presents a page of unimpeachable clearness and is of a size to slip easily into the pocket.

The five addresses which Nicholas Murray Butler has made as chairman of five of the last six Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration have been bound together in a small volume, with the general title of the address delivered this year, "The International Mind" (Scribner). The sub-title defines the book as "an argument for the judicial settlement of international disputes," but as each of the addresses contains something in the way of a summary of the progress made towards such settlement during the preceding year, the collection embodies an informal history of the movement since 1905 as well as the main points in the reasoning on its behalf.

The genealogy and public services of a widely ramified family receive further elucidation in Joseph C. Jackson's "British and American Family of Wolcott," published by the author at No. 138 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Mr. Jackson, who is a direct descendant of Henry Wolcott, of Windsor, Conn., takes vigorous exception to the method and scope of the earlier "Wolcott Memorial"; chiefly, it should seem, because of the failure of that work to include all the direct descendants, male and female, of the first Gov. Oliver Wolcott, and especially the Jackson-Wolcotts and their kindred. In spite of a discursiveness which leads the author into wide fields of historical and patriotic moralizing, the genealogical data appear to have been painstakingly traced. Needless to say, one who possesses the "Memorial" will need to have the present pamphlet also.

A vigorous statement of the importance of sea power in the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires is made by P. A. Silburn in "The Evolution of Sea Power" (Longmans, Green). Admiral Mahan is his inspiration. Human history from Xerxes at Salamis to Togo at Tschusima is his field. "To arouse and keep alive public enthusiasm in naval policy" is his aim. As a member of Parliament of the union of South Africa, he naturally emphasizes the importance to the English Empire of the maintenance of a strong navy. His account is interesting but based upon secondary material. He has no maps or diagrams to illustrate the subject and very few references to his authorities. He objects strenuously to the Declaration of London as more prejudicial to England than to any other country. The volume will doubtless commend itself to many, especially to subjects of the British Empire living in the Colonies.

The *Nation* (June 6, 1907) has already criticised at considerable length Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins's "Persistent Problems of Philosophy," and is not surprised to see that this excellent and succinct history of philosophy has reached a third edition (Macmillan). "The present revision of this book," the author writes in the preface, "has been undertaken primarily in order to relate its conclusions to the more recent of contemporary philosophical writings, and, in particular, to refer to the arguments against idealism so loudly urged by the writers who call themselves 'neo-realists.' Advantage has also been taken of the opportunity to amend and to supplement many passages of the book."

The Official Literature of the Civil War forms a great library. The unofficial history, the records of participants North and South, on sea and land, generals and privates, blacks and whites, women and children, as well as men, constitutes a vast accumulation before which the world to-day grows weary. This fact must impair the welcome extended to such a book as E. R. Hutchins's "War of the Sixties" (Neale), a compendium of stories of varying interest derived from participants of both sides in the war experiences. The tales are often thrilling, and always illustrative, but no more so than thousands of previous records.

"With Dante in Florence" (Dutton, illustrated), by Mary R. Lacy, is a careful and informing book, registering all spots in Florence that recall the exiled poet and his works, and giving a sketch of contemporary history. The list seems quite complete and accurate, though the custom of holding public Dante readings in Or San Michele might have been mentioned. Residents of Florence and leisurely tourists will find pleasure and profit in accepting the author's guidance. A few venial slips may here be noted. No alleged death mask of Dante has any authority. Leonardo Orcagna is an unwarranted form for Nardo Cione. By an obvious blunder the decorations of the Spanish Chapel seem to be dated in the fifteenth century. It is fairly established that Andrea da Firenze is their author. It would be difficult to find altar pieces by Giotto either in the Uffizi or San Marco, or woodcut illustrations in the early editions of Landino's Commentary. Such slight errors do not seriously impair the value of a book written with intelligent enthusiasm.

"The Hoosac Valley, its Legends and History," by Grace Greylock Niles (Putnam), brings together a formidable amount of information. There are legends of a Jesuit mission early in the sixteenth century. During the seventeenth, the valley, which was the east and west thoroughfare of the invading Mohawks, was the scene of constant warfare between them and the milder Mohicans. Its real history begins with the middle of the eighteenth century and the Dutch and Walloon settlements near the Hudson. Hardly later is the military occupation by the colony of Massachusetts at the head waters where now is North Adams. Its military history includes the heroic defence of Fort Massachusetts against the French and Indians of Rigaud; Bennington, where Molly Stark was not left a widow, and the surrender of Burgoyne. Irving made his life studies of the Knickerbocker family in the lower valley, and Bryant as a Williams student made his first flights in descriptive verse. Such visitors as Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, W. Hamilton Gibson, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Owen Wister have celebrated the charms of the valley. Under a Williamstown haystack during a thunderstorm, the brotherhood was established which promoted the earliest American activity in foreign missions. From colonial times the swift Hoosac and its tributaries have witnessed an extraordinary manufacturing development. To-day the valley reveals sensational contrasts between the country places in the upper valley and the abject poverty and ignorance of the poor whites, many of them richly tinged with Indian and negro blood, on the adjacent mountain slopes. In Mark Hopkins the region developed one of the great apostolic educators. Eccentricity, from Ethan Allen down, it has fostered even more generously. In fact, the chronicle is so rich and varied that it has oppressed the author. The compactness of the book makes it pretty hard reading. Still, all lovers of this beautiful region will justly welcome it. One of them resents the omission of such glories as the high passes of Berlin and Petersburgh. Apparently these have no historical associations of noto to justify their mention. May not, however, the "Volneyites" of Williams College, who drove the original missioners out into the fields, have fortified themselves with the hard cider which within recent memory was still dispensed where Flora's Glen reaches the inner pass of Petersburgh?

The two volumes of "Historic New York" (Putnam) have been bound together, the whole making a handsome book of more than 900 pages. In the new form, each volume retains its original paging and index, failure to note which is likely to involve the reader in difficulties. The tables of contents and lists of illustrations of both volumes are placed at the beginning of the book, but a still more useful device would have been the insertion, at the end, of an index embracing the entire series of monographs. As it is, however, the authoritative and well-presented information on various phases of the city's history during the first two centuries of its existence, contained in the volumes that were first published more than a dozen years ago, now appears in a shape that deserves to attract a fresh company of readers.

Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites and Miss Louise Phelps Kellogg have edited, as Vol. III in the Draper series (Madison, Wis.) "Frontier Defence on the Upper Ohio, 1777-1778." Both editors are well known for their painstaking work in editing the sources of Western history. The particular series to which their present volume belongs is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Lyman C. Draper, whose labors as a collector made the Wisconsin Historical Society's archives the richest depository of Western material in the country. The cost of producing the series has been assured by the Wisconsin Society of the American Revolution. The editors have limited their choice of documents to be published almost exclusively to the Draper manuscripts at Madison, and find their justification, no doubt, in the desirability of making that rich storehouse known to scholars; but serious objections can be raised to this method of selection. Dr. Draper's conception of history was the march of armed men, the din of battle, and the counting of the dead; and the collection which is called by his name is, therefore, too exclusively filled with docnments pertaining to frontier warfare. The second objection is that many documents, more valuable than those published, could have been found in various archives. While at work on these Draper volumes, the editors might have made a collection of documents that would be approximately definitive for the history of the Revolutionary War on the Ohio. Their failure to do this will mean that the whole material must be worked over again by other editors who may not be so well fitted for the task; and we shall have more volumes in other series on the same subject, thus complicating the work of research. American historical scholarship is suffering to-day from this haphazard system of selection and editing.

The time covered by "Frontier Defence" is the period (1777-1778) when Gen. Edward Hand commanded the American soldiers at Fort Pitt and was expected to guard, with a handful of troops, the frontier from Kittanning to the Great Kanawha and to keep in check the Indians north of the Ohio River. Gen. Hand's earlier experience had not qualified him particularly to direct Indian campaigns, and, unfortunately for his reputation, his arrival at his post was contemporary with the beginning of British activities in the forts on the Great Lakes and the organized Indian attacks on the Virginia frontier. Although he was partly successful, no brilliant action of his can be recorded. The editorial work on the volume is excellent, and the long biographical notes on obscure men will prove most helpful to future historians.

The death is reported of George Knottesford Fortescue, since 1899 keeper of the printed books at the British Museum. He was sixty-five years of age. His special bent as an author was probably directed by certain early duties at the library, which included cataloguing a large collection on the French Revolution. In this field he has written several works, the best-known being "Napoleon and the Consulate."

Science

"Leading American Inventors," by George Iles, is in the list of Henry Holt & Co.

Science books among Putnam's announcements include: "The Story of Moderu Nursing," by Lavinia L. Dock, being Vol. III of "A History of Nursing"; "Problems of Life and Reproduction," by Prof. Marcus Hartog, and the following Cambridge manuals: "House-Flies and How They Spread Disease," by C. G. Hewitt; "The Psychology of Insanity," by Bernard Hart; "The Individual in the Animal Kingdom," by Julian S. Huxley; "The Work of Rain and Rivers," by T. G. Bonney, and "Brewing," by A. Chaston Chapman.

The Geological Society of America includes in its circular announcing a winter meeting, December 28-31, at New Haven, the following paragraph, which deserves adoption by other societies:

> A valuable feature of the regular and social sessious of our annual meetings has always been the attendance of students and other junior workers in geological science, as visitors. The Council desires to increase the number of such attendants, and with this object requests each fellow to send to the secretary, not later than November 25, the names and addresses of persons who, whether they can attend the meeting or not, are seriously interested in geology and deserving of recognition as visitors, although they have not yet reached such standing as to gain membership in the Society. The Council will then write to the persons thus nominated, inviting them to attend the New Haven meeting.

A comprehensive view of China is presented in the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Its wonderful system of canals for transportation, drainage, irrigation, and fertilization is described by the late Prof. F. H. King. He shows how, mainly by this means, a population of 400,000,000, tilling a region not a third as large as the United States, has subsisted for some thirty, and, perhaps, forty, centuries. The article is exceedingly suggestive as to what could be done to increase the natural resources and to prevent the ruinous waste in this country. Frederick McCormick, correspondent of the Associated Press at Peking, gives in "China's Treasures" an account of the principal pagodas, bridges tombs, tablets, sculptures, and rock temples. A visit to Lhasa—the Mecca of the Buddhist faith—is described by Dr. S. H. Chuan, medical officer of the Chinese Mission to Tibet in 1906-07. There is also an excellent map of the Empire, and 145 illustrations, many of which are unique.

The teaching of geography occupies a prominent place in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October. The use of statistics in connection with it is advocated forcibly and intelligently by B. C. Wallis. Not only do they enable the pupil to learn the intimate relation between man and his work, but they fill a gap in our educational curriculum, and "prepare the pupil for later life by teaching him how to discuss and appreciate the constant numerical appeals to his intelligence which face him then, both as a worker and a citizen." The old soulless method of teaching geography, according to Mr. T. S. Muir, in a paper read before the British Association, is slowly but surely dying out in Scotland. The new method is illustrated by this question in a recent written examination: "Describe the country that can be seen on a fine day from any good viewpoint near your school. Illustrate your answer by a sketch-map. Show the directions."

It was not until 1897 that a "Record of the Royal Society of Loudon" was undertaken, to give information regarding the foundation, progress, and aims of that most honorable and influential society. A new edition of this record was proposed every five years, but this rule was immediately broken when a second edition appeared in 1901, to mark the beginning of the new century. No other issue was undertaken until the present year, the 250th anniversary of the Society's foundation, which gives us a third edition (Henry Frowde). Each chapter deals with a particular feature of the Society. The three charters conceded by Charles II are published in Latin and in English; complete lists of officers, members, benefactors, and trustees have been compiled or revised, and excellent reproductions of portraits of distinguished members are included. These records of the Society are preceded by an interesting historical chapter written by the president, Sir Archibald Geikie. The influence of Francis Bacon apparently led to the founding of the Society although no steps were taken until some years after his death. The actual organization grew out of the gatherings of a number of men who met together, sometimes in Oxford and sometimes in London, to discuss the new experimental science of physics. The most prominent of these pioneers were Robert Boyle, John Wilkins, John Wallis, John Evelyn, Robert Hooke, Christopher Wren, and William Petty. And from this modest beginning has grown a society which has included in its home membership virtually all the important English scientists for 250 years, and whose foreign membership is one of the most coveted prizes for scientific achievement. In contrast to its present established position, the Society met, at first, with much opposition, because of the feeling that its members were attempting to form an oligarchy to distribute among themselves all the prizes and positions open to scientific workers. The defence of the young association was undertaken by Bishop Sprat in his "History of the Royal Society."

Prof. Edward L. Stevenson, under the joint auspices of the Hispanic Society of America and the American Geographical Society, has issued a reproduction of the World Map, probably of Genoese origin and dated 1457, which is preserved in the Italian National Library at Florence. It is accompanied by a translation, freely revised and annotated, of a careful description of the original map, which was published by the late Prof. Theobald Fisher in 1886. The map as issued is a facsimile, not of the original map, but of a recent "hand-colored parchment copy," apparently based on photographs, with those portions of the map restored where the original colors have almost disappeared. The copyist, as well as the printer, evidently worked with much care under intelligent direction, and the result, although far from reproducing satisfactorily the map in Florence, is an important document. This Genoese map has long been known to students of mediæval geography, who have usually misread the date, which is unmistakable in the reproduction, as 1417 or 1447, instead of 1457. More than any other map of its time, at least among those which have been reproduced, this is "modern" in its frank acceptance of the evidence of travellers and in its obvious endeavor to sift the reasonable from the improbable. It is such a map as might have satisfied a practical man of affairs, a travelled diplomat, or, more probably, a merchant with distant correspondents. It shows the Nile rising in the great mountain lakes of the far south, as Ptolemy knew it; Scotland is properly placed; and the rivers and trading centres of the country tributary to the Black Sea are well indicated. Eastern Asia has much less the appearance of the modern maps, but the coast-line and the frequent legends show that the draughtsman was familiar with the reports of Marco Polo, the missionary travellers, and especially Nicolo di Conti, the Damascus merchant whose return to Italy in 1444, after twenty-five years of wanderings, marks the real beginning of accurate European information concerning the southern Asiatic countries. Professor Stevenson has done a service of considerable importance, by making available a map which shows what the world looked like to Columbus and to his contemporaries. There was a great deal that the men of the fifteenth century did not know, but they knew a great deal more than is usually supposed.

Dr. Arthur Tracy Cabot, one of Boston's noted surgeons and a fellow of the Harvard Corporation, died at his home last week in his sixty-second year. Dr. Cabot received from Harvard the degrees of A.B., A.M., and M.D. At one time he was president of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

John Williams Mallet, professor emeritus of applied chemistry in the University of Virginia, died a week ago at Charlottesville. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1832, and graduated from Trinity College, of that city, in 1853. He set out shortly for this country, and became, successively, assistant professor of analytical chemistry at Amherst, professor of chemistry at the University of Alabama, and head of the ordnance laboratories of the Confederacy. He retired from active teaching in 1908. Professor Mallet was a member of many scientific societies in this country and Europe, and the author of various papers in scientific journals.

Drama

"The Honeymoon" (Doran) of Arnold Bennett, described on the title page as a three-act comedy, belongs rather to the category of superior farce, but exhibits more, perhaps, of the true dramatic quality than is to be found in any of this writer's "Polite Farces" or his more ambitious "What the Public Wants." Whimsical and insubstantial as it is in fabric, its characters are alive, and it presents one exceedingly clever study of a capricious, exacting, genuine, and fascinating woman. Flora Lloyd, a few hours after her marriage to Cedric Haslam, a famous airman, has a serious tiff with her husband, because the latter, who has promised her a full month's honeymoon, wishes to abbreviate it in order that he may fly over Snowdon before a celebrated German rival. He holds that his honor is involved, while she contends that his pledge to her, if he really loved her, should outweigh every other consideration. At the height of the dispute they are informed tbat the man who married them had never been ordained, and that they must go through the ceremony again. This she refuses to do, breaking off the engagement, although Cedric bas unwillingly accepted her view of the case, on the ground that he is governed by expediency, not conviction, and in his heart of hearts still begrudges her the sacrifice he is making. Presently Cedric hears privately that the German flyer has broken his leg, and straightway he assures Flora that he has been thoroughly converted to her opinion and begs her to go to church with him at once. But Flora also has heard of the accident, sees through the pretence, and turns upon him in lively fashion, after convicting him of a series of undeniable falsehoods. When he is completely subdued, she promptly agrees to marry him, because, in condescending to lie, he has proved his devotion to be sincere. The imagined complications, if wholly unreasonable, are, at least, ingenious and amusing, and are handled with sufficient plausibility. But the piece is of small account apart from the character of Flora, which is a really admirable study of feminine moods, artifice, and witchery.

It is a bold man who at this time of day will reject all previous interpretations of Hamlet's character and claim for himself the only true solution of the mystery—yet this is what Emerson Venable has done in "The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution" (Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.). Here in the author's own words is what may be taken as a summary of his theory: "Shakespeare, instead of showing the effect of 'a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it,' has shown a limited deed of questionable expediency when considered in its absolute and eternal bearings, laid upon a soul too great for its performance as an unrelated obligation of mere personal revenge." And immediately after these words he makes the comment: "This solution of the problem, which, baffling Hamlet, has baffled all the critics, is the only solution which is in harmony with every scene and every syllable of the play, and this solution alone affords an adequate and truly psychological explanation of the tragedy." But what is this solution, as stated above, but a translation into vague phraseology of the familiar "conscience theory"—Hamlet was restrained by conscience or a moral scruple—which some pages before the writer had rejected so positively and, to our mind, so justly? Later on we have again the wire-drawn distinction between Hamlet's "relative or personal duty" as opposed to his "absolute duty," and it is his perplexity in the conflict of these "duties" which, according to Mr. Venable, furnishes the key to his character. There is throughout the book a good deal more of this vague and abstruse phraseology, concealing the real want of novelty in the author's thought, but, on the whole, the style of the essay is superior to the content. We do not see, however, that it marks in any respect an advance over the famous interpretations of the past.

"Bella Donna," the play which J. B. Fagan made from Robert Hichens's novel of that name, and which had a great success in London, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell played the principal female character, was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday night, with Alla Nazimova as the heroine. It is this last fact that confers a certain importance upon the representation. The piece itself is inferior melodrama, both the personages and the incidents appearing conventional and crude when deprived of the literary adornments of the book. It unfolds a tale of unbridled passion and heartless treachery. Mrs. Chepstow, a notorious woman, fascinates and marries an innocent young gentleman, whom she expects to inherit a title. Soon afterwards she discovers that he will do nothing of the kind, and she poisons him, at the instigation of a rich Egyptian for whom she has conceived a wild passion. Her husband is saved in melodramatic fashion by the intervention of an old friend, a physician, and at the last the false wife, rejected both by her husband and her Egyptian lover, has apparently no recourse but suicide. The whole atmosphere is morbid, feverish, and unwholesome. Madame Nazimova makes a striking display of her varied artistic resources in depicting a female embodiment wholly evil, actuated only by greed, expediency, or lawless passion. Technically regarded her achievement is remarkable, but it is almost entirely theatrical, seldom in the least degree human. Consequently it is antipathetic. It leaves the problem of her proper status as an actress still unsolved, but tends to confirm the theory that she excels chiefly in a somewhat narrow range of eccentric character, and has neither the imagination nor the capacity essential to the interpretation of the higher drama.

"Sylvia Greer" is the name of a new comedy by Anthony Wharton, which will be produced next Saturday in the Queen's Theatre, London, by Ethel Warwick. The heroine, daughter of a cynical old scapegrace, is in love with a poor physician, while her father wants her to marry a rich elderly profligate. C. M. Lowne and Guy Standing will be the principal male supporters of Miss Warwick.

Joseph Cave, the old English actor-manager, who first went on the stage as Tom Thumb eighty years ago and was intimately associated in middle life with Sadler's Wells, the "Vic," and the Marylebone Theatres, is still living at the age of eighty-nine, a poor brother of the Charterhouse. He sang in the Cider Cellars in the days of Dickens and Thackeray.

Many of the older generation of American playgoers will be sorry to hear of the death of Frederic Robinson, the old English actor, who was once leading man at Wallack's—in the halcyon days—and who in later years was long associated with Edwin Booth. The veteran has just passed away, in his eighty-first year, at Brighton, in England, where he had long been a paralytic invalid. He was never an inspired performer, but few actors knew their business so thoroughly, or could acquit themselves creditably in a wider range of parts. His efforts were, in the main, Shakespearean, and he was in much request for such parts as Ferdinand in "The Winter's Tale," the Antipholus of Ephesus in "The Comedy of Errors," Laertes, Arviragus in "Cymbeline," the King of Navarre in "Love's Labor's Lost," and Fluellen in "Henry V." He played Romeo to the Juliet of Adelaide Neilson, when she made her London début—at the Royalty—in 1865, and was warmly praised. Towards the close of that year Lester Wallack engaged him, and he made his first appearance in this city as Sir Bernard Harleigh in Palgrave Simpson's "Dreams of Delusion"—a part he had performed at Plymouth the year before. Frontignac in Charles Dance's "A Wonderful Woman" was his second attempt. From 1868 to 1870 he was leading man at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, and was generally recognized as a high type of actor, scholar, and gentleman.

Music

Modern Dancing and Dancers. By J. E. Crawford Flitch. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Dancing, Ancient and Modern. By Ethel L. Urlin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Flitch has no patience with those who look on dancing as puerile or immoral, or as constituting the inevitably dull portion of a pantomime or the superfluous item in a vaudeville programme. He admits that ballroom dancing is the mere amusement of amateurs, unworthy of serious consideration, but stage dancing is or may be "an inspiration and a science." He is convinced that the time will come when dancing will once more hold the high place assigned to it by the Greeks and others of the ancient nations; indeed, he thinks that the historian of the future, when treating of the artistic activity of the first decade of the twentieth century, will remark as one of its most notable accomplishments a renaissance of the art of the dance.

After recalling a few of the facts illustrating the high esteem in which the terpsichorean art was once held, the author passes in review the different phases of the ballet during the nineteenth century. Taglioni's influence in renovating and developing the ballet is dwelt on, and there is a vivid account of the subsequent fierce rivalry with the beautiful Elssler, who also aroused a delirium of enthusiasm in the United States:

> She was received by the President of the Union himself, Van Buren, surrounded by his ministers. During her visit to Washington, the wheels of legislation ceased for a time to revolve. It was decided that Congress should only meet on those days when Fanny was not dancing. Dollars rained upon her. Daily she received bizarre and costly presents—massive gold cigar-boxes and chemises embroidered with precious stones.

Such a craze could not last long. Though prominent critics and great men of letters like Théophile Gautier gave the same serious attention to ballets and dancers as to singers and actors, a reaction came. Jenny Lind, Patti, and other prima donnas succeeded in taking away the operatic focus from the "incidental divertissement." They were aided by the fact that the new dancers were not the equals of their great predecessors. Virtuosity prevailed, attention being centred on the execution of difficult steps. The public still applauded, but it was the kind of applause it bestowed on a dog walking on its hind legs. Wagner had tried, when "Tannhäuser" was produced in Paris, to introduce a new kind of dance, but the ballet-master of the Opéra, on hearing what he wished, replied: "I see what you want, but it would need a corps of first dancers." Wagner, the author suggests, had he lived, would have found the "Prince Igor" of the Russian dancers a realization of the "bold and savagely sublime dance" he had in mind; but the time was not yet ripe for such a close alliance of the dance with interpretative music.

Thoroughly discredited for a time in the eyes of persons of taste, the stage dance seemed doomed to extinction, when suddenly something entirely new appeared which gave it a fresh lease of life. This was the skirt dance of Kate Vaughan, the fascination of which on minds artistic is illustrated by the fact that Ruskin and Burne-Jones "fell into each other's arms in rapture upon accidentally discovering that they both adored her." This was followed by the still more beautiful serpentine dance of the American Loie Fuller. To her Mr. Flitch devotes the most interesting chapter in his book. Strictly speaking, her art was not dancing; it was much more than that, and she herself was much more than a dancer. Her ingenuity in devising new color schemes and surprises amounted to genius. She was aided by the electric lighting which just then came into use, and her ingenious application of it in the diverse Rainbow, Flower, and Mirror dances had its influence on the stage-lighting in theatres and opera houses in general.

One regrets, after the author's sane remarks up to this point, to find him gushing like a school girl over the artificial and ludicrous antics of Isadora Duncan in her efforts to revive classical dancing by assuming the attitudes of figures on Greek vases while "interpreting" modern symphonies and piano pieces. She had numerous imitators, but, fortunately, the fad has almost run its abnormal course. Infinitely higher is the latest stage of the art of dancing as represented by the Russians. An interesting account is given in this book of the severe training which has yielded such remarkable results, and the repertory of these dancers is also described. Yet even this, the highest form of dancing the world has seen, is on the wane. In our own country it was a year's sensation. The following season it failed to interest. One feels sorry not to be able to share Mr. Flitch's sanguine hopes for the future; but the ballet has doubtless outlived its usefulness. Those who are interested in it will find this book, as this glimpse at its contents shows, interesting and suggestive. The final chapters are concerned with the English ballet, the revival of the Morris dances, and Oriental and Spanish dancing. A number of illustrations, some of them in color, adorn the book.

While Mr. Flitch loftily waves aside ballroom dancing as the pastime of amateurs, Ethel L. Urlin devotes the greater part of her volume to the dances of the people themselves, apart from the stage. She describes the dances of Indians and other barbarians, as well as those of ancient civilized nations, and mediæval sacred dances. The gypsies are not overlooked, nor are the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Hindus; military dances are dwelt on, and the final chapters are on the ballet and the revival of antique dancing in modern times. The book, which is profusely illustrated, will prove useful, particularly in schools where it is thought proper to make national dances a part of the curriculum.

A new Schubert biography by Walter Dahms has been published in Germany. It is based largely on documents not used heretofore and contains 230 illustrations.

The late Lina Ramann, who wrote a life of Liszt in several volumes, with the approval and aid of the great composer himself, kept a diary in which she jotted down her personal experiences with him and Hans von Bülow and other eminent musicians. The material for her Memoirs is to be printed under the title of "Lisztiana." The book will contain a number of letters from Liszt not heretofore printed.

The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* of October 25 is a "Richard Strauss Number," issued by way of celebrating the performance of his latest works in Stuttgart. There are articles on him not only as a composer and a conductor, but as a politician.

Leopold Godowsky, the Polish pianist, who has not played in New York in the past twelve years, is to be the soloist with the New York Philharmonic Society Thursday evening, November 14, and Friday afternoon, November 15. These will be his first appearances; his first New York recital has been scheduled for Wednesday afternoon, November 27, at Carnegie Hall. During the present season in America, Godowsky will play six concertos—the B flat and D minor of Brahms, the fourth and fifth of Beethoven, and the two of Chopin.

Clara Butt, one of the greatest of living contraltos, will tour America from January to April, en route to Australia. Her husband, Kennerley Rumford, baritone, will appear with her in joint recital.

Ysaye makes his first New York bow at Carnegie Hall, Tuesday afternoon, November 19. The next Tuesday, November 26, he and Mary Garden give a joint recital in the same hall. Ysaye's first New York concert, with orchestra, follows Tuesday, December 10, with the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall; that afternoon Ysaye is to play three concertos, the Bach, the Beethoven, and the seldom-heard Bruch in D minor. Ysaye and Godowsky give a joint recital in Carnegie Hall in the holiday week.

Liszt, who used to say, "I can wait," when everybody was eager to hear him play, but when no one wanted his compositions, would be delighted if he could come back and see the growing demand for them now. The German publishers are vying with one another to supply good popular editions. Among the latest offerings to tempt serious students are the miniature full orchestral scores of the Mephisto Waltz and the first and second Hungarian rhapsodies for only a mark and a half each, and of the "Faust" symphony (which the New York Philharmonic will play soon) for six marks. These are published in Leipzig by J. Schuberth & Co.

Art

CONGRESS OF ARCHÆOLOGY.

Rome, October 26.

The Third International Congress of Archæology, which held its sessions in Rome from the 9th to the 16th of the present month, but which, with the excursions to Naples, Pompeii, and the surrounding country, lasted a full week longer, has been in every way, even down to such a detail as the weather, a notable success. The American delegates were Profs. A. L. Frothingham of Princeton, G. M. Whicher of New York, and J. C. Hoppin of Washington. Many universities, academies, museums, and other learned bodies were also represented. The small English and American attendance, due to distance and the early beginning of the academic year, is much to be regretted.

The enormous field covered by the science of archæology made it necessary for the Congress to divide itself into twelve sections. In the sections on Oriental and pre-Hellenic archæology, Sir A. J. Evans contributed a sketch of a new edition of the classification of the Minois epochs. He now goes back to the division of the Minoic civilization into three periods, based upon the three styles of pottery that have been found. He observed that the stratifications afterwards found at Cnossos confirm such a division. He holds that communication between Crete and Egypt existed before the year 2000, and showed how the recent discoveries of Ægean remains in Egypt have gone to prove the synchronisms he had already maintained. Still another communication from Professor Halbherr of Rome on the Minoic stratifications was read in the author's absence. Now that the excavations at Hagia Triada have been completed, it can be definitely affirmed that the stratification there agrees with that established by Evans.

In the fifth section, on the history of classical art, the great sensation was Professor Frothingham's essay on the true origin and history of the Arch of Constantine, a part of which has already been published in the last number of the *American Journal of Archæology*. It has generally been supposed that the essential, structural portion of this arch was built in the time of Constantine, but that the architect took eight reliefs from the attic of the arch of Marcus Aurelius, four bas-reliefs from Trajan's arch, and eight medallions from the arch of Domitian or Hadrian, and affixed them somewhat clumsily to this arch. Professor Frothingham is convinced, on the contrary, that it was built by Domitian, and that after this Emperor's death in 97 A. D., in consequence of the *memoriæ damnatio* immediately pronounced upon him by the Senate, it was partly destroyed. We know that it was decreed that his name should everywhere be erased, and everything obliterated that suggested his memory. In fact, Dio Cassius says that his triumphal arch was thrown down. Professor Frothingham's theory is that it was not entirely destroyed, but that everything about it was effaced which could recall the tyrant's memory; that the attic was thrown down, damaging the main cornice in its fall; that the triumphal frieze under the cornice was torn away, because it was a reminder of Domitian, but that the eight medallions were left because they were nothing but *genre* hunting-scenes. It was then left in this condition, undecorated, for about a hundred years, but in the third century, when the city was poor and no arches were erected except that of the Emperor Gordian, it was used as a sort of generic triumphal arch for whatever emperor received a triumph, and to commemorate each triumph bas-reliefs were added. Finally, in 313 the arch was re-dedicated to a single emperor, Constantine, and its restoration completed. The proofs for this remarkable theory seem to be entirely sound and convincing, though naturally so revolutionary an opinion will need some time before it can overcome all others.

In the same section, number five, Dr. E. Boise Van Deman, fellow of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, read a paper on the development of brick-faced concrete construction, which indicated some of the results of her remarkable investigations, which are by no means ended, into the history and nature of Roman concrete building. Her plan is, by the careful study of the concrete itself, and of the mortar and bricks, tiles, or other facing materials, in monuments of which the date is known from other evidence, to arrive at what may be called a building-canon for every period; and, furthermore, having fixed these canons, to determine the chronology of buildings whose dates are either unknown or have been wrongly attributed. No such attempt had ever been made except by Middleton, in his "Remains of Ancient Rome," who, however, studied only brick facings, and those incompletely. Miss Van Deman has been able to show, for example, that in the various eras, as the Augustan, the Flavian, and that of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, with their sub-periods, the concrete itself, as well as the facing-bricks and the mortar in which they are laid, have certain well-marked characteristics that distinguish them from the work of other periods. The era of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines is in this way shown to have marked the highest point in building of this kind, the periods before showing a gradual improvement, and those following a gradual decadence. But what perhaps is of chief immediate interest is that she can now prove that, as many have long suspected, the brick facing was used as a setting-frame for the concrete, and that wooden frames were not employed for this purpose, as Middleton and others have supposed. As to the relief arches so often found in the brick or tile facings, which also were a sore puzzle to Middleton, since, never being exposed to view, they could not be ornamental, and were, as he supposed, unstructural, Miss Van Deman is of opinion that they were decidedly of structural value, being used to reinforce the (facing) wall.

In the section on Christian archæology, number eleven, Prof. Orazio Marucchi, De Rossi's distinguished pupil, presented an important paper on the latest researches in the Roman catacombs, especially the discoveries that have been made in the last two years in the catacombs of Domitilla concerning the Christian family of the Flavii, that is, Flavius Clemens, consul in 95 A. D., cousin to the Emperor Domitian, and his wife, Flavia Domitilla. There has come to light a tomb-inscription of a certain Narcissus, slave of Agrippina Augustea, in which his wife, the same empress's slave, is also mentioned. Marucchi's conclusion is that this is the Narcissus mentioned by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, 16:11, which would be in accordance with the high antiquity he ascribes to these catacombs. In their vicinity have also been discovered remains of the tombs of the martyrs Achilleus and Nereus, from which it may be inferred that their martyrdom took place in the second century at latest, and not during one of the latest persecutions, as some have supposed.

The labors of the Congress were enlivened and diversified by excursions to Cervetri and Ostia in addition to the final excursion to Naples and Pompeii, by a largely attended banquet, and by receptions offered by the Sindaco of Rome and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The next Congress will be held at Algiers in Easter week of 1915.

H. E.

Casual addresses of a graceful and well-informed sort make up the bulk of Lord Redesdale's "A Tragedy in Stone and Other Papers" (Lane). With the restoration of the Tower of London the author was intimately concerned, and the title essay which briefly sketches the annals and architectural vicissitudes of the Tower is excellent good reading. Other essays are "Art and the Exact Sciences," "Leonardo da Vinci," "The History of Paper," "Apologia pro Horto Meo," a defence of exotics in British gardening. The more important and larger part of the volume is given up to reminiscences of Japan before the new era of Meiji. Here we especially like the vivid little paper "Feudalism in Japan," which is based on the author's actual observation of the brawling life of the last of the military daimios and samurai. Lord Redesdale writes with an amenity quite rare in these days and distinctly refreshing.

An interesting discovery has just been made in Rome. In the demolition of a portion of the old Palazzo Costa, close to the Church of St. Marcellus, many fragments of inscriptions have been found, among them one which has been attributed to Pope St. Damasus. This discovery caused the authorities to proceed cautiously with the work, and a careful examination brought to light, considerably below the actual level of the city, a building, the walls of which appear to date from the third century A. D. The general belief is that this building is an ancient Christian baptistery. A commission has been appointed to examine it, and the work of the demolition of the Palazzo Costa has been suspended.

Sir Reginald Lister, British Minister to Morocco since 1908, whose death at the age of forty-seven is reported from Tangier, was the author of an authoritative work on Jean Goujon, the French sculptor and architect.

Louis-Auguste-Théodore Rivière, the sculptor, who died in Paris Saturday, aged fifty-one, has several specimens of his work in Luxembourg Museum, including Phryné and Les Deux Douleurs.

Finance

AN "AFTER-ELECTION MARKET."

The passing of a Presidential election week without an "after-election boom" on the Stock Exchange marks the end of a rather long tradition. Prior to the election which ended the exciting free-silver-coinage campaign of 1896, the Stock Exchange had greeted the actual election news according to its mood of the moment, and for the most part it advanced or declined, as the case might be, in accordance with such other and non-political influences as had prevailed before the voting. But beginning with 1896, each of the four Presidential elections which preceded the present year has been followed by a furious rise on the Stock Exchange when the news was known—a rise so impetuous that speculators sat up all night in Wall Street and began to buy American stocks in London before even the London Stock Exchange had opened, and seven or eight hours before the New York Exchange had begun business for the day.

The election of 1912 provoked no demonstration of the sort. No one could say, even two or three days after November 5, whether the Stock Exchange was pleased or disconcerted with the news. The one unmistakable fact was that the "after-election boom" tradition had gone its way with the oil-cloth capes, the exceedingly ill-smelling kerosene torches, and the processions of patriotic but footsore business men up Broadway, without which it used to be thought that a President could not be properly elected. It has apparently departed for the same reason as they—because the community made up its mind that there was no sense in them.

Having watched for two months the "curb odds" of 4 to 1 on Wilson, and having awaited unsuccessfully an "election scare" on the Stock Exchange, Wall Street seemed to have made up its mind on Wednesday morning that what happened the day before was precisely what it had expected. There were one or two tentative experiments on the Stock Exchange, first with an appeal to belief that everything would go well now that the vote had been counted, and next with an appeal to belief that ruin stared us in the face because the opposition had captured Congress. Each experiment attracted interest for an hour or two; then things settled down, and the Stock Exchange gave itself up to desultory discussion as to how Roosevelt got Pennsylvania, why California took four days to find out whom she had voted for, and whether Taft could hold Idaho.

In short, this appears to have been one of those occasions when the simple-minded Stock Exchange looks forward to a given event as certain to alter the whole financial position, only to find itself, after the event, confronted again with the same old considerations as before. Fortunately, those considerations are in the present instance such as excite agreeable emotions. A week, moreover, in which Wednesday reports the largest monthly iron production in the country's history, and in which Friday adds 150,000,000 bushels to a corn crop whose previously estimated size broke all records, cannot be said to have been limited, in the matter of interesting news, to the events of Tuesday.

Sometimes it is advisable to turn one's eyes elsewhere than to the Stock Exchange, in order to see what is happening. The largest crops of corn, oats, rye, and hay in the country's history; the second largest crop of cotton; the third largest crop of wheat; good prices for all these crops; a high-record output of steel and iron; urgent demand for both of them by consumers; monthly earnings on the large railway systems which surpass all precedent for the period, and a volume of general business which, measured by the country's total Clearing House exchanges in October, broke all monthly records—the bearing of this on earning capacity, investing capacity, and capacity for industrial progress, is obvious enough. But people are somewhat apt to overlook its bearing in certain other directions.

It has very positive relation to such lately disquieting phenomena as social discontent, demand for haphazard legislation, clamor for the upsetting of established institutions of government, and enthusiasm for every new and half-baked political invention. How much the new prosperity had to do with the vote of November 5, is no doubt debatable. But as to what influence it will exert on politics and the public temper during the next twelve months, we have a right to judge from the unvarying past experience of governments with the effect of hard times and good times on political history.

There is left, of course, the tariff question. That is an old friend with many faces; we seldom fail to renew acquaintance with it, just before and just after a national election, and the Stock Exchange has been only human in beginning to talk, in a somewhat desultory way, of what we shall do if the tariff revision programme of the new Administration should "unsettle business." But circumstances alter our attitude towards such matters, and Wall Street is not fond of beating the air merely for purposes of sentiment. Perhaps—the general condition of things financial and industrial being what it is—we shall find Wall Street, after insisting for a while that if anything is done with the tariff, it will "spoil the trade revival," suddenly betaking itself to the more agreeable argument that the prosperity of the present season is too sound and strong to be shaken by fractional changes in the import duties, and that, with legitimate demand in almost every American industry running beyond available supply, the business community will be better employed in keeping up with such demands than in indulging in sorrowful recollections of 1894.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Joseph. Ten Thousand Miles Through Canada. Stokes.

Ade, George. Knocking the Neighbors. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Æsop's Fables. Translated by V. S. V. Jones, intro. by G. K. Chesterton, illus. by A. Rackham. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Arnaldus of Villa Nova, A. D. 1290. Conservation of Youth and Defense of Age. Translated by J. Drummond A. D. 1544. Edited by C. L. Dana. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press. $2.

Balfour, A. J. Aspects of Home Rule. (Selections from speeches.) Dutton. $1 net.

Balls, W. L. The Cotton Plant in Egypt. Macmillan.

Barclay, F. L. The Upas Tree. Putnam. $1 net.

Bennet, R. A. Which One? Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Bergson, Henri. An Introduction to Metaphysics. Trans. by T. E. Hulme. Putnam.

Bernhardi, Friedrich v. Germany and the Next War. Translated by A. H. Powles. Longmans. $3 net.

Bierce, Ambrose. Works. Vol. XI. Neale Pub. Co.

Big Book of Fables. Edited by Walter Jerrold, illustrated by Charles Robinson. Caldwell Co.

Birmingham, G. A. The Lighter Side of Irish Life. Stokes. $1.75 net.

Bligh, S. M. The Ability to Converse. Frowde.

Brantly, W. T. Law of Contract. Second edition, revised. Baltimore: M. Curlander.

Brown, Alice. The Secret of the Clan. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Brown, Ritter. When Dreams Come True. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Burn, Irene. The Unknown Steersman. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Byron, May. The Wind on the Heath. Doran. $1 net.

Cameron, J. A. H. The Woman Hater. Christian Press Assn. Pub. Co. $1.25.

Campbell, R. J. The Ladder of Christ and Other Sermons. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Carrington, Hereward. Death Deferred. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Castle, A. and E. The Lure of Life. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.

Cawein, Madison. The Poet, the Fool, and The Faeries. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

Chancellor, E. B. The Annals of Fleet Street; The Annals of the Strand (London). Stokes.

Channon, F. E. The Stalwarts: How Oxford Students Stood for Protestantism. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.

Cheffaud, P. H. Georges Peele (1558-1596?). Paris: Félix Alcan.

Churchill, William. Easter Island: The Rapanui Speech and the Peopling of Southeast Polynesia. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Ciolkowska, Muriel. Rodin. (Little Books on Art Series.) Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Coates, F. E. The Unconquered Air and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Cobb, I. S. Cobb's Anatomy; Back Home. Doran. 75 cents net; $1.25 net.

Cody, H. A. An Apostle of the North: Memoirs of the Rt. Rev. William Carpenter Bompas. Third edition. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Coester, Alfred. A Spanish Grammar. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.

Collins, Joseph. Sleep and the Sleepless. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.

Cust, R. H. H. Benvenuto Cellini. (Little Books on Art.) Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Cuthbert, Father. Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Dalton, L. V. Venezuela. Scribner.

Daring, Hope. The Gordons. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.

Dobson, Austin. At Prior Park, and Other Papers. Stokes.

Douglas, G. W. Essays in Appreciation. Longmans. $1.20 net.

Duncan, Norman. The Best of a Bad Job. Revell. $1 net.

Dwyer, J. F. The Bust of Lincoln. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.

Eberlein, H. D., and Lippincott, H. M. Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.

Economic Club of New York. Year Book Containing the Addresses of the Season 1910-1911. The Secretary.

Ellis, E. S. The Worst Boy. American Tract Society. $1 net.

Ellis, Mrs. H. The Lover's Calendar (Anthology of verse). Dutton. $1.75 net.

Fagan, J. O. The Autobiography of an Individualist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Faunce, W. H. P. What Does Christianity Mean? Revell. $1.25 net.

Figgis, Darrell. Broken Arcs. Mitchell Kennerly. $1.35 net.

Fiske, I. H. Gabriel: A Pageant of Vigil. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

Fitzsimons, F. W. The Snakes of South Africa. New edition. Longmans. $4.50 net.

Flagg Calendar, 1913. Life Pub. Co.

Fox, Marion. The Bountiful Hour. Lane. $1.25 net.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York. Anniversary Dinner, March 18, 1912.

Gates, J. S. The Live Dolls in Wonderland. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25.

Gibson Calendar, 1913. Life Pub. Co.

Glass, Montague. Elkan Lubliner, American. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Glover, E. H. "Dame Curtsey's" Book of Party Pastimes for the Up-to-Date Hostess. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Goodrich, J. K. Russia in Europe and Asia. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.

Goodyear, W. H. Greek Refinements: Studies in Temperamental Architecture. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ. Press. $10 net.

Gran, Gerhard. Jean Jacques Rousseau. Trans. by M. H. Janson. Scribner.

Gronow, A. T. Jung Deutschland. Boston: Ginn.

Gross, Anthony. Lincoln's Own Stories. Harper. $1 net.

Gubernatis, A. de. Probo Principe della Pace. Firenze: Successori le Monnier.

Hamilton, Ian. A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book During the Russo-Japanese War. New edition. Longmans. $2:10 net.

Harland, M., and Herrick, C. T. The Helping Hand Cook Book. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Harold, Childe. The Complete Optimist. Dutton. 60 cents net.

Hart-Synnot, FitzRoy. Letters, edited by B. M. Hart-Synnot. London: Edward Arnold. $3.50 net.

Hazard, D. L. Observations Made at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory at Sitka, Alaska. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Heller, Edmund. New Races of Insectivores, Bats, and Lemurs from British East Africa. Smithsonian Institution. Washington.

Hill, Constance. Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. Lane. $5 net.

Hill, G. F. Portrait Medals of Italian Artists of the Renaissance. Macmillan. $4.50 net.

Hoffman, A. S. Heroes and Heroines of English History. Dutton. $2.50.

Howard, Arthur. The Man Who Bucked Up. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Howard, Katharine. The Book of the Serpent. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Hunt, T. F. The Young Farmer: Some Things He Should Know. Orange Judd Company.

Hutchinson, F. K. Our Country Life. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.

Jackson, G. E. Peggy Stewart at School. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Jastrow, M., jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 19 Lieferung Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

Jones, H. C. Electrical Conductivity, etc., of Certain Salts and Organic Acids. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Kent, P. H. The Passing of the Manchus. Longmans. $4:20 net.

Kipling, Rudyard. Songs from Books. Doubleday, Page. $1.40 net.

Klapper, Paul. Principles of Educational Practice. D. Appleton. $1.75 net.

Kluchevsky, V. O. A History of Russia. Trans. by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. II. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Knevels, Gertrude. The Wonderful Bed. (Juvenile.) Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

Lan-Davis, C. F. Telephotography. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Leeuw, H. J. v. d. The Little AZA to the 400 U. S. A. Rotterdam: D. J. P. Storm Lotz.

Long, J. A. Old English Ballads, Selected and Arranged for Use in Elementary Schools. Boston: Heath.

Loveland, J. D. E. The Romance of Nice. Stokes.

Lowry, E. B. Himself: Talks with Men. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1 net.

Lynch, Frederick. The New Opportunities of the Ministry. Revell. 75 cents net.

MacKaye, Percy. Uriel, and Other Poems. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Maclaren Ian. Books and Bookmen and Other Essays. Doran. $1.25 net.

McLeod, M. J. The Fragrance of Christian Ideals. Revell. 50 cents net.

Macready, William Charles. Diaries—1833-1851. Edited by William Toynbee. 2 vols. Putnams.

Mathews, Amanda. The Heart of an Orphan. Desmond FitzGerald. $1 net.

Maxwell, W. H. A Quarter Century of Public School Development. American Book Co. $1.25.

Metcalf, Arthur. The Green Devil: A Romance of Thornton Abbey. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.20 net.

Moore, George. Spring Days. Brentano. $1.35 net.

Mörike's Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag. Edited, with notes, by C. C. Glascock. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.

Myers, Cortland. Where Heaven Touched the Earth. American Tract Society.

Newberry, P. E., and Garstang, J. A Short History of Ancient Egypt. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Nollen, J. S. German Poems, 1800-1850. Edited, with introduction. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.

O'Brien, R. B. Dublin Castle and the Irish People. Second edition. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Ollivant, Alfred. The Royal Road. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Otis, James. The Wreck of the Princess. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Our Children's Health at Home and at School. London (Westminster): National Food Reform Assn.

Palmer, G. H. Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakspere. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Partridge, E. N. and G. E. Story-Telling in School and Home. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

Partridge, G. E. Studies in the Psychology of Intemperance. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.

Pasture, Mrs. H. de la. The Honourable Mrs. Garry. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Pater, Walter. The Renaissance. Portland, Me.: Mosher.

Peasant Art in Russia. Special number, International Studio. Lane. $2.50 net.

Prior, Melton. Campaigns of a War Correspondent. Longmans. $4.20.

Purdy, H. T. San Francisco. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $2.50 net

Ralph Roister Doister and Gorboduc. Intro. and notes by E. G. Child. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.

Rand, E. K., and Wilkins, E. H. Dantis Alagherii Operum Latinorum Concordantiæ. Frowde.

Readings in American Constitutional History—1776-1876. Edited by Allen Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Reed, Milton. The Golden Window of the East. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Repplier, Agnes. The Cat. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.

Rolland, Romain. Life of Michael Angelo. Dutton. $2 net.

Ronald, Landon. Tschaikowsky and His Music. Stokes.

Rosenau, M. J. The Milk Question. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Ruffini, Francesco. Religious Liberty. Trans. by J. P. Heyes. Putnam.

Sale, E. T. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.

Schafer, E. A. Life: Its Nature, Origin, and Maintenance: An Address. Longmans. 50 cents net.

Scura, Antonio. Gli Albanesi in Italia. Francesco Tocci.

Sears, John Van Der Zee. My Friends at Brook Farm. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Shakespeare. Tales, by Charles and Mary Lamb. In the Amanuensis Style of Phonography by J. B. Howard. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.

Sheehan, Canon. Miriam Lucas. Longmans. $1.35 net.

Sidgwick, A. H. Walking Essays. Longmans. $1.40 net.

Sidney, Gerald. My Dog and I. Holt. $1 net.

Smith, Adolphe. Monaco and Monte Carlo. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Smith, F. B. The Street of the Two Friends. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Steel, F. A. King-Errant. Stokes. $1.30 net.

The King's Story Book. Edited by G. L. Gomme. Illustrated. New, cheaper edition. Longmans. $1.25 net.

Thomson, John. Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet. Preston, England: Alfred Halewood.

University of California, Memoirs. Vol. i, No. 2. The Fauna of Rancho la Brea. Part II. Canidae, by J. C. Merriam. Berkeley, Cal.

Walpole, G. H. S. Life's Chance. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Watt, Francis. Edinburgh and the Lothians. Stokes.

Weeks, J. H. Among Congo Cannibals. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Werner-Spanhoofd, Arnold. Aus vergangener Zeit: Kleine Bilder aus der deutschen Geschichte. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Wheelock, J. H. The Belovéd Adventure. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

Weidner, R. F. The Doctrine of Man. Chicago: Wartburg Pub. House.

Williams, M. L. Darling Dogs. Longmans. $1.40 net.

Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Heather Moon. Doubleday, Page. $1.35.

Wilson, J. F. The Man Who Came Back. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.

Wilson, J. O. The Merrill Speller. Books I and II. C. E. Merrill Co.

Wood, Henry. Faust Studien. Berlin: Georg Reimer.

Wundt, Wilhelm. An Introduction to Psychology. Translated from the second German edition by R. Pintner. Macmillan. 90 cents net.

Wyllarde, Dolf. The Career of Beauty Darling. Lane. $1.30 net.

Just Ready

Some English Story-Tellers

By Frederic Taber Cooper

A book of the younger novelists: Conrad, DeMorgan, Hewlett, Phillpotts, Kipling, Locke, Galsworthy, Bennett, Hope, Sinclair, Ollivant, Hichens, etc. *With portraits.* $1.60 *net.*

The Dial called his "Some American Story-Tellers" "an invaluable source of information . . . interesting."

Germany and the German Emperor

By G. H. Perris,

Author of "Russia in Revolution," etc.

A profound, far-reaching study of the modern German character as an evolution of German political history. $3.00 *net.*

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

THE ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE in THE SEVENTEENTH and EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

By ROSE M. BRADLEY.

With 11 full-page Illustrations.

8vo. $3.50 net

Describes the home life of English housewives in this period, and the influences which have brought about changes in housekeeping, styles of furniture, social customs, etc. The author has had access to some hitherto unpublished journals and account-books which throw added light upon the manner of living and the expenses incurred by private individuals.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

The MAN WHO CAME BACK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

This is the story of the primrose paths trod by a reckless young prodigal, spoiled by great wealth and dissipation and cast off by his father, who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. It is the story, too, of how a wanton of the music halls recalls him to himself, and of how, thanks to her, he resolutely "came back."

12*mo. Illustrated by Bracker.* 75 *cents net.*

THE CAT

Being a collection of endearments and invectives lavished by many writers upon an animal much loved and much abhorred. Selected and arranged by **Agnes Repplier,** author of "The Fireside Sphinx," etc. Illustrated by **Elizabeth F. Bonsall.**

Prefixing her selections with an essay instinct with the charm of one of the most delightful of familiar essayists, Miss Repplier has here brought together the finest passages in literature devoted to the cat. 16*mo. Illustrated.* $1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.08.

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

THE LETTERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT

Edited by His Nephew

JESSE GRANT CRAMER

With portraits. $1.75 *net. By mail* $1.90

In this volume have been gathered together the letters that Grant wrote to his father and his youngest sister during the anxious months preceding the Civil War and during strenuous years of campaigning. It is a human document of rare value—a revelation of character as well as a record of military achievement.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

BINDER FOR THE NATION

To receive the current numbers in a convenient temporary form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with "The Nation" stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

THE NATION 20 Vesey Street, N. Y. City

Extensive Catalogue of AMERICANA

Including many
Rare Volumes

Now in Press

Will be sent free
on application

A. C. McClurg & Co.
Chicago

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF

Wendell Phillips Garrison

Editor of The Nation 1865–1906

In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait.

During the forty-one years in which he edited the *Nation*, with a thoroughness, ability, and conscientious devotion unsurpassed in the records of American journalism, Mr. Garrison was an indefatigable correspondent, never employing an amanuensis, but writing tens of thousands of letters with his own hand to his contributors, who embraced practically all the leading American scholars and critics of the period. From a dozen groups of these, which have been kindly loaned by the recipients, a sufficient number of selections has been made to illustrate the relations between Mr. Garrison and his great corps of contributors, the frankness and tact which he exercised towards them, and the wide range of his interests, tastes, and sympathies. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, a dozen of his best poems, and several of his characteristic editorials, reviews, and essays, besides a fine photogravure portrait.

Price, $1.50 net, postpaid.

Houghton Mifflin Company
BOSTON NEW YORK

A LIST OF UNUSUAL BOOKS

FICTION

One of the Multitude — By GEORGE ACORN

With an introduction by Arthur C. Benson

"Just such a heart-stirring and thought-evoking chronicle as that with which Mr. George Meek, under the sponsorship of Mr. H. G. Wells, arrested the attention of the English-reading world two years ago."—*The Dial.*

$1.25 *net. Postage* 11 *cents extra.*

The Vanishing Man — By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

A detective story of which a hardened reader of detective stories for sixty years states: "Of course Conan Doyle has some wonderful yarns, but is there anything that can compare with this?"

$1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

The Squire's Daughter — By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Author of "Exton Manor," etc.

English country life, and the characteristics, foibles, peculiarities, and personalities of what are called "County people," written by an English novelist who follows very successfully in the steps of Anthony Trollope.

$1.25 *net. Postage* 15 *cents extra.*

NON-FICTION

On Emerson, and Other Essays — By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Of interest, not alone as searching yet sympathetic criticisms of great philosophers by a fellow-philosopher, but still more by reason of the light they throw on the development of Maeterlinck's own philosophy, are these essays on Emerson, Novalis, and others.

$1.25 *net. Postage* 11 *cents extra.*

A Miscellany of Men — By G. K. CHESTERTON

Every new volume of Chesterton's essays seems more brilliant, breezily humorous, and astonishingly clever than the last. Nor must one hastily conclude that the author is not profound because he is constantly witty and frequently funny. On the contrary, he reasons admirably and sees keenly and justly. And this combination of snap and sparkle with underlying solid sense makes him peculiarly attractive to clever people.

$1.50 *net. Postage* 14 *cents extra.*

Dancing and Dancers of Today

By CAROLINE and CHARLES H. CAFFIN

The modern revival of dancing as an art, with particular emphasis on notable modern dancers, and a discussion of the history and development of the various forms of dancing they represent.

With many illustrations from photographs of famous dancers. $4.00 *net. Postage* 31 *cents extra.*

Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife — By Mrs. HUGH FRASER

A Continuation of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands"

Another book from that same accomplished sister of Marion Crawford, who has already given the literary and artistic world two delightful volumes of sensible and witty gossip.

"If everyone enjoys Mrs. Hugh Fraser's 'A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands' as much as I have," said the noted critic, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, "the book will be one of the most popular of the season." Enough readers have enjoyed it to make it one of the most popular books of its kind for two seasons.

Illustrated. $3.00 *net. Postage* 25 *cents extra.*

The New China — By HENRI BOREL

"The best of its class, which gives a series of pictures of the changes that have taken place in the oldest empire in the world is THE NEW CHINA, by Henri Borel."—*Boston Transcript.*

Illustrated. $3.50 *net. Postage* 17 *cents extra.*

Publishers **DODD, MEAD & COMPANY** New York

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.* B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York

---

On the Art of the Theatre

By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

8vo, boards, with illustrations, $2.00; by mail, $2.14

The most important book about the theatre published in years.

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR

ART By Auguste Rodin

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

From the Fall List of **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** Publishers New York

THE NEW NOVEL BY

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (LADY CLIFFORD) The Honourable Mrs. Garry

Author of "Peter's Mother," "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," "Master Christopher," etc. $1.35 *net; postpaid,* $1.47

"The shining merit of this story from a gifted and trained pen lies in the fact that its complicated and engrossing plot springs direct from character and environment. . . . There is more in this story than consummate craftsmanship. It has a living quality. . . . It is a story worth while in a day of much arid fiction."—*New York Tribune.*

BIOGRAPHIES RICH IN PERSONALITY

Michael Angelo
By ROMAIN ROLLAND. With 24 plates in monochrome. Just ready. *8vo.* $2.00 *net; postpaid,* $2.13.

Tolstoy
By ROMAIN ROLLAND. "A most satisfying book."—*Chicago Tribune.* "A most human and sympathetic work."—*N. Y. Times.*
Cloth, 8vo. $1.50 *net; postpaid,* $1.64.

George Borrow
By EDWARD THOMAS. "The best book on Borrow obtainable."—*Daily Chronicle,* London.
Just ready. Illus., $3.00 *net; postpaid,* $3.17.

T. DeWitt Talmage as I Knew Him
An Autobiography. Concluding chapter by Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmage.
Illus., $3.00 *net; postpaid,* $3.17.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Heroes and Heroines of English History
By ALICE S. HOFFMAN, author of the best "Children's Shakespeare." Illustrated in color and line by Gordon Browne. *Red cloth, full gilt,* $2.50.

A Child's Book of Warriors
By WILLIAM CANTON, author of "The Invisible Playmate," "W. V., Her Book," etc. Illustrated in color and line by Herbert Cole.
Decorated cover, gilt top, $2.00.

Songs of Innocence and other Poems
By WILLIAM BLAKE. Immortal verses with exquisite illustrations in color and line.
$1.50 *net; postpaid,* $1.59.

HISTORY

A History of Russia. Vol. II
By V. O. KLUCHEVSKY. Second volume just ready.
8vo. $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.67.

Bee: the Princess of the Dwarfs
By ANATOLE FRANCE. Retold in English by Peter Wright. Beautifully decorated and illustrated in colors by Charles Robinson.
Decorated covers, $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.67.

Jolly Calle and other Swedish Fairy Tales.
By HELENA NYBLOM. With decorations in line and plates in color by Charles Folkard. "Really refreshingly new and original."
Decorated cover, $2.50.

The Gentle Heritage
By FRANCES CROMPTON. New edition with frontispiece in colors and other illustrations.
$1.00 *net; postpaid,* $1.08.

SUFFRAGE

Woman Adrift
By HAROLD OWEN. A thoughtful, sincere review of the menace of socialism.
Cloth, $1.50 *net; postpaid,* $1.60.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London
By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. 74 illustrations from pen drawings and 16 portraits.
Cloth, 8vo, $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.67.

Rambles in the Pyrenees
By F. HAMILTON JACKSON. With plans and nearly one hundred illustrations chiefly by the author. *Cloth, 8vo,* $6.00 *net; postpaid,* $6.24.

England's Riviera
By J. HARRIS STONE. A description of Land's End, Cornwall, and adjacent spots of beauty and interest.
137 *illustrations. 8vo,* $4.00 *net; postpaid,* $4.19.

New Volumes in the "Things Seen" Series.

Things Seen in Palestine
By Mrs. H. H. SPOER (A. Goodrich-Freer).
Cloth, 75 *cts. net; leather,* $1.00 *net; postage* 6 *cts.*

Things Seen in Russia
By W. BARNES STEVENI.
Cloth, 75 *cts. net; leather,* $1.00 *net; postage,* 6 *cts.*
Each volume is illustrated with about 50 reproductions from photographs and is uniform with the seven preceding volumes of the series, which describe "Things Seen" in China, Egypt, Holland, Japan, Northern India, Spain and Venice.

Aspects of Algeria Historical—Pictorial—Colonial.
By ROY DEVEREUX.
Cloth, 8vo, $3.50 *net; postpaid,* $3.67.

THE MOST INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT TRAVEL BOOK OF THE YEAR

Karakoram and Western Himalaya

An account of the expedition of

H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi

A readable narrative of perilous adventure, a record of important explorations, by DR. FILIPPO DE FILIPPI. Profusely illustrated from superb photographs by Cavaliere Vittorio Sella.
In two volumes, cr. 4to, the set, $15 *net.* *Now ready*

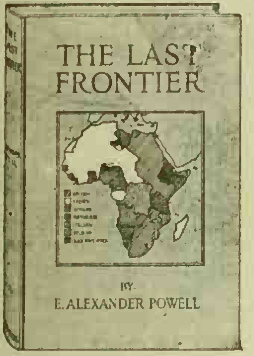
SEND FOR DUTTON'S NEW HOLIDAY CATALOGUE. JUST READY.

Address the Publishers **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** 31 W. 23rd St. NEW YORK

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2473 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 26 Dec 12



THE LAST FRONTIER: The White Man's War for Civilization in Africa

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.,
Late of the American Consular Service in Egypt.

"Morocco, Algiers, Tripolitania, Equatoria, Rhodesia, the Sahara, the Sudan, the Congo, the Rand, and the Zambesi; . . . with your permission, I will take you to them all, and you shall see, as though with your own eyes, those strange and far-off places which mark the line of the Last Frontier."

This promise Mr. Powell gives in his foreword and makes good in eleven vivid chapters. *Splendidly illustrated with photographs.* 8vo, $3.00 *net; by mail,* $3.28.

A Camera Crusade Through the Holyland

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

The author writes as well as he lectures; that is all need be said of the first third of this book which is text.

But the last two-thirds are the most beautiful clear full-page photographs—100 in all—of the significant scenes of the Holyland. No one could come nearer to seeing the region without going there than by seeing these pictures. There is no book anything like this in that respect; no such collection of pictures. A list of biblical passages applying to each is given on the page opposite each.

$3.00 *net; postpaid* $3.38.

New Trails in Mexico

By CARL LUMHOLTZ, M.A.
Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," etc.

Dr. Lumholtz has a very deep love of nature, and his own beautiful descriptions are enhanced by two color plates and many illustrations. But he also has a thorough and large practical knowledge, and his exposition of the conditions of soil, the opportunities for agriculture and mining, is enhanced by two splendid maps made by himself.

Part of the country which Dr. Lumholtz journeyed through had never seen a white man. *With numerous illustrations, including 2 color plates and 2 maps. Large 8vo.*

Price $5.00 *net; by mail* $5.49

Italian Travel Sketches

By JAMES SULLY
University College, London.

A record of many years of wandering in Italy by a well-known English writer and scholar. *With over 20 full-page illustrations by P. N. Boxer.* $2.00 *net.*

Africa

Babcock, M. D.
Letters from Egypt and Palestine ....*net,* 1.00

Baedeker (Karl)
Egypt. (Guide Book), *Spec. net,* 4.50

Davis, R. H.
Congo and the Coasts of Africa ....*net,* 1.50
With Both Armies in South Africa ....*net,* 1.50

Drummond, Henry
Tropical Africa .....*net,* 1.00

Du Chaillu, P. B.
In African Forest and Jungle ....*net,* 1.50

Falconer, J. D.
On Horseback Through Nigeria ....*net,* 3.50

Field, H. M.
Barbary Coast ......*net,* 2.00
On the Desert ......*net,* 2.00

Finck, H. T.
Spain and Morocco...*net,* 1.25

Furlong, C. W.
Gateway to the Sahara, *net,* 2.50

Gaunt, Mary
Alone in West Africa *net,* 3.75

Hodson, A. W.
Trekking the Great Thirst ....*net,* 3.50

Kitching, A. L.
On the Back Waters of the Nile ....*net,* 3.50

Klunzinger, C. B.
Upper Egypt ....*net,* 3.00

Lloyd, A. B.
In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country ....*net,* 1.50
Uganda to Khartoum, *net,* 1.50

Murray, John
Egypt. (Handbook for Travellers) ....*net,* 5.60

Roosevelt, Theodore
African Game Trails, *net,* 4.00

Stanley, H. M.
How I Found Livingstone, 3.50
In Darkest Africa, 2 vols., 7.50
My Dark Companions.... 2.00

Taylor, Bayard
Lake Regions of Central Africa 1.25
Travels in South Africa.. 1.25

Ward, Herbert
Voice from the Congo, *net,* 2.50

Wilson, E. L.
In Scripture Lands 1.50

True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World

By Major-General A. W. GREELY, U.S.A.

Partial List of Contents: The Loyalty of Philip Staffe to Henry Hudson—Franklin's Crossing of the Barren Grounds—The Discovery of the Northwest Passage—Sonntag and Hans Hendrik—Rae and the Franklin Mystery—The Shipwreck of the *Hansa*—Parr's March from the Great Frozen Sea—The Missionary's Arctic Trail—Tyson's Marvellous Drift—Relief of American Whalers at Point Barrow, etc.

With illustrations and maps. $1.50 *net; postpaid* $1.65.

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands

By CHARLES SHELDON
Author of "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon."

The vivid narrative of Mr. Sheldon's experiences while exploring and hunting for wapiti, bear, and caribou on Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, Montague, and Admiralty Islands, off the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. His adventures, especially that with the big bear of Montague Island, are as thrilling as they are novel. *With illustrations from photographs and five photogravures from drawings by Carl Rungius.*

$2.00 *net; by mail,* $2.19.

The Arctic Prairies

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Illustrated with the Author's sketches, photos, and maps.

$2.50 *net.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 153 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

The Week 471

Editorial Articles:

California and the Presidency 474
The Philippine Outlook 474
Philosophical Mr. Gompers 475
The Professor and the Machine 476
Flirting with Fame 477
Wives of Literary Men 478

Special Articles:

French Notes 478
News for Bibliophiles 479

Correspondence:

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho 480
The Restriction of Immigration 481
Honor Among Artists 481
The Loeb Library 481

Literature:

A History of the United States 482
Cease Firing 483
The Collectors 483
The Long Portage 484
Azalea 484
Loeb Classical Library 484
The Provincial American and Other Papers 485
Tramps through Tyrol.—Gates of the Dolomites 485
Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar in Relation to Contemporary Affairs.... 486
Historical Sociology 486

Notes 487

Science:

National Academy of Sciences 490

Drama 465

Plays by Anton Tchekoff 492

Music 493

Art:

Prehistoric Thessaly 493

Finance:

News and the Market's Response 494

Books of the Week 495

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

CONNECTICUT

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors.
2a Park St., Boston — 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York — 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago — 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver — 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university, and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to University work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing, and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. . Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation.*

Published November 12.

Kühnemann's Schiller

By Eugen Kuhnemann, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Breslau, Germany, Translated by Katharine Royce, with an Introduction by Josiah Royce.

In two volumes—the set, $3.00.

Three distinctive features mark this work. First, it is an effort to reinterpret the permanent significance of the poet Schiller, not only for German literature, but for the literature of the world. Second, it carries out extensive, comparative studies of the relation of Schiller's dramas to dramatic poetry. Third, it contains a careful and novel account of the influences which determined Schiller's development as an artist and as a man. The book will appeal to students of comparative literature or to any one who wishes to become intimately acquainted with Schiller's mind.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston NewYork Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

Just Published

ILGEN'S FORGE WORK

By **WM. L. ILGEN**, Forging Instructor, Crane Technical High School, Chicago.

80 cents

A simple but comprehensive course, with full directions, ample explanations, and abundant exercises for practice. Fully illustrated, each step being clearly specified and graphically represented.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Old English Riddles

Edited by **A. J. WYATT, M.A.,**
University of Cambridge, England.

This contains the text of the ninety-three riddles of the Exeter MS., with introduction, notes, and glossary.

Belles Lettres Series. xxxviii + 193 *pages.* 60 *cts.*

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

"At McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

The Drama

A QUARTERLY REVIEW
Editor, CHARLES HUBBARD SERGEL

Contents of the November number:
THE PLAYS OF HERMAN HEIJERMANS, by Ashley Dukes.
THE GOOD HOPE (complete), a Drama of the Sea in Four Acts, by Herman Heijermans.
SHAKSPERE'S DRAMATIC-ROMANCES, by Brander Matthews.
THE MODERN GERMAN DRAMA, by Frank E. Washburn Freund.
ACTING SCENERY, by Elizabeth R. Hunt.
PLAY-MAKING, by George P. Baker.

75 cents a number, $3.00 a year.

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO.
PONTIAC BUILDING, CHICAGO.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid 55 cents.*
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York.

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Exceptional Library Facilities for preparing essays, club papers and bibliographies. Edith Lowe, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

IMPORTANT BOOKS

HEREDITY AND EUGENICS. By JOHN M. COULTER, WILLIAM E. CASTLE, EDWARD M. EAST, WILLIAM L. TOWER, and CHARLES B. DAVENPORT.

A book intended to present the recent developments of knowledge in reference to evolution, heredity, and eugenics, and related subjects. Five of the leading investigators in this field have collaborated in its production, and the result is a work which will appeal to the general public, because it presents the latest conclusions in a popular and extremely interesting manner. The authors are eminently fitted to discuss that branch of the subject covered by their respective contributions to the work.

312 *pages*, 8*vo*, *cloth; postpaid* $2.70.

THE MECHANISTIC CONCEPTION OF LIFE. Biological Essays by JACQUES LOEB, Head of the Department of Experimental Biology, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

This volume consists of nine chapters written on different occasions, and mostly in response to requests for a popular presentation of the results of the author's investigations. The layman is led into the wonderful realms of biology, where he is made to see with understanding eyes things which heretofore have had no meaning for him, or about which he has at best speculated and thought with but partial comprehension.

238 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth; postpaid* $1.65.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By BENJAMIN M. DAVIS.

In this book Professor Benjamin M. Davis has attacked the problem of the co-ordination of all the agencies now at work on the problem of agricultural education. He had performed a service which will be appreciated by all who have any large knowledge of the problem and of the difficulties which the movement encounters. He has made an effort to canvass the whole field and to give a detailed exposition of the forces employed in building up a rational course of agricultural education. He has presented more fully than anyone else the materials which define the problem and which make it possible for the teacher to meet it intelligently. The annotated bibliography at the end of the book will do much to make the best material available for anyone desiring to get hold of this material through independent study. The book serves, therefore, as a general introduction to the study of agricultural education.

170 *pages*, 8*vo*, *cloth; postpaid*, $1.12.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York	Th. Stauffer, Leipzig
The Cambridge University Press, London and Edinburgh	The Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaisha, Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto.

The Christmas Book Number

OF

THE NATION

WILL BE PUBLISHED DECEMBER 5

Besides its regular circulation, several thousand extra copies will be sent out. There will be many reviews of holiday publications, and numerous notes on juvenile books.

Usual rates for advertising.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer now first put into modern English by JOHN S. P. TATLOCK and PERCY MACKAYE. Numerous color plates by Warwick Goble. A work that has been long waited for. Handsomely bound.

$5.00 net

TRAVEL

Mr. Bryce's New Book

SOUTH AMERICA: Observations and Impressions

By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce

Author of "The American Commonwealth," etc.

"The most comprehensive, clearest, sanest and illuminating volume on South America."

$2.50 net

PANAMA

By Albert Edwards

The fascinating story of Panama. *Illustrated, $1.50 net*

SOCIAL BETTERMENT

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT

By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

The broad facts of Socialism and their relation to Christianity. *$1.50 net*

CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER

By Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch

The new social awakening of moral and religious forces.

$1.50 net

CHRISTMAS

By Zona Gale

Another of this favorite author's genial stories of American life, similar to "Friendship Village"; a fine vein of romance revealing the meaning of Christmas.

Illustrated, $1.30 net

NEW NOVELS

THE HEROINE IN BRONZE

James Lane Allen's new novel

"An ideal love story by the author of 'A Kentucky Cardinal.'" *$1.25 net*

THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE

Kathleen Norris's new novel

Has the same fine appeal as this author's successful novel "Mother."

Colored illustrations, $1.25 net

LONDON LAVENDER

By E. V. Lucas

"A charming novel of quaint and romantic fancy."

$1.35 net

THE DRIFTING DIAMOND

By Lincoln Colcord

A dramatic story of adventures in Southern Seas.

Colored Frontispiece, $1.25 net

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS

Edited by J. C. Dier

All the sports of winter treated in interesting fashion. Handsomely illustrated. One of the attractive books of the season.

$1.50 net

ART

MORNINGS WITH MASTERS OF ART

By H. H. Powers, Ph.D.

A fine interpretation of the development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo.

Profusely illustrated, $2.00 net

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE

By E. V. Lucas

Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes, Paris, London, Holland. *$1.75 net*

FOR THE HOME

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM

By Charles E. White, Jr.

With over 400 illustrations.

$2.00 net

HOME EFFICIENCY

By M. B. and R. W. Bruere

The management of the home from the practical standpoint.

$1.50 net

NEW GIFT BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

By Charles Wood

A thrilling tale of adventure in the stirring war period of 1812. *Colored illustrations, $1.25 net*

DEERING OF DEAL; or, THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

By Latta Griswold

A capital story of school life.

Illustrated, $1.25 net

PEGGY STEWART AT HOME

By Gabrielle E. Jackson

"A merry story."—*Outlook.*

Frontispiece, $1.25 net

THE SECRET OF THE CLAN

Alice Brown's new book

A story of absorbing interest for girls.

Illustrated, $1.25 net

THESE BOOKS ON SALE IN ALL BOOKSTORES AT THE NET PRICES

The Illustrated Catalogue of MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS mailed free on request.

PUBLISHED BY **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1912.

The Week

President Taft, as empowered and directed by Congress, has fixed the rates of toll to be charged vessels using the Panama Canal. In this he has been guided by expert advice, and the rates, being virtually the same as those soon to be in force on the Suez Canal, cannot be deemed unreasonable. Whether they will, as Prof. Emory Johnson believes, make the Panama Canal self-supporting after twenty years, is open to doubt. There are too many uncertain elements in the problem. The amount of shipping that will seek the Canal, the cost of maintenance and of administration, cannot at present be accurately determined. As the estimates of the expense of building the Canal were pushed up from time to time, we suppose that most people came to the conclusion that it can never be made to "pay" as an investment. Nor do we think that the country has been deeply concerned about that. To have carried the vast enterprise through to success, and to have opened this waterway to the world's commerce, will be a national achievement into the cost of which patriotic pride will not inquire too narrowly.

But the nation has another interest in the matter which the President does not mention in his proclamation establishing the Panama tolls. We refer, of course, to the question of exemption from tolls of our own coastwise traffic. Money losses in the operation of the Canal the country can face with equanimity, but if its honor is seriously impugned, that is a matter which ought not to let patriotism sleep. The question whether such a discrimination is not in plain violation of a treaty will not down. Business men as well as public officials see its critical importance. This was shown by the recent action of the New York Chamber of Commerce in voting down a report which sought to dispose brusquely of the contention that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty called for absolutely equal treatment for all ships, including our own. This dispute about the due legal interpretation of a treaty is eminently one to be referred to the Hague Tribunal. The United States is expressly committed to the policy of so submitting such questions. If Great Britain asks that the controversy about Canal tolls be sent to The Hague, how can President Taft possibly refuse? In view of his record, we do not believe that he will. But what will the Senate do?

It is generally conceded that President-elect Wilson was wise in announcing an early extra session of Congress; but the new Administration will have no easy task on its hands. Its difficulties will be three in number: it must so order its programme that its majority at the extra session will agree on the tariff legislation. It must not do too little. It must not do too much. That the party would find its position awkward if it made mere pretence of revision, must be apparent to every one. It is committed to thorough revision, not only by its platform but by the speeches of its candidates. But, on the other hand, it is also committed, both by platform and candidates, to proceeding with its revision in such manner as to injure no legitimate industry. And even if this course had not been prescribed, common sense and political experience would commend it. The situation may thus seem to be unpleasantly involved. We do not so regard it, however, and for two good reasons. In the first place, the new Congress will be fortunate in having already before it the four tariff-reduction bills—affecting the steel, cotton, wool, and chemical schedules—all of which were drawn with care by the House committee in the present Congress, all of which passed the House, and all but one of which passed the Senate. Here is a ready basis for the work of the extra session. Nothing will hinder the remodelling of any of these measures, and the remedying of such defects as may have arisen from the fact that the tariff bills of 1912 were not expected to run successfully the gantlet of a Republican Senate and a Republican President. Furthermore, when thus resubmitted, these bills are reasonably sure to command the votes of the insurgent Republicans in the upper house.

If the party leaders were to be asked why the extra session should not immediately proceed to revise the rest of the tariff schedules, common sense and political experience would give the answer. No such revision, whatever its character and purpose, ought to be proposed without the most careful preliminary study of the problem. Nor can it, on the other hand, be safely put through except with constant view to the probable revenue from the altered duties, in its relation to the needs of government. But the new Secretary of the Treasury will not take office until the fourth of March; his budget of public revenue and expenditure will not be submitted until the ensuing December, and it will even then have to be judged in the light of the general plans of the appropriation committees. A comprehensive and general plan of tariff revision, as early as March or April, would therefore be subject to inevitable handicap. When to this consideration is added the fact that only with the assembling of the extra session will the Congressional committees be appointed, and the further fact that the committees which must prepare the tariff bills will consist in an unusual degree of men new to that exacting task, the wisdom of not attempting to do too much in the extra session should be manifest.

The "greatest political miracle of the age," according to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, occurred in Louisiana on Tuesday of election week, when in some places more votes were cast on Constitutional amendments, many of them of little importance, than for President. In one New Orleans precinct every voter cast his ballot in favor of nine of the nineteen amendments, and in another every voter but three voted for the entire batch. Such unanimity arouses suspicion in the mind of the *Times-Democrat*, which attributes it to a meek following of instructions from ward bosses. Ten of the nineteen amendments were carried, no less than four of which exempt some form of property from taxation. One of these is a glaring illustration of the details with which we load our State Constitutions; it extends the tax-exemption time of the Pan-American Steamship Company. The amendment receiving the largest vote was one providing for the levying of a tax for the purpose of paying Confederate pensions. Among the amendments rejected were one allowing women to serve on school and charity boards, and one providing for the recall.

The Supreme Court's decision in the Bathtub Trust case is of great importance not only in relation to the particular question involved, but also as furnishing strong confirmation of the hold of the law in general on the problem of monopoly. What the Court has done in this case with a plea in defence of immoral monopolistic practices based upon alleged rights of patentees will all the more surely be done with pleas that have no such pretext behind them. The "rule of reason" expounded in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases is once again shown to be a rule of common sense, looking to the substance of the acts complained of, and not to their mere form. The favorite argument of the enemies of the anti-monopoly law—that if truly enforced it would make impossible thousands of contracts and arrangements which every one knows are an indispensable incident of modern business—already begins to wear the air of an antiquated, indeed an obsolete, notion. The kinds of conduct which are obnoxious to the prohibitions of the law, as it has been interpreted by the Supreme Court in decision after decision, are rapidly becoming plain enough for any person of ordinary honesty and intelligence to recognize without difficulty.

The meaning of the announced abandonment, temporary or permanent, of its proposed New England extension by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, is not yet clear. But the business men of such cities as Providence and Boston have drawn their inference at once, to the effect that it means surrender of the Grand Trunk management to pressure from the New Haven Railroad, whose monopoly of New England transportation facilities was threatened by the new undertaking. The Grand Trunk, which originally connected Montreal and the Great Lakes, and which is now building westward in Canada to the Pacific, was already connected by leased lines with Portland, Me., and, by ownership of the Central Vermont, had an outlet at New London, Conn. Its projected new line, chartered in 1910 as the Southern New England, was to run from Palmer, Mass., a junction point of the Central Vermont and the Boston & Albany, to Providence, R. I. A spur of the same line was to run direct to Boston, and another new line was to connect Boston with the north-and-south Grand Trunk line in Vermont. One-third of the Providence extension had been already graded, and some $2,000,000 had been spent. Clearly enough, an independent railway system with such connections meant competitive conditions on a considerable scale.

The version of the abandonment of work given out by Grand Trunk officers may possibly be conclusive. Montreal newspapers quote the president of that company as saying that no fresh offers have been made by the New Haven, and that no negotiations even for a "traffic agreement" are under way. It is also perfectly true that a railway company which places its loans in Montreal or London would not find this a convenient moment, with all the European markets upset by the Balkan affair, to raise large amounts for new construction. Nevertheless, the New England chambers of commerce are justified on the face of things in their misgivings. Charles M. Hays, that thorough railway man who, as president of the Grand Trunk, was able to impose his own larger views on timid London directors, went down with the Titanic; and the suspicion was natural that the New Haven management would seize that occasion, especially when it was followed by an unfavorable market for the Grand Trunk's loans, to renew its efforts at repressing a formidable competitor. The real situation, whatever it is, cannot be long disguised. In advance of conclusive information, all that need be said is that the blocking of this solitary movement for independent transportation service in New England, at a time when the public mind is stirred up in an unusual degree over questions of free competition and monopoly, would have a most unhappy effect.

Signs are increasing that city noises are at last becoming too much for even American nerves. Something has been accomplished in New York towards reducing the screech of boat whistles, but that old offender, the trolley car, still pursues its clattering way. An Alderman in a Western city is audacious enough to propose to get rid of the worst of its uproar. Looking back over the great improvement in transportation in recent years, he says there is no reason why we should not silence the noise of street cars. The one thing needful, in his opinion, is merely to fix attention upon the problem. When we really care for quieter streets, we shall find methods of obtaining them. What has been attained in eliminating smoke and smell from automobiles ought to be an encouragement to those who are undertaking anti-noise crusades. It is but a short time since a foul odor and a blinding vapor were apparently an essential part of the motor-car. To-day we actually arrest people for driving cars that "smoke," and Hiram Maxim, jr., has gone his father one better by inventing a motor-boat silencer.

Somewhat disquieting is the account of tenant-farming in the great Southwest which Charles W. Holman gives in *La Follette's Weekly*. According to him, the standard of living of the tenant farmer has steadily deteriorated and the problem of existence has grown more difficult as the system of wide landlord holdings has spread. Statistics are adduced to support this view. Thus, in Texas, Mr. Holman declares, the ratio of tenanted to owned farms has gone up decidedly. In 1900 tenants cultivated 174,991 farms; owners, 174,639; while in 1910 the figures had risen to 291,106 and 194,993, respectively. The South as a whole also shows growth of the tenant system. In 1880 tenants cultivated 36.2 per cent. of the total farms, while in 1910 they were working 53.1 per cent. Mutual misunderstandings between landlord and tenant; the desire of the owner to get a larger return from his acres, accompanied by his unwillingness to follow crop rotation or other modern methods, and a consequent feeling of futility and lethargy on the side of the cultivator, have combined to make the lot of the under-fed, overworked, and ill-housed tenant farmer a hard one. Some of Mr. Holman's suggested remedies are impracticable, but his picture of the actual conditions appears to be drawn without great exaggeration.

The old-fashioned doctor who fought disease with the aid of the pharmacopœia is apparently having a rather hard time of it. Long ago he gave up the centre of the stage to the surgeon with his marvellous instruments and daring operations. On other sides he is beset by the serum-therapist, the psycho-neurologist, the hygienist, the dietitian, the sanitarian, and the assorted flying squadrons of faith-healers. White pills and brown mixtures in bottles have fallen into sad repute. The physician who resorts to them falls under the suspicion of being something of a fogey or something of a quack. But, in justice to the old-fashioned general practitioner, it may be pointed out that a great many of the new fashions in the curative art impress one as being the old methods under new labels. To give anæsthetics nowadays is not enough; one must give an anæsthetic without frightening the patient. "Anoci-association" is the name for this formula of ether + psychology; but "anoci-association" is strangely reminiscent of the classical "bedside manner," and psycho-therapy is not unrelated to the familiar sugar pill.

A fund for the erection of a memorial to Charles Lever, in the British cemetery at Trieste, where the novelist, who was consul there, died forty years ago, is proposed by the British chaplain at that port. To the younger generation, the genial Irishman is only a name, if so much as that; but there are many old fellows to whom this suggestion will recall memories of pleasant hours in the company of a spirited and manly writer. Lever does not abide with us like Thackeray or Dickens; he was distinctly of the lesser breed of novelists and entertainers. But for this very reason, some of us experience a certain pang in thinking of the days when he helped to make life pleasant, which we do not feel in relation to the mightier masters. The age in which the Harry Lorrequers and the Charles O'Malleys and the Arthur O'Learys sufficed to attract and amuse persons quite as sober and serious as we all are to-day was an easier, a more livable, age than ours for the reading world; whether we estimate the loss as great or trifling, there is no question that the loss is there. The simple, hearty doings and sayings of true men, loving and hating and jesting and fighting; these, with no oppressive burdens of self-consciousness, and no thought of the bearing of their acts upon the salvation of the universe, sufficed to make the farrago of Lever's books, and we took them at their face value and were grateful. They also serve who thus lighten the burden of the day for thousands.

Rows in the House of Commons are no novelty. The Liberals, seven years ago, were guilty of much the same sort of boisterous breaking up of the session as the Conservatives indulged in last week. The rules are inefficient in the matter of dealing with disorder, and the Speaker can do little more than appeal to the gentlemen of England to leave off acting like rowdies. If they will not, his only recourse is to suspend the session. Such proceedings seem almost unintelligible to Americans, who are accustomed to see their presiding officers clothed with full power to preserve order, even to the point of calling in the police, if necessary. The English parliamentary tradition would be aghast at such extreme measures. At the very moment of denouncing the Liberals for weakening respect for the House of Commons, the fine flower of Tory chivalry feels privileged to turn it into a Bedlam. But sanity will soon be restored. The Conservatives have had their fling, have once more expressed their scornful contempt for the Ministry, and have displayed their splendid "fighting spirit." Presently, no doubt, the business of the House will be resumed. On a test vote, the Liberals showed that they had a majority of 109, and the absurdity of maintaining that such a majority shall not be allowed to determine the action of the Commons is too glaring.

One of the scandals of English politics has for years been the bestowal of peerages, baronetcies, etc., upon men who have made large contributions to the party campaign chest. Both Conservatives and Liberals have followed this practice, which in essence is not very different from our former custom of sending rich men to the Senate, or rewarding a man who has come down handsomely for election expenses by making him an Ambassador. But it must be confessed that the conferring of such "honors" by the Liberal party has an incongruous look beside its current denunciation of the House of Lords, and gives Tory critics a chance to make fine play about a "Radical Plutocracy." The case is made worse by the fact that a great many wealthy supporters of the Liberal party have been getting their recognition in recent years. The London *Nation*, though friendly to the Government, complains that the distribution of these honors has "never in the history of party" been so "lavish as during the last three or four years." It admits that some of the men singled out are worthy, but frankly states that of some others, "notably of a recent Privy Councillorship, the less said the better." Naturally, the Tories are saying more rather than less.

Gen. Savoff, chief in command of the Bulgarian army, has inevitably received the lion's share of praise and fame for the wonderful campaign which the troops under him have made. It is reported that this causes a certain soreness in some Bulgarian military quarters. There it is pointed out that Gen. Savoff had been in retirement since 1907, when he resigned as Minister of War, and resumed active duty only when the recent orders for mobilization were issued. From this it is inferred that he could have had little to do with preparing the plans for the offensive campaign which he has so brilliantly executed. But this does not necessarily follow, as the Bulgarian staff must have been for years at work on the plans which have just been carried out. Be this as it may, no one denies that Gen. Savoff has shown high skill in handling large armies, together with correct and rapid military intuition, and the ability to inspire his men with the determination necessary to strike blow upon blow. Savoff is now undergoing the inevitable comparison with Napoleon. One of his military maxims, the only one we have seen quoted, certainly sounds like modernized Napoleonic. It is: "Speed is trumps." This has surely been illustrated by the swift march of the Bulgarians to victory after victory. Gen. Savoff seems, also, to have acted upon that saying of Napoleon: "The general who keeps fresh troops for the day after a battle is nearly always beaten. You must give your last man to the battle, for the day after a complete victory there are no more obstacles before you."

CALIFORNIA AND THE PRESIDENCY.

For many days after the election the vote of California was still see-sawing between Roosevelt and Wilson. The process was followed with a mild interest throughout the country; but of excitement over the matter there was not a trace. Yet one shudders at the thought of the situation that would even now be confronting us if the election in the nation had been close, and the decision of the Presidency turned on California's thirteen electoral votes. There are few things in the immediate past for which the country has more reason to be grateful on this coming Thanksgiving Day than for the fact that the verdict of the election was emphatic and unmistakable, and especially that nothing turned on the settling of a close count in any State.

But, while the situation in California is of no practical importance in regard to this year's Presidential contest, it is of very great interest in its bearing on the advantages and disadvantages of our method of electing the President. The most conspicuous peculiarity of the existing system is that a bare plurality in any State suffices to cause the entire voting weight of the State to be cast into the scales on the side of the winner of that plurality. Situations of the utmost acuteness have arisen on this account; the most notable being that which ended in the casting of New York's 36 electoral votes for Cleveland against Blaine, in 1884. Exclusive of New York, the electoral vote stood 183 for Cleveland and 182 for Blaine, and the final count of New York's popular vote gave the State to Cleveland by a plurality of only 1,149 in a total vote of 1,167,169. That situation, moreover, is of a kind that is not only likely, but almost certain, to recur. In every election since 1884, with the single exception of 1888, there has been an immense electoral preponderance in favor of the winning party; but whenever the parties are nearly evenly matched, there is a chance that the contest may turn upon the electoral votes of some one State, or some group of two or three States, in which the popular vote is extremely close.

That this contingency points to a real and serious danger cannot be denied; and at first sight it might be thought that a system under which the votes of the States were not cast solidly, and under which the result was determined by the actual preponderance of the popular vote—either directly or through some method of State percentages—would remove that danger. But the fact, as a little reflection will suffice to show, is quite the opposite. The danger, be it understood, is not at all that of a failure to record "the popular will"—all methods are but expedients for roughly determining that. The danger is that of a contested election—contested not only on the score of downright fraud, but also on account of the decision of those innumerable cases of legitimate doubt about which absolute impartiality on the part of election officials cannot be expected. Well, the danger of bitter contests of this kind, far from being diminished, would be most seriously aggravated under a system in which the division of the vote in every State, instead of that in only one or a very few States, should become of critical moment in any close election. It is quite true that the vote is not likely to be so close in the country as a whole as in some single critical State; but under the other system, where the piling up of large pluralities in every State was the object of pursuit, a thousand disputes would assume importance where only a score are now of any consequence. Attention could not be effectively centred on the danger-points until too late; and instead of one Presidential count out of many being the occasion of critical tension, it would probably become the rule, rather than the exception, for the results of our national elections to be in greater or less measure clouded by doubt and protest.

There are many other considerations which confirm the conclusion that the existing system of solid votes by the States is, in spite of its faults, better than any that has been proposed in its place; but there is one that happens to be of peculiar importance. The conditions in the South may not be entirely satisfactory; but the country is evidently going to let that sleeping dog lie for a very long time; and even if a change should be made in this regard, the considerations we have in mind would continue to apply with almost equal force. The point about the South is that it habitually gives its vote solidly for the Democratic party, and that nobody disputes the result. But here is a case of what is often to be found in the domain of human affairs—that the part is greater, more difficult to handle, than the whole. The North and West acquiesce without reserve in the throwing of Georgia's total vote for the Democratic candidate, under a system in which every State disposes of its total vote as a unit; but once let the result depend on whether Georgia divides in the ratio of 13 to 1 or of 10 to 4, and it is impossible to imagine the rest of the country indifferent to the means by which that division—and the like in ten other States—is effected. And what is true in this radical fashion as regards the South is true in lesser measure of other parts of the country. No one can say to what extent the nation has been saved from contentions of the most ominous character through this incidental feature of our system of State autonomy.

THE PHILIPPINE OUTLOOK.

Hard upon the heels of the rejoicing in the Philippines over the success of the Democratic party, and the announcement that the bill for Philippine independence will be pressed to passage in the House, we have the inevitable prophecies of dire consequences. Unnamed army officers are quoted as pointing to Aguinaldo's appearance in the celebrations as being of sinister significance. We are told that already American capital is alarmed at the prospect of our withdrawal from the islands. The Filipinos themselves are, as usual, lost to shame. Are they not at this moment plotting how they are going to distribute the offices? Aguinaldo's return to public life is interpreted to mean that "he will be in the front ranks of the aspirants for public honors"; and Manuel Quezon, one of the Filipino delegates to Congress, is also accused of "carrying on political campaigns with a view to strengthening his position with his people at home." Knowing how reprehensible the public holds any American who aspires to office, we are sure that mere mention of this misconduct of Messrs. Aguinaldo and Quezon will suffice to damn them forever.

As to the flow of American capital into the islands, it went with knowledge that we had loudly proclaimed our intention of remaining there only as trustees. There was no promise to stay forever to protect investments. It is true that the present Governor-General, Mr.

Forbes, has done his best to lure "big business" into the islands, and that there are companies now forming to exploit their resources. But that cannot stand a day in the face of the Democratic pledges "to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers." Never did a political party make a more solemn or more deliberate pledge—now for the fourth time reiterated—nor one more clearly in accord with the highest traditions of this Republic.

That opportunists in plenty will protest against the Democratic policy we have no doubt. Government officeholders, particularly those in the islands, will explain at length that the Filipino is not and never can be made ready for self-government—at least, so long as they themselves are drawing salaries. All the old arguments so familiar in 1899 and 1900 will be brought out, and we shall once more be told how splendid it is that the sun never sets on "Old Glory." One ancient argument, however, the very language of the Democratic plank effectually disposes of. If the simple plan of neutralization is carried out, no one can revive the Japanese and German bogies. As every one in jingo circles knows, we had to make that bad bargain with Spain in 1899, or one of those two nations would in our stead have purchased that war and the lasting enmity of the Filipinos. Fortunately, there has been a marked change in the temper of the people since that time. The public knows now that annexation of the Philippines did not mean that we should get rich over night, or that, with the hoisting of the flag, Filipinos would be consumed with a desire to buy American goods. Most people of conscience are, moreover, beginning to have doubts about the manliness and desirability of holding millions of men and women under our control against their will. Still less, after our own experiences of recent years, do they wish to turn them over to the tender mercies of exploiting Trusts.

Two serious arguments will, however, be used to impress those who have thought only superficially on this matter. How about the wild tribes? And how about the possibility of these people governing themselves? The facts about the non-Christian tribes are that they constitute but 600,000 out of 7,600,000 people; they dwell in the mountain fastnesses, and, says Judge James H. Blount in his new book, "The American Occupation of the Philippines," "cut little more figure, if any, in the general political equation, than the American Indian does with us to-day." To those who have any doubts on this question we most heartily recommend this excellent volume from the pen of one who was an officer of volunteers in the war and subsequently a judge. He has not the slightest question as to the ability of the Filipinos to set up satisfactory governments. As far back as 1907, he wrote as follows:

> If three strong and able men, familiar with insular conditions, and still young enough to undertake the task, were told by a President of the United States, by authority of the Congress, "Go out there and set up a respectable native government in ten years and then come away," they could and would do it, and that government would be a success; and one of the greatest moral victories in the annals of free government would have been written by the gentlemen concerned upon the pages of their country's history.

Judge Blount has since seen no reason to change his mind; on the contrary, he is firmer than ever in this view. Under the promise of independence, he declares, a "very fair electorate of at least one-third, possibly one-half, of the adult male population, could be built up." The setting up of prospective Filipino States would, he says, "electrify the Filipino body politic," as would the mere definite promise of independence. But without that definite promise, nothing can be gained. Least of all would it be fair to deny self-government to millions because of a fraction of the uncivilized among them. We must, as Judge Blount says, make clear to all concerned, and particularly to the American grafter and Filipino demagogue, "that the government of a remote and alien people is to have no permanent place in the purposes of our national life."

PHILOSOPHICAL MR. GOMPERS.

At Indianapolis the trial of forty-five labor-union officials, indicted as a result of the McNamara disclosures, is now under way. At Rochester the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers presiding, is now in session. The defendants at Indianapolis are men affiliated with the Federation of Labor. The Federation is supposed to have spent nearly a million dollars in the McNamara defence. Evidently, Rochester was under the moral necessity of taking cognizance of what was going on at Indianapolis. This is the way Mr. Gompers did it, in his opening address:

> This organization of ours is just as you find it. We are human. As humans we sometimes err. But our organization is a mighty power for human progress. In all other avocations it will be found that the highest and best is held up as a type, but in the labor movement it is the derelict who is selected as our representative type. Against this we protest. For high motives, for altruism, for the righting of wrongs, for the winning of rights, for human progress, there is no other body in the world, man for man, that will compare with the American Federation of Labor.

To catch the full force of this proud claim, compare Mr. Gompers with Mr. Ortie McManigal. Re-read the story of Mr. McManigal's pleasant little jaunts about the country in the pursuit of "jobs." Re-read the story of the Los Angeles explosion as told by J. B. McNamara to McManigal. After planting the infernal machine in the *Times* building, "J. B." wrenched off a gas jet in the basement:

> McNamara: Because when the explosion occurred, I wanted the whole building to go to hell.
>
> McManigal: And you knew there were so many people in there, too?
>
> McNamara: What's the difference? I was to make a good clean out and I did it. But I am sorry so many were killed.

In view of the high motives, the altruism, the righting of wrongs, which animated J. B. McNamara and Ortie McManigal, it is surprising that up till now the Nobel prize for idealism has not been divided between these two men.

Hypocrisy is not the word to describe Mr. Gompers's attitude at Rochester. Hypocrisy implies a *prima facie* capacity to deceive, whereas Mr. Gompers's statement would not deceive a child, no, not even if the child were as innocent as a labor-union official with dynamite stored about the premises, all unknown to him. Mr. Gompers was simply indulging in disgusting effrontery. Being human, the American Federation of Labor is liable to error. But the erring consisted in the pursuance of a policy of terrorism extending over years and carried out in cold blood. The Federation must not be judged by its "derelicts." But the derelicts in the McNamara disclosures were the directing officials of labor unions, many of whom are still holding office. In whatever city Ortie McManigal turned up for a "job," he was put into communication with the business-agent of the local union, from whom McManigal received orders and directions. And at the ironworkers' headquarters in Indianapolis a close watch was kept on McManigal's activities. Money appropriations were made, so that McManigal might devote himself single-heartedly to his altruistic mission. There seems to have been a fixed scale of remuneration. The fact that McManigal's paymaster "held out upon him," giving him $125 per "job" instead of the $200 appropriated to that purpose, may be brought to Mr. Gompers's attention as another instance of human frailty.

What Mr. Gompers might have said is that organized labor as a whole is not in favor of dynamite as a method of winning strikes. What he might have said is that the great majority of the rank and file in the American Federation of Labor is opposed to murder in industrial warfare. That would have been true. Violence has been a feature of labor conflicts, officially unsanctioned, but tolerated nevertheless, or even secretly encouraged. But there are degrees of violence. Violence will be practiced in the course of bitterly-fought strikes. At critical moments in such contests, passion may run even to the length of murder. But there is a vital difference between a crowd of riotous teamsters and 'longshoremen engaging in battle with strike-breakers, and a committee of union officials sending forth its emissaries of death as part of a deliberately planned campaign deliberately carried out. On broad human principles we may be sure that the rank and file of the American Federation of Labor would not approve of such tactics, because no group of two million civilized people would approve of them. Terrorism always emanates from a small minority in whose philosophy the end justifies the means.

So Mr. Gompers might justly have asserted of the ordinary member of the American Federation of Labor, that he is opposed to McNamarism and McManigalism. But that would have meant to condemn the present system of labor leadership. As it is, the prestige of Samuel Gompers is to-day badly shattered. To public opinion outside of organized labor he stands out as the head of a "conservative" labor movement which is now foully smeared with anarchy. To the members of organized labor he stands out as a leader who has allowed the odium of anarchy to be saddled upon them without the compensating prestige that comes from assuming a frankly revolutionary attitude. To throw bombs for the purpose of overthrowing the "capitalist" system is a comprehensible mode of procedure. But to pursue the conciliation of labor and capital by planting dynamite, is mad futility. With the stigma of McNamarism upon it, the American Federation of Labor under Gompers is an object of fear to the conservative citizen, and an object of derision to real revolutionists like the Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE MACHINE.

Professor Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, who, like Professor Cattell, of Columbia, has long been one of the leading spokesmen of the doctrine of professorial independence, gives in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November a somewhat rambling, but on the whole decidedly impressive, survey of the question. The article has a striking collocation of opinions from many sources, which serves to reveal how far the evil of excessive systematization, undue control, and unnecessary concentration of power has been felt by serious observers of our universities. The title of the article—"The Administrative Peril in Education"—is a catchword that ought to stick. Whatever particular harm or offence there may be in this or that *error* of administration, it is not errors or failures or inefficiencies that constitute the vital trouble. For it is the soul of university life, rather than the body, that the "administrative peril" touches; and the damage to that soul is done not by defects of administration, but by the exalting of the administrative ideal above the ideals of intellectual distinction and of personal individuality and freedom.

Criticism of the administrationism that pervades our universities most often takes the shape of an attack upon the dominance of the university president. In truth, this is not of the essence of the matter; but it is natural that it should attract the most attention. On this head, there is many a telling stroke in Professor Jastrow's paper, both from his own hand and from that of others. A combination of the two is presented in this passage:

> "When the wisdom of letting a man lord it over an aggregate of employees instead of conferring with a company of scholars is questioned, the answer is the efficiency with which the autocrat can get things done" (J. McK. Cattell). Efficiency undefined and unattached is either the most meaningless or the most dangerous of terms. . . . Even so directly utilitarian a thing as a signpost is efficient only when you know where you want to go and where not; the term should never be permitted to appear in educational discussions without a chaperon.

From many quarters, academic and other, are quoted judgments like this of the Springfield *Republican:*

> No single thing has done more harm in higher education in America during the past quarter-century than the steady aggrandizement of the presidential office and the modelling of university administration upon the methods and ideals of the factory and the department store.

Among the manifestations of the temper bred by this aggrandizement, one is peculiarly interesting: it is "an association, composed of the presidents and deans of a score of the foremost universities, which is sufficiently naïve or presuming to call itself 'The Association of American Universities.'"

But after all, as we have said, this undue exaltation of the presidency is not the essential matter. It is but the outward and visible sign of something that lies far deeper. Indeed, it is a curious fact that this very paper of Professor Jastrow's betrays the way in which the idea of the all-importance of administration, or at least of managing policy in some form, has permeated our university world. For, though nothing is plainer than that the writer has fully seized upon the essence of the matter, he shows an unconscious gravitation towards the prevailing point of view in the extent to which he dwells upon the question of the seat of administrative power, as compared with the question of the limits which should be set upon the range of that power, by whomsoever exercised. Probably no reform is more urgent than that of giving the faculty its proper place in the settlement of university questions, and it is natural that much of Professor Jastrow's argument should be directed to this subject; but it is nevertheless noteworthy that he says nothing at all about the danger of the democratic faculty government becoming in its own way inimical to individuality, to personal freedom, to the prerogative of intellect in the university. He is deeply concerned about the dignity of the profession; and doubtless this would be enhanced by raising the faculty to a position of headship, instead of inferiority, in the university government. But no improvement in its mere administrative status could effect that elevation of the professorate which would come from the removal of administrative pressure, irrespective of its source. It is not more scientific management, or "team work," or coördination, or subordination, but more individual freedom, that is needed to raise the tone of the professorate, and to attract into it strong minds and high natures.

Professor Jastrow himself is keenly aware of the real need, although he has not brought it out clearly in this article. How we are to advance towards the ideal held in view by him, and by the many writers whom he quotes, is a difficult question to answer. One of the serious obstacles to be encountered springs from that merging of the university with the college which, while probably a necessary outcome of our educational history, has given rise to much confusion of counsel. But progress in the right direction will be furthered by discussion; for the one thing most needful is that all who are interested in the higher education should become aware of the existence of the question, and of its seriousness. As Professor Jastrow puts it:

> The one paramount danger, the most comprehensively unfavorable factor affecting ominously the prospects of the higher education, is *the undue dominance of administration:* in policy, in measures, in personal relations, in all the distinctive interests of education and the welfare of ideas and ideals. What is imperilled most directly is the academic career: its worth, its service, its security, its satisfactions, its attractiveness to the higher types of men.

FLIRTING WITH FAME.

Upon whom will the literary spotlight in England next fall? Just now it appears to be flashing a bit aimlessly among old favorites. A new play by Shaw and revival of his old ones have put the public in a flutter, but nothing like the original flutter; Conan Doyle is out with what his publishers call an improvement upon Sherlock Holmes; Mr. Wells has just had his say on the most important institution in life, "Marriage"; and a new work is advertised by A. C. Benson. Yet from all this flurry there emerges the definite impression that Mr. Bennett has at length stepped out of the limelight and that his place will probably be taken by some one who has never been there before. Meanwhile there have appeared, within the past month or so, three books from the same pen. A glance at Who's Who reminds us that their author began writing nearly two decades ago, that he has experimented with several literary types, and, to judge by his present rate of issue, that he probably has a trunk full of unpublished manuscripts ready to be put forth the moment the public shall give the word. What more promising candidate for literary radiance has England to offer? We are not really prophesying, we are not exploiting, we are simply pondering over one who is just now assailing the public with his ideas—Hilaire Belloc.

Mr. Belloc has to his credit, in the immediate present, a highly diverting mystery story, "The Green Overcoat"; "The Four Men," being mainly a symposium shared in by "Myself," Grizzlebeard, a Poet, and a Sailor, on an imaginary walk through Sussex; and a book of essays, "This and That and the Other." A look at his past marks him as a versifier, a novelist, and a writer of miscellaneous articles, with a bias for history and the out-of-doors. Like Mr. Benson, he is an academic, having been for the past year or so head of the English department at East London College. He has already shown a many-sided activity, and on occasion has contrived to be in the forefront of public discussion, as a member of Parliament and especially in his defence of Catholicism. But the fact that he is so much better known in England than in this country makes it clear that he has never quite attained genuine popularity. One can get his flavor by turning to his latest essays, which we fancy were collected from the usual newspaper column. There is the smartness which seems to be required of the London set. If Chesterton could demonstrate how admirable a creature is a bore, Mr. Belloc has closely reasoned praise for the dupe. With him, too, pure logic squints at life's foibles. Assuming ethical indifference for the purpose of satire, he points out the most advantageous way to lie, to deceive; or to gain useful acquaintance with the great:

> Another very good trick, which still possesses great force, is to repudiate any personal acquaintance with the celebrity in question, and treat him merely as some one whom one has read of in the newspapers; but next, as though following a train of thought, to begin talking of some much less distinguished relative of his with the grossest possible familiarity.

But Mr. Belloc at this game is much more human than his predecessors. What saves Mr. Chesterton's essays from the appearance of mere jugglery is his steady plea for orthodoxy; Mr. Bennett's smartness is tempered by common sense. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, partakes of a spirit of indulgence, which reveals the close contact with life and suggests not infrequently the remonstrances of Thackeray. The latter, we know, had somewhat the French manner, and it may be that Mr. Belloc's French parentage on his father's side speaks in this way through him. In a word, he runs easily to farcical situations, helping out the wit of pure logic by a buoyant humor. So in the spirit of the higher criticism he edits one of his own works, recovered supposedly from oblivion in the thirtieth century. By an elaborate comedy, with Shakespeare as hero, he pictures deliciously the present-day attentions of publisher and society to rising authors. "My daughter tells me," writes one great lady, "how much she admired your play, 'Macduff,' and very much wants to see you."

A pretty feeling for nature runs through Mr. Belloc's work, with which fancy and philosophy pleasantly mingle. On this side he is Mr. Benson without his great seriousness. With a moving simplicity he makes no religion of nature, but accepts her joyfully where she meets him:

> If any man owned that valley, blessed be that man, but if no man owned it, and only God, then I could better understand the benediction which it imposed upon me, a chance wanderer, for something little less than an hour. . . . I was not so foolish as to attempt a prolongation of this blessedness: these things are not for possession: they are an earnest only of things which we may perhaps possess, but not while the business is on.

As will be seen, he is not a Romanticist, and indeed elsewhere comes out strongly for the classical standard of control, for the proportioned and reasoned sum of all human emotions. Nature of the country, town, or city takes its place in that general sweep of history and tradition which for him is the backbone of life.

Whether Mr. Belloc ever catches the public ear with the insistence of some others is not a matter of great moment—except, of course, to him. He is, at any rate, an interesting figure in English literary life; and, if he may be taken as typical of it, will serve to bring out the differences between such life there and here. Of American essayists who have the cleverness to win genuine popularity, to whom may we turn for anything like his combination of qualities? Smartness in this country is apt to carry with it that extreme commitment to modernity which loses touch with the lessons of the past.

WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

Mrs. Andrew Lang has been writing about the "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man." It is mostly that lady's social and public relations that are discussed. Doubtless the fireside companions of some of the irritable tribe of writers have their personal domestic tribulations, but the wife of Andrew Lang could scarcely have been one of these. Unless he was very different in his married life from what he was as the public and his friends saw him, he could not have been a man "gey ill to live with." Mrs. Lang does, indeed, speak as one who knows from experience when she refers to the duty of the wife of a literary celebrity to be a sort of "amateur Providence" to him, reminding him of his engagements, etc.; but this intimate side of the matter she passes over lightly. Her witty comments are expended upon other aspects of the life of a writer's wife, which she plainly believes to be not all beer and skittles.

It carries with it, to be sure, many social opportunities, but also how many social embarrassments, how many disconcerting situations, how many awkward moments! The wife receives an invitation, we will say, to spend a week-end at some great country-house with her husband. Instantly the feeling arises in her mind that she is asked merely as a necessary encumbrance. It is the genius who is really wanted, and his frump or bore of a wife is included only for the sake of politeness. She is as anxious as the Lady Clare to be loved for her own true worth, yet she has a horrid doubt lest she be graciously accepted only as the woman who cooks and sews for her husband, and who therefore has a claim upon his hosts. And the best rôle for her to attempt to play under such dubious and trying circumstances is a vexing puzzle. Shall she set up for a blue-stocking? Or shall she sardonically make herself out more of an ignoramus than even her entertainers believe her to be? Shall she smile sweetly and efface herself? Or shall she set out to be vivacious and take the lead in conversation? She has to consider not only other people, but her husband. His reputation is, in a way, in her keeping, and she also knows that his comfort and peace of mind may depend for the moment upon the way in which she conducts herself in general company. She may be very gayly and successfully assuming a part, when his reproachful eye will meet hers to make them both ill at ease.

One of the severest trials of the wife of a literary man must arise out of the foolish talk she is forced to hear about him. Some of this she overhears, all "unbeknownst," and can laugh to herself quietly about it. But in person she has to face the compliments, often left-handed, and the stupid remarks and silly questions which some people are forever pressing upon the wives of famous men. Don't you find it a wonderful privilege to live in daily companionship with such a towering intellect? How does he ever manage to discover such wonderful thoughts? Do you talk over the plots of his novels with him? Did he take that lovely character of Griselda partly from you? He surely has thousands of admirers. It must be great fun to read their letters. Do you ever let anybody come in to watch him while he is writing? Confronted by such impertinences and banalities, what is a woman married to a literary man to do? Probably her wisest course would be to imitate Mrs. Carlyle, who, when one of the servants asked her if "Master" was not the greatest man in England, replied: "We fondly hope so."

Mrs. Lang goes upon the supposition that the literary marriage she deals with is one of true minds. The wife is fitted to understand if not actually to help the husband in his chosen pursuits. But it is well known that there have been two views about the desirability of this. The matter was discussed by P. G. Hamerton, in that once popular book, "The Intellectual Life." He presented two alternatives to the literary man in search of a helpmeet. Let him either look for a wife of high intelligence, able to sympathize with him and encourage him and coöperate with him in his work, or for one who will know nothing whatever about his writing, and will stand apart from it and let him go his own way, giving, meanwhile, slave-like attention to his comfort. This last plan has had the practical commendation of some great names. Rousseau and his unaccountable Thérèse have been often mentioned in this centenary year. Not a few have been wholly unable to explain, except on the ground of the vagaries of genius, how Goethe—the man who wrote the letters to Frau von Stein—could have been content to live all those years with his unintelligent Christiane. Such a union as that of the Brownings would be voted by most people to be vastly nearer the ideal. But even in instances like that the wife's trials—of the kind Mrs. Lang refers to—would not be wholly absent. Possibly the literary man as husband also has his.

FRENCH NOTES.

Paris, November 1.

"Sources d'Idées au 16e siècle" (Plon), by Pierre Villey, is a small but useful, as well as original and authentic, study of the history of French thought. "If France in the sixteenth century was the scene of so profound a revolution, intellectual and moral, it was because new ideas came rushing in from every side and penetrated brains and upset them." This book is to show whence the ideas came. The author's competent acquaintance with that age has long since been recognized. Not the least sign of his keen insight is the use he has made of the translations which were channels to the flood tide of ideas. It is not scholars poring over foreign originals who can transform a nation's thought. Remy de Gourmont, one of our most notorious pursuers of ideas frivolous or profound, in the first series of his "Promenades littéraires," has shown how eighteenth-century translations from the English prepared French Romanticism in the nineteenth. In the sixteenth century of M. Villey, the new light came first from Italy, whose civilization was most advanced, and through Italy from classic antiquity.

Remy de Gourmont wickedly compares the enthusiasm with which that far-off time received the translation of

Ovid by Louis des Masures and of Anacreon by Remy Belleau with the heedlessness of all save specialists in our day, when the newly discovered "Athenian Republic" of Aristotle is translated, or the "Mimes" of Herondas or important fragments of Menander. We know it all beforehand, and the revelation dies with us, while we read our newspapers; but Ovid's luscious verse and the trifling songs of Anacreon cleared minds of mediæval and Reforming rhymes and prepared an avid public for the poets of the Pléiade, and, when the sonorous voice of Spain and Portugal of the Conquistadores was next heard, for Corneille, and so on, to Racine and a new classic century. It is, of course, the irruption of Greece and Rome into the modern world that has really counted. We are still all of us children of the Renaissance more than of the Reformation, which suspected it of Popery, or of the French Revolution, which flattered itself with rekindling the antique Republican flame. M. Villey keeps to his sixteenth century and France; but his book opens up new perspectives in history, where ideas have their epic story just as things have had their tragic tears.

Those who have the cult of Alexandre Dumas the elder are accustomed to attach a certain historical importance to the first volume of his "Mémoires," in which he narrates the heroic childhood and high feats of his father, first of the name. In the Place Malesherbes, Paris, between the monuments to the two Alexandres known to letters, there has now been placed the statue of this hero of arms. It revives certain memories to which the post-Revolutionary son was not alive, but which are not without an echo of edification from the old régime. It is known how this dynasty of supermen sprang from one of Louis the Fifteenth's somewhat dilapidated nobles. In 1760, Antoine Alexandre Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie, sometime first gentleman to the Prince de Conti and colonel and commissary-general of artillery, sailed for San Domingo. There he married Marie Cessette Dumas, a mulatto woman, and began working a plantation of the west coast at La Guimodée, near Cape Rose. There was born to them, March 25, 1762, a son, Thomas Alexandre, the future general, the first Alexandre Dumas. The second Alexandre, a romancer accustomed to the vague language of Rousseau, describes this as a marriage "according to nature," on which an equally unprecise literary history has founded the tradition that the son of the decadent marquis was "natural" or illegitimate. Yet the French peerage, legally reconstituted after the Bourbon Restoration, and during the reign of Louis Philippe, steadily recognized the novelist himself as the legitimate inheritor of the title of Marquis de La Pailleterie. There was no reason in French law or creole prejudice why the marriage should not have been valid, and church influence which was powerful would have demanded it. Moreover, the plantation property seems to have come into the hands of the marquis through his wife, who was herself the legitimate heir of a French colonist married to a negress. The site of the property is still remembered in the island and there should somewhere be records to establish the truth without prejudice.

In 1780, after the death of his wife, the old marquis returned to France, and his quadroon son, Alexandre, mixed on equal terms with young courtiers like La Fayette, Lameth, Dillon, Lauzun. In his resounding duels with some of this gilded youth, no stain on his birth was thrown up to him; and the young noble whom he tossed from an equally noble lady's box at the opera into the pit had only pretended to mistake him for a lackey on account of his color. The terrible Marshal Richelieu, who was above eighty, insisted on serving in the ensuing duel as second to the son of the marquis to whom he had rendered a like service a half-century before. There was never any question of difference in rank. When the Revolution came, with its proscription of nobles, the young creole chose to serve in the armies under his mother's name; but his legal description under Napoleon and to his death in 1806 carried the name legitimately inherited from his father—General Alexandre Davy de La Pailleterie Dumas. Recent publication of documents of the time has cleared up his relations with Napoleon, who admired the son of thunder's exploits, but was unwilling to overlook his persistent ill-luck.

It cannot be said that research has not succeeded in lightening one of the heavy mysteries of modern history. The mystery is the fate of Louis XVII, the prisoner of the Temple. It has been lightened of the Naundorff incubus. Ernest Daudet, perhaps from his liking for Louis XVIII, of whom he knows more than any living historian, considers the death in the Temple certain. But it is also certain that the prisoner's sister, who was confined with him but kept strictly separated, did not think his survival impossible. And it is probable that Louis XVIII himself had no positive knowledge. Of all the many Pretenders, Naundorff was least likely as a lost Dauphin, and he has had the most lasting success. Round the claims transmitted to his descendants, there has grown up not only a vast literature, but something very like a speculative attempt to get at the Bourbon properties inherited by the ducal family of Parma. This went as far as the French Senate, which drew out a critical study of the case that should dictate the verdict of history—"La Pétition Naundorff au Sénat," by Georges de Manteyer. It is a wonderful work of patient, skilful research in obscure public records and unveils the real life of adventure and want and ambition of Naundorff. There still had to be explained his evident belief in his own stories (for they changed often). This has been undertaken as a case of pathological psychology by Doctors Sérieux and Capgras in "Le Messianisme d'un faux dauphin." A megalomaniac and mystic degenerate, he was obstinate in his belief that he was both Louis XVII and the Elect of God; and his folly was communicative. His wife, in her parallel hallucinations, saw five kings seated on thrones to deliberate about her husband. The facts of this medical consultation are historical, though the conclusions from them have not the weight of proof of Manteyer's study of records without hypothesis. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A list of works illustrated by John Leech is highly needed; none of this draughtsman's bibliographers has presented an adequate summary of his book and magazine illustration, none avoided errors. I venture to offer some discoveries and corrections, made with reference to my own collection largely, which may be of service to the collector who still awaits a Douglas or a Reid for his Leech. Of the chronologies available in print the best is that of Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, which, published in 1892, the year following the appearance of Frith's Life, was designed to supplement that work. The lists compiled by Kitton, Dr. John Brown, Everitt and others, as well as the tables given in the Dictionary of National Biography and the British Museum Catalogue, yield to that of Chambers in respect both of fulness and of accuracy; and I shall use Chambers, therefore, as a working-text for the emendations which follow. I have taken no account of those books of which the publication in parts anticipates the year of publication as accepted, or of editions other than first which have not an individual aspect.

1835. On Leech's early work, information is scarce. His original essay in print appears to have been the "Etchings and Sketchings, by A. Pen, Esq.," published 1835. As lithograph this piece consorts with Leech's other efforts in this *genre* during the same year, of which Chambers cites the two series of individual colored plates published by W. Spooner, "Droll Doings" and "Funny Characters." Related with the Spooner sets, both in style and in general subject-matter, is the "Humorous Sketches," a set of plates published by W. Soffe, not catalogued by any bibliographer. These three series form an item of the late Harry E. Widener's library, so far as I have been able to learn the most complete set, of which Mr. Widener furnished me a syllabus shortly before his death. That a further series, to be called "Boarding School Exclamations," was projected by Leech appears from the subscription "Boarding School Exclamations No. 1," by the artist's hand, to the original sketch in my possession of Plate No. 19 of the "Funny

Characters" set, and some such series may exist in print. Another lithograph unlisted by bibliographers is "The Human Face Divine and De Vino," published by W. Spooner, (probably) in this year. These 1835 lithographs are, throughout, colored, although some are to be found in both states.

1840. "The Bachelor's Walk," Peter Styles, Gentleman (not mentioned in any bibliography).

1840. *Bentley's Miscellany.* A bibliography of Leech's work in *Bentley's* is wanting. This is more serious than in the case of most periodicals which Leech served, partly because of the extent of his work herein (1840-9, 1853-4), and partly because several of Leech's more important collaborators anticipated their first editions in the pages of this magazine. Thus, just as the first edition of "Oliver Twist" and the Cruikshank plates is antedated by the *Bentley Miscellany* issues, so Leech may be found before the first editions of "Ingoldsby," "Richard Savage," and "Mr. Ledbury." The following titles embrace the serial novels for which Leech executed drawings in *Bentley's:* "Stanley Thorn," Henry Cockton, VIII-IX; "Richard Savage," Charles Whitehead, X-XII; "Mr. Ledbury's Grand Tour" ("Mr. Ledbury's Adventures at Home and Abroad," "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and His Friend Jack Johnson"), Albert Smith, XII-XIV; "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," Albert Smith, XV-XVI; "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," Albert Smith, XVII-XVIII, "Brian O'Linn," W. H. Maxwell, XIX-XXI; "Aspen Court," Shirley Brooks, XXXIII-XXXV. Of individual pieces further which Leech illustrated for *Bentley's* there are not less than fifty-eight, including a story by J. Fenimore Cooper (XX, 429).

1840. "Comic English Grammar," Percival Leigh (ascribed to Gilbert à Beckett by F. G. Kitton, "John Leech: A Biographical Sketch," p. 64; by Graham Everitt, "English Caricaturists," p. 407).

1840. "The Ingoldsby Legends," Three Series, 1840, 1842, 1847. The first issue of the first series has p. 236 blank, and an appendix in verse follows p. 338. A quarto edition of "Ingoldsby" was published in 1864 with a new set of Leech's drawings on wood.

1840. Lithographic Cartoons, not in bibliographies: "Is this the General Post, Sir?" and "The Regicide Pot Boy," published by R. Tyas, June 13-20.

1840. *The London Magazine, Charivari,* and *Courrier des Dames.* Vol. II, No. 8, has a frontispiece signed: "Jack Leech done it."

1840. Parody on the Mulready Post-Office Envelope. This *jeu d'esprit* bears the Leech-bottle and the following text: "This design has (most respectfully of course), been submitted to Government by an aspiring Artist Mul—led—al—ready." There is a variant of the parody, without letters and differing in the minor figures.

1841. "Portraits of the Children of the Mobility," Percival Leigh. Eight plates, given as seven in Kitton.

1842. "Richard Savage," Charles Whitehead. Vol. III in some issues of the first edition has an extra plate, "Ludlow's Madness," facing p. 300, which is not carried in the index.

1843. "A Christmas Carol," Charles Dickens. First issue of first edition has green end papers and "Stave I," afterward "Stave One."

1843. "The Comic Album, a Book for Every Table" (Chambers, 1845). Contains plate signed "Leonardo da Vinci delt."

1843. "Jessie Phillips," Mrs. Trollope. Three-volume edition published in 1843 (not in bibliographies); one-volume edition 1844; each a first edition respectively.

1843. "The Wassail Bowl," Albert Smith (in Chambers ascribed to Douglas Jerrold).

1844. "The Comic Album, a Book for Every Table" (Vol. 1, 1843).

1844. "The Comic Arithmetic." There is much confusion over this little work. Kitton and Everitt list "The Comic Arithmetic" in their Leech Chronologies, and Dr. John Brown cites "The Comic *Cocker*" in his. Crowquill, not Leech, illustrated the book, which was republished under the latter name in 1850, together with "The Comic English Grammar" and "The Comic Eton Grammar" (originally "The Comic Latin") in one volume entitled "Paul Prendergast; or, the Comic Schoolmaster." Leech illustrated the English and Eton Grammars, parts i and iii of this work, and the Arithmetic has been ascribed to him not improbably because of its contiguity herewith.

1844. "The Comic Blackstone." Mr. A. W. à Beckett in "The à Becketts of *Punch,*" p. 82, records that Leech made one of the illustrations of this book by G. A. à Beckett. Contemporary advertisements accord the illustrations solely to Cruikshank.

1844. "Nursery Ditties," Mrs. Lullaby (not in the bibliographies).

1844. "Our Fido and His Adventures." Probably unpublished.

1845. "The Chimes," Charles Dickens. First edition in America, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia. Leech's woodcuts in text of the English edition appear as full-page illustrations. Title (by Maclise) lithographed, of English edition engraved.

1845. "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," Albert Smith. J. H. Slater, in "Early Editions," p. 264, collates incorrectly Leech's etchings as, in number, seven, six, and one respectively for the three volumes instead of six, six, and two.

1845-6. "The History of St. Giles and St. James," Douglas Jerrold. *Shilling Magazine,* Vols. I-IV. This novel with Leech's plates, not ascribed in Chambers, was republished in the collected works of Douglas Jerrold, 1863.

1846. "The Cricket on the Hearth," Charles Dickens. Omitted by Chambers and Kitton.

1846. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," Douglas Jerrold. Colored lithographs by Leech to the number of at least five supplement the book, although published separately.

1849. "Toil and Trial," Camilla Toulmin. *Railway Reading,* limp cloth, published together with "The Iron Rule" and "A Story of the West End," in one volume. (Contrast second edition, 1850, in which is substituted Mrs. Harvey's "Double Claim" for these companion pieces.)

1850, *circa.* "A Holiday Book for Christmas and the New Year" (not in bibliographies).

1852. "Comic Tales and Sketches," Albert Smith. A new edition, without date, embraces the same author's "Pictures of Life at Home and Abroad," originally published in 1853.

1852. "The Great Highway," S. W. Fullom. Second edition in one volume of the three-volume first edition in this the same year.

1852. "Picturesque Sketches of London, Past and Present," Thomas Miller (not in bibliographies).

1854. "Pictures of Life and Character," *Punch.* The correct dates of the five series are 1854, 1857, 1862, 1863, 1869.

1857-8. "Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor," William E. Burton, editor (not in the bibliographies).

1857. "Merry Pictures by the Comic Hands." Includes Leech's cuts in "The Comic Latin Grammar," printed with new titles.

1858. "Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports." An edition which incorporated the three-volume first edition in one volume was published in this the same year.

1859. "Nature and Human Nature," Thomas C. Haliburton.

"Wise Saws and Modern Instances," *do.* Neither of these Sam Slick items is to be found in the bibliographies.

1859. *Once a Week.* Leech's work appeared in the first five volumes, 1859-61 (Chambers, 1859-64).

1861. *Punch's Almanacs,* first series (not mentioned as an independent work).

1862. "Sketches in Oil." Catalogue of exhibit at the Auction Mart Gallery (not in the bibliographies).

1863. "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith," John Forster. Fourth edition of "Life and *Adventures,*" 1848.

1865. "Hunting." Twenty-one colored plates, 34x22, after oil sketches.

"Sports and Pastimes." Ten plates of the above. J. H. Slater catalogues the latter in "Illustrated Sporting Books," pp. 116, 191.

1872. "Exhibition of Outlines by the late John Leech" (not in the bibliographies).

1880. *Punch's Almanacs,* second series.

1886. "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," Albert Smith. Reprint containing all the *Bentley* illustrations (Chambers, 1888).

1892. "A Little Tour in Ireland," S. Reynolds Hole. Large paper, limited edition; first edition 1859.

N. D. "The Path of Roses," Frederick Greenwood (not in bibliographies).

Further, of biographical and critical material, as well as of bibliographical, sources are available for a much more extended synopsis than any which has been printed. STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Correspondence

SENATOR HEYBURN, OF IDAHO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many Southern journals are severely criticising Senator Heyburn, of Idaho. One of Solon's laws for Greece was "not to speak ill of the dead." Why should we not prefer to remember the good and forget the evil in a person who may have erred in what he believed to be right? Senator Heyburn was born May 23, 1852, in Delaware County, Pa., and was thus only nine years of age when the South seceded. His parents were Quakers, a people whose religious principles are opposed to war for any cause. He was brought up in a school fanatically antagonistic to the institutions of the South, both political and religious.

With such surroundings, was it not natural that he should imbibe the principles and prejudices of his parents and people, which could have been eradicated from his mind only by his coming South and mingling with its people?

Senator Heyburn was a strong character, with a cultivated intellect, a ready and impressive debater, quick at repartee, with courage and confidence in his own ability. He was a foeman worthy of the steel of the most formidable antagonist on the floor of the Senate. Only such accomplished statesmen as Hon. John Sharp Williams, with the better cause to defend, could cope with him in debate. Evidently a close student, he was always prepared to argue on any question that came before the Senate, and was a smooth, impromptu speaker, who never faltered for the right word, and never revised anything in his speeches after they had been caught by the stenographers.

Let us excuse his one grievous fault—the error of his career in the Senate—that he was not great enough with all his gifts to overcome the prejudices engendered by the environment of his youth. These had crystallized in his breast a burning hatred to the Southern soldiers, which so blinded his judgment that he could not realize their worth after fifty years of loyalty to their oath of allegiance to the Government, which, with a strong arm, had crushed and destroyed their homes and laid their land desolate. Their fathers had left them a heritage in the past of statesmanship in peace and daring in battle (for the old flag which had never met a foreign foe without a blood offering for Old Glory), yet Senator Heyburn could not welcome his brother of the South to a seat in our father's house, the Capitol of our nation.

Is it not better to be charitable to the dead who can no longer defend their character? I prefer to remember the man who had the manliness to come forward and offer me his hand as a token of friendship after I had replied in the way that cut him deepest to his tirade of abuse against the Confederacy, and to his imputation on the character of our best beloved chief, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

I would in a spirit of love for frail humanity plant a flower on Senator Heyburn's grave that should fill the atmosphere with a fragrance of sweetest love, that should dispel every odor of hate from his memory. *Requiescat in pace.* James Gordon,

Ex.-U. S. Senator for Mississippi.

Okolona, Miss., November 5.

THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are several samples of incorrect reasoning in your editorial on "Metaphysical Standards of Living" (*Nation*, November 7). To take a single example, you say: "The non-metaphysical mind insists on asking, Where has the American workingman vanished to? Evidently, he must have vanished either up or down." This sounds like a sample of what Burke called "the smartness of debate." A thing may vanish by becoming non-existent.

But what is to be gained by such quibbles? Why not face the issue squarely, and take sides definitely upon it? There are two questions upon which the issue of restricting immigration depends. The first is, Would the restriction of immigration make unskilled labor scarcer and harder to find, or would it not? The second is, Is it, or is it not, desirable that unskilled labor should be scarcer and harder to find than it now is?

As to the first question, there is not likely to be much difference of opinion. The opponents of restriction generally use as one of their arguments the need of more unskilled labor. That indicates pretty clearly their belief that restriction would interfere with the supplying of that need; that is, that it would make unskilled labor scarcer and harder to find. As to the second question, there is likely to be a difference of opinion. Opponents of restriction doubtless think it undesirable that labor should be scarcer and harder to find. As a restrictionist, I, for one, wish to say clearly and emphatically that I think it desirable that unskilled labor should be very much scarcer and harder to find. I realize, of course, that this means a certain curtailment of production, and a retardation of the rate of increase in national wealth. But I think that the advantages would outweigh the disadvantages.

So long as labor of any kind is abundant and easy to find, so long will the laborers have to hunt for work, and take what is offered. Being unable to choose their jobs, they will have to work under dangerous and unsatisfactory conditions. Then we shall be wasting our time on such palliation as factory inspection and a thousand and one other schemes for protecting the laborer. When labor is scarce and hard to find, then the laborer can choose his job, and the employer will, without legal compulsion, see that conditions are made attractive, and we shall be rid of most of this flood of "social" legislation. The writer is, further, of the opinion that a state of society where the employer has only to hang out a sign, "Man Wanted," and wait for men to apply, in order that he may choose, is less desirable, on the whole, than a state where the laborer has only to hang out a sign, "Job Wanted," and wait for jobs to come in order that he may choose the one he likes best. Under the first condition, the term wage-slavery has a meaning sufficiently near the truth to make revolutionists. Under the second state, no one could use such a term with a straight face. T. N. Carver.

Cambridge, Mass., November 8.

HONOR AMONG ARTISTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It would be well if something analogous to pure food laws could be brought to bear upon artists. There is altogether too much shoddy work issued over the signatures of artists who have had higher standards and fairer ideals. The chief offenders in this respect seem to have chosen the covers of popular magazines as their peculiar field. The perpetrators of these covers may be the first, I fear, to cry, "By what standards shall our art be judged, and who, pray, are to be the critics?" That difficulty is not insurmountable, as is shown by the work of such illustrators as Maxfield Parrish, J. C. Leyendecker, A. I. Keller, and Howard Pyle, which is often excellent and which offers a convenient standard.

The progress of the modern illustrator is often as follows: He works hard and conscientiously, persevering, in spite of obstacles and rebuffs, until his work is recognized as possessing good qualities, and then the publishers are ready to exploit it. They flood the market with widely advertised reproductions of his drawings. The demand is then established. Too frequently a year will mark a decided change in the quality of the work. The "characteristic" elements of the drawings increase, but the excellencies fade away and are gone. We are surfeited with the mawkishly sentimental and sickly sweet productions of men who have done first-class work and would still do it if a healthful stimulus were applied by the publishers. C. F. Kelley.

University of Illinois, November 14.

THE LOEB LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Ever since I heard of the project of the Loeb Library, I have eagerly and impatiently looked forward to its issue. My disappointment has been proportionately keen in finding the English version of Euripides to be in verse.

Surely, the library is intended for the lover of literature, who, though a decent classical scholar, has not sufficient learning or sufficient time to read Greek and Latin unaided, and its purpose must be to enable him to get a first-hand knowledge of the classics without recourse to grammar and lexicon. To serve this purpose, what is needed is a sufficiently literal, yet idiomatic, prose translation, written in smooth, harmonious, but unmetrical English. I mean such a translation as is found in the Dante of the Temple Classics. I look upon the text of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" in those little volumes (the translation of the "Paradiso" leaves much to be desired) as models of what such a bi-lingual edition should be.

Surely, none of the arguments have place here which are pertinent to verse translations of classical authors unaccompanied by the original text. If the reader of the poets of the Loeb Library has not sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to get the rhythm, the verse quality, of his author, this edition is not for him; it can serve only a shallow pretence of learning. There are plenty of good verse translations ready to his need. If, on the other hand, the reader can get the metrical value in the original, he cannot afford the inevitable loss in closeness of rendering entailed by a translation in verse.

There is the further consideration of the continual jar which must follow the transition from great poetry to fairly good verse.

If there are others who feel as I do, I wish that they would join with me in deprecating the use of verse translations in any of the volumes to come.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

New York, November 9.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Every lover of literature will join in the welcome given in your editorial of November 7 to the Loeb Classical Library, but surely it may be permitted to express a regret that the volumes are so unattractively printed. The paper is sometimes imperfectly opaque, and the type is not attractive. Certainly there is no excuse for using such a poor fount of Roman letters, and even for the Greek letters there are beautiful founts, such as the one designed by Mr. Selwyn Image, the use of which might perhaps have been obtained for publications so disinterested in purpose. As presumably one of the objects of this series is to attract readers, and as one of the most important lessons to be learned from the ancient civilizations is that the smallest details of life may be artistically ordered, this failure to print the books beautifully must be considered a great opportunity wasted. FRANK WRIGHT.

Cambridge, Mass., November 10.

Literature

CHANNING'S HISTORY.

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Vol. III: The American Revolution, 1761-1789. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The third volume of Professor Channing's great undertaking, which for two years past the publishers have been announcing as "forthcoming," has at last arrived. If there is any reproach in this "at last," it is not intended for the author. In an age of specialists, when, as Leslie Stephen says, an event takes longer to describe than to occur, one can but admire the courage of any historian who proposes single-handed, and hampered by the scholar's conscience, to write a comprehensive history covering the last four centuries. Every page of Professor Channing's book bears witness that he has the scholar's conscience. It is true he does not profess to have "exhausted" the sources. He frankly confesses that it is impossible for one man to master "even a tithe of this material." But he has mastered a good part of it. In respect to the printed sources, his scholarship is eminently sound and discriminating. How sound and discriminating it is, one does not perhaps perceive at first, carried along by the easy narrative, by a certain charm in the style, so direct and lucid, so unlabored, so pliantly responsible to the exact pressure of the thought it is designed to convey. But in the end, aware that all this ease and precision comes of much information well meditated, one is inclined to marvel at the rapidity with which Professor Channing proceeds with his task.

The Revolution has most often been regarded as nothing more than a contest for home rule which ended in rebellion and independence. Historians have aimed to exhibit the causes of this contest, to estimate the justice or the expediency of the British policy on the one side, the justice or the necessity of colonial resistance on the other, to explain how it was that attempts at conciliation failed, and how, in the resort to arms, the colonists were able to succeed against so formidable an enemy. Until recently, American writers have not sympathized with or very well understood the imperial interests which determined British policy. They have accordingly been rather partial to the revolutionists. English writers until recently have not understood imperial interests very well, either, but they have said what they could for British policy, and have been willing enough to discount the value of patriot rhetoric. But during the last twenty years a good deal of material which throws new light on imperial interests has been exploited by both American and English scholars, while at the same time the shifting of international alliances has contributed to establish more friendly relations between the people of the two countries. The result is that American historians have become so keen to understand the old colonial system as a whole, and English historians have become so generous in their estimates of our heroic age, that it is no longer possible to determine the conclusions of a writer on the Revolution by his nationality; and, in fact, one can now get good Whig doctrine, and occasionally a little refined and acceptable Whig *blague*, from Sir George Otto Trevelyan, while most excellent Tory sarcasms are to be had in abundance from Mr. Sidney George Fisher.

Professor Channing seems not to have been greatly impressed by this exchange of amenities. He is a Whig still, with an occasional sarcasm, but without any *blague* at all. As he tells it, the story of the Revolution is wonderfully free from inaccuracies and exaggerations of the sort to which American writers were once prone. In presenting the arguments used by the colonists to justify resistance, he gives them fairly and for what they are worth, but he gives the arguments on the other side, too. The famous theory about taxation and representation is carefully analyzed, and we learn how it was understood in England as well as how it was understood in the colonies. That the colonists systematically evaded the acts of trade and navigation is not glossed over. The measures of Grenville are not interpreted as embodying a brand-new policy designed to enslave the colonists, but only as an effort, for the most part, to make the old policy effective: to say that the measures of Townshend "re-established the colonial system" is to hit the mark admirably. The "Massacre" is dispatched in a few lines; the worthless story of Almon about the "political trick" concealed in the tea legislation is not repeated; the Quebec act is interpreted as the sequel of the Proclamation of 1763 rather than as a part of the coercive measures of 1774. Many examples might be given to illustrate Professor Channing's freedom from anti-British prejudice. On the other hand, he has not been seduced by a certain prevailing fashion to regard the Revolution as a tawdry affair staged by smugglers and justified by cheap rhetoric. For example, he understands the principles of the Declaration, and in a few sentences he defines these principles, as they were understood in the eighteenth century; and so understood, it may be said in passing, they have not even yet lost all significance.

Freed from exaggeration and prejudice as the story certainly is, it is still, in its essential meaning, the story with which we are familiar. "Commercialism, the desire for advantage and profit in trade and industry, was at the bottom of the struggle between England and America; the immutable principles of human association were brought forward to justify resistance to British selfishness." This is the thesis. In the main it is defensible. But attributing "selfishness" to the British alone leaves one with the impression that only the British were selfish; that it was right for the colonists to seek advantage and profit in trade, but wrong for Englishmen to do so. And the narrative as a whole does not remove this impression; the colonists, we are led to suppose, were united in meeting an unjust attempt at exploitation by legitimate resistance, and so won independence. And they won it, apparently, because they were justified: "The modern American student sees in the third George no mere tyrant, no misguided monarch, but an instrument of a benign providence bringing, through pain and misery, benefit to the human race." It is doubtless comforting to feel that one's own country has been set down in the heavenly decrees as a most favored nation. Still, it is possible to believe that if a benign providence had made the third George as intelligent as it made him honest, some of the pain and misery might have been avoided, without prejudice to the human race. Perhaps this point of view might have appealed more strongly to Professor Channing if he had regarded the struggle for home rule as a conflict between diverging interests, selfish or not as one likes to suppose, but surely as selfish on the one side as on the other; and one is apt to think that he would have so regarded it if he had understood the needs and institutions of the British Empire as sympathetically as he has understood the needs and institutions of the thirteen colonies.

The desire of the colonists for home rule, Professor Channing understands very well. But there is another aspect of the Revolution, not so important, perhaps, as the contest for home rule, but still very important, which he seems not to understand at all, or at least not to have made much of. This may be called the class conflict within the colonies themselves. By the middle of the century there existed in nearly every colony a little aristocracy, based principally on wealth, a group of closely related families, aping the English gentry, getting their clothes cut in London, and having, on their walls, oil portraits of their great grand-parents, whose Christian names they knew. These families, familiar with the Governor, intrenched in the Council, controlling the Assembly through their "interests," much as the English aristocracy controlled the House of Commons, dominated colonial politics and society. Hanging to the skirts of these people were many others, well-to-do, seeking recognition, and getting as much of it as they were worth. But altogether outside of this aristocracy and its hangers-on there was another class, already formed and rapidly increasing in numbers, with different interests and ideals—small farmers in the back-country, which was being rapidly settled by German and Scotch-Irish immigrants, unfranchised artisans and workmen in the cities, debtors, ambitious young lawyers with a talent for harangue, dissenting ministers whose Princetonian Presbyterianism had been touched by the latter-day spirit of Geneva. By 1760 the conflict among these classes for control of the colonial governments had already begun: it was the conflict between "East" and "West," between franchised and unfranchised, rich and poor, between common-weal and special privilege, which, in one form or another, has characterized American history ever since.

Now, inasmuch as Professor Channing makes little or nothing of this aspect of the period, the conflict with England appears, in his narrative, much simpler than it really was. He says that the colonists were united in desiring home rule; and that is essentially true. But, then, what is the meaning of the opposition of tide-water to upland in Virginia, of Quaker to German in Pennsylvania, of merchants to mechanics in New York? What is the significance of the bitter struggle between radical and conservative for control of committees and congresses? Why did some people —Professor Channing mentions one of them, "Edmund Pendleton, who was naturally a conservative"—wish to nullify the Stamp Act by not carrying on any business which necessitated the use of stamps, while others wished to nullify it by carrying on business precisely as if no Stamp Act had been passed? Was it indeed merely a difference of temperament, a polite disagreement over the method of resistance? The truth is that the conservative class, which included those who later became loyalists, was between two fires; it feared the rising democratic spirit in the colonies almost as much as it feared the encroachments of the English Government. It sought therefore to control the movement for home rule, and so to conduct it as to maintain its privileges against British interference without extending them to the unfranchised classes in the colonies. It was difficult to do this. The mob was very useful in nullifying a Stamp Act; but it was difficult for the conservatives, having grown eloquent about the rights of man in their petitions to the King, to explain the rights of property to their brothers at home. The dilemma of the conservatives was the opportunity of the radicals—all those, that is to say, who had little to lose and much to gain. The radicals desired something more than home rule for the rich and the well-born; they therefore used the home-rule issue to break the power of the colonial aristocracy.

And this opposition of interests and ideals, which entered into and complicated the question of home rule, became the very substance of American history after the war was over. But Professor Channing's neglect of this aspect of the Revolution makes his treatment of the period from 1783 to 1789, excellent as it is in many ways, somewhat unsatisfactory from the point of view of origins; just how the issues of these years—the formation of parties, the financial troubles, social insurrections, the establishment of a new Constitution—grew out of the class conflicts of the earlier period, is not made quite clear. From 1760 to 1830 the persistent issue in our history was the conflict of democratic and aristocratic interests and ideals. Perhaps this was the primary issue even in the Revolution; it certainly was in 1789 and in 1828. The Radicals won much in the Revolution; they lost a good deal in 1789, and won something in 1800; but when Andrew Jackson, the backwoodsman of Scotch-Irish descent who could fight better than he could spell, broke the power of the Virginia dynasty and destroyed the United States Bank, then for the first time the frontier democracy came into its own.

CURRENT FICTION.

Cease Firing. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Johnston here carries on her story of the Civil War from the point at which "The Long Roll" left it. Many of the same figures appear. Richard Cleave, who was under a cloud when we parted with him at the end of the earlier narrative, is here restored and glorified in due course. Judith Cary and the title of General are not too good for him. Maury Stafford, the villain, gets his deserts also. But this straightening out of the Cleave affair is incidental. Another young pair take the centre of the scene for romantic interest. Judith Cary, it will be recalled, has a brother Edward. Serving as a private in the Confederate army, he finds his Désirée on a Louisiana plantation. Her father and brothers are with the army, and she is left in charge of the great estate and a hundred slaves. It is night. The river is rising. Already there is a break in the levee. By the light of a blazing tar-barrel, beautiful Désirée is superintending the work of reconstruction: if the levee gives way the whole plantation will be ruined:

> She was standing high, beneath her heaped logs, behind her the night. She had clasped around her throat a soldier's cloak. The wind raised it, blew it outward, the crimson lining gleaming in the torchlight. All the red light beat upon her, upon the blowing hair, upon the deep eyes and parted lips, the outstretched arm and pointing hand, the dress of some bronze and clinging stuff, the bent knee, the foot raised upon a log higher than its fellows. The out-flung and lifted cloak had the seeming of the floating drapery in some great canvas, billowing mantle of heroine, saint, or genius.

She *is* a heroine, and this is evidently the nick of time for the hero to appear. He did. Edward Cary, separated from his regiment, happened on the scene—"saw her and loved her." Miss Johnston is in the habit of making rather more use of the long arm of coincidence than a writer of narrative needs. Fate parts the lovers, but arranges Edward's return to the plantation at the very moment when the sapping of the river brings about the total collapse of the mansion which, he supposes, holds Désirée. In the end, when Désirée (having been murdered by some drunken Yankee soldiers) is on the point of death, fate brings Edward, himself mortally wounded, to her side. In all this business of "heart interest" Miss Johnston follows the broad romantic tradition—is still the Miss Johnston of "Audrey" and "To Have and to Hold." Her style is inflated, and there is little or no natural dialogue in her pages. The speech of her people is bookish, strained, often hysterical. Such merit as these pictures of the Civil War have is the merit of brilliantly colored panorama. Gen. Lee is the central figure in this stretch of canvas, as Gen. Jackson was in the earlier.

The Collectors: Being Cases Mostly Under the Ninth and Tenth Commandments. By Frank Jewett Mather, jr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

If the owner of this prettily made book will turn to page 49, he will find this sentiment: "I confessed my innermost ambition, the creation of a criticism learned and judicial in substance, but impressionistic in form." The words are from the mouth of the imaginary reciter of one of the stories in the book, but no reader of Mr. Mather's signed articles in the Art section of the *Nation* need be told how precisely they express the spirit and style of his own critical writing in that field. Now we have the same play of learning and fancy applied to fiction, with results that are as novel as they are entertaining. Each of the stories has some bit of strange art lore as its theme—the forgery of Corots in New York by a starving artist who is half-visionary and half-charlatan; the cherishing of a false Giorgione by a great art critic and the strange appearance of the picture in a Spanish castle; the tangle of a German professor's mind between love and Lombard runes; the temptation and fall of a collector who is poor and married; the intrusion of a coveted Crevelli between the union of two rare hearts; the rivalry of two friends over deep-buried pots of Italian lustre; the selling of a forged coronal. But withal, the author's knowledge of art and deep initiation into all the intricate ways of collector and dealer are kept subordinate to the story. In that elusive region of the soul where æsthetic sense and moral feeling merge together he has discovered a fascinating field for analysis and sympathy which, as it appears in these tales, has scarcely been touched before in fiction.

The style of the book verges sufficiently towards the "precious" to suit the subtlety of the theme, yet without falling into artificiality or effeminacy. Only once or twice an annoying solecism has crept in which could well have been avoided.

The Long Portage. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is in substance much like Mr. Bindloss's earlier stories. It deals, that is, with the illumining experience of the conventional Briton in the unfamiliar Northwest. We do not say the unconventional Northwest, because it is perfectly clear that the wilderness, the rough life of the frontier, is as strictly ruled by conventions as the smoothest of English country-house existences. It is as purely a matter of obligation that one should starve and freeze and toil painfully for small immediate rewards in the one field of activity, as that one should stuff, and bask, and idle to one's heart's content and soul's disease in the other.

The hero in this instance is a Canadian of the second generation, who, brought up to the rigors of frontier life, has finally "made his pile" as a miner. He visits England for the first time on a quest undertaken to vindicate the memory of a fellow-frontiersman. A villain is involved in the person of a country gentleman, and a heroine in the person of the young lady of the old school whom that country gentleman designs to marry. He is really guilty of the dishonor which he has foisted upon our hero's dead friend. The story culminates in a sensational gathering of all the persons chiefly concerned on that far Northern portage, the scene of the reputed crime—which is not really a crime at all. The heroine, who loves the hero, there contrives to find cause for engaging herself to marry the villain. But it is the easiest matter in the world for his creator to rid us of him by drowning him at the moment when he is caught trying to conceal the evidences of his guilt, such as it is. And, of course, that makes everything pleasant for everybody concerned, and fits the heroine of the old school to become the happy bride of the hero of the new.

Azalea. By Elia W. Peattie. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

This is a charming little story of a girl in the Blue Ridge Mountains. It is for youth, and it stands the only true test of such reading. The elders will like it. Mrs. Peattie writes with authority of the wild Carolinas. She paints lovingly the beautiful scenery, understandingly the mountaineers, whether they are the simple, pious folk who farm their acres or the moonshiners who may defy the Government, yet have hearts for their fellow-beings. In telling the tale of a child saved, but so as by fire, from the hard life of a travelling show, she contrives to picture vividly the region, its landscape, figures, and atmosphere. Sombre, even tragic, episodes are introduced, but none which is unwholesome. The air is that of the mountains whence cometh help.

THE CLASSICS.

Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse. Ten volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net each.

It is proper to say at once that this first instalment of the Loeb Library promises well in a general way for an undertaking which is magnificent in conception and which may, if carried to the end, accomplish a great work. The design, as is well known by this time, is to print the whole body of classical and early Christian literature, Greek and Latin, with an English translation on opposite pages. It appears from the volumes now before us that a few textual notes will be given and occasionally an explanatory note; the latter office, however, is chiefly performed by full indexes, and for these every reader will be highly grateful. Brief, but sufficient, biographical and bibliographical introductions are added. The scheme of the editing is excellent; the needs and taste of the gentleman scholar have been well considered and adequately provided for. And the books are superb cribs! But the fact cannot be overlooked that the physical make-up is not entirely satisfactory. In the Latin volumes before us the page is fairly good, the paper opaque and the type clear; but four of the five Greek volumes are printed on paper so thin that the type shows through in a manner distressing to the eyes. At any cost to the purchaser, the Greek authors in the future should have fewer pages to the volume, and, as a consequence, thicker paper. The size will, we think, meet with general approval. These are real books, but they are still small enough to be conveniently carried about. One could wish that the binding were a bit less flimsy.

We have dwelt at some length on these physical qualities, because they are really, in a publication of this kind, of the first importance. The books are not intended primarily for professional students of Greek and Latin, and for other readers a clearly printed page will probably mean more than a perfectly accurate text and translation—though these things, too, are desirable.

The ten volumes now issued include Terence (2 vols.), Propertius (1 vol.), St. Augustine's "Confessions" (2 vols.), Euripides (2 vols., to be complete in four), The Apostolic Fathers (1 vol., to be complete in two), Philostratus's "Life of Apollonius of Tyana" (2 vols.); and ten more volumes are promised for December. For the St. Augustine, the editor, Dr. Rouse, has wisely made a reprint of Watts's translation of 1631, with various corrections; the result is excellent. The prose version of Terence, by J. Sargeaunt, of Westminster School, has caught the spirit of the original capitally; it is in idiomatic English, yet follows the Latin close enough to serve as lexicon and phrase book. In reading through one of the plays we have been particularly struck by the translator's skill in conveying the sense of plainly spoken passages without offence to modern taste. Quite as good is Prof. H. E. Butler's prose rendering of Propertius. We are tempted to copy out a few lines of the *Qualis Thesea,* to show his skill in dealing with what is perhaps the sweetest love-poem in the Latin tongue:

> Hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus omnes,
>   Molliter impresso conor adire toro;
> Et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent
>   Hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,
> Subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto
>   Osculaque admota sumere avara manu,
> Non tamen ausus eram dominæ turbare quietem,
>   Expertæ metuens iurgia sævitiæ;
> Sed sic intentis hærebam fixus ocellis,
>   Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos.

Not yet were all my senses drowned, and I strove to approach her where she lay, and lightly pressed against her couch. And although a twofold frenzy had laid hold upon me, and the two inexorable gods of wine and love urged on this side and on that, with gentle touch I tried to pass mine

> arm about her where she lay, and with outstretched hand take passionate toll of kisses; yet I had not dared to break in upon my mistress's rest (for I feared the bitter chidings of that cruel tongue, so oft endured by me), but fixed my gaze upon her with tireless eyes, even as Argus glared on the strange hornèd brow of the daughter of Inachus.

This is all good, but the touch in rendering the difficult phrase *oscula . . . manu* is finer than would be expected.

Of the Greek volumes we must speak briefly. Prof. Kirsopp Lake's work on the Apostolic Fathers has been something more than translation. The difficult problems of text and authorship have been treated briefly but authoritatively. F. C. Conybeare's version of the "Apollonius" follows the windings of Philostratus's style with great cleverness and with exquisite knowledge of Hellenic Greek. We think that a fuller system of punctuation in the Greek text would have made it less fatiguing to read, and we have noted several misprints. The letters of Apollonius and the diatribe of Eusebius are added. The Euripides reproduces the verse translation of A. S. Way, with some revision bringing it to conform more closely with the original. Mr. Way's version is in itself good, but we are convinced that for the purpose of this edition a prose rendering is more desirable.

The Provincial American and Other Papers. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Those who inhabit the great wilderness west of the Alleghany Mountains will find a good word of cheer in Mr. Nicholson's essays. On the other hand, certain readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*—to which most of the papers were originally contributed—must have learned with a shock of surprise that one can exist and even be happy far from the refinement and luxury that characterize society in the older commonwealths, such as Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. Of course, to men who take their daily walk by Boston Frog Pond or down the Great White Way, it will always seem a strange and a terrible thing to live in Indiana. In the mushroom towns of the Middle West one must dispense, to be sure, with many of those features of a riper civilization which constitute the charm of New England villages. While the cousin on the Atlantic Coast revels in the roads that his great-great-grandfather made, in his one-horse shay, in his wood stoves, dug wells, and kerosene lamps, the Western provincial must put up with the drawbacks of a new country—with paved streets, motor cars, hot-water heat, city water, and electric lights. Yet the buoyant choragus of the Indiana school raises no complaint against the destiny which has cast his lot in the midst of the vast plain that extends in unbroken solemnity to the foot of the Rockies. He intimates that, while Columbia is rearing her foundlings in the metropolis, it is in the giant cradle ribbed by two mountain ranges that she is rocking the genuine children of the republic.

In his wide neighborhood one does not restrict one's acquaintances to the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. One is bred in the tolerant catholic spirit of the American nation, and cannot understand why all the protestant Smiths should not unite in one grand institutional church. One takes a broad outlook and nourishes great designs, brags with his fellow citizens in public, and in private laughs at them and at himself, boasts that he leads the world, and pats himself on the back when he has improved the methods of skimming milk or invented a more rapid buttonhook. Nor is the felicity of the provincial grounded solely upon his material triumphs. Even in Indiana there are memories and traditions; there are exclusive literary clubs and men who take their cue from Matthew Arnold; there is political uplift and poetical progress; there are the bones of heroes and *lacrimæ rerum;* there are imperishable footprints of Eggleston and Lew Wallace, of Benjamin Harrison and Hendricks, of James Whitcomb Riley and Booth Tarkington and George Ade. Why should an Indiana novelist cry out on the strumpet Fortune? Even in Indiana one may construct castles of card-board, and people them with marionettes, and become a "best-seller," and be translated into French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. Who would not wish to be a provincial?

Tramps through Tyrol: Life, Sport, and Legend. By Frederick Wolcott Stoddard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

Gates of the Dolomites. By L. Marion Davidson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

The growing interest in the Dolomite region is reflected in the two volumes before us. Mr. Stoddard's account, while covering the whole of Tyrol, is devoted very largely to those unique peaks which affect the beholder as no other mountains do. In his words,

> the Dolomites amaze and enthrall. They are totally unlike any mountains one has seen before, or will ever see again. No two dolomites resemble each other, and it is impossible to describe, intelligently, their infinite variety of form and color. Towers, battlements, obelisks, pinnacles, and the ruined masonry of ancient castles and fortresses appear to surmount the sheer walls, with their fissures and cañons, which rise at times several thousand feet high. Varying lights produce strange transformation scenes among the Dolomites; the ravine becomes a pinnacle, and the battlement melts into a rocky chasm.

His descriptions of the picturesque valleys enclosed by these wonderful peaks are as attractive as his illustrations, and he has caught the peculiar charm which impresses towns like Bozen and Cortina upon the memory of the traveller. Any one who has looked upon the statue of Walther von der Vogelweide, on the principal square of Bozen, and has seen the Dolomites from the incomparable Erzherzog-Heinrich promenade in Gries (Bozen's suburb) must have felt that Switzerland offers no similar combination of scenic beauty, poetic charm, and, let us add, physical comfort in walking. Only in Austria can you find rose-embowered paths, which zigzag so gently up mountain slopes a thousand feet in height as to give one a sense of walking on the level. Mr. Stoddard has an equally keen eye for the wilder aspects of Tyrolese landscape, whose dangers hold no terrors for him, and he depicts throughout the land and its people with a skilful pen. His account of the Dolomites is a welcome addition to the literature of a region which, first disclosed in 1864 by Gilbert and Churchill, and since made better known by Amelia B. Edwards—among many others—has not yet been sufficiently explored by the Alpine tourist.

Mr. Stoddard's plea for the pronunciation in English of "Tyrōl" with the German o, in place of the uneuphonious "Tyr-ol," is well worth heeding, and he ought to be universally followed in his omission of "the" before the name of the country. It is to be regretted, however, that even he occasionally adds to the prevailing confusion due to speaking of "the Austrian Tyrol," by referring to "Italian Tyrol" (p. 194) instead of Trentino. Generally accurate as the book is, it is not free from minor mistakes. "Amras" for Ambras occurs repeatedly, as does "Krona" for Krone. "Field-Marshal Baron von Pidoll," referred to in the preface, is only a "Feldmarschall-Lieutenant" (there is no field-marshal in the Austrian army), nor are there "Grand Dukes" in Austria, while, on the other hand, there *are* barons in the ranks of the aristocracy, the contrary apparently being implied in the statement on page 22. The admirable map in Mr. Stoddard's volume deserves a special word of praise.

Miss Davidson's book is a minute, chatty, and very useful account of the various approaches to the Dolomites, but the story of her wanderings lacks literary skill, and the proof-reading is so defective as to interfere seriously with one's enjoyment of her glowing accounts of what she has seen. So much enthusiasm for the majestic Grossglockner seems incongruous with the constant misspelling of its name, alternately as

"Grosse Glockner" and "Gross Glöckner," and there are scores of such blemishes as "Salzbourg," "Innsbrück," and "Harpinger" (for Haspinger). The illustrations are inferior to those in Mr. Stoddard's book, but the best of all these reproductions of mountain scenery and village life do not equal in naturalness and simple charm the old-fashioned wood-cuts in such works as "Die österreichisch-ungarische Monarchie in Wort und Bild" (Volume "Tirol und Vorarlberg").

Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar in Relation to Contemporary Affairs. By James Jackson Higginson. Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.

The present volume embodies the most searching analysis that has yet been made of the various problems which are raised by Spenser's poem, and if the results are more largely negative than the author is willing to admit, this is due to the meagreness of the data rather than to any want of industry or acumen on his part. The book, however, is marred by the writer's singular ignorance of a fact of capital importance in the poet's life during the period under consideration—namely, that he was in 1578 private secretary to John Young, Bishop of Rochester. We should have thought that all Spenserian students were familiar with the most important finds of our generation relating to the poet—those which were described by Dr. Israel Gollancz in a paper read before the British Academy on November 29, 1907. One of these finds was Spenser's own copy of the "Faerie Queene" containing, among other things in the author's handwriting, an early draft of the first sonnet in the "Amoretti"; the other was a collection of books of travel bound together which formerly belonged to Gabriel Harvey, one item in the collection, "The Traveiler of Ierome Turler," bearing on its title-page in Harvey's handwriting the following statement: *Ex dono Edmundij Spenserij, Episcopi Roffensis Secretarij, 1578.* Before this simple fact the whole elaborate structure of Mr. Higginson's interpretation of the tale of the Shepherd Roffy or Roffynn, his dog Lowder, and the Wolf, in the September eclogue virtually crumbles to pieces. The discovery makes it plain that Grosart was right in identifying the shepherd with Young, Bishop of Rochester, who had previously been Master of Pembroke Hall (Spenser's own college) at Cambridge. The key to this obscure allegory then must be sought in Young's life and not in Lord North's attempted spoliation of Bishop Cox.

Ignorance of the above-mentioned phase of Spenser's career again vitiates to a considerable extent the author's discussion of the poet's biography during the years 1576-1580, for this discussion is based on the assumption that Spenser remained in the vicinity of Cambridge from the time that he left the University until he made the acquaintance of Sidney or Leicester. Still further, Spenser's relations to Young have a direct bearing on Mr. Higginson's theory in regard to the poet's supposed bitter hostility towards Anglicanism. The fact that Spenser was a Puritan in his views—at least, in his early life—is not open to serious question; but would a thoroughgoing Anglican like Young have appointed the poet to so confidential a position as that of private secretary, if the views of the latter had been so extreme as our author assumes? It is to be remembered that Young had been master of Spenser's college through the whole seven years of the poet's residence there, so that he could not possibly have been ignorant of Spenser's opinions in matters of religious doctrine and church government. These considerations weaken measurably the force of Mr. Higginson's otherwise very plausible argument regarding the May and September eclogues, that the identification of the objects of the poet's attacks with the Catholics, which we find in E. K.'s commentary, was merely a blind, these attacks being really aimed at the Anglican clergy. It seems to us most probable that Spenser was not denouncing the Anglican clergy *per se*, but merely those who perpetuated what he and his fellow-Puritans conceived to be the characteristic abuses of the old Catholic régime. We meet with such invectives against corruptions of the priesthood in every period of the history of the Christian Church, and it is to be remembered that at the time that the "Shepheard's Calendar" was written the distinction between Catholic and Anglican was not so sharply defined as later on.

As regards the interpretation of the February eclogue, the fable of the Oak and the Briar, as a covert attack on Burghley for his share in the execution of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572, we confess that this interpretation does not seem to us to stand on any better footing than the somewhat similar one of E. A. Greenlaw, which the author rejects. To start with, one may ask, if, as Mr. Higginson supposes, Spenser was afraid to circulate after September 27, 1579 (the date of the Queen's proclamation against John Stubbs on account of a pamphlet criticising the French marriage), his disguised attack on Burghley contained in "Mother Hubberd's Tale," why should he not have been afraid, on December 5, to license such an attack on the same minister in his February eclogue? Apart from this consideration, we see no analogy whatever between Spenser's fable and the Norfolk affair. In what sense did the most powerful man in the kingdom, who continued Elizabeth's chief Minister for more than twenty-five years after Norfolk's downfall, resemble the weak briar which withered after the husbandman had felled the oak against which it complained? The truth is that there is no tittle of evidence that the fable of this second eclogue has any allegorical significance whatever. Mr. Higginson urges against Mr. Greenlaw that where Spenser's satire is ecclesiastical, the object of attack is not left in doubt. But in the "Shepheard's Calendar" the only certain satire is directed against the Church, so that if in the February eclogue no satirical intention is indicated by the poet, and such an intention is indeed expressly disclaimed by his commentator, there is no reason to believe that any is present. One notes in this case, as throughout the work, a tendency which, under German influence, is becoming dangerously common in the productions of American scholarship—namely, to accept elaborated fancy as fact.

Despite the above strictures, we do not wish to deny that this is a treatise of decided ability. The biographical part, especially, possesses, on the whole, an unquestionable value. We may not agree with the writer that Rosalind was merely a patroness of the poet, or that Spenser, Sidney, and their friends ever really organized a literary club, but we believe that he has defined accurately the relations of the poet to Sidney and Leicester. Of particular interest is his convincing argument that Leicester had nothing to do with the poet's appointment as secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton in Ireland. The book, in fine, is one which all Spenser students should welcome.

Historical Sociology. By Frank Granger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35 net.

Professor Granger calls his latest work a "Textbook of Politics." Sociology is the theory of human fellowship, and politics is becoming more and more its bond servant. A primary need of the student of sociology is to acquaint himself with the best means of determining the facts of his science. Speculations based upon insufficient data are, we are told, the bane of modern politics, because, owing to the greater readiness of modern executives, they often lead to action. And action without careful consideration of the whole of the facts leads to consequences which are usually in part disastrous.

The course of modern politics precludes our dismissing such statements as these as mere truisms. Professor Granger, indeed, is not unwarranted in asserting that "we must rediscover for ourselves the significance of the obvious." His present work is a real aid in accomplishing this task. It is agreeable reading; it is far from being a vehicle for preconceived ideas; it is crowded with observations, many of them exceptionally acute, gathered from all ages and all climates. Much that he says brings to mind the statement of a distinguished American some years ago, that the task of science is largely to reverse the appearance of things.

Sociology is both a synthetic and a positive science. On the one hand, there is the positive increase in knowledge which takes place when discoveries are made. On the other hand, our knowledge is increased when we set in better order what is already known, and draw conclusions from it. Indeed, the value of the study of sociology is only vindicated when we can use it to draw new and fruitful conclusions. To confine one's self to the positive side of sociology is the mark of a rationalist. He arranges facts and forms inferences from them in their isolation from man, and thus leaves out the special factors which are introduced by man's individual character. Since man not only lives in the world, but makes it and judges it, no merely positive interpretation of social life can be adequate. For it leaves out of account all judgments of value. Sociology sets up a standard of value, therefore, by which it measures things. As metaphysics sets up the standard of the "real," as logic sets up the standard of the "consistent," so sociology sets up the standard of the "conscious individual." Sociology, then, is the study of social facts in the light of mental and moral science; that is, in the light of our knowledge of man as a conscious and moral being.

The present work is concerned not only with the constitution of the groups which go together to make up the huge societies of men which we call nations: it also considers the chief motives which lead to changes, to reforms, and revolutions. That is, it falls naturally into two parts, one treating of sociological statics, the other of sociological dynamics. Professor Granger's hope is that, by explaining the past, we may be able, using the same methods, to forecast some of the probable events of the future.

He takes care to add, however, that, though reform and change are part of life, they are at any moment the lesser part. And attention is called to the fact that, unfortunately, it was the characteristic of Comte, and of some of his English followers, notably Herbert Spencer, to dwell upon general resemblances almost to the disregard of specific differences, this method being really the essence of what Comte called the positive philosophy. If stress is laid rather upon the process of generalization than upon the opposite process of specification, you will be sure to go from what is less general to what is more general, until you find yourself with theories so wide that they are painfully thin and unfruitful. On these lines Spencer gradually reduced all phenomena to examples of the persistence of force, leaving no room for genius in his scheme.

Genius may be regarded as the first great modification which we must make in the notion of evolution, so far as it is applied to human society. It is not true, declares Professor Granger, that heredity involves a narrow range of variation as we pass from each generation to the next. The characteristic of each individual reproduces the characteristics of the parent in proportions that may differ very widely in each family. And the range of variation is so great that, from time to time, there arises what is equivalent to a fresh type. Man is the highest of living beings. And at the same time he exhibits the greatest range of variation. This may be expressed by saying that the difference between one human being and another is often equivalent to the difference between one species and another. The term "genius" is the name for this difference carried to a very high degree. The attempt of some sociologists to explain human society, without taking account of genius in this sense, renders barren much that passes for serious work.

Here we have the fundamentals on which the present interesting and suggestive work is built up. Into the structure is wrought material of a highly diversified character. Yet the prevailing note is one of unity. Though we are not told in Wordsworth's phrase that "the child is father to the man," such an implication meets us throughout this book—we feel that the generations of mankind are bound each to each by natural piety. Transformation is the product of genius, using the term as defined by Professor Granger. Genius, as he aptly declares, works upon the margin which separates the known from the unknown, the already done from the possible future, the tradition from the inspiration which nobly embodies the desires of a people. Hence genius is always surprising those who are merely content with the past.

The importance of this interpretation of genius to sociology is nowhere more clearly seen than in the study of the art of war. Napoleon's maxim, that the only right way of learning the science of war is to read and re-read the campaigns of the great captains, shows how his mind worked on the boundary line between the tried and the untried: how each problem came before him already partly solved, so that he could concentrate himself upon the unsolved parts of the problem. Even more to the point is this: "Our national lack of system means that genius has to devote itself to details which ought to be delegated to others, and cripples our commanders, so that they usually fight at a disadvantage." The relation of genius to its circumstances is, in a word, the key to the understanding of human history. The preacher of religion, the statesman, the social reformer in all his shapes, will be tested by their power of uniting a past which is worth keeping to a future which is worth making.

The work concludes with a note of hope. Though signs of degeneracy are plentiful, this can largely be checked by moral effort. The methods and results of eugenics are open to criticism, because, for the most part, they leave out of account the moral effort; that is to say, eugenics, as ordinarily interpreted, remains at the "positive" stage, and is therefore out of line with a complete sociological method. The Socialism of the doctrinaire followers of Karl Marx is open to the same criticism. Their incapacity to treat social life in its fulness—in its religion, its slowly acquired freedom, its wholesome traditions—makes them very doubtful guides. But there is hope in the synthetic method of treating the problem of human fellowship—not, however, in the synthetic method that would build up from the presumed foundation of things in the conservation of energy. Man in his actual life cannot be interpreted from barren economics such as that of Marx, which leaves out of account the history of human religion and human marriage.

Notes

Dr. Charles F. Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, has made a thorough revision of his work, "The Family," which he plans to publish early next year, through Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Prof. W. H. Schofield has prepared for publication a series of lectures which he delivered at the Sorbonne, while Harvard exchange professor, in 1911. The volume bears the title "Chivalry in English Literature," and will be issued by Harvard University on November 25.

The Columbia University Press has undertaken the publication of a new series, to be known as Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. It will supplant the present two separate publications, Studies in English and Studies in Comparative Literature. A forthcoming work in the new series is "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers. 1704-1750," by Elizabeth Christine Cook, Ph.D., promised for late in this month.

The Columbia University Press will also publish Sir Gilbert Murray's lectures delivered at the University last spring, "Four Stages of Greek Religion"; "Tiglath Pileser III," by Abraham S. Anspacher, and "Vasava Latta, a Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu," by Louis N. Gray.

Reginald Wright Kauffman has nearly completed his forthcoming book, "Judith Kent, Freewoman," which will appear shortly, with the imprint of Moffat, Yard & Co.

A new book by Harry Vardon, on "How to Play Golf," will be brought out by George W. Jacobs Co.

M. Rolland is just finishing his "Jean-Christophe," and will give to this concluding portion of the ten volumes the title "La Fin du voyage." The American edition, which Holt will issue, will be in one volume of three parts, called, respectively, "The Friends," "The Burning Bush," and "Journey's End."

"The Casual Ward: Academic and Other Oddments," is the title chosen by Mr. A. D. Godley, Public Orator to the University of Oxford, for a book of essays and verses. Smith & Elder are bringing it out.

What promises to be an attractive book is "The English Fireplace and its Accessories from the Earliest Times to the Nineteenth Century," which L. A. Shuffrey publishes shortly through B. T. Batsford.

Dr. Colin Campbell is the author of the forthcoming book, "The Miraculous Birth of King Amen-hotep III, his Coronation and Osirification," which contains, besides, a description of the New Year procession from Karnak to Luxor and back. Oliver & Boyd are the publishers.

Henry Frowde will soon add to the series of Oxford Standard Authors "The Pageant of English Prose," a companion volume to "The Pageant of English Poetry," and, like the latter, edited by R. M. Leonard.

A timely publication, in view of the recent award of the Nobel prize for literature, is Gerhart Hauptmann's new novel, "Atlantis," which is issued this week by B. W. Huebsch.

M. Pierre Loti's latest book, "Carmen Sylva and Sketches from the Orient," comes this week from the Macmillan press.

The second annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English will be held in Chicago, November 28-30.

Larousse Mensuel Illustré is a unique and valuable publication, the only encyclopædic periodical. The number for November contains a condensed summary of the events from September 12 to October 14, and much information by different contributors on a great variety of subjects of present interest, historic, literary, biographic, and especially scientific. A long article on wood-eating insects is illustrated by two large colored plates, and there are 153 pictures, including many portraits.

A volume of humor is almost certain to be more entertaining as a reference book than as steady reading. This is the case with "Artemus Ward's Best Stories" (Harper), which is edited by Clifton Johnson, with an introduction by W. D. Howells, and illustrations by Frank A. Nankivell. Mr. Howells confesses to misgivings over the enterprise, and contrasts the humor of Browne, to give him his real name, with that of another by remarking that Browne felt bound, first of all, to make you laugh, while Mark Twain might first wish to make you feel. Yet here and there he finds in the work of the lesser man "a sweetness, a gentleness, a fineness in the humor, and the quaint unexpectedness of its turns, which is not surpassed by anything that Clemens did." Artemus Ward "overjoyed his generation" at least, and rendered genuine service by the delight which he gave Lincoln in the President's harassed hours.

"Who's Who in Dickens" is, as further described on the title-page, "a complete Dickens repertory in Dickens's own words." The characters of the novels are listed alphabetically, with brief extracts to identify them. The book is compiled by Thomas Alexander Fyfe and published by Doran.

The appearance, simultaneously, of "A Study of Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven" (Lane), by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J., and "Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet, with Notes on Some of His Works" (Preston: Alfred Halewood), by John Thomson, witnesses to the steady interest in that late poet and essayist. The former volume furnishes the text of Thompson's most celebrated poem, together with a two-fold interpretation—literal and mystic. The latter small volume will be read, we fancy, not so much for its own flattering judgments as for the critical estimates of Thompson which are reprinted from numerous periodicals, and for instructive anecdotes. No one will soon forget the picture of Thompson, "clad—winter and summer alike—in a brown cloak, or ulster, and with a basket, like a fish basket, slung around his shoulders. In this he used to carry the books he had to review." One of his colleagues on the *Academy*, for which he wrote, tells of how unbusinesslike he was:

> His copy (always written on pages torn from penny exercise books) came pretty regularly, but it was almost impossible to get him to return proofs. Neither imploring letters nor peremptory telegrams availed. Then he would walk in, calmly produce from his basket or wonderful pockets a mass of galleys, and among them, as likely as not, two or three telegrams unopened.

Thirty years of service with sketch-book and pencil on the battlefields of three continents are summarized in the late Melton Prior's "Campaigns of a War Correspondent" (Longmans). Mr. Prior was not a correspondent strictly speaking. He drew pictures for the *Illustrated London News*, which is evidently a more hazardous occupation than writing word descriptions, since the search for draughtsman's detail brings a man closer to the firing line. At least it did in the case of Mr. Prior. His experiences began with the Ashanti campaign of 1873 and ended, so far as the present volume is concerned, with the war in Manchuria. Actually, the Russo-Japanese war brought him no experiences. With other war correspondents Mr. Prior was kept dangling at Tokio by a rigorous censorship during the first period of the war, and though ultimately allowed to go to the front was not allowed to see any real fighting. In disappointment he sailed for England. The present account is written in plain, unpretending fashion, and with more than the ordinary British imperturbability. Still, during the Zulu campaign, when his sketch book with weeks of labor in it was lost, Mr. Prior did throw himself on the ground and break into tears. It was in this campaign that Napoleon III's son lost his life. Mr. Prior and Archibald Forbes found the body after the Zulus had stripped it naked. He was with the Turkish armies in 1877-78, and grew very fond of the Sultan's people. What he has to say of Bulgarian atrocities during this war, as well as his experiences with the Christian rebels in Herzegovina, shows that rapine and massacre in the Balkans are not a monopoly of Islam.

The avowed purpose of "Tripoli and Young Italy," by Charles Lapworth and Helen Zimmern (London: Stephen Swift & Co.), is to justify Italy's course in making war upon Turkey. For the bulk of the work Mr. Lapworth is apparently responsible, and one readily gains the impression that he is presenting a semi-official brief on behalf of the Italian Government, which naturally seeks to place its cause in the most favorable light. In the opinion of Mr. Lapworth, Italy has been unjustly condemned by her critics. He contends that this was not a war of capitalists, but one based on an urgent political necessity involving Italy's very existence as a nation and as a Power to be respected. She had, he declares, either to establish her right in the Mediterranean or be encompassed by what he calls an "iron ring," forged by Germany and other Powers which sought territory in North Africa. He also asserts that Italy could no longer tolerate the persecution of her countrymen in Tripoli; that her right to the country had been acknowledged for many years by England and France; and there were good reasons to believe that Italy would be forestalled by another Power (meaning Germany) "if she hesitated a moment longer."

There has been a reawakening of the national spirit in Young Italy, says Mr. Lapworth. Social and economic reforms have been effected, and "the people feel that at last their country will take its rightful place as a great Power, and that there will now be room for the population to expand under the Italian flag without having to emigrate and serve under foreign taskmasters." There are chapters about Tripoli, its commercial value and future, if Italian plans do not fail; a discussion of political, economic, and intellectual Italy, and a presentation of her attitude towards the rest of Europe. The book is illustrated and has a map of Tripoli. Incidentally, the accusations of butchery and treachery on the part of the Italian soldiers are refuted.

The name of the author is sufficient guarantee of the authority of "Fire Prevention," by Edward F. Croker, ex-Chief of the Fire Department of New York city (Dodd, Mead). The value, in any case, of a volume in this field from his pen is enhanced by the fact that it was written for the general reader, who has been neglected by writers on this subject. While the bulk of the book is devoted to considerations of protection for lives and buildings in cities, due attention is paid to prevention of fire in dwellings and in small towns. The introduction is an unanswerable indictment of our present methods of construction. "If I had my way about it," Mr. Croker affirms, "I would not permit a piece of wood as big as a man's finger to be used in the construction of any building in the United States which had a ground area larger than 25x50 feet and was more than three stories in height." He is no less emphatic in regard to means of safety for persons employed in buildings. Future construction, he holds, must be of a type which will make the choice of instantaneous exit or death unnecessary. Fire escapes cannot insure safety. The building must be so constructed "that the flames may be confined to a limited area within which to burn themselves out, consuming only that part of the contents which cannot be removed to safety behind doors and partitions which will resist fire as effectively as the walls themselves." In both the range of its topics and their manner of treatment the book is a notable contribution to what almost deserves to be called a new science. It should be widely read, for its perusal must do much to bring about the improved conditions for which it pleads. It is well supplied with apt photographs of fire-fighting and apparatus, and has a good index.

A new edition of Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Our House and the People in It" (Houghton Mifflin) contains fifteen illustrations by Joseph Pennell, and has in consequence undergone a transformation of title into "Our House and London Out of Our Windows." It is hardly necessary to say that these sketches are not only a delight in themselves, but they have an appropriateness which can be asserted of few pictures that are intended to adorn a tale. Most of them, as one would expect, show London as through a glass, darkly. The text is apparently unaltered. A redipping into it confirms the favorable opinion of this account of servants and acquaintances, good and bad, but mainly bad, expressed in the *Nation* November 24, 1910.

Prof. James Seth's new book, "English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy" (Dutton) is the first number forthcoming of what promises to be an important series of The Channels of English Literature, and its purpose is to present English philosophy as literature. It has been remarked that, while French philosophers have been for the most part mathematicians and physicists, and the Germans theologians or university professors, the more conspicuous of the English philosophers have nearly all been men of affairs. Thus it happens that, not only is the style of English philosophy characterized by the absence of severity and technicality (in the words of Mr. Seth), but the interest is nearly always close to the immediate issues of life. And it is not too much to say that "English philosophy is entitled to be called literature in a sense in which the philosophy of perhaps no other nation has the same right to the name," or that it includes many names of those who deserve to rank among the masters of English prose. To a student of philosophy it is always incomprehensible how a course in English literature can omit, for example, such a vividly personal document as Berkeley's "Principles"; or how a student of English can appreciate the full power of his language who has not read Hobbes. If he desires a problem in the complication of motives—well, all philosophy, not French, is a complication of motives, and in English philosophy he may find a nice problem in Berkeley, a more evident but still very interesting one in J. S. Mill. In the field of literary criticism he will find nothing much finer than Martineau, nor, perhaps, Mr. Seth dissenting, a better illustration of the possibilities of combining grace and refinement with scientific precision in the use of the English tongue.

Of Mr. Seth's book it should be said that the purpose has been kept well in mind. The book is long enough for a leisurely treatment, not so long as to be burdensome. The style is finished and careful, and the text is skilfully interwoven with quotations by means of which, in the case of the more important philosophers, the reader acquires insensibly a taste of their style. More to the point is his catholicity of insight, which is the more commendable because the prevailing empiricism of English philosophy is hardly in line with his own point of view. He is clearly mindful of the fact that every system of philosophy, however impersonal in form, is the expression of a meaning deeply personal, and his book is an illustration of the statement that philosophy thus interpreted is literature. On the other hand, it is a gain to see that English philosophy is not so blankly empirical as it is commonly represented to be. And in the light of the past it is interesting to read his summary of present tendencies, as exemplified in pragmatism and "the new realism." "In all of them alike we may see the effect, somewhat paralyzing, of the great scientific movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century upon the philosophical mind of the English-speaking race."

"The Correspondence of William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts and Military Commander in America, 1731-1760," has been edited by Charles Henry Lincoln and published in two volumes by Macmillan. During the last ten or fifteen years American scholars have devoted themselves with commendable zeal and excellent scholarship to exploiting the unprinted sources which throw light on the Imperial side of our colonial and revolutionary history. The result is to be seen in a rapidly increasing list of publications, both of documentary material and of monographic studies. To this new material, the correspondence of Shirley is a useful addition. The collection consists mainly of letters of Shirley to the Duke of Newcastle and to officials in other colonies; but some letters from Mrs. Shirley to the Duke of Newcastle, some from the Duke of Newcastle to Shirley, and some instructions to Shirley, have been included. Altogether the two volumes contain about 450 documents, most of which have not been printed before. The great majority of the letters have to do with the military events of the two wars in which Shirley was so actively engaged. So far as details go, they increase our knowledge of these events considerably, and they confirm what is already known of the difficulty of obtaining effective coöperation among the colonies for any scheme of general defence. They have rather less to say than might be expected about contraband trade, but they have a good deal to say about the neglected and very important subject of paper money, which is a subject that awaits an investigator. These letters make it clear that while the paper-money legislation of the colonies often discriminated against English creditors, there was a real need for such currency, a need which was recognized by Shirley and Colden, among others, and by the English Government itself prior to the adoption of Grenville's short-sighted policy. Shirley discusses at length the question of Indian policy. Of the necessity of dealing with the unoccupied lands from the point of view of Imperial defence and Indian relations, he was fully aware, and his letters as early as 1755 suggested the policy which was afterwards embodied in the Proclamation of 1763.

"Pure democracy," declares a former president of Princeton, in a volume recently come from the press, "cannot subsist long nor be carried far into the departments of State; it is very subject to caprice and the madness of popular rage. . . . The multitude are very apt to trust a man who serves them well with such power that he is able to make them serve him." The author of these unprogressive sentiments was not debarred by them from advancement in either New Jersey or national politics; but that was above a century and a quarter ago. The words quoted were written by President Witherspoon, sixth head of the College, member of the Continental Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose "Lectures on Moral Philosophy" have this year been reprinted with an historical introduction and notes by Prof. V. L. Collins (Princeton University Press). The volume represents the first fruits of a plan, initiated by the American Philosophical Association, to obtain the publication or republication of the writings of early American philosophers. It is proposed that the works selected by a committee of the Association be published by the institutions with which the authors were connected. The present book is the memorial of a somewhat untoward event in the intellectual history of America. President Witherspoon did much to strengthen Princeton, and to give to it a commanding educational influence throughout the Middle and Southern States; but he also made the Scottish philosophy of common sense the official Princeton doctrine. "On his arrival" from Scotland, in 1768, says Professor Collins, "he found the tutors and thinking men in the College eagerly supporting the idealism of Berkeley, and upon them he mercilessly fell with argument and ridicule until he had driven Berkeleianism out of Nassau Hall." For it he substituted the doctrine of Reid, "which, for the next twenty-five years, he was to hammer home, and so firmly intrench on the congenial soil of the New World that, in its general features, at least, it became not only the traditional philosophy of the Princeton School, but, in the opinion of many thinkers, preëminently the philosophy of America." But the doctrine of the Scotch School, however judicious and edifying, was scarcely productive of openness of mind or boldness in thinking; it operated, in the main, especially in its American form, as a sedative to the spirit of inquiry. "Common sense" has seldom been the motto under which the great triumphs of science or of speculation have been won. The dominance of the ideas introduced chiefly by Witherspoon meant the death of certain tendencies which had begun to appear at Columbia, at Philadelphia, and in Virginia and Kentucky—tendencies which, though they may not have been doctrinally more sound, had in them more of the breath of intellectual life. This little volume thus recalls the beginning of an influence which did much to keep the

American intellect lethargic, if not asleep, for more than a generation.

James Quay Howard, a writer, and for the past fifteen years one of the assistant librarians of Congress, died in Washington on Friday, aged seventy-five. Shortly after Lincoln's nomination Mr. Howard went to Springfield, Ill., where, after personal conferences with Lincoln, he obtained material for a campaign life, which was the first biography of Lincoln ever published. Later Mr. Howard wrote the official campaign life of Rutherford B. Hayes. He was also the author of a "History of the Louisiana Purchase," in which he gave Robert R. Livingston and not Jefferson the credit for the achievement.

Science

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WORCESTER, Mass., November 13.

The autumn meeting of the Academy was held at New Haven on November 12 and 13. The beautiful new Sloane Physics Laboratory of Yale University furnished an excellent place for the meeting, and the arrangements provided by the local committee were admirable. About fifty members were in attendance and twenty-one papers were read, nearly all having to do with geological or biological subjects.

William M. Davis, of Harvard University, in a paper entitled "Physiographic Evidence in Favor of the Subsidence Theory of Coral Reefs," gave arguments for a theory which was proposed fifty or sixty years ago by Dana, but which has received scant attention by naturalists since that time. In the case of a mountainous island surrounded by a barrier reef it may be possible that the reef grows laterally without subsidence or by upward growth upon a sinking mass. By looking at the reef it may be impossible to distinguish between these two cases, and, in default of zoölogical evidence, Professor Davis suggests that the physiographic evidence obtained by looking at the mountain seems to show subsidence. The case of a mountain with a radial pattern of ridges alternating with bays giving a star shaped shore line seems to be beyond production by marine erosion, which would produce vertical cliffs. But ordinary erosion of the land would produce the radial valleys, and the submergence of the whole pattern would give the indented shore line. For instance, Greece has bays with a wash of gravel which has come down from the mountains. In coral islands the absence of wash shows a continuous sinking, as in the theory of Darwin and Dana. The question why the valleys are not continued under the sea is answered by the explanation that they have been filled up by the growth of the coral after submergence.

William B. Scott, of Princeton University, in a paper on "Restorations of Tertiary Mammals," gave an interesting explanation of the process, so mysterious to the layman, by which the palæontologist is able to reproduce the appearance of extinct animals. Having disposed of the popular idea that the naturalist from one bone can reconstruct the whole animal, he stated that any restoration must be founded on a virtually complete skeleton. The number of these is few, but is constantly increasing. It is a simple matter to put the muscles on the skeleton, as all leave indications on the bones. It is more difficult to decide whether the animal did or did not possess hair, and what its color was. Nevertheless, we now know that the color design is almost always such as to cause the animal to be invisible in its ordinary surroundings. This would generally be attained by longitudinal stripes which were often later broken up into spotted patterns. The fawns of all deer are still spotted, showing that deer were spotted until recently. As a result of these principles, Professor Scott showed numerous very life-like illustrations, which he compared with some of those produced under the direction of Professor Osborn, the two sets displaying decided similarity.

Henry F. Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, in a paper on "Geologic Correlation of Upper Palæolithic Faunas of Europe and America," described a recent visit to the palæolithic caverns of Italy, the south of France, and Spain. All these caverns contain most interesting drawings, about 4,000 in all, of palæolithic animals of the upper pleistocene, such as the mammoth, the lion, the horse, ass, and ibex. These caverns in the limestone are sometimes half a mile in depth, and are frequently entered with great difficulty through a very narrow opening. The outlines of these pictures were cut in the stone and the surface then colored, showing that, although the caves were formed by the action of water, they have been free from water since the drawings were made. In one newly discovered cave there have been found two small clay statuettes of bisons showing fingerprints of palæolithic man on the clay. These drawings, executed at least 25,000 years ago, were by no means of the rough sort made by children, but were most artistically executed and, as shown in a number of lantern-slides, produced a profound impression of the development of skill in man of that remote time.

Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, in a paper "On the Fertilization of the Egg of Invertebrates with Blood," described some of the ways in which artificial parthenogenesis may be brought about. An egg may be artificially fertilized by the production of a fertilization membrane formed on its exterior by the aid of acids, bases, glucosides, or other reagents used in bacteriology. The egg is put in the medium for a time, and when set back in sea water will develop, but a second treatment with the reagent is generally necessary. Among the agencies that may be used is blood, which even when diluted 500 times will fertilize the eggs of the sea urchin. The blood of any foreign species, particularly of mammals, is efficacious. At first only about one in ten of the eggs would develop, but it was found that the use of chloride of strontium or barium makes the egg sensitive to the action of the blood. It is important to note that the fertilization membrane can be called forth by the blood of a foreign animal, but not of the animal itself; otherwise all animals would be parthenogenic. The explanation of this is contained in the physical property of diffusion, that is to say, two different solutions can diffuse into each other through a membrane, while two similar ones cannot; thus, the foreign blood can diffuse into the egg, while the blood of the animal itself cannot. It is to be noted that the offspring of parthenogenesis is always male. The question arises whether what has been stated is true of other species as well as for the sea urchin. As a matter of fact, the refractory eggs of certain molluscs were successfully treated with ox blood, and Dr. Loeb concludes that in the blood of all animals there is a substance causing fertilization membranes and subsequent development.

Edwin G. Conklin, of Princeton University, treated the problem of "Cell Division and Differentiation"—that is, the question: How does the simple egg cell become the complicated structure of the adult? This is the meaning of the term differentiation. In the first place, it is shown that the egg is not entirely homogeneous, but that it contains a variety of materials capable of forming the different body structures, even before division begins, from which materials the different parts of the adult develop. In the process of division the cell first splits into two, each of which again divides, and so on, until there are hundreds of cells. If the egg does not divide, we do not get much differentiation. In the cell division we have the different materials segregated in different cells, the partition between the cells being impervious to the different substances. The nucleus of the egg also divides, sending out diffusing streams, which cause the different substances in the cell to mix. Those in the surface layer, on the contrary, do not mix, so that differentiation begins at the periphery. When a cell is formed with no partitions there is a large mixing, but when there is a partition the different substances cannot mix through it, and differentiation takes place. This is tested by preventing the cell division. Each nucleus then divides, but the partition does not form, and there is no differentiation.

Charles B. Davenport, of the Station for Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution, in a paper entitled "Heredity of Skin Color in Negro-White Crosses," examines the question whether the mixture of negroes and whites is an exception to Mendel's law, since in this case we have a blending of the characteristics rather than separation of the characteristics of the parents in the descendants. The method of the investigation was to send tactful field workers to ascertain accurately the parentage, while the color of the skin is carefully determined by matching it to the hue of a color-mixing top. The skins of 700 offspring were measured, as also those of the parents. Inasmuch as the color changes with the age, it is necessary to make an allowance for this. Observations were made in Bermuda, where there are two classes of blacks, the descendants of the Senegambians being darker than those of the Gold Coast. It turns out that when two mulattoes are crossed the offspring varies much more than in the first generation, clear whites appearing as well as dark skins. In eighty-one offspring of mulattoes there were five whites, which is almost exactly the one-sixteenth demanded by Mendel's law if there are four factors for black. The whole population being plotted and compared with the calculated expectation gives a surprising agreement with the theory of heredity.

Franz Boas, of Columbia University, in a paper on "New Data on the Influence of Heredity and Environment Upon the Bodily Form of Man," continues in a different manner the study which he has hitherto made of the physical characteristics of the children of immigrants. Just as a tall father and short mother produce children who tend to be more variable than when the parents are alike, so by examining the population of any region where two types overlap we should expect to find increased variability in the intermediate region. In northern Italy we find a short-headed type, while in southern Italy we find a long-headed or Mediterranean type. Thus we have low variability in the north and south, with high variability in the central region. We also find the Mediterranean type on the Ligurian coast, which is near the Alps, where the other type exists, while between is the region of high variability.

Ernest W. Brown, of Yale University, presented a paper on "The Problem of the Asteroids." There are about eight hundred of these small bodies, mostly lying between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, many of them too small to be seen unless their position is known with considerable accuracy. This prediction of position is a problem of great mathematical difficulty, and whereas most of the planets and their satellites give rise to mathematically similar cases of the problem of three bodies, the asteroids belong to several entirely different cases, and thus constitute, so to speak, the laboratory of the student of celestial mechanics. In most cases the orbit of the asteroid, which is not a closed curve, is not even very near to being a circle. If we find the average orbit of all the asteroids we see that they occupy a belt of a certain diameter, and that then there is a gap containing few asteroids, then another belt, a second gap, and then a belt. Comparing the period of Jupiter with those of the asteroids, Professor Brown suggests that there is a phenomenon similar to that of *resonance*, by which the cumulative action of Jupiter causes a large oscillation in the radius vector of the asteroid, and that this large oscillation gives rise to a change of period in the asteroid. Saturn may produce a similar phenomenon. The existence of the gaps is undoubtedly due to the same causes as those producing the gaps in Saturn's rings, which are known to be composed of swarms of small satellites.

Robert W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, contributed the only physical papers, three in number. In describing some results obtained with the most powerful spectrograph in the world, he showed the construction of the apparatus at his summer laboratory at East-hampton, where a large flat diffraction grating five inches square, ruled with seventy-five thousand lines in all, gives him a powerful resolution, while a lens of forty feet focus gives a high dispersion. The grating and lens are mounted on a column out of doors, while the slit and camera are indoors, and the tube is made of wood protected by a narrow roof. Samples of the work of the grating in the resolution of the green mercury line were shown, which compared favorably with the work of the echelon grating and the interference methods now so popular. It even seems likely that with gratings of the goodness of those now obtainable the grating may once more take its place as the most accurate instrument for wave-length determinations.

In a second paper on the possibility of photographing molecules, Professor Wood suggested that this apparently impossible result may be accomplished by the methods of ultramicroscopy. The principle of this method is that of illuminating a small body in a perfectly black field, all the extra light being carried away by total reflection at the surface of a prism on which the small body lies. By diffraction from the small object an image is obtained, and Professor Wood believes that a molecule might be photographed if a sufficiently long exposure were given. It will be necessary to find a substance which fluoresces strongly in ultraviolet light, and to secure the molecules in a solid solution, such as a layer of celluloid.

The members of the Academy enjoyed the hospitality of the local members at a dinner at the new Taft Hotel, and of Yale University at a reception given by President and Mrs. Hadley in the art galleries of the University.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Among the science books shortly to be published by the Columbia University Press are the following: "Graphical Methods," by Carl Runge, professor of applied mathematics in the University of Göttingen, and three volumes of the Studies in Cancer and Allied Subjects—Vol. I, "The Study of Experimental Cancer, a Review," by William H. Woglom; Vol. III, "Studies from the Departments of Zoölogy, Surgery, Clinical Pathology, and Biological Chemistry," and Vol. IV, "Contributions to the Anatomy and Development of the Salivary Glands in the Mammalia." Vol. II, "Pathology," has already been issued.

The Congress of Americanists, which met this year in London, has accepted the invitation to hold the next meeting in Washington, in 1914, probably in September; and a permanent committee has been formed to make preparations. The sessions of the Congress will take place in the new building of the National Museum. A second session, following that in Washington, will convene at La Paz, Bolivia.

"The Tyne," the opening article of the *Geographical Journal* for November, by A. J. Sargent, is a suggestive study of the geography of a region in which is shown the correlation of three sets of facts, the geological, topographical, and economic, and also the relation of man to his environment, which has led to an extraordinary concentration of industry. Dr. Carl Lumholtz gives an account of the Sonora Desert of Mexico and the Papago Indians. Notwithstanding the scarcity of rain, the soil is in places extremely fertile, and will doubtless "some day delight the eye with waving fields of grain and orchards of fruit." Prof. A. J. Herbertson, of Oxford, shows, with sketch-maps, the way in which the thermal conditions of the earth's surface can be represented for the use of geographers.

Among the noteworthy contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for October are an account of a Danish expedition through Iceland by its leader, Capt. J. P. Koch, a report of his recent explorations in the Pamirs by A. v. Schultz, and the proposals for the construction of airship maps made by the cartographical commission of the International Aeronautic Federation. In the military department are described the new fortifications on the Italian-Swiss frontier and their significance, and the railway system and fortifications of Servia. There is also an account of a projected naval port on the southern coast of Korea. If the plans of the Japanese Marine Department are carried out, in ten years Chinhai will be the greatest naval port in eastern Asia.

William Ogilvie, astronomer and explorer, died last week in Winnipeg, Manitoba, at the age of sixty-six. He was appointed chief clerk and astronomer of the Canadian Department of the Interior in 1896. He was in the Yukon when gold was discovered; was commissioner of police there in 1887, and Governor of the Yukon Territory from 1898 to 1901. One book, "Early Days of the Yukon and the Klondike," bears his name.

Drama

Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The translation of these four plays of the Russian dramatist—"Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea Gull," and "The Swan Song"—was presumably a labor of love, and so may prove, as is said to happen in the case of virtue, its own reward. It is not likely to create any great popular demand for his works in the English-speaking world. Not often is so much depressing and futile matter contained within the covers of one small volume. That the adaptation has been made faithfully, if with very little cunning, there is abundant internal evidence, but it is difficult to discover in it many traces of the delicate and original genius and the remarkable humor of which Miss Fell speaks so enthusiastically in her preface. In "The Sea Gull," indeed, which was recently reviewed in this journal, and need not now be further considered, there is some fancy; but "Uncle Vanya" and "Ivanoff," however truthfully they may reflect social and intellectual conditions among Russians of the middle class in the latter part of the nineteenth century, are, for the most part, realism of the dreariest kind, while, in construction and incident, they are drama of the crudest order. Personages come and go in the most arbitrary fashion, orate interminably in explanation of their feelings and conduct, and act, when they do act, in defiance of probability. Nevertheless, there are individual passages in the dialogue which are eloquently descriptive, and others which indicate keen insight into character and motives, making it easy to see how Tchekoff may have excelled as a writer of short stories. His dramatic genius, if he possessed it, was imperfectly developed when he wrote these works.

Neither "Uncle Vanya" nor "Ivanoff," in spite of occasional melodramatic violence, has any real theatrical value. Atmosphere, personages, and incidents would, on the European stage, appear tiresome and incredible. In the first we have a family dominated and enslaved by an elderly professor, inconceivably selfish and empty. Dolt as he is, he monopolizes the services of everybody about him, until life in the household is intolerable. His beautiful and faithful young wife, Helena, of whom he is inordinately jealous, is beloved by the hero, Vanya, and a doctor—representative of the younger Russian *intellectuels*—who is the more favored suitor. His ardor brings matters to a crisis, and Helena, to save herself, implores Vanya to devise some means of making her husband take her away from the house. The simplest plan that occurs to him is to murder the bore, but he is such a bad shot that he misses him twice. However, this gentle hint has its effect, and the professor promptly departs with his wife, leaving the others to "live their lives"—utterly drab and hopeless lives—in comparative repose. The piece is packed with petty or morbid detail, and, even admitting it to be photographically truthful in much of its coloring, is not any more artistic or instructive than it is entertaining.

The hero of "Ivanoff" is, presumably, offered as a type of an *intellectuel* rendered impotent by his own mistakes and the force of circumstances. Actually, he is a spineless, egotistic, contemptible driveller, whose incessant bewailings of his own worthlessness—which is altogether indisputable—soon become direfully monotonous. Having married a lovely Jewess for her money, which he does not get, he hastens her death by cruel neglect and infidelity, and then, after agreeing to marry an heiress who adores him, becomes so remorseful that he blows out his brains before the guests invited to the ceremony. Such a tale in the hands of a real dramatist might easily be made effective, if not highly tragic; but as Tchekoff has told it—in the vein of the social satirist—the interminable loquacity of the characters, their incredible behavior, and the awkwardness of the whole machinery, make it dreary and nonsensical. Such amateurish work if put forth by an English dramatist, would not engage serious attention anywhere.

"The Swan Song," in which an old actor, once eminent, but long ago relegated to the ranks of the buffoons, reenacts passages from former triumphs in an empty theatre, where he has fallen asleep after a drunken debauch, is a mere sketch, and is not wholly original in idea, but exhibits more of the true theatrical sense than either of the more ambitious pieces.

The first volume of Hauptmann's complete dramatic works, which B. W. Huebsch has in hand, will be published in a few weeks. It contains critical and biographical introductions and four plays.

Granville Barker has been very busy in London lately in preparing his production of "Twelfth Night"—on the same lines as "The Winter's Tale"—and of John Galsworthy's new play, "The Eldest Son." In "Twelfth Night" Hayden Coffin is to be the Clown, Feste; Evelyn Millard, Olivia; Arthur Wontner, Orsino; Henry Ainley, Malvolio, and Lillah McCarthy, Viola. If Mr. Barker had his way, he would play the comedy without a break, but as the piece falls naturally into three divisions, it will be so given at the Savoy. About a week after the first performance Miss McCarthy and Mr. Barker hope to present John Galsworthy's new play at the Kingsway.

Mrs. Pearcy Dearmer's new morality play, "The Dreamer," described as "a poetic drama of Joseph in Egypt," is to be seen for the first time at the King's Hall Theatre, Covent Garden, London, on the evening of November 28.

There was a large congregation at Southwark Cathedral, London, the other day, when Sir Sidney Lee unveiled the Shakespeare Memorial. The monument, which is the work of Mr. Henry McCarthy, consists of a Gothic shrine, within which lies, in semi-recumbent attitude, a life-sized alabaster figure of the poet. Sir Sidney gave an address in which he said that the greatest period of Shakespeare's career was identified with Southwark, and alone of all the buildings in Southwark to-day the cathedral was a living memory of his epoch. The links that bound Shakespeare's memory to that place were strong indeed. He resided at one time just outside its precincts, and his younger brother, Edmund Shakespeare, described in the register as "a player," was buried in the cathedral "with a forenoon knell of the great bell." The ghosts of the princes of Elizabethan drama haunted those aisles, and warm must be their welcome of that new presentment of the monarch of their craft.

In a curtain address at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, a week or two ago, Forbes Robertson paid a tribute to the work of the Repertory Theatre in that city, and appealed to the public to give that enterprise encouragement. He said that in the drama there was less centralization than when he first appeared in Liverpool, and the great cities of England and Scotland should be still more independent as time went on. He referred to the possibility of a repertory theatre becoming a municipal theatre, and said he felt very strongly that the time was coming when the drama should have the encouragement that the other fine arts had had in all the great cities.

George Ober, well known as a capable actor and manager of outdoor performances, died in Hastings-on-Hudson on Sunday. He was born in Baltimore, Md., sixty-three years ago, and in his youth played in the companies of Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Frank Mayo, E. L. Davenport, and Edwin Forrest. For ten or twelve years he was at the Madison Square Theatre, where he was a prominent performer in Hoyt's farces. Recently he had been engaged in outdoor performances of "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "As You Like It."

The death of Mrs. Lewis Waller, wife of the well-known English actor-manager, is announced from London. She was an actress of considerable intelligence and ability. As Florence West she won popularity both in London and the provinces. Her first appearance was in 1883 as Mary Belton, in "Uncle Dick's Darling," with the late John L. Toole. Thereafter she played many leading parts in London and elsewhere with general acceptance, but she never attained to a place in the front rank.

Music

Tchalkovsky's correspondence with Balakireff has been published by J. H. Zimmermann in St. Petersburg. Balakireff was the head of the Russian National School, and the preface states that he alone could persuade Tchaikovsky to accept criticism and be guided by it, to the extent of recasting or even destroying a work, the score of "Fatum," for instance, which was reconstructed after his death from the preserved orchestral parts.

The New York opera season, which opened at the Metropolitan on November 11 with Puccini's early work, "Manon Lescaut," will run along in well-worn ruts. Most of the operas to be sung belong to the usual Italian and German repertory, France being sparsely represented, although one of the few novelties promised is Leroux's "Le Chemineau." One of the operas Russians are proud of, Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," is to be staged, and in January or February the operatic version of "Cyrano de Bergerac," by W. J. Henderson and Walter Damrosch, will be produced. The score was written ten years ago, but the composer has done the orchestration all over again, and added an entirely new fourth act. Mr. Damrosch has also given out the valuable information that he has used the whole-tone scale to typify the huge nose of Cyrano—not, however, as Debussy uses this scale, with serious intentions, but only in burlesque fashion, which is a comfort. There will be no novelties this season by prominent foreign composers. Humperdinck and Puccini have not done anything since they visited us; Debussy and Charpentier seem to be idling away their time (though there are rumors to the contrary); Mascagni and Leoncavallo write pot-boilers, while Richard Strauss is tabooed at the Metropolitan, although there is talk of producing there, next season, his new opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos," recently launched in Stuttgart. Apart from such interest as exists in the standard works of Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini, the centre of attraction will therefore be in the work of the great singers. Several of them will appear on Saturday afternoon in the first Mozart performance given at this house in several years—a revival of the "Magic Flute," which is to be staged with unexampled sumptuousness, the scenery being modelled after that which, a year or so ago, created such a sensation in Berlin. The performances of the first week indicated that nearly all of the favorite singers have returned from Europe in exceptionally good voice. A flattering tribute was paid by the audience on the opening night to a newcomer, Lucrezia Bori, of Spanish descent. She is strikingly like Geraldine Farrar in appearance, gesture, facial expression, talent for action, and, especially, in vocal quality and expressiveness.

When Mendelssohn Hall was handed over to the moving-picture men the givers of vocal and instrumental recitals scattered in all directions, seeking places that would be acoustically satisfactory and large enough without being as huge as Carnegie Hall. The Kneisel Quartet found a temporary home in the Hotel Astor, and other concert givers found temporary refuges in theatres. The completion of the new Aeolian building has once more provided a happy home for soloists and chamber musicians. They availed themselves of the opportunity so eagerly that almost every date for the season was taken in advance. Fortunately, the acoustic properties of the new Aeolian Hall have proved excellent. Several singers have already been heard there, as well as a pianist and the Kneisels, and the general verdict from all over the auditorium is that the music sounds well—better perhaps than in any concert hall New York has had. The hall was hardly intended for orchestras: it seats only 1,200. Nevertheless, the New York Symphony Orchestra makes its home there by way of experiment, with results better than they were last year in the Century Theatre, though not so satisfactory as they have been found for soloists and smaller instrumental ensembles. The honor of opening the new hall fell to Gottfried Galston, of Hungarian and Bohemian ancestry—a good combination for a pianist. He showed more brilliancy than depth in a set of twelve Chopin études, and gave a lucid performance of Beethoven's sonata, opus 106, which seems to be in fashion this year, though it is by no means a masterwork. Musicianship of the highest type was displayed in the playing of some of Bach's choral preludes as translated for the piano by Busoni. Later on it will be possible to play these preludes on the instrument for which they were written, as the hall is provided with a large organ, nearly completed, of which much is expected. Heretofore, New York has never had a satisfactory grand organ in a concert hall. It is likely that the innovation will call into existence organ recitals for which the public will pay, as it does for piano and other recitals.

The only opportunities New York will have to hear Fritz Kreisler, the incomparable violinist, this year will be at the second Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, which will be given in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, December 5, and Saturday afternoon, December 7. Mr. Kreisler has just arrived in this country, and will be here until the end of December. He comes under exclusive contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will appear with no other organization of the kind in the East.

Despite the persistent opposition of Saint-Saëns, Gustave Charpentier has been appointed successor of the late Jules Massenet at the Académic des Beaux Arts. One of the Paris journals advocated the choice of Vincent D'Indy, who, however, wrote to the editor: "I am not and I shall not be a candidate, for many reasons which it would be useless to explain here."

Mme. Minnie Hauk Baroness von Hesse-Wartegg, the once-famous American opera singer, died in Munich on Saturday. Born in New York in 1852, of a German father and an American mother, she made her first public appearance at the age of twelve. Four years later she sang in "La Somnambula," and the same year appeared at Covent Garden, in Russia, and in Holland. Later she was heard repeatedly in Berlin and Vienna. She was the first Carmeu in America.

Joseph Wieniawski, whose death is announced from Brussels, was as good a pianist as his brother Henri (who came to America with Rubinstein and died in 1880), was a violinist. He was born at Lublin, Poland, in 1837. The two men played together in concerts in Russia and Germany. Joseph then went to Weimar to study with Liszt. From 1865-69 he was professor at the Moscow Conservatory, and subsequently he taught at the Brussels Conservatory. He wrote a piano concerto, a sonata, a number of mazurkas, and other short pieces.

Art

Prehistoric Thessaly: Being Some Account of Recent Excavations and Explorations in Northeastern Greece from Lake Kopais to the Borders of Macedonia. By A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.

Thessaly, situated as it is between Bœotia and Macedonia, occupies the important position of connecting Greece with the north, so that all questions bearing on the relations between Greece and the Balkans can be determined only with reference to Thessaly Mr. Wace and Mr. Thompson, therefore, undertook a task of no little importance when they determined to explore properly that country. They were, of course, not the first in the field. Lolling, Tsundas, Stais, Arvanitopullos, and others had at various times excavated prehistoric sites in Thessaly; but Mr. Wace and Mr. Thompson have not only materially supplemented the work already accomplished, but have published all our present knowledge of the subject in admirably systematic form.

The first ten chapters of "Prehistoric Thessaly" are purely descriptive and contain full accounts of the authors' own excavations at Tneotoku, Zerelia, Lianokladhi, Tsani, Maghula, Tsangli, and Rakhmani; and a summary description of the discoveries of others. The remaining chapters deal with the chronology, history, and ethnology of Thessaly. In this respect the book is a typical example of what archæology, treated scientifically, can produce; for the theories advanced are based on no literary documents, but purely on the data provided by excavations. The authors point out that one of the most important points to be realized about Thessaly is its backward stage of civilization compared with the rest of Greece. While Crete was already in an advanced stage of civilization (middle Minoan period) and had long known the use of bronze, Thessaly was still in the stone age, without any apparent knowledge of the use of metals.

From the artistic point of view, the

excavations in Thessaly have made no important contribution. But, though this fact takes away from the æsthetic interest of the subject, historically it is of great value. For Thessaly appears to have played the part of a buffer state, helping to protect the civilized regions of Southern Greece from the more vigorous tribes of the northern Balkans. At the end of the prehistoric age Mycenæan culture at last reached Thessaly; but it was short-lived, for apparently the very opening up of Thessaly pointed the way to the northern invaders, who overran the whole of the peninsula, swept away the Mycenæan civilization, and initiated the new era known as historic Greece.

There is another question which is vitally affected by this fact of a backward Thessaly, and that is whether civilization spread from the Danube valley to the Ægean basin, or vice versa. The evidence of Thessaly, the authors hold, points to the probability that there was no one civilization that spread either from south to north or from north to south; but that the two cultures are parallel, related, of course, to each other, but not of a single origin.

The objects discovered during these Thessalian excavations consist of vases, stone axes, terracotta figurines, and miscellaneous objects, now deposited in the Museums of Volo, Almiros, and Athens. By far the most interesting finds are the potsherds, of which a great quantity were discovered. Each site had apparently its characteristic type of vase and scheme of decoration, so that altogether an extraordinary variety came to light. In their enumeration of the different wares the authors cite about sixty different varieties, divided according to periods and techniques into four chief classes, with various subdivisions. The sites themselves are in the shape of mounds, formed by the rubbish and the ruins of successive hut settlements built one over another and attaining sometimes a length of two hundred metres. Remains of houses were frequently discovered, but no one house type seems ever to have become universal in Northern Greece.

"The Engravings of William Blake, a Critical Study, together with a Catalogue Raisonné," by Archibald G. B. Russell, is promised by Houghton Mifflin Co. for Saturday.

"Mornings with the Masters of Art" (Macmillan), by H. H. Powers, treats the chief painters and sculptors of the Florentine Renaissance, Raphael being included. Towards the primitives Dr. Powers's attitude is, perhaps, a shade too condescending. The masters of the High Renaissance receive generous and discriminating praise. The comment is independent and vigorous, while the historical illustration is entirely adequate. A few errors may be noted. No modern critic ascribes the Franciscan allegories at Assisi to Giotto's early period. The frescoes of the Spanish Chapel are Florentine, not Sienese. Cavallini should have been mentioned as the author of the mosaic stories in Santa Maria in Trastevere. On the side of historic development there are serious gaps in this book. Yet, on the whole, it is an excellent introduction to the subject. For class purposes it might profitably be used along with Wölfflin's more critical and systematic analysis of Renaissance art.

"The Study of the History of Art in the Colleges and Universities of the United States," by Earl Baldwin Smith, is a compact register of all academic courses in the history of art offered in America. Since the date of foundation of each course is given, the pamphlet constitutes a brief history of the subject. It was prepared for the recent International Congress of Art History at Rome, but will also serve a useful purpose as a directory. It appears from the survey that only Harvard and Princeton offer reasonably full university facilities for research. Of the four hundred colleges in America, ninety-five give courses in the history of art. Sixty-eight have a special professor in the subject, and may be said to be adequately equipped. About one-seventh of American collegiate students have the opportunity of instruction in art history. This tabulation shows how much is yet to be done in gaining for the subject the academic recognition it deserves. But a study of the dates of foundation of the courses will also demonstrate a remarkable progress within the past decade. This useful little pamphlet is published at 50 cents by the Princeton University Press.

A special meeting of the British School at Athens was held, October 29, in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries in London. The director, Mr. R. M. Dawkins, gave an account of the site of Datcha, the ancient Stadeia, on the promontory of Knidos on the western coast of Asia Minor. This was to have been the object of the School's excavations last spring, but the outbreak of the Turco-Italian war made it necessary to postpone the work; but it is hoped to carry out the excavations during the coming spring. The site has already yielded a number of antiquities, and there is every reason to suppose that below the surface are the remains of an important sanctuary or temple of the archaic period of Greek art. Mr. A. J. B. Wace briefly described the excavations of the School in Thessaly, and outlined the results of exploring journeys undertaken by Mr. M. S. Thompson and himself in Macedonia. At Halos, in Thessaly, some experimental excavations were made in the Necropolis. The principal results were obtained from a tumulus, one of a group of ten, concealing sixteen burnt graves, or pyres. The bodies had been burned on the spot, and then a cairn of large slabs about two feet high was heaped over them. Later the tumulus of earth was built over the group of pyres. With the dead were placed quantities of geometric pottery, iron knives, and iron swords and spears, or bronze brooches and bracelets. These pyres belonged to the developed iron age, and dated probably between 900 and 800 B. C.

The death is announced from London of the well-known architect, Richard Norman Shaw, R.A. He was born in Edinburgh in 1831. In 1858 he published a book of "Sketches from the Continent," and later edited, with T. G. Jackson, "Architecture, a Profession or an Art." For his recreation he has set down "collecting interesting old things—such as clocks, furniture, blue china, etc."

Finance

NEWS AND THE MARKETS' RESPONSE.

A fortnight ago, the two main topics of interest, to people discussing the future of the financial markets, were how the Stock Exchange would greet the results of the Presidential election, and what it would do in response to the next developments in the Eastern war. There were numerous predictions, including some—like prophecies of a wild "bull movement" here when the election news was received, and of another "European panic" when the allies drew near to Constantinople—which most people regarded skeptically. But the favorite theories undoubtedly were, first, that if stocks did not advance at New York in the day or two after November 5, they would break heavily on the coming "tariff uncertainties"; secondly, that Europe's markets would grow more and more apprehensive as the question of terms of peace intruded itself, but, thirdly, that if Europe were once to start buying back the American stocks which it sold to us last month, New York would itself begin buying heavily, and a swift recovery on our Stock Exchange would follow.

Here were three distinct and more or less conflicting predictions. The conditions on which the three were based have in every case been realized. In the actual result, all three predictions have turned out wrong.

Except for the brief and abortive bidding-up of stocks on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 6, there was no "bull movement" in sequence to the election news. Nevertheless, there has been no sweeping decline, and prices are still above where they stood on the day before election. The news dispatches have repeatedly, during the fortnight past, been filled with hair-raising intimations that the Powers were hopelessly at variance and that Austria was about to challenge Servia. But prices on the European Stock Exchanges advanced last week without any interruption under the lead of British and French public securities, which are now respectively 3 and 2¼ points above their low prices of October.

Nor was this all; for London has in the meantime been buying back American securities from the New York Stock Exchange; taking on balance, last week, upwards of 100,000 shares, worth, roughly, $10,000,000. Yet on each successive day of this movement London's buying was followed by such realizing at New York as checked the tendency to recovery. It is in order now to inquire why all of the confident and seemingly well-grounded prophecies of two weeks ago should have missed their shot so badly.

It is possible that Wall Street itself will never agree upon the answer, but there are some fairly convincing explanations which occur to mind. As regards the "post-election market," it is evident enough that the financial community had no stomach for the foolish election boom of 1908 and 1904, and that it did not relish, on second thought, the prospect of possible disturbance in business plans from tariff legislation. But when it began to "discount" such misgivings through a sharp decline in prices, it was at once confronted with the considerations that a good deal of general apprehension had been already discounted by the decline since the Eastern war began, that evidence of continued prosperity and trade activity continued to come in, and that the steel trade headquarters, of all places in the world, expressed equanimity over the tariff outlook.

As regards the seemingly unreasonable action of Europe's stock exchanges, during the critical hours when Continental Ministries, with Bulgaria's troops on the road to Constantinople, were matching ultimatums against one another, there are two things to say. One is, that the European bankers, who were hurriedly turning their gilt-edged securities into cash when they looked for a prolonged and expensive Balkan war, had reason on general principles to take them back on evidence that the war would be quickly ended. The other is that European high finance knew that Austria cannot fight alone, with its own race problem on its hands, and that the Balkan allies, who must have nearly exhausted their original supplies of money during their short but strenuous campaign, and who cannot easily raise more for a long campaign, would never tempt Europe to prolong the expensive fighting.

Perhaps what puzzled Wall Street most of all was the downward reaction of prices here, with heavy domestic selling, which on each successive day, last week, followed London's early and substantial purchases. Perhaps this event is best explained by recalling the story of October. Forty or fifty millions' worth of American securities were suddenly dumped by Europe on New York in the middle of that month.

When the share certificates arrived here, a week or two after October 12, they were not thrown helter-skelter into the open market for whatever they would bring, but were cared for by banking interests which could borrow the necessary funds. Now that financial Europe, having recovered from its fright, had begun to buy again in New York and was thereby sustaining prices on our Stock Exchange, it was the perfectly natural policy of such bankers to sell, so far as the market would take it, what was left of the stocks sent back last month by Europe.

But as to what the attitude of the markets will be in the next few weeks or months regarding the tariff controversy, the Balkan terms of peace, or the American investment outlook, the course of events this week can hardly be taken as conclusive. In all three directions there is a chance that actual news will change the face of things. Some actual announcement as to the new Administration's plan will soon be due. The real discussion as to the fate of Turkey has only begun. We are probably entering something like a secondary stage in the American trade revival—which, as it happens, will scarcely be said to have yet found anything like the usual reflection on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. D. A Book of Beggars. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Agee, Alva. Crops and Methods for Soil Improvement. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Ayscough, John. Faustula. Benziger Bros. $1.35 net.

Bennett (Arnold) Calendar. Compiled by Frank Bennett. Doran. $1 net.

Bixby, J. T. The Open Secret. Boston: American Unitarian Ass'n. $1.25 net.

Bradbury, R. H. An Inductive Chemistry. D. Appleton.

Bradley, G. D. Winning the Southwest. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net

Brett, G. S. A History of Psychology. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

Brewer, R. W. A. Motor Car Construction. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Brooks, Amy. Princess Polly at School. Platt & Peck Co. $1.

Browder, J. C. Nisi Prius. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.

Brown, Ritter. When Dreams Come True. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Bruce, P. A. Pocahontas, and Other Sonnets. Norfolk, Va.: Privately printed.

Bruère, M. B. and R. W. Increasing Home Efficiency. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Burgess, T. W. The Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Burton, M. E. Notable Women of Modern China. Revell. $1.25 net.

Byers, S. H. M. A Layman's Life of Jesus. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.

Caine, William. Hoffman's Chance. Lane. $1.25 net.

Cochran, Jerome. Cement Specifications. Van Nostrand. $1 net.

Connor, Ralph. Corporal Cameron. Doran. $1.25 net.

Daly, T. A. Madrigali. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1 net.

Damer, Eyre. When the Ku Klux Rode Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.

Dargan, O. T. The Mortal Gods, and Other Plays. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Davis, N. S. Food in Health and Disease. Second edition. Philadelphia: Blakiston's Son. $3.50 net.

Davol, Ralph. Two Men of Taunton. Taunton, Mass.: Davol Pub. Co.

Dessoir, Max. Outlines of the History of Psychology. Trans. by D. Fisher. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Dryden, John Fairfield: In Memoriam. Prudential Insurance Co.

Elton, Oliver. A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. 2 vols. Longmans. $6 net.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Success. (Riverside Press edition.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Evans, H. A. Castles of England and Wales. Doran. $4 net.

Flagg, James Montgomery. Adventures of Kitty Cobb. Illustrated text. Doran. $2 net.

Fleury, Paul. White Zinc Paints. Trans. from the French. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Foote, W. M. Meteoric Stones. (From the Journal of Science.) Swarthmore, Pa.: The Author.

Footner, Hulbert. New Rivers of the North. Outing Pub. Co. $1.75 net.

Foster, M. B. History of the Philharmonic Society of London, 1813-1912. Lane. $4 net.

Fowler, N. C., jr. How to Get Your Pay Raised. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

France, Anatole. Bee, the Princess of the Dwarfs. Retold in English by P. Wright. Illustrated by C. Robinson. Dutton. $2.50 net.

From My Hunting Day-Book. By the Crown Prince of the German Empire. Trans. from the German by J. E. Hodder Williams. Doran. $2 net.

Gilchrist, B. B. Helen-over-the-Wall. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. $1.20 net.

Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer. Illustrated in color by Hugh Thomson. Doran. $5 net.

Hatfield, C. E. The Echo of Union Chapel. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Hawthorne's The Golden Touch; The Gorgon's Head (for children). Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net each.

Hix, Melvin. The Magic Speech Flower. Longmans. 35 cents.

Hobart, J. F. Soft Soldering, Hard Soldering, and Brazing. Van Nostrand. $1 net.

Holiday editions (3x4 in.). Browning, Herrick, Rossetti, Ruskin, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Frowde.

Hopkins, F. S. Sara. Neale Pub. Co. $1.25.

Hunter, G. L. Tapestries, Their Origin and History. Lane. $5 net.

Hutton, Edward. The Cities of Lombardy. Macmillan. $2 net.

Impressions Calendar: A Book-Lover's Year for 1913. San Francisco: Paul Elder.

Johnson, Clifton. The Fir-Tree Fairy Book. Favorite Fairy Tales, edited and illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Koebel, W. H. South America. Forty-nine illustrations in color by A. S. Forrest. Macmillan. $5 net.

Lampton, W. J. Tame Animals I Have Known. Neale Pub. Co. 75 cents net.

Lewis, A. M. An Introduction to Sociology. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.

McClellan, Mrs. G. Cupid and the Sphinx. Fourth edition. Phila.: Lippincott.

McKim, R. H. The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army. Neale Pub. Co.

Markino, Yoshio. When I Was a Child. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Marshall, H. E. A History of France. Pictures in color by A. C. Michael. Doran. $2.50 net.

Marvin, W. T. A First Book in Metaphysics. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Maugras, G., and Croze-Lemercier, P. de. Memoirs of Delphine de Sabran, Marquise de Custine. Doran. $3 net.

Mays, J. W. Luda, the Occult Girl. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Merrick, Leonard. This Stage of Fools. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.20 net.

Miller, C. H. Making a Garden. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.

Moir, D. M. The Life of Mansio Wanch: Scottish Village Life. New edition, illustrated in color. Chicago: McClurg.

Molière en Récits, with vocabulary and scenes for acting by M. L. Chapuzet and W. M. Daniels. Boston: Heath. 50 cents.

Monypenny, W. F. Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Vol. II, 1837-1846. Macmillan. $3 net.

Montgomery, G. G. Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons. Scribner.

Moody, William Vaughn. Poems and Plays. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net, each.

Mulford, A. C. Boundaries and Landmarks: A Practical Manual. Van Nostrand. $1 net.

Oakenfull, J. C. Brazil in 1911. Third annual edition. Washington, D. C.: Pan-American Union.

Osborne, A. B. Picture Towns of Europe. McBride, Nast. $2 net.

Phipps, I. N. The Forelopers. Neale Pub. Co. $1.25.

Pierson, N. G. Principles of Economics. Vol. II. Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Pitkin, W. B. Short Story Writing. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Poe's The Bells and Other Poems. Illustrated in color by Edmund Dulac. $5 net.

Powell, E. A. The Last Frontier. Scribner. $2 net.

Pritchard, A. K., and Ashford, F. An English Primary School. Boston: Thompson Brown Co.

Pryor, R. A. Essays and Addresses. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50 net.

Ramsay, W. Elements and Electrons. (Library of Thought). Harper.

Rashdall, Hastings. The Metaphysic of Mr. F. H. Bradley: An Address. Frowde.

Rockwell, F. F. Gardening Indoors and Under Glass. McBride, Nast. $1.20 net.

Rollinson, Charles. Alphabets and Material Useful to Letterers. Van Nostrand. $1 net.

Rose, M. S. Laboratory Hand-Book for Dietetics. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Rossmore, Lord. Things I Can Tell. Doran. $3.50 net.

Savile (George), Marquess of Halifax. Complete Works, edited by Walter Raleigh. Frowde.

Schindler, Karl. Iron and Steel Construction Work. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Scripture, E. W. Stuttering and Lisping. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Seitz, D. C. The Buccaneers: Rough Verse. Harper. $1 net.

Service, R. W. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet Illustrations by W. Hatherell. Doran. $5 net.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona, edited by M. W. Sampson; Measure for Measure, edited by E. C. Morris. Tudor edition. Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.

Slemons, J. M. The Prospective Mother. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Smith, S. G. Democracy and the Church. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Snider, D. J. Lincoln in the White House. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co. $1.50.

Spalding, H. S. The Sugar-Camp and After. Benziger Bros. 85 cents.

Speer, R. E. Men Who Were Found Faithful. Revell. $1 net.

Stedman's Medical Dictionary. Second, revised edition. William Wood & Co. $4.50 net.

Stockton, Lewis. Marriage, Civil and Ecclesiastical. Buffalo, N. Y.: Huebner-Bleistein Patents Co.

Strindberg, August. Easter, and Stories. Trans. by V. S. Howard. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.50 net.

Studies in the History of Religions: Presented to Crawford Howell Toy, by Pupils, Colleagues, and Friends. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Sutherland, James. The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Tabor, Grace. Making a Bulb Garden. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.

Tchekoff, Anton. The Kiss, and Other Stories. Trans. from the Russian. Scribner.

Tessan, F. de. Promenades au Far West. Paris: Plon Nourrit et Cie.

Tosa Diary. Trans. from the Japanese by W. N. Porter. Frowde.

Triggs, O. L. The Changing Order: A Study of Democracy. Third edition. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.

Tyrrell, George. Autobiography and Life, 1861-1884. 2 vols. Longmans. $6 net.

Underwood, Ruth. A Living Legacy. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.35 net.

Vachell, H. A. Jelf's: A Comedy in Four Acts. Doran. $1 net.

Van Anderson-Gordon, Helen. The Illumined Life. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.

Wadsworth, C., jr. Primary Battery Ignition. Van Nostrand. 50 cents net.

Waldram, P. J. Structural Mechanics. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Walford, L. B. Memories of Victorian London. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Walsh, J. J. Modern Progress and History. Fordham University Press. $2 net.

Wansbrough, W. D. The A B C of the Differential Calculus Third edition Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Warde, Margaret. Nancy Lee. Phila.: Penn Pub Co. $1.20 net.

Wedmore, Frederick. Memories Doran. $2.50 net.

Westover, C. C. The Dragon's Daughter. Neale Pub. Co. 75 cents net.

White, G. T. Toothed Gearing. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Wilm, E. C. The Problem of Religion. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Worsham, J. H. One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.

Yeats, W. B. The Cutting of an Agate. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Leading Americans

Edited by W. P. Trent.

Each volume complete in itself and sold separately; large 12mo, with portraits, $1.75 *net; by mail*, $1.90.

Just Ready

LEADING AMERICAN INVENTORS

GEORGE ILES, the author of "Inventors at Work," etc., discusses the following great inventors whose work is finished: Col. John Stevens (screw-propeller, etc.); his son, Robert (T-rail, etc.); Fulton; Ericsson; Whitney; Blanchard (lathe); McCormick; Howe; Goodyear; Morse; Tilghman (paper from wood, and sand blast); Sholes (typewriter); and Mergenthaler (linotype). With numerous illustrations.

Earlier Volumes.

LEADING AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Washington, Greene, Taylor, Scott, Andrew Jackson, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Meade, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston. **By R. M. JOHNSTON.**

LEADING AMERICAN NOVELISTS

Charles Brockden Brown, Cooper, Simms, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, and Bret Harte. **By JOHN ERSKINE.**

LEADING AMERICAN ESSAYISTS

A General Introduction dealing with essay writing in America, and biographies of Irving, Emerson, Thoreau, and George William Curtis. **By WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.**

LEADING AMERICAN MEN of SCIENCE

Biographies and critical estimates of the work of seventeen scientists. The author of each biography is an authority—often he was the intimate personal associate of his subject. **DAVID STARR JORDAN**, Editor.

TRAILS, TRAPPERS and TENDERFEET

In the New Empire of Western Canada

By STANLEY WASHBURN, with 80 illustrations from photographs by the author. $3.00 *net; by mail*, $3.20. Travel and adventure in the Canadian Rockies.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W 33 St., New York

STUDIES IN

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INTEMPERANCE

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.

Author of "The Nervous Life," etc.

A book for physicians, sociologists, and all interested in the care or cure of those addicted to drink, and in intemperance as a social problem.

Basing his conclusions mainly on a study of the mental state—the whole psychology—of the hard drinker, the author seeks help and cure for the intemperate along the social, educational, and psychological lines here laid down. A book rich in practical suggestions that draws on the latest scientific knowledge, and on original investigation.

(*12mo.* $1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.10.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER FREE

The issues of the Nation for November and December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

THE DIARIES OF

William Charles Macready

1833-1851

Edited by WILLIAM CHARLES TOYNBEE

Author of "Vignettes of the Regency."

8vo. 2 vols. With 49 Full-page Illustrations, $7.50 net. Carriage, 50c.

This exceedingly valuable and interesting personal record of the stage career of one of the greatest actors contains a great deal of material hitherto withheld from publication. In a style full of candor, the author speaks of the stage rivals and illustrious contemporaries with whom he came into contact.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK LONDON

RAILROADS

By WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, Ph.D., Professor of Economics, Harvard University. In 2 vols. Small 8vo.

Vol. I. RATES AND REGULATION

With 41 Maps and Diagrams. $3.00 *net; by mail*, $3.20.

Sets forth the nature of the railroad problems of the time, commercial, fiscal, and political, in a way to appeal to the serious general reader as well as to the specialist.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

TYPEWRITING For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words
Jack Liverpool, 7 BerwickPk., Boston

Pride of War

Translated from the Swedish of Gustaf Janson

Sets its author at once among the greatest writers of Europe. —*Athenaeum* (London).

It may be doubted whether the physical actualities of modern warfare have ever been so hauntingly portrayed by any author before.—*London Daily News.*

The peace propagandists will miss the most telling argument that has been made in their favor in a long time if they do not give to "Pride of War" a wide circulation.

—*New York Times.*

350 *pages. Cloth,* $1.30 *net; by mail,* $1.42.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON

FOOD
IN HEALTH AND DISEASE

By N. S. DAVIS, Jr., M.A., M.D.

Northwestern University, Chicago.

Octavo. Cloth $3.50 Postpaid.

The first part of this book reviews the underlying principles concerning the nutritive and other qualities of different kinds of foods, discusses briefly their relation to the digestive organs, and traces the changes that food must undergo before it can be appropriated to the needs of the human system. This is followed by detailed consideration of the proper diet indicated for the various conditions of health and disease, each condition being taken up seriatim with concise, plain directions, and diet lists.

A descriptive circular with list of contents will be sent upon request.

P. BLAKISTON'S SON & CO.
PUBLISHERS
1012 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA

You can always find

At DUTTON'S

the latest books; the rare books; illustrated books of all kinds; cards, calendars and art novelties.

31 West 23d St.

DICTIONARY OF
AVIATION

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

287 pages. *Cloth* $1.40, postpaid $1.45

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N.Y.

READ

MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA

By the author of

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.

Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold.
Send for price lists.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 5th Av., N.Y.
ESTABLISHED 1887.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR." $1 a yr.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT
IN THE
UNITED STATES
BY
WOODROW WILSON

12mo, cloth, pp. vii+236
Price, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62

A discussion by the President-elect of the character and operation of constitutional government in the United States.

The chapters are: What is Constitutional Government; The Place of the United States in Constitutional Development; The President of the United States; The House of Representatives; The Senate; The Courts; The States and the Federal Government; Party Government in the United States.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
LEMCKE AND BUECHNER, Agents
30-32 W. 27th Street, New York

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

THE FLOWING ROAD

Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America

By CASPAR WHITNEY

24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.20.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife

By MRS. HUGH FRASER

Author of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands."

Another volume of reminiscences of court and diplomatic life of four continents, from that same accomplished sister of Marion Crawford, who has already given the literary and artistic world two delightful volumes of interesting and witty gossip.

"If everyone enjoys Mrs. Hugh Fraser's 'A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands' as much as I have," said the noted critic, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, "the book will be one of the most popular of the season." Enough readers have enjoyed it to make it one of the most popular books of its kind for two seasons.

Illustrated. $3.00 *net. Postage* 20c. *extra.*

A Miscellany of Men

By G. K. CHESTERTON

Every new volume of Chesterton's essays seems more brilliant, breezily humorous, and astonishingly clever than the last. Nor must one hastily conclude that the author is not profound because he is constantly witty and frequently funny. On the contrary, he reasons admirably and sees keenly and justly. And this combination of snap and sparkle with underlying solid sense makes him peculiarly attractive to clever people.

$1.50 *net. Postage* 14 *cents extra.*

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of "The Spell of the Yukon"
"Songs of a Sourdough."

Virile poems of the Sub-Arctic, by the author of "The Spell of the Yukon," a volume of poetry of which 150,000 copies have been sold.

A ROLLING STONE

THERE'S sunshine in the heart of me,
My blood sings in the breeze;
The mountains are a part of me,
I'm fellow to the trees.
My golden youth I'm squandering,
Sun-libertine am I:
A-wandering, a-wandering,
Until the day I die.

A book for men and women who love the big out-of-doors.

$1.00 *net; postage* 10c. *extra.*

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
Publishers, - - New York

THE BEST BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

New Fiction

"Friar Tuck is assured a large popularity," says the *Boston Transcript.*

FRIAR TUCK

THE BIG NOVEL OF 1912

Being the Chronicles of the Reverend John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A., as set forth and embellished by his friend and admirer

HAPPY HAWKINS

and here recorded By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

author of "Happy Hawkins," "The Knight-Errant," etc.

"Out of the West comes a Lochinvar of story-tellers to bear his readers once more 'beyond speed limits and grass signs to where life has ceased to be a series of cogs and—a man is still a man.' To those who like Western 'yarns' for their refreshing dissimilarity to their own environment and to those who still like to read aloud, 'Friar Tuck' is to be commended. Mr. Wason has the gift of naturally humorous expression and 'Friar Tuck' is assured a large popularity."—*Boston Transcript*

"'Thank the good Lord for Wason!' exclaimed one of Brooklyn's most noted divines a few evenings ago, as he read, with a deep sigh of regret, the last paragraph of 'Friar Tuck.' So say we all of us! A great story, a delight and a glory!"—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

"The book is unique, dramatic, and intensely human. It surpasses 'Happy Hawkins' and proves that Mr. Wason is one of those genuine humorists who have analyzed the wayward heart of man."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"In all its qualities of soul and body, in its spirit and expression 'Friar Tuck' is most decidedly American—according to the word's best meaning."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

MARY, MARY

By JAMES STEPHENS

The distinguished Irish poet here gives us his first novel, told in a new way, a way of genius. Charm and whimsical humor overflow on every page.

"The sort of story for which we have long been looking; it has brought a new grace to the season's fiction. It is one of the most exquisite books we have read in years."—*New York Times.* $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35

ZEBEDEE V.

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

The humorous tale of a natural-born promoter who stirs a little Maryland village by taking unto himself a third wife. What she does with Zebedee V. Slocum makes the sunniest kind of story. Illustrated. $1.20 *net; by mail,* $1.35.

THE SECRET OF FRONTELLAC

By FRANK K. SCRIBNER

An absorbing mystery story of two enterprising Americans in a French chateau. Frontispiece. $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.40.

The Novels of Ethel Sidgwick

PROMISE

$1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50.

LE GENTLEMAN: An Idyll of the Quarter

$1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.40.

HERSELF

Frontispiece in color by Carton Moorepark. $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50.

"Miss Sidgwick possesses the true imaginative gift, as distinguished from the mere power of vivid reporting, which is the necessary qualification for continuing to produce work of permanent value in fiction."—*London Times.*

"Only a novelist of high powers could have created Antoine, old M. Lemaure, Jem Edgell, Alexander Fergusson, and Harriett Clench."—*New York Sun.*

The Great Art Gift-Book of the Year

ART

By AUGUSTE RODIN

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden)

With 106 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Large quarto. Boxed. Buckram, **$7.50** *net;* three-quarter levant, **$15.00** *net;* carriage additional.

A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It is written in the form of conversation, and the greatest of modern sculptors discusses freely not only his own art, but also art in general, painting no less than sculpture, with a spontaneity and charm seldom found in books written more conventionally.

It covers practically the whole range of art and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern.

Important Non-Fiction

THE POPE'S GREEN ISLAND

By W. P. RYAN

"The best book on Ireland ever written by an Irishman." A survey of present-day Ireland of vital interest to millions of Americans. 8vo. $1.50 *net; by mail,* $1.65.

THE BAYREUTH LETTERS of RICHARD WAGNER

Edited and Translated by CAROLINE V. KERR

An indispensable book for the Wagner lover, telling the fascinating story of the great composer's struggles for the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, treating of the years just subsequent to the period covered in the recently published autobiography. Illustrated. 8vo. $2.50 *net; by mail,* $2.70.

MASTER PAINTERS

By STEWART DICK

This most readable volume gives an interesting account of the lives of the famous painters of the world. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.40.

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE, 1912

Edited by JOHN PARKER

Biographies of over 500 actors, actresses, managers, playwrights, critics, etc., American, English, British Colonial and Continental; an invaluable work. 8vo. $2.50 *net; by mail,* $2.70.

THE EMPIRES of the FAR EAST

By LANCELOT LAWTON

A masterly study, by an English journalist and publicist, of Japan and her Colonial possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the political questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. Two volumes. Boxed. 8vo. Per set, $8.50 *net; carriage additional.*

PLAY-MAKING

A Manual of Craftmanship

By WILLIAM ARCHER

"This book has long been desired," says the *Bookman,* "and there is no man in the world better equipped to write it. Students of the drama may derive from it a sane reckoning of where the truth of dramatic art lies. Further it is admirably what its title claims for it, and should be of genuine value to the playwright. Not often may we find a subject so well and comprehensively discussed."

"It is, moreover, as suggestive to the play-goer as to the play-maker," says the *Boston Transcript.* 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail,* $2.15.

THE STORY OF NELL GWYN

By CECIL CHESTERTON

A fascinating and beautiful volume by a brother of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. 12mo. Illustrated in color and black and white. $1.00 *net; by mail,* $1.10.

FLOOR GAMES

By H. G. WELLS

The versatile English novelist here shows his skill in dealing with children. Every house should have a floor on which games can be played, he says, and he shows the games to play. Over 100 illustrations. 4to. $1.00 *net; by mail,* $1.10.

IN FORBIDDEN CHINA

By VISCOUNT D'OLLONE

The spirited account of the adventurous exploring expedition of the French Government into the highlands of Western China among an almost unknown and still unconquered people. The narrative has the charm of the unfamiliar. 146 illustrations, map, 8vo. $3.50 *net; by mail,* $3.80.

TRIPOLI THE MYSTERIOUS

By MABEL LOOMIS TODD

A charming and informing record of personal observation, especially timely. Profusely illustrated. 8vo. $2.00 *net; by mail,* $2.15.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY CATALOGUE

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2474 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 450 26 Dec 12

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY'S
Important New Books

Italy in the Thirteenth Century

By HENRY D. SEDGWICK. An important contribution to the field of Italian historical scholarship, as readable and interesting to the general reader as it is sound and authoritative. It will appeal strongly both to those specially interested in Italy and her development and to those interested in the larger aspects of the history of European civilization. In two volumes. Illustrated. $5.00 *net.* Postage 32 cents.

Humanly Speaking

By SAMUEL M. CROTHERS. Delightfully whimsical essays in which the author of "The Gentle Reader" travels, observes, and arrives at certain interesting conclusions. $1.25 *net.* Postage 12 cents.

A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass

By AMY LOWELL. "All of these poems have a pure lyrical quality that is most alluring and the variety in the verses is remarkable."—*Buffalo Express.* $1.50 *net.* Postage 6 cents.

The Autobiography of an Individualist

By JAMES O. FAGAN. Of the many new writers who have ventured into the field of sociological and economic discussion in the last few years few have attracted so much attention or won so wide and receptive a hearing as Mr. Fagan. His "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" and "Labor and the Railroads" met with unusual interest, and this volume bids fair to prove one of the most significant publications of the year. $1.25 *net.* Postage 11 cents.

The Three Brontes

By MAY SINCLAIR. "Nowhere, not even in the book by Mrs. Gaskell, has so fine a novelist made so fine a biographer."—*G. K. Chesterton.* Illustrated. $3.00 *net.* Postage 18 cents.

Americans and Others

By AGNES REPPLIER. "A true essayist . . . 'Americans and Others' is a book of prose for which we may well give thanks."—*N. Y. Times Saturday Review.* $1.10 *net.* Postage 11c.

The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody

At his untimely death two years ago it was clear to all of Mr. Moody's readers that a poet of first consequence had been lost to our literature. His complete works are now published for the first time in two volumes with frontispiece portraits in photogravure and a biographical Introduction by John M. Manly. Each vol. $1.50 *net.* Postage 14 cents.

Emerson's Journals

Vols. VII. and VIII. These two volumes comprise the period from 1845 to the early fifties. Among the illustrations are the portraits exchanged by Carlyle and Emerson in 1847, and those of several of his new friends. $1.75 *net* a volume. Postage 13 cents.

Poems of Frederic and Mary Palmer

One section of this volume is entitled "Old Lovers' Ways," and others contain verses on nature and various occasions, in Andover, Boxford, and Wellfleet. In them, situations which are ordinary and universal are shown as the home of romance and the gate to the divine. $1.00 *net.* Postage 8 cents.

The Rhodes Scholarships

By GEORGE R. PARKIN. Mr. Parkin, who is the Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, has aimed in this able and interesting book to provide a permanent handbook of this perpetual Trust which will be both of service to prospective applicants for the Rhodes Scholarships, and to those that select them, and of interest to the general public. Illustrated. $2.00 *net.* Postage extra.

The Family

By JAMES Q. DEALEY. "It is a pithy, wise little volume, every sentence well pondered, and expressing ripe scholarship and sound judgment."—*E. A. Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin and author of "Changing America."* 75 cents net. Postpaid.

Readings in American Constitutional History

Selected and Edited by ALLEN JOHNSON. A collection of material, not accessible in any other single volume, carefully grouped and edited so as to enable students to deduce the leading principles of American constitutional development. $2.50 *net.* Postpaid.

Capitalization
A Book on Corporation Finance

By WALTER H. LYON. "A practical manual for the use of young bankers and those who wish to learn the machinery of investment."—*N. Y. Sun.* $2.00 *net.* Postpaid.

Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakspere

By GEORGE H. PALMER. "Add not a little both to our conceptions of Immortality and to our knowledge of Shakespeare. . . . An illuminating lecture."—*Boston Transcript.* 75 cents *net.* Postage extra.

"ONE OF THE WONDERFUL BOOKS OF ALL THE YEARS."—*Jacob A. Riis.*

Mary Antin's The Promised Land

"The life-story of an eager, observant, reflective, aspiring, and always original young woman whose formative years have been divided between the stifling restrictions of the 'Pale' and the glorious freedom of America."—*Percy F. Bicknell* in *The Dial,* Chicago.

"Told with a picturesqueness, a distinction, and a poetic touch that make it as interesting as the best fiction."—*William H. Maxwell* in *The Literary Digest.*

"A real book. . . . Let us say that it is a book which no American can afford to miss; and which no friend of beauty will care to put down."

—*New York Sun.*

Illustrated. $1.75 *net.* Postage, 15 cents.

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 497

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Foreign Views of Wilson 500
The Railway Wage Award 500
Banking Legislation 501
English Divorce Reform 502
The Careless Immortals 503

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Three New Universities for India .. 504
News for Bibliophiles 505

CORRESPONDENCE:

Roosevelt and Pisistratus 506
Fancy and Imagination Before Coleridge 506
Contributions at the Altar 506
Dr. Furness in New Haven 506

LITERATURE:

Under the Old Flag 507
Promise—Le Gentleman—Herself .. 508
The Unknown Quantity 509
The Soul of a Tenor 509
The Love Affairs of the Condés—1530—1740 510
Concentration and Control 511
The Life-Boat and Its Story 511

NOTES 511

SCIENCE:

The Story of Evolution—Evolution in the Past—Outlines of Evolutionary Biology 514

DRAMA 515

MUSIC:

Studienbuch—The Thought in Music—French Diction for Singers and Speakers 516

ART:

A New Gallery for London and Post-Impressionism 517

FINANCE:

What Next? 519

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 520

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

A new, comprehensive, uniform series of classical Greek and Latin texts with parallel English translations of the highest attainable quality.

Edited By
T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D.
Assisted By An
Advisory Board of Eminent Scholars

"A classical feast . . . made possible through the generosity and disinterestedness of Mr. James Loeb."—*N. Y. American.*

"To be counted among the happiest uses of wealth."—*N. Y. Globe.*

FIFTEEN VOLUMES NOW READY

GREEK

APPIAN. Vol. I.
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 1 Vol.
EURIPIDES. Vols. I. and II.
PHILOSTRATUS. 2 Vols.
SOPHOCLES. Vol. I.
THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS (*The Greek Bucolic Poets*). 1 Vol.
APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Vol. I.

LATIN

CICERO. Vol. I.
TERENCE. 2 Vols.
PROPERTIUS. 1 Vol.
ST. AUGUSTINE. 2 Vols.

Five additional volumes will be ready in December.

A descriptive circular of the whole series mailed free on request.

Each volume, cloth, $1.50 net; flexible leather, $2.00 net

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 64-66 5th Ave., N.Y.

JUST PUBLISHED

Hygiene for the Worker

By **WILLIAM H. TOLMAN, Ph.D.**, Director American Museum of Safety, New York City, and **ADELAIDE WOOD GUTHRIE**, Department of Research, American Museum of Safety.

50 cents

This book is based upon actual shop conditions and discusses helpfully matters of personal appearance, cleanliness, and general care of the body, with suggestions for a regular morning and evening routine; the value of food and drink and a plain talk on the subject of alcohol and tobacco. In the belief that Tolman's Hygiene for the Worker will benefit employee and employer alike, the National Cash Register Company has ordered 1,000 copies for distribution among its workers. What the book will do for them it will accomplish in other places of business—manufactories, department stores, or any other institutions where numbers of workers are employed. Sound health means efficiency: improved health, increased efficiency.

American Book Company
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

Essentials in Journalism

By HARRY FRANKLIN HARRINGTON, Director of Courses in Journalism, Ohio State University, and THEODORE T. FRANKENBERG, *Ohio State Journal.*

JUST PUBLISHED. **$1.75.**

A textbook for all young people preparing for practical newspaper work. The book aims to combine the practice and the philosophy of all routine news paper work and takes up in turn each phase of editorial activity, from the simple work accorded a beginner to the forms given only to tried men. The student is shown the thing to do and the why of it. The standards set are those of the average newspaper office. The illustrations are many and form an essential part of the text.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston NewYork Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

Educational

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., NewYork
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 DouglasBd., LosAngeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university, and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to University work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing, and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation.*

CIVICS FOR FOREIGNERS

By A. A. PLASS

This book gives the essential facts concerning our government, together with explicit directions for the procuring of naturalization papers; contains vocabulary for Italian, German, Swedish, French, Polish, Greek, and Yiddish.

Cloth. 192 pages. Illustrations and maps. 50 cents

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT

OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

Exceptional Library Facilities for preparing essays, club papers and bibliographies. Edith Lowe, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

THE BEST HOLIDAY BOOK LIST

A Long-Awaited Work

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer now first put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock, Author of "The Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works," and Percy MacKaye, Author of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," etc. Illustrated with 32 full-page color plates from paintings by the celebrated English artist, Warwick Goble. Handsomely bound. *$5.00 net*

Art

MORNINGS WITH MASTERS OF ART

By H. H. Powers, Ph.D.

A fine interpretation of the development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo.

Profusely illustrated, $2.00 net

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE

By E. V. Lucas

Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes, Paris, London, Holland. *$1.75 net*

Travel

Mr. Bryce's New Book

SOUTH AMERICA: OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS

By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce

Author of "The American Commonwealth," etc. "The most comprehensive, clearest, sanest and most illuminating volume on South America."

$2.50 net

PANAMA

By Albert Edwards

The fascinating story of Panama.

Illustrated, $1.50 net

For the Home

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM

By Charles E. White, Jr.

With over 400 illustrations, $2.00 net

HOME EFFICIENCY

By M. B. and R. W. Bruere

The management of the home from the practical standpoint. *$1.50 net*

Social Betterment

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT

By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

The broad facts of Socialism and their relation to Christianity. *$1.50 net*

CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER

By Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch

The new social awakening of moral and religious forces. *$1.50 net*

CHRISTMAS By Zona Gale

Another of this favorite author's genial stories of American life, similar to "Friendship Village"; a fine vein of romance revealing the meaning of Christmas. *Illustrated, $1.30 net*

The Best New Novels

THE HEROINE IN BRONZE

James Lane Allen's new novel

"An ideal love story by the author of 'A Kentucky Cardinal.'" *$1.25 net*

THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE

Kathleen Norris's fine new novel

Has the same appeal as this author's successful novel "Mother."

Colored illustrations, $1.25 net.

LONDON LAVENDER

By E. V. Lucas

"A charming novel of quaint and romantic fancy."

$1.35 net

THE DRIFTING DIAMOND

By Lincoln Colcord

A thrilling and dramatic story of adventures in Southern Seas.

Colored frontispiece, $1.25 net

New Gift Books for Boys and Girls

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

By Charles Wood

A thrilling tale of adventure in the stirring war period of 1812.

Colored illustrations, $1.25 net

DEERING OF DEAL, OR THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

By Latta Griswold

A capital story of school life.

Illustrated, $1.25 net

THE SECRET OF THE CLAN

By Alice Brown

A story of absorbing interest for girls.

Illustrated, $1.25 net

PEGGY STEWART AT HOME

By Gabrielle E. Jackson

"A merry story."—*Outlook.*

Frontispiece, $1.25 net

In the Season's Spirit

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS

Edited by J. C. Dier

All the sports of winter treated in interesting fashion. With its bright, full-page color-plates and pictures in black and white it is one of the handsome gift books of the season.

$1.50 net

THESE BOOKS ON SALE IN ALL BOOKSTORES AT THE NET PRICES

The Illustrated Catalogue of MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS mailed free on request.

PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA

A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the Years 1832 and 1840

Edited by VISCOUNT ESHER.

2 *Vols. With* 34 *full-page Illustrations. Medium* 8*vo.* (*Uniform with "Queen Victoria's Letters."*) $9.00 *net* (*Express extra*).

The Diary kept by Queen Victoria in her girlhood is an intimate revelation of her interests, activities, and various accomplishments, and above all, of the growth of her mind and character. She records the conversations of Lord Melbourne with the care and accuracy of a Boswell, and from them we can see how the Prime Minister and Courtier was training his Sovereign day by day in the art of statesmanship.

Of the illustrations, some are reproductions of the Queen's own drawings, others are portraits specially painted for her, and never hitherto reproduced. This artistic embellishment to a unique book is a most attractive feature.

Arthur James Balfour As Philosopher and Thinker

A collection of the more important and interesting passages in his non-political writings, speeches, and addresses, 1879 to 1912. Selected and arranged by WILFRID M. SHORT.

With Portrait. 8*vo.* $2.50 *net.* (*Postage* 16 *cents.*)

The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields, A.R.W.S., 1833-1911

Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS.

A biography of the well known painter of religious subjects. *With Photogravure and* 40 *other Illustrations.* 8*vo.* $3.00 *net.* (*Postage extra.*)

Cardinal Manning, and Other Essays

By J. E. C. BODLEY

Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. *With Frontispiece.* 8*vo.* $3.00 *net.* (*Postage extra.*)

Railroads

By WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, Ph.D.,

Ropes Professor of Economics, Harvard University. Sets forth the nature of the railroad problems of the time, commercial, fiscal, and political, in a way to appeal to the serious general reader as well as to the specialist. *In* 2 *Vols. Small* 8*vo.*

VOL. I. RATES AND REGULATION. *With* 41 *Maps and Diagrams.* $3.00 *net; by mail,* $3.20.

Boyd Alexander's Last Journey

With a Memoir by HERBERT ALEXANDER

The diary of the great African traveler, written up to within a week of his murder on his adventurous scientific journey a few months ago.

8*vo.* $3.50 *net.* (*Postage* 17 *cents.*)

A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830

By OLIVER ELTON

A critical review in a historical setting rather than a mere history, by the Professor of English Literature in the University of Liverpool. The book is above all a series of personal impressions of artists and of their works.

In 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.* $6.00 *net.* (*Expressage extra.*)

Miriam Lucas

By CANON SHEEHAN

"Canon Sheehan has a fine capacity for presenting Ireland's people in all their humor, loyalty, wit and suddenness. Miriam Lucas is a noteworthy novel of modern Irish life." —*Syracuse Post Standard.*

Crown 8*vo.* $1.35 *net; by mail,* $1.50.

The New Book of Golf

Edited by HORACE G. HUTCHISON

"It is an authoritative book that will be read with interest by all golfers."—*N. Y. Sun.*

With 67 *full-page Illustrations. Crown* 8*vo.* $2.00 *net.* (*Postage* 12 *cents.*)

John and Irene

By W. H. BEVERIDGE

A selection of sayings from many times and countries concerning woman in all her aspects. The quotations are arranged by subjects, and are further arranged so as to illustrate a modern love story told in the Introduction.

Crown 8*vo.* $1.40 *net.* (*Postage* 10 *cents.*)

The Book of Saints and Heroes

Edited by ANDREW LANG

In Mr. Lang's 24th annual Christmas book the subject-matter is drawn from the wealth of mediaeval Christian legend. Each of the 23 chapters is devoted to the story of some saint around whose life a fabric of miraculous detail has gradually been woven, and older children will here be introduced to those whose names are familiar to us, and some whose names are not so familiar. A preface explains in a form suitable for youthful readers how all these ancient and famous legends first grew up.

With 12 *Colored Plates and* 18 *full-page Plates in Black and White by H. J. FORD. Small* 8*vo. Gilt top.* $1.60 *net; by mail,* $1.75.

Alpine Studies

By W. A. B. COOLIDGE

Contains some 20 articles, largely on Climbing matters, and describing many parts of the Alps from the Higher Maritimes to the Tyrolese Dolomites, especially the Dauphine and Bernese Oberland ranges.

With 16 *Half-Tone Illustrations.* 8*vo.* $2.50 *net.* (*Postage* 13 *cents.*)

Books and Bookmen

By ANDREW LANG

Pocket Edition. With a Preface specially written for this New Edition. *Fcap.* 8*vo. Cloth, gilt top,* $0.75 *net. Leather,* $1.00 *net.* (*Postage extra.*)

A Staff-Officer's Scrap-Book During the Russo-Japanese War

By General Sir IAN HAMILTON

New Edition in 1 Volume. With all the Original Maps and Plans, and a Frontispiece.

Large Crown 8*vo.* $2.10 *net.* (*Postage* 17 *cents.*)

ROYAL GARDENS

By CYRIL WARD, B.A.

Illustrated with 32 *full-page Color Reproductions from Original Water Color Drawings by the Author, and five Plans.* 4*to.* (11⅞ x 8½ *in.*) $5.00 *net.* (*Expressage extra.*)

Eleven of the most famous and beautiful gardens in Great Britain are here reproduced in full color. The chapters are so arranged that the accompanying plates present a full garden year from daffodils at Windsor Castle and spring flowering shrubs at Bagshot Park to chrysanthemums at Claremont, and autumn flowers at Sandringham; and the gardens herein depicted include examples of the whole art of garden design as practised in Great Britain during the last three or four centuries. There are also six articles written by head gardeners on their own methods, and on particularly notable trees, shrubs, and plants in the Royal gardens under their charge, that will be found useful by many garden lovers. A suitable holiday gift book.

Fourth Ave.
and 30th St.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

New York
City

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1912.

The Week

Both Gov. Wilson and Mr. Bryan are hopelessly ignorant about the new Cabinet, as compared with the Washington gossips. The latter had it all arranged, with Bryan already appointed Secretary of State, and, furthermore, empowered by Wilson to fill all the other Cabinet positions. This last was evidently put forth as a supreme test of gullibility. If anybody believed that part of the story, he certainly would not stick at the rest of it. But the whole was an invention, as is proved by the explicit denials of the two principals. It served to pass the time for a single day, and also to elicit expressions of a strange feeling of apprehension in case Bryan should be named as President Wilson's "premier." This seemed to be partly a fear lest Bryan, as Secretary of State, might do something to derange the finances. It appears to have been thought that he would negotiate secret treaties for the international free coinage of silver, or something of that kind. But this was to forget that Mr. Bryan always scorned the idea of waiting for other nations, and proudly announced his determination to go his bimetallic way without their "consent." But the main cause of alarm was lest Bryan should be put in a position to "run" the new Administration. It was not perceived that he would be much more likely to attempt this outside than in, just as he undertook to "run" Mr. Underwood and the Democratic majority in the House, with results highly damaging to his prestige. Inside the Cabinet, Bryan would have to be loyal or quit. And anybody who thinks that Woodrow Wilson could be "run" by Bryan or anybody else, has yet a lot to learn.

In appointing Theodore Marburg as Minister to Belgium, Mr. Taft has given fit recognition of attainments and services in private station. Mr. Marburg is a serious student of, and writer on, economic and political questions, and has been one of the chief promoters, in this country, of the movement for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. He has spent much time in Europe, and pursued his studies for two years at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris. His interest in art, as well as in the improvement of municipal government, has been of benefit to his home city, Baltimore; and in this and other ways he is equipped to represent the country creditably at Brussels.

Mr. Carnegie's proposal to provide, through the Carnegie Corporation, a pension of $25,000 a year for "future" ex-Presidents was intolerable. The truth is that some people are worrying more about the pecuniary affairs of ex-Presidents than are the ex-Presidents themselves. We think it was Mr. Cleveland who, after his retirement from the Presidency, referred to the so-called problem of what to do with ex-Presidents, and said that his solution of it was to let them alone. Mr. Roosevelt has expressed himself similarly. As a matter of fact, there has been no real difficulty on the score of ex-Presidents not being able to live with dignity. None of them has fallen into penury. If such a mischance should occur to any former President, there can be no doubt that Congress would come forward with a special act in relief. It already pensions the widows of ex-Presidents. Most men who leave the Presidency do so either with private means sufficient for their needs, or with health and powers enabling them to earn what they require. Americans are eager to think well of their ex-Presidents and to treat them well. But they know no better way to do this than to welcome them back into the general body of citizenship. It is a great honor to have occupied the Presidency. But to lay down that honor with simple dignity, and then in unaffected simplicity to take up the burdens of life and of civic duty, as one democrat among his fellows, this, too, is a high distinction.

Senator Root's strong talk in favor of a fair and honest course upon the Panama Canal tolls, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, was received with hearty and unanimous applause. This manifestation of sentiment, on the part of an assemblage thoroughly representative of the business community of New York, is most gratifying. Upon the merits of the toll question itself, as related to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, no man in the country can speak with greater authority than Mr. Root; but even if we were to waive the weight of that authority, as well as what to the ordinary mind seems to be the plain meaning of the treaty itself, there could still be no answer to the position asserted by the Senator on the subject of the arbitration of the question. If we were to refuse to submit it to the decision of an international tribunal, we should reduce to absurdity and contempt our whole attitude in reference to the promotion of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. And, owing to the peculiar character of the subject-matter—a question of pecuniary detail—a worse taint even than this would attach to our conduct. "I say to you," said Mr. Root, "that if we refuse to arbitrate it, we shall be in the position of the merchant who is known to all the world to be false to his promises."

Speaking of the Anti-Trust law, at the dinner of the Investment Brokers' Association of America last Friday night, Mr. Frank Turnbull, chairman of the board of directors of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, emphasized an aspect of the matter to which singularly little attention has been paid. "All of us know," he said, "that hundreds of thousands of combinations would have been formed if it had not been for the Anti-Trust law and for the prosecutions under it." The expression "hundreds of thousands of combinations" may not best fit the case; but what Mr. Turnbull had in mind was the tremendous enlargement which the process of combination would have exhibited had it not been for the obstacle interposed by the Sherman act. It is impossible to estimate how much further we should have gone, by this time, on the road to monopoly, if the country had accepted the doctrine of the manifest-destiny people instead of doggedly sticking to its determination to block the process. And the gain that has come from this policy cannot be measured by its direct results upon industry or trade. Far more important than that is the effect upon the whole economic and political structure of the country; for it is unquestionable that, as Mr. Turnbull says, the movement towards state socialism would have been greatly accelerated if there had been no Anti-Trust law.

The death of Senator Rayner brings to a close a political career of a somewhat singular kind. While not an aggressive reformer, he resented and resisted the dominance of the Democratic machine in Maryland, and his election to the Senate nine years ago was won by an appeal to the people against the dictum of that machine. His fight "within the party" against the notorious Poe disfranchising amendment was one of the chief factors in bringing about the decisive defeat of that measure. Though a strict Constitutionalism was almost a religion with him, he was an early advocate of what are now called Progressive policies, having favored, during his service in the House many years ago, both the popular election of Senators and advanced measures in the interest of workingmen. In his recent career, his determined championship of the general arbitration treaties in their fullest scope is particularly notable. He will be missed upon the Democratic side of the Senate as one of the small group of men whose speeches, upon important occasions, were such as to attract national attention. The gap in the Democratic ranks in the Senate caused by his death is of peculiar importance from the mere standpoint of numbers, owing to the close division of the parties and the circumstance that the Governor of Maryland, who will have the making of the interim appointment, is a Republican. Moreover, in the leading question of the tariff, Senator Rayner would have been a great help in putting through the Democratic policies.

Our disregard for human life is brought to the front again by a report made to the Federal Bureau of Labor regarding lead poisoning in potteries, tile works, and the like. Compared with British establishments of this sort, our own, with less than half the number of workpeople, show almost twice as many cases of lead poisoning. Nor do these unfavorable figures tell the whole story, since, in the absence of legal requirements for the recording of such cases, it has been found impossible to make a complete census of them for the two years covered by the investigation. The salient point in the report is that foreign potteries and tile works recognize the handling of lead glaze as a dangerous trade. Consequently, means of such protection are provided, ranging from clean, washable work clothes to a monthly medical examination. All of these methods, says the report, could be introduced into our potteries without necessitating any change in the processes of manufacture. In certain branches of the industry as managed in Europe, leadless enamels are generally used, and they are believed to be superior in durability to those in which lead is used, while free from the dangers of the latter.

The principles of industrial unionism were brought up in the convention of the American Federation of Labor last week and were beaten 2 to 1; but considering the brief history of the industrial agitation within the Federation, the showing is really notable. Roughly speaking, industrial unionism would organize the working class along vertical lines instead of on horizontal lines. Its unit is the industry instead of the trade or craft. Under the present horizontal or craft system, there is a nation-wide Teamsters' Union, made up of draymen engaged in numerous industries. Under the industrial or vertical system, the truckman who regularly carts building steel would be a member of a union comprising every class of worker in the building industry, and the truckman who regularly carts coal would be in affiliation with the miners' organization. Such at least is the theory. Industrial unionism has been developed as a consequence of the rivalries and conflicts among trade unions in the same industry, or sometimes among unions in the same trade. The so-called "jurisdictional" conflicts have weakened the unions internally and before the public. Unions in the same industry have struck against each other to decide whether a certain task falls within the jurisdiction of this or that narrowly circumscribed craft.

The acquittal of Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso at Salem Tuesday morning brings to a close one of the most remarkable trials of recent years. Few persons who have followed it and are acquainted with all the attendant circumstances will, we believe, be other than pleased at the outcome. This does not mean that we in the slightest degree sympathize with the Industrial Workers of the World or with their propaganda of violence. It does mean that the prosecution seemed to us from the beginning far-fetched, and the evidence against the prisoners flimsy. So many mistakes were made by the authorities in the handling of the whole Lawrence strike that there was genuine danger of sending these men to the electric chair when they were innocent.

The football season just ending shows, as usual, a long list of dead and injured. Yet it would be unfair to those who have worked over the rules not to add that substantial progress has been made both in improving the game itself and in safeguarding the players. Officials, too, have been stricter than usual in penalizing rough play. The chief contests of the season have been far more interesting than those of past years, and not only because of the frequent drop-kicking. The Harvard offence on Saturday was amazingly varied, if one contrasts their style of play with that in vogue five or six years ago, when the only question was which side by sheer brute force would oftenest shove the ball through the opponent's line and down the field. The big games this year have literally been *football*, and the stars of the season are chiefly the men like Brickley and Pumpelly. At New Haven there were pretty gains through broken fields, and some good end running which brought the spectators to their feet and resulted in one touchdown. There were plenty of tricks and criss-cross passing to add to the variety of the play, as well, and to show that the game has been opened up.

But there is still much to be done towards safeguarding the individual. It ought not, for instance, to be possible for charging players to knock down some of their opponents in the backfield yards away from the actual play. Indeed, the question is whether the next forward step should not be to take another leaf out of the Rugby book and make it impossible for the interference to precede the runner. This is one of the radical differences in the two games, so radical that the suggestion of the change will doubtless meet with little favor at first. Yet it is a subject about which there should be prompt and full discussion. There is a growing belief among the more conservative football men that some move in this direction must be made ere long. The coaches can give help, if they will, by punishing their own players who indulge in unnecessary roughness and by ceasing to teach on the theory that brute force is everything. The Dartmouth team has been held up to opprobrium by the Harvard head coach for its roughness, and similar outspokenness about other players who forget to be gentlemen is desirable. When all is said and done, however, the risks of the game can only be minimized and not wholly removed. There must always be some violent physical contact, and that spells injury, however hardened and trained the players may be.

All Harvard is rejoicing over its discovery of the insect which carries the virus of infantile paralysis. Indeed, were the world not dulled to such achievements the press everywhere would be ringing with the news. The offender, be it noted, is none else than the common stable fly. Its detection by a process of elimination took endless skill and science, and was the result of the co-operation of the Harvard Medical School, the Bussey Institution of that University, and the Massachusetts State Board of Health. This pulling together of three separate bodies of scientists is peculiarly gratifying, foreshadowing as it does greater coördination than has been possible in the past, while the exploit itself must redound to the honor of Harvard throughout the world—even though it has attracted but a trifling amount of space in the press compared to that attained by the football team. That the offending carrier has been found does not mean, alas! that a cure for this dread disease is in sight—only that it may be guarded against as never before. For the disease itself science does not at present hold out any prospect of a cure.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., November 20.—A summary of hunting accidents in the Northern woods to date shows that the total of fatalities and serious accidents since September 1 breaks all records.

We had been under the impression that the gentle pastime of killing men by mistake for deer was somewhat declining in popularity. If it is in such flourishing condition as to "break all records," it should seem to be quite deserving of a little prayerful consideration. In these days of searching of the national heart, it would certainly be in order to inquire whether these killings of men mistaken for deer are as familiar an incident of life in other countries as they are in ours. And if not, it is quite worth while to inquire why not. The habit of referring every wrong and every evil to some defect of our laws or our administration of them has been growing upon us at an extraordinary rate, and it is greatly to be desired that we should not altogether lose sight of the part played by the temper, mental attitude, and habits prevailing among the individuals who make up the nation. In all sorts of ways the ordinary American lightly takes chances which the people of other countries are far more particular to avoid. Our unenviable eminence in fires, mine accidents, railway accidents, etc., is not due wholly to governmental deficiencies.

It was so soon evident that the violent scenes in the House of Commons would have no political effect that it has hardly seemed worth while to recur to the subject. Its moral implications, however, were strikingly revealed in the mass of English comment at the time. As was to have been expected, Prof. A. V. Dicey, though a convinced Unionist, could not approve the rowdy tactics of his party in the Commons. He has too long championed law and order in Ireland to see them trampled upon in Westminster itself without a protest. He gave it as his opinion that a repetition of the senseless disorder in the House would ruin the cause of the Unionists. To this it was rejoined that the party leader, Mr. Bonar Law, was never so uproariously acclaimed by his followers as when he went to Albert Hall, the day after the rioting in the House, and gloried in it. But it is evident that both he and his party became ashamed of their defiant and lawless attitude, and soon abandoned it. This whole Conservative outbreak was aptly named by the *Westminster Gazette* "Unionettism." It was a double-barrelled epithet to discharge at the men who had lifted horrified hands at the violent tactics of the militant suffragists.

A Papal encyclical on labor unions and social questions appears to have leaked out prematurely in Germany, and is there the subject of much comment. The drift of it is, so far as one may judge from the fragments published, that it is not possible to sever from religion the matters of social concern now so much agitated among workingmen. They are so related to morals and the whole modern order of society that the Church cannot be asked to keep hands off. The Pope lays no ban upon labor unions. So far as they are composed of Catholics, his word is that they are both to be upheld and enlarged. But he disapproves of Catholics and non-Catholics coming together in the same union. The Papal idea is that the Church must keep a strong directing hand upon all these activities and movements. No less would have been expected of Pius X.

An international Socialist Congress, comprising 450 delegates from twenty countries, assembled at Basel on Sunday for the purpose of reasserting the opposition of the Socialist party to militarist ideals, and specifically to prevent the development of the Balkan war into a general European conflict. It is true that, in threatening to meet violence with violence, the Socialist leaders are guilty of inconsistency. An armed insurrection against war would lead to the bitterest of all kinds of war, civil strife. It is true also that the spirit of social hatred that is the real driving force of Socialism might at any moment be transmuted into international hatred. Nevertheless one of the unmistakable factors that contribute to the growth of Socialist prestige in Europe is the loud opposition which that movement has repeatedly expressed against the waging of offensive wars. One has only to think of the now familiar tales of horror that are coming out of the Balkans, of carnage and pestilence working hand in hand, of burning villages and slaughtered women and children, to see how the better conscience of Europe would rally in sympathy to the party which really meant that an end should be made of settling international quarrels through the brutal decisions of war.

FOREIGN VIEWS OF WILSON.

Telegraphic dispatches on November sixth gave us a general idea of the comments of the foreign press upon our Presidential election. But as the French and German and English newspapers have been coming by mail, reading of their editorial views gives opportunity for a fuller understanding. The significance of the Republican defeat and of the failure of Roosevelt is variously interpreted; and the forecasts of future party alignments differ. But in one respect there is something like a consensus. This lies in the judgment formed of Woodrow Wilson. His success is, of course, primarily regarded as that of the Democratic party, but over and above this a great deal of emphasis is laid upon his personality. His election had long been held certain by instructed political observers in Europe, as it had been here, and thus they had had time to make up their minds concerning the man, and also about the meaning of his coming to the Presidency.

All of them speak of him as a "new" man. This is not intended in the old Roman sense of a *novus homo*. It means that Wilson is of a type new in the higher American politics. The *Westminster Gazette* suggests this in the very title of its article on the election, namely, "The College President." It speaks of "this experiment of the 'philosopher-king' made in the unlikeliest quarter of the world." This at once conveys the point. Europe is familiar with public men taken from the universities. Oxford has long been the cherishing mother of statesmen. But foreigners are more vividly aware than many Americans seem to be how great a novelty it is in the United States when, as the *Westminster Gazette* puts it, "the learned historian, professor, and ex-college principal walks into the White House." We here, closer by, give more attention than the foreigners do to Wilson's brief period of transition. He did not go straight from the Presidency of Princeton to the Presidency of the nation. His stirring campaign in New Jersey, his telling administration as Governor, his frequent speaking on politics before audiences in all parts of the country, led us insensibly to think of him more as a public man than as a college man. But across the water they are struck by the fact that Americans, after many years of talk about "the college man in politics," have at last taken one and made him President.

And with a credulity that will seem amazing to our skeptical politicians, these foreign commentators do not think that a university man in public life will be too innocent for the wicked world in which he finds himself. They even allege that their own experience leads them to believe that Mr. Wilson will prove as shrewd and efficient in practical statecraft as any old stager. They know, of course, that he has already given proof of his quality. As the London *Times* remarked, "he has already shown that he can beat the politicians at their own game." On this same point, the words of the Manchester *Guardian* are worth quoting in part:

> His opponents have, of course, not missed the chance of depreciating Dr. Wilson, former professor and university president, as a "doctrinaire" and "theorist," and contrasting him with Mr. Roosevelt, the "practical" and "efficient" man of action and affairs. But the American people, being angry with the "bosses," are not unaware that Dr. Wilson, during his two years' Governorship of New Jersey, has shown himself extremely independent of "boss" rule and an enterprising administrator, and that Mr. Roosevelt during his seven years as President did a great deal to stir up public interest in his "policies," but accomplished little or nothing towards carrying them into effect.

One newspaper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, makes a brief but interesting comparison between the personal qualities of Gov. Wilson and President Taft. It speaks in the most emphatic way of Wilson's attainments and character, referring in passing to the foolish notion that men of outstanding ability should be kept out of public positions to the duties of which they are strange. Of Taft the *Zeitung* says that his tendencies are those of a judge and an official, whereas Wilson it sees as an independent statesman with a rich mental equipment and wide views, who will strike out new paths. It expects him to be not only the head of the Government but a leader in American political thought.

Such expressions of foreign opinion are not to be urged for more than they are worth. Most people in this country have, happily, ceased to employ the silly old braggadocio, "Who cares for abroad?" We should care, and do care, for what Europe thinks of us. Of its judgments on our politics and our public men we ought to think neither with contempt nor with undue deference. But it certainly is a reason for satisfaction that our well-wishers on the other side of the Atlantic speak with so much praise and so much hope of the man whom we have just elected to the Presidency. Those who have restlessly wished that the United States would do something startling in order to "impress the imagination of Europe," may now be invited to see how easily the thing was done. All that was necessary was to show that we regarded conspicuous ability and special intellectual training as not a fatal bar to the highest office. Europe rubbed her eyes at that, and sat up to take notice.

THE RAILWAY WAGE AWARD.

The two considerations of paramount importance in the decision of the Board of Arbitrators on the railway engineers' wage dispute are that both parties to the controversy have acquiesced in the Board's decision, and that the decision itself was virtually unanimous. Although, as was to be expected, the two arbitrators selected respectively by the railways and by the engineers' union dissent in principle from certain parts of the decision, the five neutral arbitrators concur in the award without dissension and there is no minority report.

We believe that the fact of this unanimity will prevent altogether the result which appears to be inferred, in some quarters, from the statement of Mr. Morrissey, the labor arbitrator, that the settlement "can be only temporary." Next May the arrangement will cease to be formally binding on either party, and it is open to any one to imagine the engineers then bringing back the situation to the status of last March, when a "tie-up" of the Eastern railways seemed to be imminent. But we regard this as the extreme of improbability. As in the case of the similar unanimous decision on miners' wages by the Anthracite Commission in 1903, the moral effect of the arbitrators' attitude must be to establish new principles of action for the disputants which cannot be lightly departed from.

The appeal of the Board for abandonment of the expedient of industrial warfare, of strikes by railway employees such as will paralyze transportation industry, is strong and convincing. It rests itself primarily, as it should, on the rights of the whole community. That "any groups of men, whether employers or employees," should enjoy and exercise "the power to decide that a great section of the country, as populous as all France, shall undergo great loss of life, unspeakable suffering, and loss of property beyond the power of description, through the stoppage of a necessary public service," is "intolerable." A strike of this sort "in the army or navy is mutiny, and universally punished as such"; even in the case of postal clerks or teachers in the public schools, "the employment, to borrow a legal phrase, is affected with a public use, and this of necessity qualifies the right of free concerted action."

This is a vigorous and much-needed assertion of the rights of that "third party to the controversy" in such industrial disputes—the general public—which has so constantly been treated, in the past, as a negligible factor in the case. The arbitrators do not flinch from pressing their argument to its conclusion. They advise "the creation of Federal and State Wage Commissions which shall exercise functions regarding labor engaged in work upon public utilities analogous to those exercised with regard to capital by the Public Service Commissions already in existence."

We are not altogether prepared to accept that plan as feasible. It is manifestly surrounded with obstacles, social, legal, and constitutional. But the underlying principle will be served by resort to habitual arbitration such as is provided by the Erdman act, which the engineers' unions ignored in their attitude of last spring; and the Board's present findings certainly open up the discussion of compulsory arbitration. That some machinery must be set up by law, which will prevent a group of impulsive or hot-headed leaders, employers or employees, from inflicting on whole communities the experiences of a military siege, is a conclusion which, we believe, every thoughtful citizen has already reached. What the French Government did, through the violent expedient of calling out the railway engineers as part of the army reserve and requiring them, under military penalty, to operate the trains, it must be possible for the United States to do through normal and constitutional means.

In its specific details, the award of the arbitrators is a compromise. It denies the engineers' full demand for wage advances, and decides that a general increase in wages on all the roads concerned is not warranted by the facts. But it takes equally positive ground in "standardizing" the wage scale and granting special increases which are held to be reasonable in the light of evidence. On the basis of distance and hours of labor, a minimum rate of wages is prescribed. This is recognized as involving higher average pay than now prevails. Where the railways estimated, last spring, that the demands of the engineers would entail an addition to running expenses of $7,553,000 per annum—an increase of some 18⅝ per cent.—it is roughly figured out to-day that the increase under the Board's decision will be possibly half that sum.

In many respects, the most troublesome stumbling-block was the fact that some railways can comfortably meet the new wage charges, whereas others, in a less favorable financial position, can not. The arbitrators do not go into this question, except to express opinion that the great majority of the roads are able to meet the requirements. Where railways can show their financial inability to do so, the Board holds that there is just cause for them to reopen the question of increased transportation rates with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The present arbitrators could obviously go no further, and their opinion, thus expressed, will undoubtedly have weight with the Commission. It must be pointed out, however, that the Commission's assent to higher freight rates, on such railways alone as had shown their financial position to require it, would not at all solve the difficulty.

For one or two railways—especially (as would be the case under the supposed conditions) railways not able to provide the best route, service, and equipment—to charge more for transportation than their stronger competitors, would be to sacrifice much of what they were able at present to procure. Under the régime of the old trunk line pools, the "differential" allowed to roads thus handicapped was a lower, not a higher, rate. Apparently, if a higher rate is to be allowed because certain railways cannot earn a living without it, that rate must be granted to all other competing lines alike. There is a reasonable inference from this part of the situation. The arbitrators have refused a "horizontal advance" in wages, but have conceded higher schedules where the evidence showed such advance to be fair and reasonable in itself. Precisely so, the Interstate Commission may be expected, although maintaining their previous opposition to a sweeping and general advance in transportation rates, to concede advances in given articles, groups of articles, or special lines of service, where it can be shown that the present rate is out of line with rates on other commodities, or with the cost of moving the kinds of freight in question, on the new basis of wages.

BANKING LEGISLATION.

The present converging of public interest on what the new Administration and the new Congress will do with the tariff, is natural. That matter will be taken up first of all in the extra session. But, for two reasons, it is not too early to consider what other things the party has to do. For this has a bearing, first, on the unfolding of the Wilson Administration's general policies, and also on the course to be pursued in the final session of the present Congress.

That early consideration will necessarily be given to the banking and currency problem, we suppose is generally admitted. The absence of any active discussion of it on the stump, in the recent campaign, excited considerable comment. We have vague recollection of an excited outcry from some quarter or other, towards the close of the campaign, charging all three parties with a "conspiracy of silence" on this issue. The allegation was absurd; for platforms and candidate, so far at least as concerned the Democratic party, had spoken clearly and forcibly on the currency.

That it was subordinated in the discussions of the campaign was obviously due to the fact that the people preferred to hear of something else, more immediate; and to the further fact that men of all parties recognized the extreme unwisdom of subjecting a highly technical economic question of the sort to the buffetings and perversions of an excited political contest. Unlike the "silver question" on which appeal was made to the voters in 1896, the present problem did not involve a clean-cut economic issue, and it did not present the alternative between two opposing economic policies. To have forced into controversial politics a question in that shape would have been like submitting to a plébiscite the details of the Specie Resumption Act of 1875 or of the Gold Standard and bond-refunding law of 1900.

But the Democratic party none the less comes into power pledged to deal with the currency question. The Baltimore platform recommended "such a systematic revision of our banking laws as will render temporary relief in localities where such relief is needed." But that proposal necessarily involves the whole problem of coördination and centralization of the machinery of credit. Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance, while admitting lack of intimate knowledge of currency reform, frankly accepted the task of such reform. He is said to be giving it attention in Bermuda. It will have to be dealt with in his inaugural address, and possibly on more specific lines than in his earlier speech.

Of more immediate concern, however, is the policy of the present Congress. The banking and finance committees of that body have in their hands the so-called Aldrich bill. They are not likely to report it as it stands. We doubt if it would be a real service to propose a currency bill of any kind at the present session; for it would almost certainly be foreordained to a speedy demise.

More or less associated with currency legislation, in the mind of law-makers, has been the so-called "Money Trust investigation." That inquiry originated, as most people are aware, in a resolution submitted by a group of Congressmen who had grasped the facts about some existing evils in the situation, but whose imagination had roamed from facts to the region of wild and fantastic dreams. Senator La Follette's notion of a hundred selected millionaires who create at their selfish whim prosperity and adversity, and the later conception of a Money Power which puts wheat up and cotton down, regardless of such trifling influences as production and consumption, supply and demand, found lodgment in the heads of those legislators.

The inquiry was not left in the hands of such fanatics; it was entrusted to the regular Banking and Currency Committee of the House. Even so, however, it was, most unfortunately, conducted in a spirit and manner which brought profound regret to those who believed, as the *Nation* believes, that there are openings for abuse in the present state of affairs in the investment and credit markets, which ought to be carefully guarded. The examination of witnesses, last spring, did indeed elicit facts regarding several existing or potential evils in the business machinery of the day. But carried on, as it was, with an apparent presumption that any witness connected with a financial institution was a suspicious person, and with repeated gross unfairness in the cross-questioning of such witnesses, the inquiry had two very deplorable results. It alienated hundreds of fair-minded men who were not opposed to the committee's legitimate purposes, and it heightened in minds of the uninformed an already existing misconception of important financial episodes and institutions. We need go no further than to recall the committee's inquiries into the Treasury's action at the crisis of the panic of 1907.

We are not, therefore, greatly surprised at the intimations from Washington that the committee itself believes its period of usefulness in this direction to have been outlived. This is the more natural conclusion, in that the new Administration will enter office pledged to take up the question. It ought to have the opportunity of doing so without the handicap of irritation and resentment consequent on continuance of an inquiry in the spirit of the recent hearings. Legislators or investigators should now begin their examination of the problem with a clear and sane idea of what is wrong, and proceed in a statesmanlike way to establish the facts and prepare such remedial legislation as is indicated.

ENGLISH DIVORCE REFORM.

In the United States, divorce reform has for years meant a movement against too great laxity, and against crying scandals, in the methods of dissolving the marriage bond. In England it is the other way round. There the complaint has been of the undue severity and the glaring inequality of the law. And this is the main thing to bear in mind in judging of the recent report of the English Divorce Commission. Its findings were given by the cable with sufficient accuracy, but a reading of the full text of both the majority and minority reports, now at hand, shows that not enough emphasis was placed by the telegraphic accounts upon the urgency of certain changes and improvements in the English law of marriage. These were insisted upon by the majority and some of them were concurred in by the minority. Hence we have both sides agreeing that certain reforms are highly desirable. Putting aside differences for the moment, the really striking fact is that all the able and conscientious men and women who were members of the Commission, and who have been taking testimony and hearing experts for three years, are of one mind in concluding that there is a great deal both of hardship and injustice in the administration of the English divorce laws.

Consider, to begin with, the long-standing grievance of the inability of the poor, simply because they are poor, to obtain a divorce even when it is their right under the law. This, to be sure, goes in a way with the generally large expense of litigation in England, but of such a gross form of denial of justice to the poor, merely on account of their poverty, there can be no defence. To do away with it must be, as the Commission maintains, a reform "in the interest of morality as well as in the interest of justice and in the general interests of society." The statements of the report in this matter recall the famous deliverance of an English judge, sentencing a workingman for bigamy. The defence was that he had not been able to obtain a divorce, though fully entitled to it, but the judge, with fine sarcasm, pointed out to him the long and expensive legal course he should have followed, until his case was finally passed upon by the House of Lords. Then the judge concluded: "You may say, prisoner, that this would have cost you ten thousand pounds, and that you have not ten thousand pence, but it is my duty to say to you that the law of England is no respecter of persons, but does justice alike to the rich and to the poor." The reform now proposed by the Divorce Commission calls for the extension of jurisdiction over divorce to county courts, with special Commissioners in matrimonial cases, and a great cutting down of the cost of proceedings. This is so reasonable, and is, indeed, so imperatively demanded, that the Archbishop of York and his two dissenting colleagues of the minority concur in the recommendation.

So they do in the proposal that the law shall place the husband and the wife on an exact equality in the matter of divorce. At present, the man can obtain a divorce on the ground of adultery by the wife, but the wife has to be able to prove "cruelty" in addition. On this point, what the Commission says, preliminary to its decision that whatever grounds for divorce are permitted to the husband should be available to the wife, really makes an end of controversy:

> Apart from abstract justice, the strongest reason for placing the sexes on an equality is that, where two standards exist, there is a tendency to accept the lower for both parties. The social and economic position of women has greatly changed in the last hundred, and even in the last fifty, years. In our opinion it is impossible to maintain a different standard of morality in the marriage relation, without creating the impression that justice is denied to women, an impression that must tend to lower the respect in which the marriage law is held by women.

If the two reforms thus unanimously advocated by the Commission are achieved, they will alone justify its labors. Dissent arises only when it is proposed to recognize by law new causes for divorce in England. Upon the extension suggested by the majority of the Commission we have already commented. The criticisms of the minority are mainly directed to details and to the bad consequences which it is alleged would follow. Thus the majority would make incurable insanity a ground for divorce. They would carefully guard against abuse. The person must have been continuously confined as insane for five years. There are other safeguards. But, affirm the minority, insanity is a bodily disease, to be treated like any other. Why single this out as justifying divorce any more than, say, epilepsy or paralysis? But this sounds a good deal like quibbling. Everybody knows that there are cases where a woman is tied to a man, or vice versa, who is hopelessly insane and as good as dead. It may be true, as the minority assert, that there is "no evidence of any great demand for divorce on the ground of insanity," but if there is any demand for it at all, and if its refusal would be a great cruelty and in some instances lead to a deliberate ignoring of marriage conventions—as in the almost tragic case of George H. Lewes and George Eliot—the duty of changing the law would seem to be clear. When there is only the slightest possibility of abuse, though the relief granted will prevent much anguish, legislators cannot long hesitate.

We need not recur to the other grounds for divorce which the majority of the Commission would embody in the English law. There will be much delay and discussion before the matter is pressed to enactment. A great deal is made of a predicted flood of scandalous divorces. On this point, one of our own leading experts and divorce-reformers, the Rev. Dr. Dike, holds the view that at first there would be an increase in English divorces, but that very soon the number would settle back to little above what it is now. That would imply that the remedying of a few cases of flagrant injustice would not seriously affect the general English opinion of the sanctity of marriage, or really do much to alter the accepted belief that marriage is normally and usually indissoluble except by death.

THE CARELESS IMMORTALS.

That, in spite of all sneers to the contrary, we do care for something besides money, is proved by the affair of Shakespeare's gloves. When a number of Americans can so far forget the pressing demands of time and circumstance as to write letters to the newspapers, in which they discuss with great eagerness the question whether Dr. Furness's treasured relics ever actually covered the hands that penned "Hamlet" and "King Lear," then we may be sure that the love of higher things is not altogether dead among us. One of these writers at first tips the beam in the direction of what some people would call the historicity of the gloves, although he later takes away as much as he adds to this side of the argument by offering the truly staggering suggestion that there may have been more than one pair. Is it impossible to touch upon anything connected with the bard, his unlearned admirers will be tempted to exclaim, without sooner or later finding it involved in a mesh of mystery. What prevents the next participant in the debate from pointing out that, as success crowned his work, the prosperous playwright probably provided himself with a pair of gloves whenever he felt the need of them?

Such reasoning is especially to be deplored as casting suspicion upon the value of any little relic that one happens to possess, and that one's friends are accustomed to have exhibited to them. It is manifestly out of the question, as a rule, to have one's own bit of association with the mighty dead certified as the only one of the kind in existence; all that can be done is to strengthen the presumption in its favor by calling attention to the well-known carelessness of immortals in the matter of preserving objects of interest. Shakespeare, indeed, seems to have been an exception in this respect. We know that, besides the pair or pairs of gloves, he took pains to start posterityward a second-best bed, which, unfortunately, seems not to have fulfilled his purposes for it. But how many others of the glorious company of the famed have given a thought to the museums of the future? Julius Cæsar, who could hardly have been restrained by any sense of modesty, false or other, might well, if he had been spared, have left us his stylus, that instrument of torture for countless generations of schoolboys.

There is no blinking the fact, however little we may like it, that the great of this world are extremely thoughtless in this matter. Apparently, they think that they have done their whole duty when they have painted a few pictures or composed a little music or written some poems. Even for these they do not invariably display the care that one is apt to bestow upon the things which one loves. When they do, they usually stop with that. Here, they say virtually, are our jewels. Yet is it so difficult to foresee a time when what people want is not the Iliad, but one of Homer's sandals? Which would Barnum have moved heaven and earth to get for the Greatest Show on Earth, the manuscript of a page of the Æneid, or one of Dido's head-dresses? What would attract the throng to the Metropolitan Museum like a ring that once sparkled on Cleopatra's finger? The Twelve Tables might be in the same room, but their only hope for notice would be in their proximity to the ornament.

Yet it would be ungracious not to notice a tendency in our own time in the other direction. Warned by the example of the immortals of preceding ages, the more forehanded of our own do give attention to the rights of relic-hunters.

Pages of manuscript of every classic that these writers have turned out are already on exhibition in branch libraries, and their desk-chairs will be generously devoted to the same noble purpose as fast as they have to be replaced. Their watches, of course, have long been promised to favored friends who will see that they are not unduly concealed from the public. Until fences went out of fashion, a candidate for the Presidency could show his essential and incurable democracy in no more conclusive way than by smiling as his enthusiastic partisans took away, picket by picket, this adornment and protection of his residence. That we still have much to learn in this respect, however, is shown by the recent confession in print of a man who a few years ago destroyed several copies of a musical programme containing the name of Woodrow Wilson, although Mr. Wilson was at that very hour the president of a university. Not until we adopt precautions with reference to the belongings of every person whose name appears in Who's Who at least, can we assert the possession of a true historical sense.

THREE NEW UNIVERSITIES FOR INDIA.

London, November 13.

There is an active movement afoot to establish three new universities in India. One of these is to be established at Dacca; the second is the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental University, to be founded at Aligarh, in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh; and the third is the Anglo-Vedic University, to be started at Benares. The British-Indian Government is launching the first, while Indians are promoting the other two, which will be built with native money, and will remain under native control, the state granting them charters and exercising such supervision as it deems necessary in order to maintain a high standard of efficiency. These schemes are important not only because they aim at materially supplementing the facilities for higher education at present offered by the existing Universities at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Lahore, and Allahabad, but also because they propose institutions such as Hindustan does not possess at present. On account of the issues involved in their projection, a fierce educational controversy is now raging in the peninsula.

Two reasons are assigned by the Government of India for the establishment of the University of Dacca: (1) to relieve the inordinate pressure of work from which the University of Calcutta suffers, and (2) to give Hindustan a university of the most modern type.

The Calcutta University each year attracts to itself about 15,000 students, who migrate to the capital of Bengal in order to appear in examinations ranging from matriculation (corresponding with the high-school examinations in the United States) to those for the highest diplomas in arts and sciences. The candidates come from an area which includes the Province of Behar, the present presidency of Bengal, and Burma, containing a population of more than one hundred million. The University also is responsible for keeping up the standards of about three-score colleges and six hundred schools, scattered over the same vast territory. The strain upon the authorities of the Calcutta University is aggravated by the fact that the majority of the students in the recognized colleges, being non-residential, live in cheap lodging-houses which are insanitary and morally unhealthy.

Dacca, situated about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Calcutta, is a city of historical importance, and for some years past has served as the capital of Eastern Bengal and Assam, a distinction recently lost by it on account of the changes inaugurated at the last Delhi Durbar. It boasts of several scholastic institutions, the largest being a college lately established by the Government and possessing a large hall, named after Lord Curzon, modern laboratories, and healthy, pleasant hostels fitted with electric lights and fans. It is proposed to raise this college into a residential and teaching university, and make it serve as the educational centre of the districts surrounding Dacca.

Some Indians interpret the project as a sinister move on the part of the British administrators to lower the prestige of the University of Calcutta, and incidentally of Calcutta itself; and some have not hesitated to characterize it as an attempt especially made to benefit Mohammedans, who constitute the bulk of the population in Eastern Bengal. Some time ago a deputation of Bengalis, headed by Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh—a distinguished graduate of the Calcutta University—waited upon the Viceroy and sought to dissuade him from establishing the new University. But Lord Hardinge disavowed any ulterior motives, and refused to give way before the adverse agitation. It is expected that the project will be carried out promptly.

The second scheme has for its aim the conversion of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh into a university. This institution was established in 1877, by the late Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, so that Mohammedans could master the arts and sciences of the Occident without having their religious beliefs undermined in secular schools and colleges conducted by the Government and Christian missionaries. The aim of the institution naturally appealed to the enlightened Moslems, and they have befriended it, until to-day it is one of the best equipped educational establishments under native management in India. It has an endowment fund of $2,300,000, enjoys an annual income of above $75,000, and has a large number of modern buildings and an excellent equipment for teaching, its science laboratories and its arrangements for physical culture being among the best in Hindustan. It has an enrolment of above 1,100 pupils, who come to it from distant parts of the peninsula, and a large percentage of the students in the college department are residential.

For years the Mohammedan leaders who worked alongside Sir Syed Ahmed Khan in his lifetime, and who have been carrying on his propaganda since his death in 1898, have been desirous of converting this college into a university. In the last two years this wish has assumed a compelling force. Under the leadership of his highness Sir Sultan Mahomed Shah, the Aga Khan, an influential deputation of Indian Mussulmans, has been indefatigably working to collect funds for this purpose. Nearly $1,350,000 has been promised, and it is expected that this amount will be trebled within the next few months.

The third project under way has been designed with a view to establishing a university which will impart instruction in Hindu religion and philosophy, along with Occidental culture, to the sons and daughters of Hindus. Two colleges—the Central Hindu College of Benares and the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College of Lahore—for years have been working to this end. The former, founded by an Englishwoman (Mrs. Annie Besant, of Theosophical fame), with the help and money of Indians, strange to say, is a much more conservative institution than the other, which was started and is conducted by natives belonging to the Arya Samaj, a Protestant Hindu sect. For some years Mrs. Besant has been trying to make the Central Hindu College into a University. At the same time, a Hindu leader, Pandit Madan Moham Malaviya, has been working for the establishment of a Hindu University. A few months ago the two were persuaded to amalgamate their schemes and join forces. As the result of their combined efforts, they already have obtained the promise of above $1,000,000. The Maharajah of Durbhanga, as the chairman of the committee, has gone from place to place collecting subscriptions, and has a generous colleague in the Maharajah of Benares.

For a country like India, where such enterprises mature very slowly, the projects for Mohammedan and Hindu universities have been making rapid progress, and the educated Indians have displayed great enthusiasm in projecting the schemes and subscribing funds for them. The foreign administration, however, has a good deal to say about the inauguration of these institutions, since, if they are not recognized by the Government, they are not likely to appeal to the ordinary Indian parent, who, before investing money in a boy's education, is anxious to make sure that his degree will help him to earn his living, and a diploma from an unrecognized university, for patent reasons, is bound to prove useless as an instrument to obtain employment under the Government—a very important consideration. Some months ago the Minister of Education promised that the Administration should have no objection to granting charters to the promoters of the proposed universities, provided they were willing to raise adequate funds and agree to official supervision requisite in the interests of efficiency—demands readily acceded to by those interested in the new schemes. However, quite recently the same authority has declared that the Secretary of State for India is prepared to permit the denominational universities to be merely residential institutions, and, contrary to the practice in the cases of the present Indian universities, will not allow them to affiliate colleges and schools with themselves, and examine students from outside their own enrolment. This declaration has raised the ire of those who are pushing the projects, and who naturally cherish great ambitions. Not a few of them are construing the Government move to be dictated by jealousy and mistrust, and have not hesitated to charge the Administration with proposing to repudiate the pledges given by the Educational Minister. This has generated considerable heat; but the Secretary of State for India is firm in his decision, and the Government is not inclined to permit much agitation; and as the promoters are very anxious to start the institutions, and still more desirous of official recognition, there is little doubt that they will bow to the inevitable.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The sale, by the Anderson Auction Company, of the great library brought together by the late Robert Hoe has been finished, and has passed into history. The total of the 14,588 lots, sold in 79 sessions, is announced as $1,932,056.60. On October 15, 1910, without having made any itemized valuation, we said in this column: "The library, we presume, comprises upwards of 15,000 titles, and its value may be estimated at something approximating $2,000,000." But then, even the auctioneers themselves were unwilling to believe that the collection would bring such a sum. In fact, the appraised value of the library was, we understand, only $750,000.

While the chief reason which brought about the very remarkable success of the sale was the great fame of the library and the high quality of so many of the books included in it, the effect upon the sale of that irrepressible genius, George D. Smith, the Wall Street bookseller, must not be ignored. As is his usual custom, he bid on almost every lot, and was a competitor against the whole field. One bidder could carry out such a policy. Had two tried it there would have been another Northern Pacific panic. When the history of book prices in America is written, the effect of Mr. Smith's elevating efforts cannot be overlooked.

Collectors generally, and chief among them, Mr. Henry E. Huntington, realized that here was an unusual opportunity, hardly likely to occur again, to procure fine copies of the world's most famous books, and an additional hundred dollars or thousand dollars in the price was a small matter. And rightly, too, for in these days the great rarities among famous books must be snatched at when they appear, otherwise in many cases the opportunity is lost forever. Price and value are entirely relative matters, controlled by many factors. The little book of four leaves, the "Narragansett tract," printed at the first Massachusetts press in 1645, was thought too dear at some such price as $150, and was rejected forty years ago by both of those great (and generally bold) collectors, James Lenox and John Carter Brown, whereas Mr McCormick pays $10,000, and is well satisfied. And, whether cheap, reasonable, or dear in price, this is certain, that no man can take another $10,000 and go out into the market and buy another copy of this little book. Even more truly is this the case with the "Morte D'Arthur," printed by Caxton, for which Mr. Morgan gave $42,800. For in the case of this Caxton, the duplicate does not exist, or, if by chance it does, is hidden somewhere unknown and unhonored. That volume would not have been dear at $100,000.

But all this is no defence for any person paying $50 or $100 for a book of. which a dozen copies might be gathered together from the bookshops of London and New York, at a price of $10, $15, or $20 apiece, equal in every other respect, though not possessing the book-label of the Hoe library. Some fancy prices were paid for Robert Hoe's book-plates during the progress of the sale.

Mr. Hoe, in his will, while he instructed his executors to sell his library at auction, left it to their discretion whether the books should be offered in America or in Europe, and it was a serious question for some time whether the entire library, or at least a part of it, might not be sent to London or Paris for sale. The results have certainly justified the decision of the executors. Mr. Hoe had perhaps the finest collection in America of choice French books, and the universal feeling was that this portion of the library might be sacrificed. But even the French books sold well. The more important Paris dealers were represented, and a good many of these books have gone back to France.

The Hoe library was the result of just about half a century of collecting. As a young man, Mr. Hoe bought finely printed English books, such as those produced by the Chiswick Press for William Pickering. Later he bought older books from famous Continental presses, illuminated manuscripts and printed Books of Hours, which he greatly admired, and of which he gathered a notable collection. His early interest in old English books is shown by the fact that he gave encouragement and financial assistance to David G. Francis in reprinting Collier's "Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," published in four volumes in 1866.

Mr. Hoe and Mr. William Loring Andrews used to send their bids together to some of the English auction sales. Then, when the purchases were received, the two would draw lots to see which would have first choice. The most important book awarded in this manner was the first-folio Shakespeare, which they bought at the Syston Park sale in December, 1884, for £590. When the box was opened, it was Mr. Hoe's good luck to get first pick. The folio brought $13,000 at the sale. Mr. Andrews, although he never procured a first-folio Shakespeare, has many other books which, if sold, would give him an equally attractive profit.

Mr. Hoe did not buy libraries entire as Mr. Morgan, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, and Mr. Henry E. Huntington have done, though he was the actual purchaser of the collection formed by Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, sold in 1895, after her death, by her husband Norton Q. Pope. From this collection he selected the books he wanted and the balance, the greater portion, was put upon the market. From the Pope collection he procured his two finest Caxtons, the "Morte D'Arthur" and the Gower, most of his Shakespeare quartos, and a good many other books, including some of his rarest Americana. Up to that time, he had taken no interest in Americana, but even Mr. Hoe could not resist the attractions of Smith's "New York," large paper and uncut; Filson's "Kentucky," with the map; Horsmanden's "Negro Plot," in the original boards and uncut, and similar books.

A little later, when the wonderful collection of Americana gathered together by Charles H. Kalbfleisch, a collector of knowledge, discrimination, and courage known to few, was being broken up and distributed, the books were acquired mainly by either Mr. Hoe or Mr. Lefferts. In order that he might not miss any opportunities, Mr. Hoe bought almost everything that was offered to him, and took what he did not want himself to a firm of Fifth Avenue booksellers, through whose hands they passed into Mr. Church's collection. Later, when Mr. Lefferts sold his books, the best of his Americana was procured by Mr. Church. Preëminent among the Kalbfleisch hooks which Mr. Church never had a chance to buy were the Vespuccius's Four Voyages, in Italian, and the "Narragansett Tract." Mr. Huntington bid boldly for these two treasures at the Hoe sale, but let them both go, the first for $8,000, and the second for $10,000, and they are now, it is said, in the library of Princeton University.

Few such libraries as Mr. Hoe's have found their way into the auction room; none has ever brought such a price. For Robert Harley's books, about 400,000 volumes and pamphlets, Thomas Osborne, the bookseller, paid £13,000 in 1742, and found the purchase an unprofitable one. The Harleian manuscripts, more than 20,000 volumes and documents, were sold by Lady Oxford to the British Museum. Richard Heber's library, dispersed in thirteen sales, from 1834 to 1837, the catalogue describing 51,234 lots, brought a total of £65,000. Either of these two collections, the greatest ever formed by individuals in England, if they could be offered now, would no doubt bring sums surpassing the total of the Hoe library. Among recent sales at auction, the library which has brought the greatest price was that formed by the Earl of Ashburnham, sold at Sotheby's, in London, the manuscripts in 1891 and the books in 1897 and 1898, bringing a total of £95,929 11s. The Earl's heirs had, however, sold many of his manuscripts at private sale, and it has been estimated that £160,000 may have been realized for the entire Ashburnham collection.

Nor are we likely to see such sales again. The Huth library, now being dispersed at Sotheby's (A to D of the alphabet has been sold) may in proportion to the number of lots approximate Hoe values, but no other great library, as wide in its scope, is likely to come upon the market. There is no probability that the Morgan, Huntington, Halsey, Folger, or White collections will ever be disposed of at auction. We cannot speak so positively of the few great inherited libraries still left intact in England, where land taxes and inheritance taxes are forcing the sale of many literary and artistic treasures, but there is little likelihood that the great Christie-Miller library at Britwell Court; the collection begun by Sir Thomas Egerton, who died in 1617, and added to by his descendants, preserved at Bridgewater House, or the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth will be broken up in our day. But who can tell? In 1889 the elder Quaritch, though his business was built up by the dispersal of such libraries, wrote feelingly in a preface to one of his catalogues:

> The bearers of names only less noble than the fame of their lettered ancestors have discovered the pecuniary value of the books which they inherited; and lo! they rush into the market-places to sell. Little do they know that this ignoble traffic is like parting with the talisman which preserves the honor of their houses. Old books bartered for new coins! old lamps exchanged for new ones! But the light that shone from the old lamps can never be rekindled.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

ROOSEVELT AND PISISTRATUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have waited until the heat of the campaign has cooled off, and the blackness of my diaphragm has changed to a lighter hue, before asking you to let me reply to a communication in the *Nation* of October 31, signed Polites.

This writer has seen fit to compare the act of Pisistratus, in exhibiting his self-inflicted wounds, with a recent act of a living man, for seven years President of the United States, who, when actually wounded, but not by himself, appeared in public, not to show his injuries, but to plead impersonally for a cause in which he seemed to believe. The actual words of Theodore Roosevelt are turned into an imaginary speech which might have been delivered to the Diacrioi to excite their sympathy. Great as were the merits, beneficent as was the rule of the great tyrant, and well known as are some of the faults of Theodore Roosevelt, I cannot understand why any fair-minded man should equalize a deed of hypocrisy, such as displaying self-inflicted injuries, with the conduct of another, who, still suffering from an assassin's bullet, seeks to belittle himself and his wounds in comparison with greater matters.

Lindsay Swift.

Boston, November 16.

FANCY AND IMAGINATION BEFORE COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. J. W. Mackail, in the chapter on Imagination in his recently published Lectures on Poetry, makes the assertion that before the days of Wordsworth and Coleridge there had been no attempt to fix the word *imagination* down to a precise and technical meaning. This is the commonly accepted opinion. But, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, there had been, especially among the Scotch philosophical critics, a good deal of speculation as to the nature and function of the imaginative processes, and at least a few attempts at giving definiteness of meaning to the term *imagination*. John Ogilvie, for instance, in his "Philosophical and Critical Observations on the Nature . . . of Composition" (1774), discusses the question of imagination in literary art at considerable length, and makes a distinction between two kinds of imaginative activity that, in some respects, suggests Coleridge's distinction between fancy and imagination. The imagination has, he points out, a higher and a lower phase; in the latter, the imagination is employed "in the selection of objects which have an independent original; or in the imitation of beauties which it cannot improve"; it fashions a new unity, but "the materials of which the whole is compounded lie open to the senses." In other words, the imagination here is simply drawing upon the memory for bits of imagery out of which it fashions a mosaic-like picture where each component part preserves its original identity. (Compare Coleridge's declaration that fancy "has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites," and "must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association.") In the higher form of imaginative activity, the case is different. Here, says Ogilvie, the imagination, "instead of taking cognizance only of external objects, is employed to combine remote and abstracted ideas, . . . whose union forms altogether an object never formerly perceived"—an object which is, in fact, "in some measure a new creation." While the imagination in the one case "only imitates beauties presented by sensation," in the other case it "becomes properly the inventor or maker of a new character." (Compare the following from Wordsworth's Preface of 1815: "Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws.")

In Ogilvie there is no hint of a distinction between the terms *fancy* and *imagination*. In James Beattie's "Dissertations Moral and Critical" (1783), there is, however, a recognition of the fact that the two terms were not always used synonymously. "According to the common use of words," he says "imagination and fancy are not perfectly synonymous. They are, indeed, names for the same faculty; but the former seems to be applied to the more solemn, and the latter to the more trivial, exertions of it." As the distinction was not universally observed, Beattie declines to make any use of it, and contents himself with indicating the sense in which the term *imagination* is generally used.

Neither Ogilvie nor Beattie, it need scarcely be remarked, recognizes such a separation of the imaginative processes as Coleridge had in mind in declaring that "fancy and imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties."

Edward Fulton.

Urbana, Ill., November 20.

CONTRIBUTIONS AT THE ALTAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The custom of bringing church contributions to the altar, referred to by Miss Dudley in the *Nation* of November 14, is not confined to negro congregations. I learned of the practice in white churches in Missouri about ten years ago, and have been in the habit of using it to illustrate to my classes the Wife of Bath passage. The strongly traditional character of the custom is shown by the experience of an acquaintance; who, as a visiting preacher to one of the churches referred to, nearly got himself into difficulty through ignorance of the custom by trying to take a collection in the modern fashion.

J. S. K.

Butler College, Indianapolis, November 21.

DR. FURNESS IN NEW HAVEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Prof. Felix E. Schelling's beautiful tribute to the late Dr. H. H. Furness, published in your issue of August 22, occurs the following sentence: "Possibly the last semi-public reading of Dr. Furness was at the annual dinner of the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, last April, when he read to less than a score of us one of his favorite plays, 'The Winter's Tale.'" At a meeting of the Elizabethan Club two weeks ago, Prof. J. C. Adams reminded us of a fact that seems worth recording, viz., that we of the Elizabethan Club in New Haven had probably had the sorrowful honor of being Dr. Furness's last audience on an occasion of this sort. For on the evening of May 1, in the Club's assembly room, Dr. Furness read to some fifty of us from "The Winter's Tale," giving us all the more important scenes and passages of the play, with occasional delightful commentary and a most captivating rendering of Autolycus's song. One little illustration of his charming geniality is certainly worthy of preservation; during the brief remarks of his formal introducer he kept his ear-trumpet resolutely by his side, and then, when the ovation of welcome had subsided, looked round upon us with his winning smile and archly observed: "I never try to hear what is said about me, by way of introduction. Listeners never hear any good of themselves!"

Dr. Furness was the most distinguished among the honorary members of the Elizabethan Club. His emotion while reverently handling the Club's First Quartos and First Folio was a rare and moving spectacle, never to be forgotten.

LAWRENCE MASON.

The Elizabethan Club of Yale University, November 19.

Literature

GEN. WILSON'S MEMOIRS.

Under the Old Flag: Recollections of Military Operations in the War for the Union, the Spanish War, the Boxer Rebellion, Etc. By James Harrison Wilson, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

Of these two volumes of 1,162 pages, seven-eighths are filled with the author's recollections of the War for the Union. He disclaims any purpose to write a history or a military treatise, but his pages are replete with terse discussion of military plans and performance. Not since Grant's Memoirs has there appeared any book relating to the great war possessing the interest of Gen. Wilson's. His experiences from 1861 to 1865 were singularly varied. He graduated from the Military Academy at West Point near the top of his class. He served under Hunter and T. W. Sherman on the coast as chief topographical engineer, as assistant engineer on McClellan's staff at Antietam, as engineer on Grant's staff at Vicksburg and in the Chattanooga campaign, as chief of the Cavalry Bureau at Washington, as commander of a cavalry division under Sheridan in Grant's '64 campaign, and under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, and as the chief of a cavalry corps under Thomas at the battle of Nashville and in the pursuit of Hood. Finally, at the head of an army of some 14,000 troopers, he defeated the redoubtable Forrest and captured Selma, Montgomery, and Macon, and ran down Jefferson Davis.

It is doubtful if any other officer saw so many phases of the war or was brought into closer contact with so many of its leaders, civil and military, or won the confidence of so many of the great captains in the East and West. When the war closed, Gen. Wilson was not yet twenty-eight years old. Opportunities for service, observation, and fame so extraordinary had, of course, obvious advantages, but, on the other hand, they tended to prevent the development in this officer of that *esprit de corps* which was so strong, for instance, in the Army of the Potomac, and which at the close of the war made advisable a wider separation of the armies of Meade and Sherman, after both had reached Washington and the rivalry between the two armies began to take unpleasant shape. The spirit of the free lance is manifested in every chapter of Gen. Wilson's book. Gen. Thomas alone draws forth the author's complete approval and admiration. He thought him more like Washington than any man he had ever met. It was under Thomas that Gen. Wilson had opportunity for his most important service, and for winning a separate renown. He becomes fairly indignant at Grant's treatment of Thomas before the latter's great victory over Hood at Nashville in December, 1864. He says that Grant lost his head and did not know the situation, and attributes Grant's covert hostility to Thomas to the fact that when Grant first reached Chattanooga in the autumn of 1863, wet and hungry, tired and lame, Thomas, by some curious *faux pas*, failed to offer him food or dry clothing. The obvious comment upon the incident is that Washington, under similar circumstances would have been a more hospitable host. Gen. Grant had his favorites among the army commanders, and his liking was far from being based exclusively upon military performance.

Not many years ago the author's comment upon the leaders in the great war would have started excited and angry controversy, and yet, in the main, his criticisms do not go beyond the fact. Sherman's brilliant mind, he says, was destructive, not constructive. Sherman is declared to have been slow on the march to Chattanooga, and again at Missionary Ridge he is arraigned for being slow and ineffective. His famous march to the sea, leaving the main task and responsibility, that of disposing of Hood's army, to Thomas, is commented upon briefly and harshly. Sherman, the author says, was not the man for bold and conclusive operations. It is upon Sheridan, however, that the criticism, direct and indirect, falls most heavily. He gives Sheridan occasional words of hearty, general praise, but his specific statements and his presentation of evidence mostly lead in the opposite direction. It is said on good authority—not by Gen. Wilson—that Sheridan could not read a topographical map. His mental processes were of the most primitive kind. In his memoirs Sheridan advanced the curious idea that, as he had found different columns of troops marching on parallel roads often failed to coöperate, he stretched his command out on one road. Wilson refers to Sheridan's leaving the battlefield at Chickamauga and marching round without authority. He says that Gordon Granger had "fully as much courage, more brains and a far more impressive figure and appearance than Sheridan," but fell below him in cheerful alacrity and readiness. Sheridan's partial cavalry raids under Grant, the futility of his efforts to destroy the Confederate railways north of the James, his discomfiture at Hampton's hands from Trevilian-station to White House, and the slowness of his movements in the Shenandoah Valley, all have their share of direct criticism, but it is Sheridan's failure to obey Meade's urgent and repeated orders to go to Wilson's relief in the latter part of June, 1864, that draws forth the author's harshest condemnation.

On June 22, Wilson had set out with less than 6,000 troopers to destroy portions of the Lynchburg and Petersburg and the Richmond and Danville Railways. Meade had desired that Sheridan should remain north of the James to keep Hampton occupied, or that Sheridan and Wilson should move together towards Hunter at Lynchburg from the south side of the James. Wilson, himself, said at the time: "If Sheridan will look after Hampton, I apprehend no difficulty." But Sheridan crossed to the south side of the James, and this false movement left Hampton free to go after Wilson. The latter destroyed some fifty miles of railway, but Hampton pressed him hard, and Wilson's escape with the loss of a dozen guns and his wagons was only brought about by his rapidity and energy. The author quotes at considerable length Meade's orders to Sheridan in an emergency calling for prompt movement. His strictures upon the insubordination of the corps commander, who seems to have counted confidently upon Grant's approval of anything he might do or fail to do, are not more severe than the facts warrant.

Gen. Wilson thinks that Lee's virtues as a soldier are now much magnified. Gen. Scott, he says, was fully Lee's equal as a soldier and far greater than Lee as a patriot. He pronounces Scott's conquest of Mexico to be a performance of the first rank, and he adds, "That is more than can be said of Lee's best campaign."

It was in November, 1862, that Wilson became chief topographical engineer of the Army of the Tennessee, and then made the acquaintance of Rawlins, who "better than any one else understood Grant's strength and weakness." Rawlins told him that there was enough in the current stories about Grant's habits to make his true friends "do all in their power to keep him from falling." He wanted Wilson to help him clean out from Grant's staff the men on it who tempted their chief to drink. Gen. Wilson says that he got the impression that Grant was neither a great organizer nor much of a theorist in military matters, and he adds:

> This opinion grew gradually into a settled conviction, and in spite of his great achieve-

> ments, which were won mainly by attention to broad general principles rather than to technical details, I have never had occasion to change materially these earlier impressions.

Pemberton is declared to have outwitted Grant in the terms of the surrender of the former's army at Vicksburg. The surrendered troops were soon fighting again.

Both Rawlins and Bowers, of Grant's staff, told Wilson that on the night after Gordon had turned Grant's right (Sedgwick's corps) in the Wilderness, and disaster for a time seemed imminent, the Lieutenant-General threw himself face downward on his cot and gave way to the greatest emotion. They added that they never before had seen him so deeply moved, and that he did not regain his composure until it was manifest that the danger was over. Gen. Wilson does not enter at length into the causes of this emotion. From other sources we know that Grant said he had never seen such fighting. He had told Meade that he did not want the army manœuvred for position. The day's experience and narrow escape from disaster must have caused something like a mental revulsion. Or it may be that Grant had felt an unusual degree of responsibility for the exposure of Sedgwick's flank.

It would be unjust to the author not to refer to his high appreciation of Gen. Grant, to the general praise which he bestows upon Sheridan's "aggressiveness," and to his admiration for Upton and other less-known commanders. There are occasional slips of the pen. On p. 377, Vol. I, Mine Run is said to have stayed Meade's unfortunate "mud campaign." The "mud campaign" was made by Burnside after the battle of Fredericksburg. The roads were fair during the Mine Run campaign, and it was stayed by one of the corps commanders taking the wrong road. The reference to the South Anna River, p. 421, Vol. I, should be to the North Anna. "John S. Pemberton," p. 573, should read John C. Pemberton.

The pages given to the Spanish War dwell upon the mismanagement of the War Department, the absurdity of Shafter's appointment to chief command in Cuba, the insignificance of the services of Wood and Roosevelt, and the general incompetency manifested in many directions. On the other hand, the conduct of military and civil affairs in Porto Rico is highly praised. Miles and his subordinates managed every detail methodically and efficiently, the reader is told. It is pointed out that there was little illness among Miles's troops and no occasion for a "round robin" or for recuperation at Montauk Point. Gen. Brooke's administration of a year in Cuba is commended as faithful and conservative, its chief difficulties being attributed to the fact that President McKinley had no definite policy and gave the military commander no clue, as to what the morrow might hold for the island. The author does not think that McKinley was the most virile of American statesmen.

In the "Boxer" war, Gen. Wilson was placed in command of an expedition of American and English forces, and after he had easily defeated the insurgents at the Eight Temples, a dozen miles northwest of Peking, he was amazed by a request from the British adjutant-general for permission to destroy the beautiful white porcelain pagoda, which had stood on the hilltop for a thousand years. Gen. Wilson refused, and withdrew his troops. The British then blew up the pagoda, and the correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphed his paper that the Americans had done it. The allies, we are told, looked on the act as discreditable to the British officers and the civilization which they represented.

Thrown, as Gen. Wilson was, into personal contact with Lincoln, Stanton, and a long list of famous or well-known civilians, these recollections of a varied life in times of peace and war have not a dull page. There were great soldiers of the period—Thomas, Meade, Hancock, and Sedgwick—who wrote little or nothing of their experiences outside of their official reports. Sedgwick, his biographer says, "grew in silence" as he grew in years and responsibility. Perhaps, the verdict with some minds will be that the soldiers who remained silent under misrepresentation and misunderstanding, who did not air their grievances, but were satisfied to let their work speak for them, are entitled to respect for their forbearance and dignity. The opposite view is expressed in a regretful letter, unpublished, from Gen. Orlando B. Willcox to Gen. Humphreys, in which the writer said he had been perhaps too indifferent as to future reputation, that the efforts of certain soldiers to sound the trumpet of fame had been distasteful to him, but that he had come to see how public opinion, year after year, simply deepened impressions which some of the high officers took every pains to start while the war was actually going on.

At all events, Gen. Wilson's book justifies itself by its vigor and great interest. It presents evidence and analysis in every chapter which the historian will have to consider and use. That he has applied the open sesame to the secret of the failures in Grant's Virginia campaign we are not satisfied. Gen. Francis A. Walker thought that either Grant or Meade could have done better separately than both did together. Gen. Henry J. Hunt, the greatest of America's artillery officers, wrote after serious study of the campaign that Grant should have stayed at some point where he could have had prompt communication with all the armies and that Meade would have done better unhampered by the presence of the lieutenant-general. Col. Carswell McClellan, of Humphreys's staff, and others have put on record similar views. The faults of the dual leadership were not diminished by the perfectly human but none the less harmful activity of the coterie of men immediately surrounding Gen. Grant. One of them, Badeau, is said by Gen. Wilson to have been "vain and narrow." His writings on the campaign are now disregarded, but they reveal an unfortunate attitude of mind and misdirected zeal which were not confined to him alone. While rejecting such evidence as Badeau's as inexact, partial, and spiteful, the latter-day historian nevertheless adopts the conclusions to which such false testimony leads. Stephen Crane's exclamation, "There is nothing left but opinion, and opinion be damned," may express a momentary truth, but Gen. Willcox's letter, heretofore quoted, gave utterance to a truth with a longer life. The historian writes back to the opinion. Perhaps he fears to run counter to it. The courage of Gen. Wilson's book is as remarkable as its vitality.

CURRENT FICTION.

Promise. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Le Gentleman. The same.

Herself. The same.

The three novels thus suddenly in hand are, it seems, all that this new English "discovery" has to her credit. She is not an altogether surprising discovery. Miss Ethel Sidgwick is daughter of an Oxford scholar, Arthur Sidgwick; niece of the late Prof. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge; and cousin of the Bensons. She has been a teacher in a number of girls' schools, in England and France: a fact which accounts in part, perhaps, for the subtly Brontesque flavor of these stories, especially the last of them, "Herself."

The American publishers state that these three novels were written in two years. At all events, they were published in England within that time, and scored an immediate and unusual success. We have not had to wait so long for them as we often do for English successes, and it is to be hoped that we may not have to wait at all for whatever this writer may do in the future. For her work is of unusual quality, remarkable not only as the work of a new writer, but on its own merits.

"Promise," the first of the novels in order of publication, treads dangerous ground. We have had frequent occasion to complain, recently, of the feeble and enfeebling attempts of current novelists to interpret "the artistic temperament." Repeatedly, we have been asked to interest ourselves in essential weakness and pusillanimity for the sake of a merely alleged merit. This is the result of a general confusion, fostered by feminine novelists, of the unconventional and the irresponsible. Miss Sidgwick's young genius is queer from the point of view of the parent and the schoolmaster, freakish in the eyes of the ordinary boy. But this, we are gradually led to see, is due not to lack of balance, but to an instinct towards what is big and natural. "Tony" is saner than his fellows, not less sane, and this, in the English public school which is the scene of the greater part of the story, means much trouble for Tony. Finally, his father, the sound, solid Briton, who figures in each of these stories, sees that his beloved school, the school in which his clever—and merely clever—older son has so capably carried on the traditions of the line—is "wasted on" the younger. "I guess," he says, with his slow and sure comprehension, "there are just a few people born wanting things real from the start—won't stand imitations at any price." We leave Tony, as we find him, a child of promise. His work is yet to mature, his public to be won; but we have confidence that something fine and noble is to be looked for from him, and that the inner rewards of the true artist's career are to be his.

The sound, solid Briton is the hero of the other two novels. "Le Gentleman" is Mr. Alexander Fergusson, a Scot, who has engaged himself to marry Miss Meysie Lampeter, a pretty, flighty, shallow English girl. She is studying art in the Quarter, and he has been dispatched to Paris by her anxious mother to keep an eye on her. Nominally, he is studying at the Sorbonne. Miss Meysie has involved herself with a studio set, and is in danger of compromising herself with a clever and unprincipled painter, with whom she is undisguisedly in love. The good Alexander, for his part, has a fellow-student at the Sorbonne, a charming French girl, who is everything in character that poor Meysie is not. Alexander presently discovers that his feeling for Meysie is really paternal: true love, heroic love, the grand passion, submerges him and his Henriette. Here would be, one would think, a chance for a fresh and vigorous ruling on the part of the author of this situation. But no: the Brontë sisters could not have held closer to tradition. Our Alexander, out of a false sense of loyalty, is permitted to abandon the woman he loves in order to become the permanent guardian of foolish Meysie. When shall we get rid of the convention that it is a noble thing for a man to marry one person when he wants to marry another? The detail of the story is fresh and delightful.

But it is the third and latest novel, "Herself," which is the most charming of the series. Herself is a little Irishwoman, Harriett Clench, whom we discover teaching in a girls' school at Versailles. Her father is a roving blade, devoted to her when it occurs to him to be, but subject to long lapses of absence and silence. She adores him, and has the clan feeling so strongly that it colors her whole mind. The Clenches are "collectible," they have a touch of the boy Tony's quality, and people outside the clan, to interest her feelings, must be "collectible" too. They must "want things real." The young sculptor-cousin whom she finds in Paris has the quality, and for that reason is at liberty to make her the victim of certain other Clench qualities. Fortunately, she has already met her own sound, solid Briton, and is safe from young Pat in the rôle of lover. However, he succeeds in compromising her in eyes both French and English, and she has more than one distressing experience of woman's inhumanity to woman before, with the return of the prodigal father and the death of luckless Pat, the way grows clear for the happiness of Harriett and her Briton. The charm of the book is in its quiet, quaint flavor, its new and unlabored tang of style in the best sense of the word.

The two earlier novels are imported. The third is issued in an American edition.

The Unknown Quantity. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. van Dyke disclaims an intention to deal with "the occult" in these stories, or with the strange occurrences which are the subjects of "psychical research." But there are, he says, mysterious incidents in the lives of all of us, "human and familiar things, quite natural and inevitable as it seems, which make us feel that life is threaded through and through by the unknown quantity." Among them, to go by the present book, are various dreams and portents, coincidences and minor illusions, capable of a mystical interpretation. A number of the stories are based on Canadian legends which might fairly come under the head of the "psychic." Others, like "The Sad Shepherd" and "The Mansion"—both of which have been published in separate form—are confessed parables The groups of "half-told tales" interspersed here and there are fables chiefly set in that day of chivalry which is so tempting to the modern fabulist. But long or short, of modern or antique setting, these tales have the familiar flavor which has given Dr. van Dyke his popular audience—a flavor of doubtless sincere, but somewhat unctuous, sentiment. He has the easy fluid style which is so rare among Americans and so frequent among Englishmen. It is comparable, for example, to that of Mr. A. C. Benson, with whom Dr. van Dyke has several qualities, or tendencies, in common. Tendencies is the better word, for the Englishman's mysticism goes deeper than the American's, and he less frequently strays over the perilous boundary between sentiment and sentimentalism.

The Soul of a Tenor. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The unrivalled vocal powers of "Leander Barrett, of Pittsburgh, Pa., had conquered the world," but his soul still slept. He was Baroni, greatest of living tenors—to metropolitan audiences—but not yet a true artist. The damning truth was not generally suspected, although three people knew it for a certainty. His bride, who was a distinguished carpet manufacturer's daughter and a paragon of beauty, intelligence, and ideality to boot, soon realized with grief that her husband saw nothing in an opera but "voice effects" and an opportunity for his own popular success; and that he took no thought at all for "the glory of the master who wrote the work." A solitary young critic whose physical habitation was in New York, but whose spirit "dwelt in a little world colored by the rays of his own imagination," felt within him a growing conviction that "Leander was a self-centred epitome of artistic insincerity." And Nagy Bosanska, the gypsy prima donna, a green-eyed and excessively temperamental charmer, roundly termed him "a great baby." There was little that the first two could do for him, it seemed; it was the Bosanska who really took him in hand. She had a fine oracular way of referring to herself as "I, Nagy," and boasted herself an adept in forming the masculine mind. After he had gone in thrall to her for the better part of a year, during which they extended their joint professional triumphs to South America and over most of Europe, while the discarded wife had a winter of Parisian social success, Leander's soul began to show signs of life. During their Neapolitan performance of "Carmen" it suddenly sprang into full consciousness. So greatly had the year's tuition enriched his emotional nature that upon recognizing his wife in the audience he fainted dead away in the midst of Act ii, and enlivened the business of the final act by mauling Nagy with more than simulated violence, "shaking her like a leaf, and almost flattening her face against the boards." At this point repentance sets in; gently but firmly he dissociates himself from the still amorous Nagy, and betakes himself to solitude and studious meditation. With prayerful humility he addresses himself to the interpretation of Wagnerian rôles. A year later he returns to New York, to sing Tristan at the Metropolitan and go on his knees to his wife with equally gratifying results.

This puerile tale is liberally interlarded with musical allusions, odds and ends of information, and critical opinion. Here and there its poverty-stricken pages are diversified by a purple patch—as when we read that "their conversation . . . was composed chiefly of a richly instrumented silence with occasional flashes of recitative." In short, it is the word of one whose facility does not extend to novel-writing and who upon entering the field of fiction finds himself lamentably straitened in both imagination and phraseology.

PRINCELY LOVERS.

The Love Affairs of the Condés, 1530-1740. By H. Noel Williams, author of "A Princess of Adventure." With 17 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Mr. Williams's book has a better claim to the attention of the serious reader than the promise of a *chronique scandaleuse*, extending over two centuries in a single family, that is offered in the title. It is, in fact, a history of the House of Condé from its origins in the early sixteenth century to the death of Louis Henri de Bourbon-Condé, Duc de Bourbon, in 1740, and of the part it played in the affairs of France during the reigns of a dozen French kings. This part was not always capital, but it was never wholly insignificant, and at times, especially in the person of Louis de Bourbon, *le Grand Condé*, it became glorious. The love affairs of these princes add perhaps a little interest, but not much lustre, to their careers; for there was never much capacity for a *grande passion* among them, except in the case of their greatest representative, and these affairs seldom rose above the level of ordinary *liaisons* among men of their rank, and often descended to vulgar intrigue and the pleasures of sensual indulgence. The depths are associated with the heights in the person of *le Grande Condé*, who runs the whole gamut of his family's vices and virtues. The sensible *chevalier* of Mlle. Marthe du Vigean, who once swooned at the feet of that lady on taking leave of her, could become the lover of Ninon de l'Enclos, and even enter upon a course of dissipation such that his father felt obliged to remonstrate with him in the following strong terms: "My son, God bless you. Cure yourself, or, it is better to poniard yourself than lead the life that you are doing. . . . I pray God to console me. I write to you in despair, and am, Monsieur, your good father and friend . . ."

More typical of the family temperament at its ordinary level is the first Condé, Louis I de Bourbon. This famous Huguenot leader in the Wars of the League and companion in arms of Coligny, stands for all that the Valois age meant in the history of French society—the ideal of heroic valor on the battlefield, love of physical beauty, and instinctive pursuit of pleasure. Surely, Catherine de' Medici showed herself an astute student of the psychology of her age when she organized her *escadron volant*, and transformed her court into a multiple Armida's bower for the purpose of distracting the knights of the new Calvinistic crusade from their high resolves. In vain Bèze, and even Calvin himself, summoned Condé from his inglorious dalliance and repose under the spell of his siren, Isabelle de Latour-Limeul, and overwhelmed him with reproaches for bringing scandal upon the Religion. There is something almost comic in the despair of these great divines expostulating with the *enfant terrible* of their camp, wringing their hands and tearing their hair over his escapades, yet descending to play the politician with so illustrious, if lukewarm, a defender of their cause, for fear of alienating him and driving him into the arms of their enemies. Truly, the Reformation in France brought into play an extraordinary variety of mixed motives, and the whole spectacle of the civil wars, with its chaotic confusion of humanistic refinement and coarse brutality, of fanatical devotion and cynical *désinvolture*, of spiritual professions and sensual practices, is a picture for the pen of a Maurice Maindron, rather than for that of a staid and sober writer like Mr. Williams.

This Louis I de Bourbon was the founder of the House of Condé. He was the fifth son of Charles, Duc de Vendôme, brother of the Connétable de Bourbon, who was killed at the assault of Rome in May, 1537. As none of the Constable's possessions passed to the surviving branch of the family, the Condé line, like that of the Bourbons which rose anew from Louis's eldest brother, Antoine, father of Henry IV, made a humble start in life. And we have only to contrast the later wealth and magnificence of the family with its modest débuts when "Louis Mr. de Vendôme" was inscribed as "gentleman of the chamber to the King, at a salary of 1,200 livres," to see that thrift and consistent self-seeking were by no means insignificant traits of the Condés. And yet, on the whole, they all seem to have had a rather exceptional standard of honor and loyalty and a lofty ideal of service. They received vast possessions and high dignities from the Crown, but they paid well for what they obtained, and seldom forgot that they were Princes of the Blood; and when they pledged their word they generally kept it. Several of them suffered imprisonment for a time, and one of them, Louis, the founder of the family, nearly lost his head during the ascendency of the Guises in the reign of François II. It was only the death of that monarch and the downfall of the Guises that saved his life.

But it was Henry II de Bourbon who came into most curious conflict with royal authority, and with the best provocation on his part. His father having died—by poison, it was thought, and administered, some said, by his own wife—the young prince was brought up by Henry IV, who treated him with marked consideration and kindness until the youth's marriage with Mlle. de Montmorency, daughter of the famous Constable. Now it was the King himself who arranged this alliance, which was accepted by the Prince against his inclination, as his heart was already engaged, and in total ignorance of the real motives that lay behind it in the royal mind. The fact is that Henry had already fallen desperately in love with Charlotte de Montmorency, and had taken what he conceived to be the best means of keeping her near his person. But he counted without his accomplice. When Condé got an inkling of the true state of affairs, he fled with his wife to Brussels, and then began one of the most curious series of adventures and intrigues upon which a triangular royal romance was ever launched. It was complicated by the fact that the Condés were not in love with each other, so that it was less jealousy than a sentiment of personal honor that stiffened the resistance of the Prince. An attempt was actually made to abduct the Princess, and the King, believing that his arrangements could not fail, sallied forth on the highroad, decked out in unaccustomed finery, to meet her. His chagrin when she did not come was intense.

This fugitive couple were the parents of the *Grand Condé*. The future general's father himself superintended the education of his son and trained him for his famous career on the battlefield. Later, Condé tried the same course, first with his own son, Henri-Jules de Bourbon, and afterwards with his grandson, Louis III. Though he had somewhat greater success in the second case than in the first, the results, historically, are much the same. The story of the last Prince de Condé here treated is one rather of political intrigue, during the Regency and the early reign of Louis XV, in which he was associated with his famous mistress, the beautiful Agnès Berthelot de Pléneuf, Marquise de Prie, than of military glory. In his son, Louis Joseph de Bourbon, however, the military strain cropped out once more and made the bearer of the name of Condé play a gallant part in the wars of the French Revolution. For some reason, however, the author has chosen not to include him in the present account of the house. Perhaps it is to provide material for another volume. Or perhaps, more logically, it is because with Louis III ends that chapter of the family history of the Condés which, for more than two centuries, was so closely connected with the fortunes of monarchy in France under the old régime.

Concentration and Control. By Charles R. Van Hise. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

President Van Hise calls this work "a solution of the Trust problem in the United States." Four-fifths of the book is devoted to general facts regarding concentration (causes, methods, kinds, and extent of concentration, etc.), to an outline of certain of the great combinations (the salt, oil, steel, tobacco, sugar, packing, lumber, water-power combinations), to laws concerning coöperation from the time of Edward VI to the present, and to a survey of the situation regarding industrial concentration in other countries. The remaining portion of the book is given over to "remedies." This is the least valuable portion of the work. In its other parts the book will be found exceptionally serviceable. President Van Hise is always indefatigable when in pursuit of facts, and never has he been richer in them than in the present case.

The book was, however, written in too great haste. The author declares that no one can have a keener realization than himself of the imperfections of the volume, but that "since the policies of the nation concerning concentration are now under consideration by the people, promptness in publication seems to be more important than completeness of statement." Yet it is not in Mr. Van Hise's statement of the facts of concentration that lack of completeness is felt, but in what he has to say on remedies for the Trust situation.

It is as a constructionist that he fails. Yet he fails no more signally than others who have grappled with this problem. And he is saner than some; for while he is an advocate of control, he is not an enemy of concentration and coöperation. Concentration, coöperation, and control are, apparently, in his estimation, the three fates in the life of modern industry—the first to procure us the economic advantages accruing from magnitude of operations, the second to limit the wastes of the competitive system, the third to ensure freedom for fair competition, elimination of unfair practices, conservation of our natural resources, fair wages, good social conditions, and reasonable prices. Concentration and competition we must have if we are going to maintain a footing in the world's markets; but if we allow these there must be control in order to protect the people, and adequate control is only possible through the administrative commission.

Here we have President Van Hise in a nutshell. The difficulty with his theory, as with that of everybody who would better the situation, is that it tells us what we ought to have without telling us the right way to get it. What the economic situation of modern days calls for is an intellectual giant, a mind of Napoleonic grasp. Here, if anywhere, is a need for a genius of the first order. Until such a genius appears we must be content with a *modus vivendi* evolved from pure opportunism. It is that policy which dominates President Van Hise, as he himself declares. The present work leads us, however, to infer that with him opportunism is a philosophy rather than a science—a thing based on knowledge of causes, not a thing of laws "digested and arranged into a system."

The Life-Boat and its Story. By Noel T. Methley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

Mr. Methley's book is of wide scope, although his story is compressed into three hundred pages. Naturally, because he is an Englishman, and because England has been a pioneer in the development of appliances for saving life at sea, the greater portion of the volume is devoted to the work of the life-boat in that country; but the author is by no means insular in his survey, and has been at pains to obtain exact information as to the methods in vogue in every country where the life-boat is in use. An interesting chapter is devoted to the United States, where the system differs from that adopted elsewhere in being entirely state-controlled and served by regular crews paid by the Government. Any other system would in this country be impossible, on account of the enormous extent of coast-line and the lack in many parts of a 'longshore population. It is satisfactory to find Mr. Methley testifying warmly to the efficiency of our service. "During the thirty-six years," he says, "following its inauguration, only 1 per cent. of the lives imperilled has been lost. It is a marvellous record when we consider the fact that over 121,000 was the number of those shipwrecked on the coasts which came within the scope of the service's operations."

As is inevitable, a good deal of the book is of a technical character, but technicalities of the sea never seem to weary as do those of other professions; and Mr. Methley has, in common with many other writers on subjects connected with the sea, a simplicity and directness of style which make even the technical passages of his book easy to read. One such chapter, indeed, which he calls Freaks and Oddities, is not only very readable, but exceedingly lively. Describing one of the numerous inventions that have not even to be tried to be found wanting, a bottomless boat in this instance, he says: "It was made entirely of wrought and sheet iron, covered and lined with strong netting; why," he adds, "it is difficult to say, unless it was to avoid losing the bits if it got broken."

From the large mass of material at his disposal, Mr. Methley has made a judicious selection, and the stories that he retells of notable rescues effected by life-boat crews are every one of them of absorbing interest. The launch of the Lynmouth life-boat to the rescue of the Forrest Hall off Porlock, on the coast of Somerset, is typical of the heroic and arduous work that the crews are called upon to undertake. In this case the boat had to be taken fourteen miles by road over one of the steepest hills in England in the teeth of a gale. "To add to the difficulties, the road was in places too narrow to admit of the carriage passing. The boat had to be dismounted more than once and heaved forward on rollers, while the carriage was taken by a detour over fields and moorland. In spite of these harassing conditions, the feat was accomplished in ten and a half hours. Porlock was reached at 6 A. M. There the boat was successfully launched and did her work. She was driven, however, to Barry, upon the Welsh coast of the Bristol Channel, before her crew could rest."

Mr. Methley, of course, writes as an expert, and for those particularly interested in the details of life-boat organization his careful appraisal of the merits of various types of boats and their adaptability to specific conditions will be of the utmost value. For the layman the subject itself is so full of romantic interest that it only has to be well told to chain his attention.

Notes

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who was recently appointed professor of English at the University of Cambridge, has completed "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." It will be published immediately by Frowde.

Prof. William Knight is bringing out, through Elkin Mathews, "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country: their Early Friendship and Surroundings."

A timely book among the announcements of Duffield & Co. is "The Orient Question," by Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, present head of a royal Servian family.

"The Happy Warrior," a new novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, is announced by Little, Brown for early in January.

This month sees the publication of the following books by Doubleday, Page: "The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "American Lyrics," by Edith Rickert and Jessie Paton; "Reminiscences of the South Seas," by John La Farge; "Browning and his Century," by Helen A. Clarke; "The Book of Grasses," by Mary Evans Francis, and a handsome edition of "Æsop's Fables," illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

The Putnams are about to publish the American edition of Ellen Key's "Woman Movement" and the following Cambridge books: "Elementary Principles of the Roman Private Law," by W. W. Buckland; "Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition," by D. A. Winstanley; "Light on the Gospel from an Ancient Poet," by Edwin A. Abbott; "The Tribes of Northern and Central Kordofan," by H. A. MacMichael; "A History of Geographical Discovery in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by Edward Heawood; "The Problem of Evil in Plotinus," by B. A. G. Fuller; "Essais de Littérature Anglaise," by S. J. Mary Suddard, and "Evolution and the Need of Atonement," by Stewart A. McDowell.

The growing importance of Spitsbergen from a commercial and strategic point of view is shown in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November by one who was in the island this summer, Mr. R. N. Rudmose Brown. Hunting and whale-fishing, which led to its exploitation three centuries ago, have greatly diminished; hunting in fact has virtually ceased from the extermination of the fur-bearing animals. Recently there has been a considerable development of its mineral resources, the Arctic Coal Company, of Boston, Mass., having exported above 40,000 tons this year to Norway. Valuable marble is quarried by a British company. A hindrance to the island's growth is the fact that it belongs to no country, consequently there is insecurity of tenure and the absence of any form of law except usage and might. Attention is also called to its strategical value from a naval point of view on account of its "splendid harbors, unlimited supply of coal, and proximity, with an open route, to western Europe."

The first paper in the October number of the *American Journal of International Law* deals with a matter of great importance. It is entitled "The 'Protocole Additionnel' to the International Prize Court Convention," and is written by George C. Butte, who studies at length how this "Protocole" would affect the interests of neutral commercial nations, as compared with Article VIII of the Prize Convention. Under this article, in case a captured and condemned vessel were adjudicated to have been without fault, and erroneously condemned—that is, if the nullity of the capture were pronounced—provision was made that the Court should order restitution of the ship and cargo, and fix, if there were occasion, the amount of damages; while under the "Protocole" only the amount of damages would be determined, and that amount awarded to claimants. The more advantageous position of the claimant under the former condition, and the advantage the illegal captor would have under the latter, are clearly brought out. So it might be to the advantage of such a captor to obtain, for immediate hostile use, the vessel captured, the question of damages being one of secondary importance to him, especially as the damages awarded might never be paid at all. Earlier papers have revealed the fact that those who favored endowing a Prize Court of Appeal with adequate jurisdiction, had encountered the objection that it might be difficult to submit to it a question or case that had been passed on by a highest national court of appeal. This is an obstacle which American diplomatists, together with others, had sought to remove by the provision that cases should be submitted to the Prize Court of Appeal, not as cases on appeal, but as cases *de novo*. This paper discriminatingly discusses this whole question. Due emphasis is laid on the fact that under the "Protocole" the belligerent captor, though the proposal was no doubt designed to exclude such a possibility, might appropriate illegally the captured property. Yet it is a well-settled principle of international law, as old as Sir William Scott, that no belligerent has a right to destroy—or presumably to appropriate—a captured vessel before it shall have been condemned by a prize court; a humane principle dictating that a belligerent who thus behaves, puts himself out of court and subjects himself to heavy damages and costs, irrespective of whether his capture was originally valid or not. Under the "Protocole," on the other hand, a captor can be mulcted in damages only on its being adjudicated that the capture was illegal.

The essays which go to make up the eleventh volume of the collected works of Ambrose Bierce (Neale Publishing Co.) are characteristic exercises in anti-popular journalism. It was the misfortune of Ambrose Bierce to have been born a pessimist in a nation where optimism is as incumbent as any one of the Ten Commandments, and an enemy of democracy in the most populous democracy in the world. Ambrose Bierce's weapon is sarcasm; not the devitalized sarcasm which is used, indiscriminately with satire and irony, to denote the gentlemanly avoidance of calling a spade a spade, but sarcasm in its etymological sense, a stout wielding of the lash that raises the raw. Mr. Bierce, it is true, has his gentler moments, when he merely blisters instead of flaying. He has a robust playfulness that reminds one of the eighteenth century controversialists.

Snobbery in a democracy raises Mr. Bierce's particular ire. In an American newspaper he once came across a portrait of "her whom the irreverent Briton had a reprehensible habit of designating colloquially as 'The Old Lady.'" The American editor had put under the portrait "Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." "Is it better to be a subject and a man," asks Mr. Bierce, "or a citizen and a flunkey?" And he draws a parallel between this country and Europe which is not flattering to American pride:

> However it may be customary for English newspapers to designate the British sovereign, they are not, at least, addicted to sycophancy in designating the rulers of other countries than their own. They would not say "his Abracadabral Humptidumptiness Emperor William," nor "his Pestilency the Speaker of the American House of Representatives." They would not think of calling even the most ornately self-bemedalled American sovereign elector "his Badgesty." In brief, in mentioning foreign dignitaries, of whatever rank in their own countries, the English press is simply and serviceably descriptive: the king is a king, the queen a queen, the jack a jack.

Mr. Bierce's point is undeniably ill-chosen and overstated; but it is overstated with undeniable vigor and pungency.

Gius. Laterza & Figli, of Bari, Italy, have just added to their important series, Scrittori D'Italia, the following two volumes: "Giuseppe Baretti: La Scelta delle lettere familiari," edited by Luigi Piccioni, and the second volume of Giovanni Berchet's works—"Scritti critici e letterari," edited by Egidio Bellorini.

The latest edition of the "Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa" (Riverside Press) is the first since 1902, and the fifteenth since the beginning of the series in 1806. It is of greater interest than any of its predecessors, since, in addition to the usual lists of names, it contains extracts from the records of the Society. This section, constituting nearly half of the volume, begins with the charter granted by the College of William and Mary to "the University of Cambridge in the State of Massachusetts Bay" in 1779, and includes contemporary accounts of many of the meetings of the Harvard Chapter since that time. In many cases these are as entertaining as they are important historically. The book is illustrated with contemporary pictures of the various Harvard and Cambridge buildings that have sheltered the annual functions of the organization. The editor is the secretary of the Society and the librarian of Harvard, William Coolidge Lane.

"Cheiro's Memoirs" (Lippincott) is a shrewd account of the famous society palmist's experiences with many distinguished persons, so shrewd as to give little insight into the sources of his popularity. A partial explanation, aside from his canniness, lies in the mystic and somewhat fanatic religious element in his nature. He was trained for the English Church, and first earned his bread and butter by writing devotional verse. He soon adopted a fatalistic belief in the occult. It had been prepared for in childhood by his mother, who inducted him into the mysteries of palmistry. It was deepened by Eastern travel, he avers, which initiated him into what is apparently a genuine faith in the efficacy of mystic numbers to reveal the future. At any rate, it was his skill in interpreting these wonder-provoking symbols that for a time made him an indispensable feature of every correct social function in London. Unsatisfactory as the book is as a revelation, it contains many an interesting page for the cursory reader. The start he made under a twelve-year contract with a wily Hebrew is, unconsciously, amusing enough. There is also a curious narrative of his alleged part in promoting the *entente cordiale* between Edward VII and France. Two meetings with Oscar Wilde, one at the heyday of his success and the other a few weeks before his death, are impressive. The origin of the idea for "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is revealed in an interview with Mark Twain. In short, this society palmist has used his art to gain close, even if temporary, acquaintance with numerous and varied persons of celebrity.

John A. Shields has written a book which he calls "Federal Courts and Practice" (Banks Law Pub. Co.). A more accurate title would be "Some Scraps of Information, Useful and Useless, About Federal Courts and Divers Other Things." From its outward appearance, including binding and labels, one would suspect it of being a law book. Such suspicion is checked, however, when the volume is opened, and wholly dissipated by a careful examination of its contents. History, biography, and anecdote abound. We have the names of all the Federal Judges, as well as those of the United States Attorneys and Marshals, interspersed with comments which are not always accurate. For example, the author refers to "General Benjamin F. Butler" as one of the successors of Edmund Randolph, "who later became noted"—not knowing that Attorney-General Butler was the distinguished New York lawyer of an earlier generation than "General Butler," of Massachusetts. But the author does know, he assures us, that "The Attorney-General of the United States is titular head of the ramifying machinery of procedure in law appertaining to the executive division of the Government"! Occasionally a reported case is cited, but in a casual manner, and never for the purpose of supporting a proposition of law. The author's unaided dictum is deemed ample for that. Half of the volume is taken up with "Trust Prosecutions, Decisions and Decrees"; yet no attempt is made to analyze the decisions or to discover the legal principles which they establish. Part third is entitled "Syllabus of Equity, Jurisdiction, Pleading and Practice." Why the comma is inserted between "Equity" and "Jurisdiction," we do not know. Nor do we know the writer's authority for any one of the multitudinous propositions enunciated under this heading. For some of them we are sure he has no authority. At p. 642 he declares: "There is but one case upon record in which any court of equity, either in this country or in England, has attempted by injunctions or order of the court, to prohibit or restrain the publication of a libel as such in anticipation." Evidently, he has not kept abreast of modern English legislation and decisions. He has only to consult the latest edition of Odgers on "Libel and Slander" to find repeated examples of such injunctions. Indeed, we had supposed it to be a matter of elementary legal knowledge that, whereas in this country an injunction will not issue to restrain the threatened publication of a libel, it may and does issue in England.

Dr. Daniel McGilvary's posthumous book, "A Half Century Among the Siamese and the Lāo" (Revell), describes his life as a missionary. He was the leader in the Lāo work which now controls five hospitals and a leper asylum, eight boarding-schools and twenty-two elementary schools, and twenty-one Presbyterian churches, with 4,205 communicants. Wherever Dr. McGilvary met with opportunity for permanent work, stable congregations were founded. If the facts have been rightly presented, it would appear that both Buddhism and animism have reached a stage of extensive "dry rot" in Siam, for many of the conversions were gained at an astonishingly small degree of religious sacrifice. It may be that the conditions here were analogous to the widespread decay of the native religions in Polynesia when the missionaries arrived there; or, it may be queried whether the Siamese and Lāo really comprehended the wide divergencies which actually exist between Buddhism and Christianity. While Dr. McGilvary appears to have had no deep understanding of the religions which he sought to overthrow, and while his volume is disappointingly meagre in the presentation of these older beliefs, there are several pages which should be carefully studied by those who allege the similarity between Christianity and Buddhism, especially pp. 181-185. As a simple Siamese farmer declared (p. 55), "The difference between Jesus and Buddha is that the latter entered into Nirvana, and that was the last of him; while Jesus lives to save." Among the few references to native culture is the very interesting statement (p. 323) that the hill tribe of the Mūsô "have a twelfth-day sabbath, or sacred day, not very definitely marked." For this festival, which seems to bear no relation to the lunar month, the reviewer has been unable to find any parallel. The writer states that "what is required to support one European missionary family, would support half a dozen fairly educated native ministers or ten good native evangelists" (p. 259). It is a question whether the practice of one great Christian communion which has only a celibate clergy might not wisely be followed by other religious bodies in the mission field; and it is generally agreed that the missionaries of the communion referred to live in closer contact with their people than do the Protestant missionaries. There is only the slightest allusion in this book to any missionary work, Protestant or Roman Catholic, among the Siamese previous to the coming of Dr. McGilvary. This is unfortunate.

"John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot" (Little, Brown), by Lorenzo Sears, is a chatty account of the doings of John Hancock and of the historical events of the time in which he lived. Mr. Sears has evidently made a search for new material, but there seem to have been few letters or papers from which to construct a biography. He is, therefore, often reduced to infer the doings and thinking of Hancock from a knowledge of what was going on around him. Hancock was in London in 1760-61, but of what he did there we know little, and of what he was thinking even less. Yet Mr. Sears makes a chapter out of it by describing what he might have done and seen, and how the experience might have impressed him. "At all events, he must have had an inside view of the situation before he sailed for home," an inside view, that is, of the political situation. But the letter which is quoted scarcely bears this out—he bids "adieu to this grand place, with all its pleasurable enjoyments and tempting scenes." One suspects that the young man enjoyed himself, saw the sights, acquired a taste for London tailors, and—returned home. Mr. Sears has read rather widely, but he does not always reproduce accurately. "The King's first speech was for a 'bloody and expensive war to obtain an honourable and lasting peace,' a stale plea of barbarism." Now, the King's speech was precisely in opposition to a "bloody and expensive war," which he desired to end. The author's understanding of history is superficial and of the conventional sort; his book is anecdotal, without grasp or insight, neither biography nor history in any serious sense of those terms.

"English Fairy Poetry from the Origin to the Seventeenth Century" (Frowde), by Floris Delattre, grew out of the author's elaborate work on Robert Herrick. It is neither an exhaustive history of English fairyland nor an adequate account of the fairy poetry of the period. It is merely a light and graceful essay in 235 pages on the development of fairy mythology, with a pleasant and occasionally suggestive discussion of some of the more important poems. The treatment of the Middle Ages is extremely cursory, and when we come to the Conclusion we are confronted with the astonishing statement that English fairy poetry "but seldom appears in the literature of the Middle Ages, when the little people of the night are still to be dreaded, and it is a man's wisdom to hold his peace about them." M. Delattre appears to regard the Elizabethan as the great age of fairy poetry, and he adopts the popular and pretty thoroughly meaningless generalization regarding it: "It is a period unique in the rolls of English history, when men . . . gave way to their intense imagination, to the passionate dreams of golden islands set in the distant seas, as well as to the hearty enjoyment, unchecked by any discipline, of their daily life, so gross, so turbid, doubtless, but all teeming with full-blooded energy." A kindred looseness of utterance and carelessness about facts allows him to say that Shakespeare's "very words of renunciation to the enchanted work of his life, which he put in the mouth of Prospero, . . . were actually borrowed from countryside legend." As a matter of fact, M. Delattre does not *know* that any of them were borrowed from "countryside legend"; but every schoolboy knows that some of them were actually borrowed from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and that the general conception of this particular passage is due to Ovid. If, however, the reader treads warily among the generalizations and suspiciously among the details, he may yet be edified by many interesting extracts from old books, an appendix containing a reprint of the unique copy of "A Description of the King and Queen of Fayries, 1635," and a bibliography of texts and critical studies.

The appearance of the second, completely remodelled, edition of Prof. Eugen Kühnemann's "Herder" (Munich: C. H. Beck) has a particular interest for American readers, since it coincides with its author's return to this country for another term of official connection with American university life. The central theme of the book might be stated in the words, "Herder, the John the Baptist of the Gospel of Humanity." The titles of its four main subdivisions—The Beginning, The Crisis, The Climax, The Decay—suggest the rhythmic movement of the whole; and every one of these subdivisions reiterates, in its own ebb and flow, the main current of the narrative. The interest of the first part centres in that memorable sea voyage from Riga to Nantes, on which the youthful Herder, surrounded by ocean and sky, in constant contact with the elements, dreamed his Rousseauistic dream of primitive life. The second part tells of Herder as a *vox clamantis in deserto*, his isolated life in Bückeburg, his strangely ecstatic marriage, his delving into the mysteries of his own soul, and the peculiar warping of his mind which turned the critic and historian into a preacher and prophet. The third part leads us to the height of Herder's life, to his Weimar days, and to his "Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit," that memorable attempt to represent all history as an infinitely complex organism evolving itself from the greatest variety of national types. The fourth part shows the prophet of humanity at variance with living men, at odds with his best friends, hemmed in by petty cares and ambitions, weary of a life to which he could not adjust himself. One might object—as indeed has been done—to a certain lyrical ecstasy in Kuhnemann's manner of presentation, which, if long sustained, tends to monotony. But the book has artistic charm, and contains a variety of interesting contributions to the intellectual history of the eighteenth century. Among such, there may be singled out the analysis of Hamann, "the Nietzsche of the storm and stress movement"; the characterization of the Count and Countess of Lippe; the discussion of the curious intermingling of Spinoza and Leibnitz in Herder's conception of the divine; the comprehensive and impartial view taken of the Herder-Kant controversy, and, above all, the truly masterly presentation of the tragic catastrophe of Herder's life, the break with Goethe.

Prof. Albert B. Faust's "The German Element in the United States" (reviewed in the *Nation* of April 7, 1910) has appeared in a German translation, and the volume dealing with purely historical aspects is before us. It bears the title "Das Deutschtum in den Vereinigten Staaten" (G. E. Stechert & Co.), and exhibits in the present garb along with the author's undeniable merits, perhaps more conspicuously than did the original, certain defects to which we called attention. German readers will not easily pardon omissions like that of Hans Kudlich, the most distinguished political refugee Austria has sent to these shores (he is still living in Hoboken, at the age of eighty-nine), and not a few will smile at the glowing eulogy of John D. Rockefeller's charity, for which his remote German ancestry furnishes the occasion. But what will provoke more serious comment is the exclusion, on racial grounds, of men whose eminence is acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Faust is probably unaware to what an extent he has been forced, by the sheer weight of actual achievement, to violate his rule of not "regularly considering," in his two volumes, "persons of Jewish blood, born in Germany." German readers, perplexed by his recital of the deeds of German-Jewish dry-goods kings—whether born here or in Germany—will look in vain for scientists like Simon Flexner, or naval officers like Rear-Admiral Taussig.

The week of November 11-16 saw at Ann Arbor, Mich., the largest convention which the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ has ever held. The most important business before the Association was the reorganization of its constitution. Several important steps were taken. Two new kinds of membership, affiliated and associate, have been created. These new memberships, though admittedly tried as an experiment for a term of five years, are confidently expected to attach several hundred college women to the Association. Certain internal changes were also made which will bring the branches of related geographical sections into closer touch with one another than has hitherto been the case. This will promote greater interest and the formation of new branches. The standard in use for the past three years for admission to the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, has been that of the Carnegie Foundation, plus certain requirements of the Association. This standard for colleges has, however, limitations necessarily imposed by the Carnegie Foundation, such as a certain financial standing and non-sectarianism. These and some other requirements were not deemed essential criteria for the Collegiate Alumnæ. The Association felt that the colleges forming Class I of the Babcock List of the United States Bureau of Education would, for their academic standing, more nearly approach the standard desired. It was voted that this list should be tried until the meeting in Philadelphia in 1914, with probabilities of its becoming the permanent standard. Also certain colleges now waiting for admission to Collegiate Alumnæ were to be admitted to membership as soon as they had attained the required standard; thus they need not be deprived of the advantages of membership for the two years until the next bienniel meeting. Five colleges were admitted at once—Mt. Holyoke, Swarthmore, Grinnell, Lawrence, and the University of Indiana.

Bishop Herman S. Hoffman, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who died at Philadelphia on Saturday, aged seventy-one, was the author of one book—"Life Beyond the Grave."

The death is reported from Winterhaven, Fla., of the Rev. Dr. George Augustus Gates, president of Fisk University, Nashville. He was born in 1851 and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1873. He was a leader in the movement for the higher education of the negro, and in "A Foe to American Schools," published in 1897, attacked the methods of the so-called Schoolbook Trust.

William Flavelle Monypenny, author, and one of the directors of the London *Times*, is dead in London, at the age of forty-six. Mr. Monypenny first became known to a large British public as editor of the Johannesburg *Star* in 1899. At the outbreak of the Boer war, he obtained a commission in the Imperial Light Horse and served with that regiment through the siege of Ladysmith. His editorship of the *Star* he resigned in 1903. He was of Irish origin. The "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," which he was engaged in writing, has reached the second volume, just published.

Science

The Story of Evolution. By Joseph McCabe. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3.50 net.

Evolution in the Past. By Henry R. Knipe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Outlines of Evolutionary Biology. By Arthur Dendy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

The majority of general works on evolution now before the public present about the same level of respectable mediocrity. Useful in a way, instructive no doubt to the uninitiated, but thoroughly uninspiring and unstimulating, these presentations of a vast subject usually have their short day and disappear in the eternal night of a top shelf or closet.

The books enumerated above do not belong to this category, but each is distinctive and worthy of special consideration. "The Story of Evolution," by J. McCabe, is no mere student's catalogue of hackneyed arguments and no light handling of laboratory material, but is a scholarly yet unpedantic and readable outline of cosmic evolution. It is written in no controversial spirit, nor to establish a new philosophy; the author narrates in simple straightforward way the truths of astronomy, geology, palæontology, and biology, and these he welds together in such a way as to give a history of the earth's formation, of its successive changes, and of the succession of animals and plants that appeared on the earth in consequence of these changes. The mere attempt to undertake such a task challenges criticism, for who can decide what organisms appeared first, or what biological miracles underlay the transformations of sea life into land and air life? Where facts are wanting, theories are many; and in choosing the hypotheses necessary to carry out his story, the author's scientific training shows itself in the selection of those which, with present knowledge, are most probable. A firm believer in adaptation he undertakes to show how "life slowly climbs from level to level" as a response to the changing scenes in the geological chronicle of the earth—to the "battle of the land and the sea"—or to alternating heat and cold. An equally firm believer in natural selection, he portrays in vivid pictures the application of this principle to persisting fauna and flora after such terrestrial catastrophes as the Permian Revolution and the Ice Age. The book, in short, is an excellent story, not a cosmic philosophy; and is written in a language which the inexpert can understand and enjoy.

"Evolution in the Past," by H. R. Knipe, while it deals with the same general subject, is formed on an entirely different model, with only enough "story" to relieve a dry catalogue of fossil forms. An admirable feature of the book is found in the excellent and spirited illustrations by Alice B. Woodward (referred to on the title-page as Alice B. Woodhouse) and Earnest Bucknall. We agree with McCabe that evolution is not a mere description of the procession of living things, but in large part an explanation of that procession. Of the latter there is little to be found in Knipe's book, although there is abundant evidence of his effort, often overstrained, to lighten the text. In both books we find the same harmless jest to the effect that certain molluscs had managed to "keep their heads," but this type of lightening is carried to an extreme in Knipe's volume, and we find it scarcely in keeping with the dignity of a great subject in science to read about the "intellectual" development of cephalopods, and experience something of a shock on noting the observation: "How far their mental development was accelerated by the habit of walking more or less on the head cannot be determined."

"Outlines of Evolutionary Biology," by Arthur Dendy, presents still another model. Here history of living or fossil types and hypotheses as to their succession give place to special problems and factors of evolution. The text includes elaborate discussions on The Evolution of Sex, by which is meant the series of stages in existing animals and plants leading to the sum of secondary characters which we speak of as sex characters; on Variation and Heredity; Theory and Evidence of Organic Evolution; Adaptation; Factors of Organic Evolution, most of which are little more than faithful efforts, clearly expressed, to give the usual textbook evidence of evolution. It is an admirable presentation, however, and differs from the mediocre works on evolution in having an introductory section on the elements of biology. Here the fundamental principles of living things are clearly outlined; Amoeba and Sphaerella are described in detail as furnishing examples of animal and plant relationships and their mutual dependence upon the sun as the source of energy. It is disappointing to find no reference to the mechanism of energy transformations whereby the radiant energy of the sun is stored up in complex protoplasmic substances, and no mention of enzymes through whose activity the stored energy is transformed into vital manifestations. As a whole, the subject is logically worked out—growth as the outcome of vital activities, reproduction as the consequence of growth; this in turn leading to the principle of the continuity of life which introduces the section on the agents by which this continuity is carried out, while the gradual complications and differentiations of these agents furnish material for the section on the evolution of sex. This in turn leads to the principles of variation and heredity, and to the questions of acquired characteristics, Mendelism, and the like, from which the transition to species, their origin and relationships, is but a logical step.

"Collected Papers in Physics and Engineering," by Prof. James Thomson, is a Cambridge book which will shortly be issued in this country by the Putnams.

In her little book, "Race Improvement or Eugenics" (Dodd, Mead), the author, La Reine Helen Baker, is concerned with the advocacy of eugenics rather than with its justification. She does, however, try to remove some misunderstandings, and particularly the apprehension of those who think they see in eugenics the foreshadow of anarchy and free-love, and dimly discern in the background the figure of Malthus. This is very neatly and cleverly done, with a pleasing fondness for alliterative and often striking phrase. The doubter or the skeptic may learn here how an ardent eugenist may take herself very seriously without marked foolishness, and those that are weak in the faith may acquire fresh courage and perchance some new weapons. The author insists that we, having given much time to the study of the unfit, should realize that it is quite time to begin to pay some attention to the fit; that eugenics is a question not of *a* population, but of *the* population, being no phase of Malthusianism. Incidentally, there is a plea for the abolition of illegitimacy and for an increased facility in the unmaking of marriages, with the suggestion that thinking women will presently demand "wages for wives, wages for motherhood, wages for housekeeping." Only when the expectation is raised that phrenology may yet prove helpful does one begin to suspect that the running gear of the eugenistic train of thought needs looking after. Concerning women and eugenics the point seems well taken that the modern feminist movement will be helpful to the state only if it shall insist that women have an all-round equality with men, but will be most detrimental and check progress "if women successfully organize as a sex-party prepared to study every question from the special interests or supposed interests of women." Brief appendices are devoted to maternity maintenance or the endowment of motherhood, based on a Fabian tract, and to the legislation favoring the sterilization of the unfit.

Dr. Cæsar A. von Ramdohr, professor emeritus and one of the founders of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, one of the country's leading gynecologists, died at his home in New York on Sunday, aged fifty-seven. He came to this country when seventeen years of age.

Drama

To the desirable Shakespeare Library, edited by Prof. I. Gollancz and published in this country by Duffield & Co., two new volumes have been added. One of these, edited by W. H. D. Rouse, gives the Latin text of Plautus's "Menæchmi," with the Elizabethan translation of William Warner (published in 1595) on opposite pages. It is possible that Shakespeare used this translation, in manuscript, as the source of his "Comedy of Errors." The central theme of the "Menæchmi" was again employed by Shakespeare for the humorous plot of "Twelfth Night," while for the serious plot he added a theme which he had already turned to account in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." This second theme is the subject of the other new volume in the Shakespeare Library, "Rich's Apolonius & Silla." The story here reprinted from Barnabe Riche's "Farewell to Militarie Profession" (1581) occurs in at least eleven other books or plays, in Italian, French, and Spanish, ranging in date from 1531 to 1604, and in the introduction to the present volume the editor, Morton Luce, gives some account of all of these. He believes that Shakespeare went directly to the Italian for help in constructing "Twelfth Night," and instances certain parallels in support of this theory—not convincingly, in our opinion. Again in chapter vii, dealing with Remaining Sources, he overdoes the resemblance to certain phrases in the "Arcadia" and in Bacon. Because Bacon, in the "Advancement of Learning," calls poetry "nothing else but feigned history," it does not necessarily follow that Shakespeare had the passage in mind when he wrote: "'Tis poetical . . . It is the more like to be feigned." But these are minor points. Readers of Shakespeare have here in excellent form the crude material out of which he created one of the fairest of his magical worlds.

In a "Foreword" to Mrs. Anna A. T. Craig's "The Dramatic Festival" (Putnam), it is a little amazing to find Percival Chubb giving vent to the following utterance: "We must follow the Greeks, not by using their language, but by emulating the spirit and methods of their own nurture. We have an infinitely richer storehouse to draw upon than they: what we must learn is how to make it count as they made their more limited stock count, in developing power and sensibility." The precise significance of the "limited stock" of the Greeks is not quite clear, but presumably it has reference to their paucity of legendary material as compared with our own. If this be really what Mr. Chubb means, we can only imagine that he is leaving the Homeric legend entirely out of his count, and has forgotten the fact of Hesiod's existence; he must also be overlooking the dramatic form given to the worship of Eleusis and Dionysus, and must have eliminated from his vision the entire field of Greek mythology. With all respect to Mr. Chubb and the various ethical culture societies that are endeavoring to reform our educational system by means of private theatricals, it is a little difficult to take seriously a cause which is supported by such a plea. In noticing other books of a similar character to the present one, we have already taken occasion to express our doubts as to the wisdom of this experiment in education, and there is no need to go over the ground again. Mrs. Craig's volume is a further plea for the introduction of dramatic festivals as a regular part of the school curriculum, and the author gives practical advice as to the methods of instruction to be employed, as well as examples of typical festival plays. Despite the earnestness and intelligence which Mrs. Craig devotes to her cause, we must still remain unconvinced as to its expediency.

"The High Road," which has just been produced successfully by Mrs. Fiske in the Hudson Theatre, shows that the theatrical instinct of its young author, Edward Sheldon, is still much stronger than his sense of true dramatic values. From the commercial point of view it undoubtedly is a strong piece, with a compact and entertaining story, leading through a succession of telling scenes up to an ingenious and highly effective climax, but it is so artificial in its construction and so unlifelike in its chief characterization and many of its details, that its worth as drama is inconsiderable. Nevertheless, it denotes an ability which may go far when it has been mellowed by experience. The pretence that it carries any special significance as a fresh and enlightened utterance upon the rights and capacities of woman has no substantial foundation. The two main theses of it, first, that a life of active endeavor in the cause of suffering and abused womankind is nobler than an existence of selfish ease, and, secondly, that a woman should be judged by what she is rather than by what she may have been in a long forgotten past, are indisputable and platitudinous. The weakness of the play lies, not in the moral, but in the violent and incredible illustration of it.

Mr. Sheldon, in devising his plot, was less concerned about human nature and logic than about the necessity of providing tense situations and a "fat" part for a female star, in this case, Mrs. Fiske. So he has endowed a little country girl—the drudge of a miserly and brutal father, a small country farmer—with all sorts of physical attractions and (undeveloped) intellectual power. She runs away, half innocently, with a rich, young artist, and, accompanying him on his travels, becomes in three years a brilliant and accomplished woman. After reading some socialistic books she resolves to devote the remainder of her life to righting the wrongs of her enslaved sisters. She leaves her lover (refusing marriage), gets work in a shirt-waist factory, begins to organize, and in eighteen years is at the head of a national woman's union, before which Legislatures bow and monopolists tremble. Moreover, she becomes the wife of the Governor of New York, who is running for the Presidency. Then a trust magnate and owner of many yellow journals, threatens to publish her past unless her husband will pledge himself to veto certain legislation, but she, in a capitally managed scene, checkmates him by declaring that she will give her own story to the Associated Press, and ask the public to decide between them. The curtain falls upon her complete triumph. Manifestly such a tale belongs to the order of melodramatic romance. It is full of improbabilities, the chief of which, perhaps, is the heroine's refusal of a marriage which would have enabled her to put her plans into prompt execution. A much more eloquent and versatile actress than Mrs. Fiske is needed to make her behavior or her achievement even moderately plausible.

Charles Hawtrey resumes West End management in London early in January. His first production is to be a new comedy by George Birmingham, otherwise the Rev G. Hannay, Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. "General John Regan" is the provisional title. The action takes place in a small town in the west of Ireland. The personages represented range from the lord-lieutenant to the barefooted peasant Mr. Hawtrey himself describes the piece as an Irish "Bunty." His own part is that of the dispensary doctor, a genial, good-natured Irishman, who, in his endeavors to help other people, helps himself.

H. B. Irving and his company are about to start on a South African tour. He takes a number of old plays with him, and one new one, "One Hour of Life," by Desmond Coke.

The London Play Actors have just succeeded in producing Ibsen's "Brand" in something like its original shape, although some cutting was found to be unavoidable.

Alfred Calmour the actor and dramatist, died recently in London. He first attracted public notice by a pleasant little piece called "Cupid's Messenger," but he will be best remembered by "The Amber Heart," in which Ellen Terry played for years, with a charm peculiar to herself. He was a favorite of Henry Irving, for whom he did a good deal of dramatic work from time to time. In the course of his career he wrote many plays, several of which enjoyed temporary success. He acted in some of them himself, generally in the provinces.

"Bagatelle" is the name of a new comedy by Paul Hervieu, which has just been produced at the Théâtre Français, in Paris. Monsieur and Madame de Raon have been lovers for twelve years, and M. de Jincourt is M. de Raon's most trusted friend. M. de Raon becomes infatuated with a gay young widow, who gives him a midnight rendezvous in a room with a red lamp over the door. Mme. de Raon overhears this assignation, and confides her sorrow to M. de Jincourt, who straightway offers her the consolation of his own devotion. She bids him come, at midnight, to the room over whose door is the red lamp. In that fated chamber she surprises her husband and the widow. When they profess innocence, she tells them they need not make excuses, as she knows the truth, and has a lover of her own, who will soon join them. Presently M. de Jincourt enters and the two men, convicted the one of faithlessness and the other of treachery, gaze shamefacedly on each other. All the old mutual affection, trust, and esteem are at an end. The only hope is that time may heal the wounds. It is a sombre ending for a comedy, but the piece is said to be brilliantly written.

Music

Studienbuch. Von Gottfried Galston. Berlin: Bruno Cassirer.

The Thought in Music. By John B. McEwen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

French Diction for Singers and Speakers. By William Harkness Arnold. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.

A few weeks ago the name of Gottfried Galston was known to few on this side of the Atlantic. With rare unanimity American critics have since expressed their opinion that he is a pianist of unusual intelligence. This verdict is borne out fully by his "Studienbuch," a treatise of 221 pages on the pianoforte works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and Brahms. To these composers Mr. Galston devoted a cycle of five piano recitals which he gave in London in 1907-8 and repeated in Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, and Vienna. The object of his book is to fix, for the benefit of other students, professional or amateur, the thoughts that came to him while he was practicing the compositions he played in that cycle, numbering nearly a hundred different pieces, including five sonatas of Beethoven's last style, the custom (not a very good one) of playing which at one recital was originated by Hans von Bülow. For this pianist Mr. Galston has the highest respect; to him the best edited of all classical publications are the Bülow edition of Beethoven's piano pieces and the Busoni edition of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord."

To elucidate points, Mr. Galston makes very free use of examples in musical type, probably one-half of the volume being taken up with them. Of the text every word is worth reading. While striving primarily to get at the inner meaning of the music, he does not hesitate to indulge in criticism, regretting, for example, that Bach arranged the invaluable contents of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" as a series of twenty-four pieces, representing the different major and minor keys—a bit of pedantry which made him transpose some of the pieces into keys in which they are comparatively ineffective; the C sharp minor fugue, for instance, being much more impressive if played in C minor. On the use of the pedal in playing Bach there are two suggestive pages, one of the rules being: "The tip of the foot must never leave the pedal, must seem glued to it." Particularly interesting are the remarks on Busoni's translations of organ pieces for piano. The fact that few candid music-lovers will agree with Mr. Galston that, next to Bach's works, Beethoven's last five sonatas are the highest achievements in pianoforte composition need not prevent them from benefiting by his keen analyses of these sonatas. Concerning the Chopin études, he remarks that they represent an entirely new *genre* in piano music, side by side with which only Liszt's can be placed. The analyses of Liszt include some Bach transcriptions, the "Années de Pélérinage," the "Mephisto Waltz," and the "Lucrezia Borgia" fantasy; while Brahms is exemplified by his Handel and Paganini Variations, two rhapsodies, and a dozen short pieces, including eight waltzes.

John B. McEwen is fellow and professor of musical composition at the Royal Academy of Music in London. His book, "The Thought in Music," is as abstruse as a Brahms sonata. It is not easy to read, yet there are pages in it that are worth studying. It is "an inquiry into the principles of musical rhythm, phrasing, and expression." A theoretical and abstract part i is followed by a practical and concrete part in which metre, tempo, the unit of thought, shape in music, phrase-construction, and climax are considered; and this is followed by chapters on the contrapuntal idiom, the development of tonality and harmony, and the influence of harmony on musical shape. The two last-named sections are the most intelligible sections of the book. Particularly suggestive are the pages in which the author shows how "nothing is more remarkable in the whole range of modern music, from Bach to Wagner, than the fact that the composer, where he aims at the fullest and most potent expression of feeling, reverts to the consistent use of the polyphonic method." Apart from dynamics, he continues, "there is nothing in music which conveys to the mind in a more powerful way the ebullition and movement of emotion than this weaving and interweaving of melodic movement, conceived in the bounds of the larger rhythmic and tonal relationships which outline the shape." Though Professor McEwen's own style is rather dryly intellectual, he does not sympathize with purely intellectual music. His remarks (p. 205) on musical works, the interest in which is purely intellectual but which may give pleasure to the educated musician, though they fail to impress music-lovers in general, help to explain what are called differences in taste. The author himself holds that "to bear in mind the cardinal fact that music is a vehicle of emotional expression, is to realize the primal and essential nature of the art."

William Harkness Arnold holds that the study of French diction is not as difficult as that of English diction; not, at any rate, if taught by his method, which, he asserts, is at once definite, accurate, and easy. The claim may be allowed. The author has minimized the labor of learning by dividing the work between eye and ear, by stripping every topic of useless detail, and by adopting a simple system of marking to aid the memory. He calls attention to the fact that a French nasal vowel-sound is a sound spoken with the assistance of the nose, whereas the so-called nasal twang observed sometimes in English-speaking people, is produced by an exactly opposite method, that is, by obstructing the natural opening to the nasal cavities. To singers the author gives the advice that they should read aloud many times the text of each song before attempting to unite it, phrase by phrase, to the melody. The melody and the text of a number of songs by prominent French composers are printed by way of examples. As French is one of the languages which every young singer has to learn in these days of polyglot opera, Mr. Arnold's book ought to be sure of a cordial welcome.

The centenary of Ambroise Thomas was not celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera House last year, as it might and should have been, by a performance of the melodious and colorful "Mignon," for which an almost ideal cast was at hand. His far less successful "Hamlet" has now been given in that house by the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, somewhat *post festum*, to be sure, but that did not matter, for there was no intention to honor Thomas. His opera was revived solely for the purpose of giving Italy's most popular and high-priced baritone, Titta Ruffo, a chance to astonish and delight a certain class of opera-goers with an exhibition of his particular style of singing, especially in the drinking song, which closes the second act of that foolish opera. The house was packed as it seldom has been, and frantic demonstrations were witnessed. They were secured by a method which is still much in favor among Italians, and especially South Americans, but which elsewhere is fortunately less in vogue than it was a generation ago—the method of "featuring" loud high notes for their own sake. There are half a dozen tones in this baritone's voice which have a clarion tenor quality, and with these tones he brings down the house. In quality his voice is inferior to that of two other Italian baritones, Sammarco and Amato, and he has little variety of tonal coloring or emotional expression. As an actor he is commonplace—at least he was so in "Hamlet." Injudicious admirers have called him "the singing Salvini," thus arousing expectations which he falls far short of fulfilling.

Mozart's "Magic Flute" has been sung at the Metropolitan Opera House with casts which it takes one's breath away to look at now. It included, on March 30, 1900, Sembrich, Ternina, Mantelli, Bridewell, Zelie de Lussan, Suzanne Adams, Broadfoot, Olitzka, Emma Eames, Dippel, Campanari, and Plançon, whose place, on January 27, 1902, was taken by Edouard de Reszke, the rest of the list being little changed from the earlier one. At the revival of the "Magic Flute" in the Metropolitan last Saturday, the cast included Ethel Parks, Emmy Destinn, Vera Curtis, Louise Homer, Marie Mattfeld, Leo Slezak, Putnam Griswold, Otto Goritz, Bella Alten, and Albert Reiss. There are big names in this list, too, and too much cannot be said in praise of the Pamina of Destinn, the Tamino of Slezak, and the Papageno of Goritz, who is a most amusing actor, as well as a great singer, and who succeeded in making the whole opera revolve around him. Ethel Parks, as Astrafiammente, disclosed a facility in the emission of staccato rockets, but was otherwise not equal to the part, which even the greatest singers dread; and Edward Lankow's singing of Sarastro had little to commend it except the real basso profundo quality of his voice. Mr. Hertz, who was evidently as glad as the singers to have a change in the German repertory, conducted with real appreciation of Mozart's style. The scenery was virtually a duplicate of that which created such a sensation in Berlin two years ago; it was painted by Hans Kautsky, and consists of fourteen changes, which were made most adroitly.

MacDowell's "Keltic Sonata" was played by Teresa Carreño in London the other day on the occasion of the jubilee of her first public appearance. She succeeded, according to the *Times*, in "giving to it a certain dignity, one might almost say majesty, by her strong phrasing." The eminent Venezuelan pianist is approaching her fifty-ninth birthday, yet, we read in the same journal, "she is still at the very height of her powers. Her extreme sensitiveness to the value of rhythm in every phase of interpretation is the quality which shows this most remarkably."

A denial of the death of Mme. Minnie Hauk, the American grand opera singer, has been made by her husband, Baron von Hesse-Wartegg. We regret that, following a common report, we announced in our issue of last week that Mme. Hauk had died recently in Munich.

Art

A NEW GALLERY FOR LONDON AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

London, November 15.

The opening of the new Grosvenor Gallery last month is an event of more note than the exhibition held to inaugurate it. London is probably worse off for picture galleries than any other large town in Europe, even in England. The Royal Academy is a close corporation; the British Artists' and the Old Water-Color Society's rooms are comparatively small and rather far from the beaten picture-show track; those of the Institute in Piccadilly are only a little larger; the New Gallery, the best of them all, was a few years ago converted into a Vienna café, and now has disappeared altogether, to make way for one of those "Picture Palaces," or "Cinemas," that provide the sort of art the British public loves best, and that are scattered over London almost as plentifully as the Lyons' and A. B. C. tea-shops. There remains the Grafton, an unusually difficult gallery to hang and not particularly well lighted. The new Grosvenor ought, therefore, to be a welcome addition—but just how welcome remains to be seen.

Its position is good, in New Bond Street. It is understood to have strong backing, as the company running it is said to consist mainly of two leading firms of London picture dealers. It is large enough to be used for some of the most important shows held during the year, and already it has announced that the annual exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts, the International, and the National Portrait Painters' Societies will be held in it. There are five rooms, two of them of fairly good size, and a long narrow entrance hall for water-colors and black-and-white. Unfortunately, it is without the sculpture hall that was such a feature at the New Gallery. The light is excellent, that is when there is any light to be had in London. The whole place has been freshly and elaborately decorated, perhaps too elaborately, for the walls are covered with old-rose brocade, hanging curtain-wise in loose folds, and the perpendicular lines thus made and the vivid color overpower only too many of the paintings.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, the founder of the original and now historic Grosvenor Gallery, has just written to the *Times* objecting that this revival of the name which must ever be associated with his may mislead the public. But of this there is little danger. Indeed, just now the use of its name only helps to point the difference between the conditions in Sir Coutts Lindsay's day and in ours, as well as between the ends then regarded as revolutionary, for which he established his Grosvenor, and the more conservative aims of the new company in establishing theirs. When the Grosvenor was started in the seventies, the Royal Academy was at the height of popularity and power. It gave the hallmark of success. The public that crowded to its shows recognized no painter not included in its ranks. Outsiders might, and usually did, have their private patrons, and often were prosperous. But publicly they had no chance, and it was to make this chance for them that Sir Coutts opened his sumptuous gallery. Its history has been told. Everybody knows that, if Rossetti never showed there, eagerly as his presence was desired, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, Whistler, Walter Crane, and many others against whom the Academic door was closed, did, giving its exhibition a character and an interest that few exhibitions in England had ever had before, that few have ever had since. It was different from every other exhibition of the day, so different that it could not be ignored. It excited the critics, it bewildered the public, it became the talk of the town until it got into *Punch*, which the Briton has always taken as seriously as his Bible, and into the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, then the other most popular thing in London, and the "Greenery-Yallery, Grosvenor-Gallery" young man flashed into fame.

The sole drawback was that Sir Coutts Lindsay had not the courage of his own ideas. If his gallery was not to be the rival of the Academy, it had no particular reason for existence, and yet he seemed afraid to keep the Academician out. That was his mistake. The Grosvenor Gallery gradually lost its special character, just as the International has in our time by dropping its international element and degenerating by degrees into an annex of the Academy. The Grosvenor was doomed. An effort was made to kindle new life into it by showing the work of the Glasgow School when the Glasgow School began to be talked about in London. But it was no use. The Glasgow men were not sufficiently strong to work the miracle.

Now to turn to the new Grosvenor is to find that there is at present no distinguished group of outsiders waiting for the public recognition that should by rights be theirs. The Academy has no longer its old power; it has been compelled to broaden the old narrow Academic standard; to show on its walls has ceased to mean the one high-road to fortune. Besides, societies like the New English Art Club and the International are supposed to represent the more independent groups, though their members are falling, if they have not fallen, into a rut scarcely less conventional, scarcely less hackneyed, than the Academician's. The Grosvenor offers a shelter to societies with no home of their own, but it cannot collect the pariahs, the outcasts of official British art, as Sir Coutts Lindsay did, for the good reason that there are no longer any to be collected.

To look into the catalogue of the Inaugural Exhibition, is to find the names chiefly of members of the New English and the International; to look on the walls is to find much work that has been already shown in the exhibitions of these societies, or even in the Academy. Many of the artists to whom prominence is given—Lavery, Orpen, Derwent Wood, Strang, C. H. Shannon, have been made Associates of the Academy, and there is not so very much to choose between their work nowadays and that of the Academicians against whom the old Grosvenor was a protest: it has no greater freshness, it is as vowed to formula. Really, I saw nothing notable that I had not seen before except a vigorous sketch of a Picador, a memorandum of movement, by J. Crawhall, who produces little, but in that little retains his vigor and directness; a pleasant landscape here and there; a group of those lithographs of the Panama Canal by Joseph Pennell, of which the entire series has recently been bought by the British Government for the South Kensington Museum. One bid for sensation is the addition, since the gallery opened, of the studies by Albert Rothenstein of the costumes for Granville Barker's production of "The Winter's Tale": costumes that are only a trifle less awkward and affected on paper than on the stage. Another is the reappearance of Walter Greaves in a room full of Nocturnes—paintings of Whistler's subjects with Whistler's titles. But it has not made a sensation; in fact, it seems more likely to put an end to the Greaves sensation of eighteen months ago.

So far, in a word, the chief success of the new Grosvenor, whatever it may have in store for us, has been to revive interest in the old. It may not be altogether to blame for this since new movements are not the order of the day. The only pretence—and that but a poor one—to a movement is Post-Impressionism which the Grosvenor has allowed the Grafton Gallery to capture, perhaps because its chief leaders are foreigners, and the few Englishmen who have identified themselves with it are so obviously followers at a distance; perhaps because, though the show at the Grafton is the most successful now open, the edge of the sensation made by Post-Impressionism has been somewhat worn off. The Post-Impressionists' first show at the Grafton, of which I wrote a year or so ago, appealed to the great public by its novelty and had the virtue of including work by Cézanne, who, if not the supreme master and Post-Impressionist he is claimed to be, was at times an interesting painter; by Van Gogh, who, when not insane, was an artist of great distinction; by Gauguin, in whose work beauty was not systematically disdained. But in this second show there are only four or five canvases by Cézanne and nothing by Van Gogh and Gauguin, except a salesroom full of photographs of the works of all three, for Post-Impressionism from the first has been largely a commercial enterprise. Matisse and Picasso are the two artists who dominate the collection.

In the introduction to the catalogue Roger Fry kindly prepares us for what we ought to find in the work of each: continuity and flow of rhythmic lines, reality of form, logic of space relation, a new use of color in Matisse; in Picasso, an abstract language of form, a visual music—whatever this cryptic pronouncement may mean. Unaided, I should not have suspected these qualities in the large designs by Matisse—an interior, apparently of a studio; an arrangement of nudes for the decoration of a palace in Moscow; a "Conversation" between two figures in which, as in all his figures I have seen, if in varying degrees, reality of form is emphasized, or distorted, into caricature, while in the large as well as his smaller paintings, space, color, and line are used as the designer of posters might use them. Indeed, many of them, one is inclined to suspect, were intended for posters, but designs that are appropriate when advertising the manufacturer's wares on the hoardings and in railway stations, if often delightful and accomplished for their special purpose and place, are not adapted to the decoration of a palace or to be framed and hung as pictures. Picasso expresses form in cubes and squares of paint and in dingy color, his language so abstract that the head of a man of which he seeks to give his impression disappears entirely, and to discover it, even as the motive for his design, becomes as difficult as an algebraic problem or a Chinese puzzle, and the music that he would make visual fades away in the hopeless search for a clue. These are the two men who set the standard at the Grafton. True, there are a few like Bonnard, Flandrin, Doucet, who have the independence to work out their artistic salvation after their own fashion; true, the Russian group have travelled very little further than the English Pre-Raphaelites in their day, with the difference that the Russians for their models have gone back to their own Byzantine primitives. But, on the whole, it is the influence of Matisse and Picasso that is most in evidence. With all the sympathy in the world, with every desire to grasp and accept the point of view of these two men whom the younger generation is looking up to as leaders, I have endeavored in vain to understand what they are driving at. Now, with the old masters, with Rembrandt, Titian, Velasquez, it is possible to see what they are trying to do in their work, if impossible to see how they do it; with the Post-Impressionists, it is just the other way round, and it is as difficult to see what they are trying to do, as it is easy to see how they do it.

This, I think, explains their weakness. If they have sacrificed beauty, as it was once conceived, of form, color, and line, if they are indifferent to the dignity, the quality, the exquisiteness of surface hitherto prized by the masters, it is because they are supposed each to be striving to express something intimate, something individual—their "spiritual experiences"—by means as essentially personal. And yet, you need go no further than the Grafton Gallery to find any number of men and women of many nationalities, expressing just the same thing in the same way—apparently passing through the same rare "spiritual experiences," and evolving the same individual method of recording them. Roger Fry himself, their exponent, after coquetting unsuccessfully with older masters, now appears a full-fledged Post-Impressionist, and such numbers of other Englishmen have caught the trick that the Grafton is not large enough to hold them, and they have overflowed into the Grosvenor and into a show of their own now open at the smaller Stafford Gallery. Nobody has ever managed to become a second Rembrandt, or Titian, or Velasquez, but everybody who chooses appears to be able to turn into a Post-Impressionist while you wait. N. N.

"Fifty Salem Doorways," by Frank Cousins, is announced for immediate publication by Doubleday, Page & Co.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Association, Prof. Elliot Smith read an account by Mr. J. E. Quibell of two winters' excavations in a small patch in the cemetery of Memphis. More than four hundred tombs were dug, uniform in type, and covering but a small period of time, mostly of the second and third dynasties. The excavations showed that the burial chambers were in the form of a house, complete in every respect, even to the bathroom, indicating that the provision which it was thought necessary to make for the dead was more thoughtful and complete in this early age than in the later epochs. In all these underground chambers the antiquities found were somewhat disappointing. This was due to the fact that the tombs had been opened by ancient robbers. However, a great number of bowls and dishes were obtained, also ewers and copper basins, and fragments from a wooden draughts-board. The seals on the vases were in three tombs inscribed with kings' names, thereby giving assured dates for the cemetery. The walls of the underground passages in these tombs were covered with paintings.

Mr. Aylward M. Blackman gave an interesting lecture at Bolton, England, on his recent discoveries at Meir, in Upper Egypt. This site is on the west bank of the Nile, thirty miles north of Asyut, and about two hundred miles south of Cairo. The desert behind Meir was the necropolis of Cusæ. Here the people of Cusæ were buried from the earliest times to the Græco-Roman period, and the hillsides are literally honeycombed with the rock-cut tombs of the wealthy, while the sandy plain below is full of the graves of the poorer people. Six decorated tombs were found; the earliest belonged to the sixth dynasty, and the remaining five were of the period of the Middle Kingdom, and formed a group by themselves, representing five successive generations of princes. Mr. Blackman succeeded in making complete records of two of the tomb-chapels, the earliest and the latest of the Middle Kingdom group.

During some excavations undertaken at Mount Cavo, in the Roman Campagna, the diggers struck upon an extensive cemetery belonging to the second century A. D. A gladiator, clad in iron armor, was discovered in one of the tombs, which was covered with big tiles taken from the Temple of Tiberius. There were also found a number of bronze coins bearing the head of the Empress Faustina, a quantity of rings and safety pins, the head of an elephant in terracotta, and a fragmentary vase with inscription.

Finance

WHAT NEXT?

Two incidents of the past week, more or less connected, threw some additional light on the remarkable state of affairs in American finance and industry. One was the resumption of the gold import movement from London to New York; nearly $2,000,000 has been taken within a week. Europe had expressed the hope that in the present tension of its own money markets, and with the Balkan affair still on the calendar unsettled, our drafts on its gold supply might be postponed. Our own international bankers joined in deprecating a movement of the sort, and it could not be argued that our own money market was in a state which urgently required them.

Rates for Wall Street demand and time loans stood at 6 per cent., when the gold imports began; the demand rate went to 12 per cent. this week. That was probably a more or less temporary "squeeze," however; it caused no general inconvenience, and the surplus reserve of the New York banks, which was $6,700,000 last Saturday, although relatively low, nevertheless represented a continuous gain in strength since the beginning of November. New York could undoubtedly have got along without any more gold from Europe; it was, indeed, quite as much concerned with helping to avert a "money squeeze" at London as with putting down Wall Street rates.

But the automatic movement of foreign exchange in this country's favor forced the hand of the international market. We were importing gold from London in September, with sight sterling rates at 4.85—the lowest since 1910. The war, the "bourse panics" in Europe, and the heavy sale of American stocks to us by London forced up the rate, by October 24, to 4.86⅛, or near the par of exchange. But from that figure, the rate began quickly to slide down again, touching on Tuesday of this week 4.84½. This was absolutely the lowest sterling rate since the last month of 1907, when the markets had not yet fully emerged from the panic. With exchange on London considerably higher, we imported $13,000,000 gold from England in 1910 and $6,000,000 last September; it was inevitable, therefore, that last week's low rate should compel resumption of the movement.

This recent sharp movement of foreign exchange in favor of the New York market was largely due to London's repurchase of a part of the stocks which she sold to us last month. But the larger view of the market recognizes the existence of an international situation heavily in our market's favor. That position was modified when Europe sold back our stocks, but was intensified when that offset ceased to operate. The more potent influences were disclosed by last week's report by the Government on our October foreign trade.

It shows that the United States sold last month to Europe $11,500,000 more in wheat than in October, 1911; $16,000,000 more in cotton, $13,000,000 more in non-agricultural products; $44,000,000 in all our merchandise exports combined. The exports of wheat were the largest for the month since 1898; of cotton, the largest of any October except for 1910 and 1909, when prices were utterly abnormal. Exports of non-agricultural products and the total October exports have never been equalled in that month.

This remarkable showing bears alike on our international position and on our home prosperity. Taken with last month's extraordinary achievements in the financial, industrial, and agricultural fields—its high records in bank exchanges, iron and steel production and consumption, railway earnings, and harvest yields—it again raises the question, what the country has before it. The inquiry is none the less interesting, when the Stock Exchange is merely standing still and acting as if it had no notion at all of what is coming next.

It is not easy to escape the conclusion that we are in for a period of genuine and great prosperity. If the tangible evidences of the September and October trade reports are to be allowed any such weight as the similar indications have been found to deserve in other years, the revival ought also to be reasonably prolonged.

It is not altogether unusual that the stock market should give no emphatic prophecy of the sort. The Stock Exchange in the long run has correctly predicted and reflected our epochs of trade prosperity, but it has often done so in a peculiarly fluctuating way. The resemblance of the present season to the autumn of 1897, when the great crop had been harvested, the record-breaking export movement had begun, and the spectacular trade revival was under way, has often been pointed out. But stocks at New York broke 5 to 10 points in September of that year, were weak again in October, and broke sharply in November.

The reasons then assigned, no doubt correctly, were high money in September (ascribed to reviving trade, but disliked in itself by Wall Street), yellow fever at New Orleans in October, and fear of complications with Spain and Cuba in November. That was what Wall Street talked about in its financial discussions of the autumn of 1897, rather than about prosperity; and the retarding influences on the Stock Exchange, in the midst of the returning general prosperity, were of much the same sort as 12 per cent. call money, a Balkan war, and talk of tariff revision have been in the same months of 1912.

Most people who look back in their personal reminiscence to the successive chapters in the financial history of 1897 and the succeeding years would find it a little difficult, to-day, to recall the "money squeeze," the "yellow-fever camps," and ex-Minister Hannis Taylor's letter on Cuban independence. Perhaps they would not even remember the break in stocks in the autumn of 1897. The business community at large paid little attention to it, even then.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, T. B. The Shadow of the Flowers. Poems, illustrated by T. Aldrich and C. J. Nordell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Allen, P. S. First German Composition. Holt.

Allen, W. H. van ("Presbyter Ignotus"). Travel Pictures. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $2.

Appayya, S. A Teacher of English Grammar and Composition. Vol. I. Madras: Lawrence Asylum Press.

Arnold, Hans. Einst im Mai. Edited, with notes, by G. B. Lovell. Holt.

Atkinson, Eleanor. A Loyal Love. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.

Bain, F. W. Bubbles of the Foam. Putnam.

Bible, Containing the Old and New Testaments. Improved edition. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society. $1 net.

Bigelow, John. The Bible that was Lost and is Found. New-Church Board of Publication.

Blauvelt, M. T. Solitude Letters. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.30 net.

Brown, W. H. The Story of a Bank. Introduction by G. E. Roberts. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Buell, M. D. The Autographs of Saint Paul. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.

Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Nos. 43, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49, 50. Putnam. 40 cents net.

Canadian Society of New York: 1912 Year Book.

Carpenter, Clement. Progressive Hints. Boston: Badger.

Carr, R. V. Cowboy Lyrics. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.

Chaloner, J. A. Hell. Roanoke Rapids, N. C.: The Palmetto Press. 35 cents.

Chambers, Mrs. B. K. Idylls of the South. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50.

Chancellor, W. E. Our Presidents and Their Office. Neale Pub. Co. $3 net.

Charles, R. H. Immortality: A Lecture. Frowde.

Chaucer, Geoffrey. Complete Works. Edited by W. W. Skeat. Frowde.

Chesterton, G. K. A Miscellany of Men. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Clarke, Somers. Christian Antiquities in the Nile Valley. (With maps and plans.) Frowde.

Claudy, C. H. "Tell Me Why" Stories. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

Collins, C. W. The Fourteenth Amendment and the States. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Conklin, M. G. Conversation. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.

Corbin, Pierre. Histoire de la Politique Extérieure de la France. Tome 1. Paris: A. Picard.

Coutts, Francis. Egypt, and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.

Cram, W. E. More Little Beasts of Field and Wood. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Crehore, W. W. Protection's Brood. The Author. $1.

Crothers, S. McC. Humanly Speaking. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Cunliffe, J. W. Early English Classical Tragedies, edited with introduction and notes. Frowde. $2.50 net

Daudet, Alphonse. Lettres de Mon Moulin. Edited by H. C. Bradby and E. V. Rieu. Frowde.

Devereux, Roy. Aspects of Algeria. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Dickins, Guy. Catalogue of the Acropolis Museum. Vol. 1. Putnam.

Dick, Stewart. Master Painters. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Divorce Commission Reports. Westminster, England: King & Son.

Donne, John. Poems, edited from the old editions, by H. J. C. Grierson 2 vols. Frowde.

Dugmore, A. R. Wild Life and the Camera. Phila.: Lippincott. $2 net.

Duignan, W. H. Warwickshire Place Names. Frowde.

Duncalf, F., and Krey, A. C. Parallel Source Problems in Mediæval History. Harper. $1.10.

Early, Jubal Anderson. Autobiographical sketch, with notes by R. H. Early. Phila.; Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Filippi, F. de. Karakoram and Western Himalaya, 1909: An Account of the Expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi; Plates and Maps. Dutton. $15 net.

Foulke, W. D. Masterpieces of the Masters of Fiction. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.25 net.

Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

Freire-Marreco, B., and Myres, J. L. Notes and Queries on Anthropology. Fourth edition. London: Royal Anthropological Institute.

Gale, Zona. Christmas: A Story. Macmillan. $1.30 net.

Galsworthy, John. The Eldest Son: A Domestic Drama. Scribner. 60 cents net.

Gates, Eleanor. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Goddard, John. Right and Wrong Unveilings of the Spiritual World. New Church Board of Publication.

Gollancz, Hermann. The Book of Protection: A Collection of Charms. Edited, with translation and notes. Frowde.

Gordon, A. L. Poems, edited with notes, by F. M. Robb. Frowde.

Gordy, W. F. American Beginnings in Europe. Scribner.

Graham, Harry. The Perfect Gentleman: A Guide to Social Aspirants. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Gwynne, Paul. Along Spain's River of Romance, the Guadalquiver. McBride, Nast. $3 net.

Harrison, E. O. The Lady of the Snows: A Novel. Fourth edition. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.

Hauptmann, Gerhart. Atlantis. Trans. by A. and T. Seltzer. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

Hebrew Prophets. Edited by F. H. Woods and F. E. Powell. Vol. IV. Frowde.

Hertwig, Richard. Manual of Zoölogy. Third American edition, translated and edited by J. S. Kingsley. Holt.

Hichborn, Philip. Hoof Beats. Boston: Badger. $1 net.

Home University Library. No. 56, Man, by A. Keith. Holt. 50 cents net.

Hosmer, J. K. The Last Leaf: Observations During Seventy-five Years. Putnam.

Hunter, Alexander. The Women of the Debatable Land. Washington, D. C.: Corden Pub. Co. $1.50.

Ibáñez, V. B. Sónnica. Trans. from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Iles, George. Leading American Inventors. Holt. $1.75 net.

Jenness, Kelley. The Pilot Flame. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.

Jolly Mother Goose Annual. New pictures by B. F. Wright. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

Jones, H. S. Companion to Roman History. Frowde. $5 net.

Keats, John. Poems. Illustrations in Color by Averil Burleigh. Boston: Little Brown. $1.25 net.

Keller, Gottfried. Romeo und Juliet auf dem Dorfe. Edited, with notes, by R. M. Corwin. Holt.

Kester, Vaughan. The Fortunes of the Landrays. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Kingsley, Charles. Hereward the Wake. (Standard Authors edition.) Frowde.

Kingsley's The Water Babies. Illus. in color by E. F. Everett. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Kiser, S. E. The Land of Little Care: A Book of Poems. Chicago: P. F. Volland & Co. $1 net.

Life of Saint David and other Tracts, in Medieval Welsh. Frowde.

Lloyd. R. E. The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom. Longmans. $1.75 net.

London, Jack. The Call of the Wild. Illustrations by Paul Bransom. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Lucas, E. V. A Wanderer in Florence. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Marlin, Wenona. The Will-o'-the-Wisp, and Other Stories. Pulitzer Pub. Co.

Marquand, Allan. Della Robbias in America. Princeton University Press. $4.50.

Meissner, S. R. de. There Are No Dead. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Miller, S. A. After Long Years, and Other Stories. Translated from the German. A. S. Barnes Co.

Moore, George. Hail and Farewell: Salve. D. Appleton. $1.75 net.

Murray, George. Poems, edited by John Reade. Montreal: Edward G. O'Connor.

Narratives of Captivity Among the Indians of North America. Chicago: The Newberry Library.

Nyblom, Helena. Jolly Calle, and other Swedish Fairy Tales. Illustrated by C. Folkard. Dutton. $2.50.

Olcott, F. J. The Children's Reading. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

O'Neill, Rose. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. New, illus. edition. Doran. $1.25 net.

Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Tome VI. Paris: Gustave Ficker.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII, Senatory-Several. Frowde. $1.25.

Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History. Edited by Paul Vinagradoff. Vol. III, by Eleanor C. Lodge and A. W. Ashby. Frowde. $4.15 net.

Pakes, W. C. C. The Science of Hygiene. New edition, revised by A. T. Nankivell. Van Nostrand. $1.75 net.

Palmer, F. and M. Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Parsons, Mrs. Theodore. Brain Culture Through Scientific Body-Building. Chicago: Amer. School of Mental and Physical Development.

Paxson, F. L. Railroads of the "Old Northwest" Before the Civil War. (Reprint from Wisconsin Academy of Sciences.)

Peet, T. E. Rough Stone Monuments and Their Builders. Harper.

Pell, E. L. The Story of Jesus; The Story of David; The Story of Joseph. Revell. 35 cents net, each.

Perkins, L. F. The Japanese Twins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Perris, Herbert. Germany and the German Emperor. Holt. $3 net.

Petre, F. L. Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813. Lane. $3.50 net.

Philip Dru, Administrator: A Story of Tomorrow—1920-1935. Huebsch. $1.20 net.

Phillips Calendar, 1913. Life Pub Co.

Pollard, A. W. Fine Books. Putnam. $7.50 net.

Prayer-Book Dictionary. Edited by George Harford and Morley Stevenson. Longmans. $8.50 net.

Preston, Anna. The Record of a Silent Life. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Reade, Charles. The Cloister and the Hearth. Illus. by Gordon Browne. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.75 net.

Ripley, Eliza. Social Life in Old New Orleans. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.

Rives, H. E. The Valiants of Virginia. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Rodin, Auguste. Venus, to the Venus of Melos. Huebsch.

Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Ryan, T. C. Intellectual Religion. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Schubert, Franz. Selected Piano Compositions. Ditson. $1.50.

Sedgwick, H. D. Italy in the Thirteenth Century. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Seitz, H. B. Stephen Mulhew. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.50.

Sharp, William (Fiona Macleod). Works. Vol. III, Papers Critical and Reminiscent. Vol. IV, Literary Geography and Travel Sketches. Duffield. $1.50 net, each.

Shorter, D. S. New Poems. London: Maunsel & Co.

Spivey, T. S. The Caverns of Crail. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.25 net.

Stawell, Mrs. R. The Fairy of Old Spain. Illustrated. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Sullivan, T. R. Boston, New and Old. Illustrations by L. G. Hornby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.

Sweetser, K. D. Ten Girls from History. Duffield. $2.

Tacitus. The Histories, translated with notes, by W. H. Fyfe. 2 volumes. Frowde.

Talbot, F. A. Steamship Conquest of the World. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Tarde, Gabriel. Penal Philosophy. Boston: Little, Brown. $5 net.

The Newark Lincoln: A Memorial. Newark, N. J.: Free Public Library.

Told in the Twilight: Stories to Tell to Children. Platt & Peck. 50 cents.

Troyes, C. de. Cligés. Translated from the Old French, by L. J. Gardiner. Duffield.

Urban, A. L. The Voice of the Garden. Philadelphia: Meehan & Sons.

Wagner, Richard. Bayreuth Letters. Translated and edited by C. V. Kerr. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.

Walker, D. S., and Mackay, H. Stories for Pictures. Duffield. $2.50 net.

Washburn, S. Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in the New Empire of Western Canada. Holt. $3 net.

Wharton, Edith. The Reef: A Novel. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Wheeler, J. R. Tragedy. (Reprinted from Greek Literature.) Columbia University Press.

Whitney, M. P., and Stroebe, L. L. Easy German Composition. Holt.

Widor, C. M. Old Songs and Rounds for Little Children. Pictures in color by Boutet de Monvel. Duffield.

Wiener, H. M. Pentateuchal Studies. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $2.15.

Wiernik, Peter. History of the Jews in America. Jewish Press Pub. Co. $1.50.

Williams, A. L. Sunday Suppers. Duffield. $1 net.

Williams, J. S. The Siege. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.20 net.

Woodruff, C. E., and Danks, W. Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral. Dutton. $5 net.

Wood, Walter. The Battleships. (103 illustrations). Dutton. $4 net.

Just Publisht.

Schiller: Kabale und Liebe

Edited by WM. ADDISON HERVEY, Associate Professor of Germanic Languages and Literature in Columbia University, cvii+279 pp. 16mo. $1.25.

Professor Hervey's elaborate and scholarly edition of Schiller's *bürgerliches Trauerspiel,* while primarily prepared for the use of college classes, will be welcomed by all students of Schiller and of the German drama. The full introduction discusses the play in regard to its genesis, its plot and structure and its characters, with an interesting consideration of its Literary Forerunners in German, French and English. An unusual and effective feature of the explanatory notes is the provision of stimulating comments on the several groups of scenes. The attractiveness of the edition is heightened by several reproductions of engravings of scenes in the play.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Just Published

The Ability to Converse

By STANLEY M. BLIGH. *Author of "The Direction of Desire" and "The Desire for Qualities."*

3¾x6: xv+323 pp. Cloth, **70c**; Venetian morocco, gilt top, **$1.00.**

The author's object has been to estimate and explain the mental qualifications, either natural or acquired, which are necessary for good conversation, rather than to give an account of how people do in fact talk to each other, or to lay down rules about the best manner of conducting discussion.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Oxford University Press American Branch
35 WEST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK.

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

DECEMBER FREE

The issues of The Nation for December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INTEMPERANCE

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.
Author of "The Nervous Life," etc.

A book for physicians, sociologists, and all interested in the care or cure of those addicted to drink, and in intemperance as a social problem.

Basing his conclusions mainly on a study of the mental state—the whole psychology—of the hard drinker, the author seeks help and cure for the intemperate along the social, educational, and psychological lines here laid down. A book rich in practical suggestions that draws on the latest scientific knowledge, and on original investigation.

(12*mo.* $1.00 *net; postpaid* $1.10.)

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

Only Authorized Edition

AN INTRODUCTION TO METAPHYSICS

By HENRI BERGSON

Authorized translation by T. E. HULME, prepared under the supervision of M. BERGSON, containing additions made by him. 75 cents net. By mail, 85 cents.

This volume forms the best introduction to M. Bergson's philosophy. A reading of it is indispensable to a proper understanding of Bergson's position. German, Italian, Hungarian, Swedish, and Russian translations of it have already appeared.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.* B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York.

Pride of War

Translated from the Swedish of Gustaf Janson

Sets its author at once among the greatest writers of Europe. —*Athenaeum* (London).

It may be doubted whether the physical actualities of modern warfare have ever been so hauntingly portrayed by any author before.—*London Daily News.*

The peace propagandists will miss the most telling argument that has been made in their favor in a long time if they do not give to "Pride of War" a wide circulation.

—*New York Times.*

350 *pages. Cloth,* $1.30 *net; by mail,* $1.42.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON

JUST PUBLISHED

CHIVALRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

By WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD

Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University.

12mo. Cloth. 300 pages. $2.25

Four lectures on Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare, delivered in French at the Sorbonne and in English at the University of Copenhagen, now revised and enlarged for publication.

"My object in these lectures," the author explains, "is to show how the ideal of French chivalry entered into English literature and thereby affected the attitude of the English-speaking world. . . . I shall endeavor in sum, to indicate the genesis of the idea conveyed by the English word 'gentleman,' with all that it suggests."

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

PUBLISHED BY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
PUBLICATION OFFICE, 2 UNIVERSITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NEW BOOKS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Courts, The Constitution, and Parties

Studies in Constitutional History and Politics. By ANDREW C. MCLAUGHLIN, Professor of History in the University of Chicago.

The work consists of five papers, the first of which discusses the power of a court to declare a law unconstitutional. Two deal with the growth and essential character of political parties, and are followed by one on the history of differing theories of the Federal Union. The work fittingly concludes with a discussion of the written constitution in some of its historical aspects. 308 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth*, *postpaid*, $1.63.

American Poems

Selected and edited with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies. By WALTER C. BRONSON, Professor of English Literature, Brown University.

The book offers a most carefully chosen and well balanced presentation of the poetic works of Americans, covering the entire period of our history. For the teacher as well as the student the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the comprehensive Notes, Bibliography, Glossary, and Index. It is believed that the book will have the wide popularity of Mr. Bronson's earlier collection, English Poems, which has been adopted by all leading American colleges. 680 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth*, *postpaid*, $1.68.

The Minister and the Boy

By ALLAN HOBEN, Associate Professor of Homiletics in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

From the first chapter on "The Call of Boyhood," through one on "The Approach to Boyhood," the author leads us by suggestion and informing principles to realize the enormous opportunity afforded by the raw material, "boy," on which the minister may work. Later chapters on play and vocational choice show how to train the boy for citizenship, how responsive he is to the right sort of impetus, and how his religious life may indirectly, and even unconsciously, be stimulated by the proper appeal to his manly instincts, while furnishing him with a normal outlet for his natural enthusiasm.
Illustrated, 180 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth*, *postpaid*, $1.10.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR

ART By Auguste Rodin

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:
1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German 3. Word-for-word English
2. Ordinary (romanized) German 4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University
265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c
LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

You can always find
At DUTTON'S
the latest books; the rare books; illustrated books of all kinds; cards, calendars and art novelties.
31 West 23d St.

Plays and Players in Modern Italy

Being a study of the Italian stage as affected by the political and social life, manners and character of to-day.

By ADDISON McLEOD

8vo, cloth, gilt top, with illustrations $2.75 *net.*

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

"TO LIBRARIANS"

It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

THE FLOWING ROAD

Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America
By CASPAR WHITNEY
24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net.
Postpaid, $3.20.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITING For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words
Jack Liverpool, 7 Berwick Pk., Boston

The Christmas Book Number
OF
THE NATION
WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2475 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

Free Library Dec 26 '12

"Undoubtedly the Book of the Season."—CHICAGO DIAL

The Letters of George Meredith

Edited by HIS SON 2 Volumes. $4.00 net; by mail $4.28

The London Spectator: "The range of these six hundred and thirty pages of Meredith's correspondence is so enormous that it is difficult to make up one's mind at what point to approach it. The volume of Meredith's personality was immense, and here we see it in full flood through sixty strenuous years. Every line is animated by his wonderful relish and curiosity for life. On every page there waves his banner, and beneath it rumbles and flashes all the artillery of his passionate and brilliant eloquence."

Phila. Public Ledger: "They open a window into the mind of the man."

Boston Transcript: "Two volumes that disclose the workings of the mind of a genius."

The Poetical Works of George Meredith

With Some Notes by G. M. TREVELYAN

George Meredith was one of the great poets in the succession of English poetic masters. It is therefore right that all of his poetry should be made available in one volume by which his eminence can be appreciated and judged.

In one volume. With portrait. $2.00 *net; by mail* $2.19

The Mortal Gods, and Other Dramas

A Volume of Poetic Dramas

By OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Her "Lords and Lovers" and "Semiramis" gave her not only a position in the front rank of American poets, but a position peculiarly her own.

"The Mortal Gods" itself deals with current social philosophy in an imaginary country, and might almost have been written with reference to our own political situation. "A Son of Hermes" is a drama of the time of Alcibiades; "The Sword of Love" turns on a Crusade of the Twelfth Century.

$1.50 *net; by mail* $1.65

New Trails in Mexico

By CARL LUMHOLTZ, M.A.

Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," etc.

Dr. Lumholtz has a very deep love of nature, and his own beautiful descriptions are enhanced by two color plates and many illustrations. But he also has a thorough and large practical knowledge, and his exposition of the conditions of soil, the opportunities for agriculture and mining, is enhanced by two splendid maps made by himself.

Part of the country which Dr. Lumholtz journeyed through had never seen a white man. *With numerous illustrations, including 2 color plates and 2 maps. Large 8vo.*

Price $5.00 *net; by mail* $5.30

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

The Eldest Son

A Domestic Drama in Three Acts

This drama, with an English country house for its setting, has all the concentrated power of "Strife" and "Justice." Constructively it is perfect: without a pause in the action, the situation—depending on the entanglement of "the eldest son"—is exposed, and the characters, drawn from the upper and lower classes, are introduced.

60 *cents net; postpaid* 77 *cents*

The Inn of Tranquillity

On Life and On Letters

In the papers on Life Mr. Galsworthy reproduces incidents, mainly of London street or English village, of intense individual interest; but more—and this is probably the purpose—he gives the feeling of the great natural forces of social evolution at work under the surface. Each story carries distinct social significance. The papers on Letters give the writer's artistic creed.

$1.30 *net; by mail* $1.44

Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers

By FREDERICK WELLS WILLIAMS

Assistant Professor of Oriental History in Yale

"The story of this diplomatic career is not only one of the most creditable chapters in the history of America, but was, in fact, one of those splendid adventures of the spirit which it is the peculiar and lasting distinction of men of prophetic mind to make in the world of affairs."—*Outlook.*

With frontispiece. $2.00 *net; by mail* $2.19

Causes and Effects in American History

The Story of the Origin and Development of the Nation

By EDWIN W. MORSE

"Mr. Morse has written an informal history of the soul of America as revealed in the larger and more significant events in its history. It is a colossal fairy tale, and every man, woman, and child in the country ought to know it."—*The Outlook.* "His compact little volume is marked by singular fairness on the one hand and sound judgment on the other, and by what we venture to define as very unusual common sense. There is not in it a line of preaching or of posing. And it is written in a style of great simplicity, clarity, and animated sobriety."—*New York Times.*

With illustrations, facsimiles, maps. *$1.25 net; postpaid $1.34*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 153 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 523

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Forming the Opposition Party 526
The Union Pacific Decision 526
Balkan Complexities 527
Kipling's Scattered Verse 528
Robert Collyer 529

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

George Meredith in His Letters 530
News for Bibliophiles 532

CORRESPONDENCE:

Prof. Hart on the Southern Vote.... 533
Verse Translations in the Loeb Classics 534
Art in Education 534

LITERATURE:

Holiday Books 535
The Control of Trusts 536
The Flaw in the Crystal 537
The Soddy 538
The Seer 538
London Lavender 538
The Collected Works of William Morris 538
Thy Rod and Thy Staff 539
The Works of Thomas Deloney 539
Books for Children.—I 540

NOTES 540

SCIENCE:

Die Mutationen in der Erblichkeitslehre.—Upon the Inheritance of Acquired Characters.—Heredity in Relation to Eugenics.—The Evolution of Animal Intelligence 543

DRAMA 545

MUSIC:

History of the Philharmonic Society of London—The Story of Bayreuth as Told in the Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner 546

ART:

The Coming of Lithography 547

FINANCE:

Twenty Per Cent. Money 548

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 548

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

"Here is the Answer"

in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY—THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Even as you read the *Nation* you likely question the meaning of some *new* word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harden?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *jujutsu.* What is *white coal?* This NEW CREATION answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, *with final authority.*

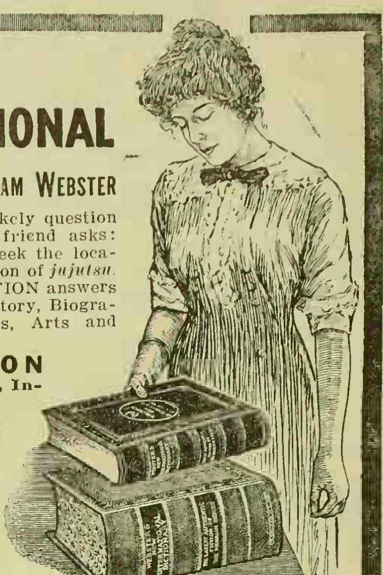
INDIA PAPER EDITION

Printed on thin, opaque, strong, India paper. *One-half* thickness and weight of Regular Edition.

REGULAR EDITION

Strong book paper. Size 12⅜x 9¾x5 inches. Wgt. 14¾ lbs.

400,000 Words. 6000 Illustrations. 2700 Pages. The only dictionary with the ***new divided page,***—characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."



The Christmas Gift longest remembered after the holiday season has passed. Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc. Free set of pocket maps if you name the *Nation.*

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Essentials in Journalism

By HARRY FRANKLIN HARRINGTON, Director of Courses in Journalism, Ohio State University, and THEODORE T. FRANKENBERG, *Ohio State Journal.*

JUST PUBLISHED. **$1.75.**

A textbook for all young people preparing for practical newspaper work. The book aims to combine the practice and the philosophy of all routine news paper work and takes up in turn each phase of editorial activity, from the simple work accorded a beginner to the forms given only to tried men. The student is shown the thing to do and the why of it. The standards set are those of the average newspaper office. The illustrations are many and form an essential part of the text.

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
Boston NewYork Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

Just Published

AUS VERGANGENER ZEIT

Edited by **Arnold Werner-Spanhoofd,** Director of German, High Schools, Washington, D. C.

50 cents

Accounts, drawn from the works of famous authors, of the great events in German history, with sketches of the religion and life of the German people. Questions for conversational practice are included, with a complete vocabulary.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Educational

CONNECTICUT

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., NewYork 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to university work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation.*

Old English Ballads

By JOHN A. LONG

A collection of Robin Hood and other Old English ballads, edited for the use of children and youth. There is an appropriate introduction to each ballad. The book contains many charming illustrations.

Cloth. 144 pages. Illustrated. 50 cents.

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT

OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

A LIST OF UNUSUAL BOOKS

The Life of the Bee *Illustrated Edition* By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by ALFRED SUTRO. *With mounted full-page illustrations in color. by* EDWARD J. DETMOLD.

One of the most beautiful books, both in contents and appearance, of the season. It is truly a zoölogy of the honey-bee, and a very exact and careful one, but it is a great deal more—it is a philosophy, a poem, and a book to be read for its literary grace, wholly apart from one's interest in the special subject pursued.

Elaborate holiday cover. Large 8vo. Boxed. $4.00 *net. Postage* 27 *cents extra.*

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Tense, stirring, virile songs of the Sub-Arctic by the author of "The Spell of the Yukon," a volume of poetry that has reached a sale of 150,000 copies.

Small 12mo. $1.00 *net. Postage* 10 *cents extra.*

Modern Philanthropy: A Study of Efficient Appealing and Giving

With a foreword by Mrs. E. H. HARRIMAN. By WILLIAM H. ALLEN

How Mrs. E. H. Harriman was asked to give $270,000,000, and what she did. An epoch-making book on American charities.

12*mo.* $1.50 *net. Postage* 13 *cents extra.*

The Arabian Nights *With full-page illustrations in color and in black and white* By RENÉ BULL

The well-known ability of this artist, and his extensive and first-hand knowledge of the Orient, have resulted in a series of wonderful illustrations for some of the most picturesque of the Arabian Nights Tales.

Large 8vo. Boxed. $3.50 *net. Postage* 31 *cents extra.*

This and That, and The Other By HILAIRE BELLOC

A volume of graceful, satirical essays, somewhat in the manner of Chesterton's, by this eminently distinguished and extremely clever French-Englishman.

12*mo.* $1.25 *net. Postage* 12 *cents extra.*

Intimacies of Court and Society By THE WIDOW OF AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days by the Widow of an American Diplomat

"This is one of the most entertaining books of its class yet published in this country."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Not for many moons has there appeared a book of court and society gossip that could match this one in excellence of matter, style, and spirit."—*Chicago Record-Herald.* *Illustrated.* 8*vo.* $2.50 *net. Postage* 17 *cents extra.*

Michael Heilprin and His Sons A Biography By GUSTAV POLLAK

This is an important biography of three remarkable men. Michael Heilprin, the father, who died in 1888, was one of the foremost scholars and critics of his day. Professor Angelo Heilprin, the younger son, was a scientist and explorer of great renown; and Louis Heilprin, who died but two months ago, was beyond doubt the greatest encyclopædic expert this country has produced.

Illustrated. 8*vo.* $3.50 *net. Postage* 23 *cents extra.*

Dancing and Dancers of Today By CAROLINE and CHARLES H. CAFFIN

The modern revival of dancing as an art, with particular emphasis on notable modern dancers, and a discussion of the history and development of the various forms of dancing they represent.

With many illustrations from photographs of famous dancers. $4.00 *net. Postage* 31 *cents extra.*

Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife By Mrs. HUGH FRASER

A Continuation of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands

Another book from that same accomplished sister of Marion Crawford who has already given the literary and artistic world two delightful volumes of sensible and witty gossip.

"If every one enjoys Mrs. Hugh Fraser's 'A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands' as much as I have," said the noted critic, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, "the book will be one of the most popular of the season." Enough readers have enjoyed it to make it one of the most popular books of its kind for two seasons.

Illustrated. $3.00 *net. Postage* 20 *cents extra.*

NOVELS FOR THE DISCRIMINATING

The Golden Rose

By MRS. HUGH FRASER and J. I. STAHLMANN

"One of the noblest novels that has appeared in English in twenty years. . . . Far above and beyond the noble theme and the perfect technique is the spirit in which the novel has been written. *It is the most beautiful meditation on human life that I can recall in the entire range of English fiction.*"—Rev. JOHN TALBOT SMITH in *The Ave Maria.*

$1.35 *net. Postage* 13 *cts. extra.*

One of the Multitude

By GEORGE ACORN

With an introduction by ARTHUR C. BENSON.

"Just such a heart-stirring and thought-evoking chronicle as that with which Mr. George Meek, under the sponsorship of Mr. H. G. Wells, arrested the attention of the English-reading world two years ago."—*The Dial.*

$1.25 *net. Postage* 11 *cts. extra.*

The Vanishing Man

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

A detective story of which a hardened reader of detective stories for sixty years states: "Of course Conan Doyle has some wonderful yarns, but is there anything that can compare with this?"

$1.25 *net. Postage* 13 *cts. extra.*

The Squire's Daughter

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Author of "Exton Manor," etc.

English country life, and the characteristics, foibles, peculiarities, and personalities of what are called "County people," written by an English novelist who follows very successfully in the steps of Anthony Trollope.

$1.25 *net. Postage* 15 *cts. extra.*

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

APPLETON'S HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS

Dainty Gift Books

Blue Bird Weather

By Robert W. Chambers.

"Blue bird" weather spoils a young sportsman's duck shooting expedition, but provides him with ample time to fall in love with a beautiful country girl. Pictures by Gibson.

$1.00 net. Postpaid $1.09.

The Going of the White Swan

By Gilbert Parker.

An inspiring little story of the Canadian woods, telling of a priest's sacrifice to re-unite a family.

75c. net. Postpaid 82c.

Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Presents

By Rupert Hughes.

Here is a story entirely different from the conventional, often mawkishly sentimental, Christmas story. This is screamingly funny, and is based on the mania for Christmas presents.

50c. net. Postpaid 55c.

Where the Heart Is

By Will Irwin.

Showing how three old people, apparently without friends, spent a most delightful Christmas.

50c. net. Postpaid 55c.

Under the Old Flag

By General James Harrison Wilson.

General Wilson's recollections are not only intensely interesting, but also decidedly spirited. His work is based on his services in the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the Boxer Rebellion. His intimacy with Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, and other famous men, makes this work as precious as a human document as it is valuable as a record of historical events by an eye-witness.

Two volumes. Cloth, $6.00 net per set. Postpaid $6.30.

Social Life in Old New Orleans

Reminiscences of Mrs. Eliza Ripley.

Mrs. Ripley takes the reader for a ramble through the streets of New Orleans as they were seventy years ago. Mrs. Ripley was prominent in New Orleans society long before the Civil War, and her reminiscences are most entertaining and historically valuable.

Illustrated. Cloth, $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.70.

Romance of a Favorite

By Frederick Loliée.

M. Loliée, probably the greatest living writer of the period, pictures the life of the Countess de Castiglione, favorite of Napoleon III and a chief figure at the Court of the Second French Empire.

Illustrated. Cloth $3.50 net. Postpaid $3.70.

Hail and Farewell---Salve

By George Moore.

Showing the brilliant George Moore deeply imbued with the spirit of Ireland, and recording rare discussions upon every possible subject—art, music, literature, politics, the stage, religion.

Price, $1.75 net. Postpaid $1.89.

Hail and Farewell---Ave

George Moore's impressions of Ireland and his reminiscences of his friends and acquaintances.

$1.75 net. Postpaid $1.89.

Mrs. Edith Wharton's New Novel

THE REEF

"It is the personal note in 'The Reef' which counts. The story is one of great distinction, far greater than anything Rod, Doumic, or even Bourget ever wrote. After 'The Reef' no one should question Mrs. Wharton's place among the deepest psychologists and most original stylists of the day."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

APPLETON'S HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS

Democracy and the Church

By Samuel George Smith.

Written in the interest of no creed, and to promote no theory of church order, this book furnishes a powerful argument both for the truth and the vitality of essential Christianity, as against critics without and pessimists within the church.

Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.62.

Founders of Modern Psychology

By G. Stanley Hall.

An amplification of six lectures given in 1912 at Columbia University. The author discusses the personality, career and achievements of Edward D. Zeller, Edward von Hartmann, Herman Lotze, Theodore Fechner, Herman von Helmholtz, and Wilhelm Wundt.

Illustrated with Portraits. Cloth, $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.70.

Lafcadio Hearn

By Nina H. Kennard.

In her engaging study of the man and his work, Mrs. Kennard is specially concerned to analyze and make more easily understood the contradictions and inconsistencies that revealed themselves in Hearn's strange temperament.

8 Illustrations. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.70.

Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne

By Lewis Melville.

The most complete and authoritative life of Laurence Sterne. The volume includes all the existing letters of Sterne as well as his famous "Journal to Eliza."

$7.50 net. Postpaid $7.82.

Sociology in its Psychological Aspects

By Charles A. Ellwood.

A work dealing with the origin of society and the theory of social order and progress.

Cloth, $3.00 net. Postpaid $3.17.

Behind the Dark Pines

By Martha Young.

A collection of delightful folk-lore stories of the Southern negroes, gathered in years of patient research by the author.

29 Pen and Ink Sketches.
Cloth, $1.50 net. Postpaid $1.62.

The New City Government

By Henry Bruère.

An expert analysis of commission government in operation and a program for constructive reform of American city management, whether commission governed or not.

$1.50 net. Postpaid $1.66.

Railroad Finance

By Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred. W. Powell.

A description of the various methods of financing railroads in the United States.

$2.50 net. Postpaid $2.66.

Notable Fiction

The Antagonists

By E. Temple Thurston.

A portrayal of the antagonism between a father and son. A study of youth, written with deep sympathy and understanding.

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

Bella

By Edward C. Booth.

The story of a young man's temptation, showing him drawn in one direction by an alluring woman of the world, and in another by a pure young girl.

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

The Inheritance

By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

A chronicle of American family life of 40 years ago, told by an adopted English boy.

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

Carnival

By
Compton Mackenzie

The life story of a ballet girl. "The *Best* Novel of the year."—*N.Y.Times.*

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

In Cotton Wool

By W. B. Maxwell.

The decline of a handsome, popular man, who was without purpose or ambition in life.

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

The Charioteers

By Mary Tappan Wright.

A woman's attempt to steer the chariot of her life with a high hand, confident in her own conviction of purity of intent.

$1.30 net. Postpaid $1.42.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

Thomas Y. Crowell Company's
NEW BOOKS FOR 1912

POETRY AND DRAMA

WAGNER'S MEISTERSINGER. Translated by **Oliver Huckel.** In style uniform with Dr. Huckel's other well-known versions of the Wagner operas. Printed in two colors. 5 illustrations. 12mo, net	$ .75
YULE-TIDE CHEER. Edited by **Edward A. Bryant.** A collection of Christmas Verse, which forms an unusually desirable gift-book. 12mo, flexible cloth, net $1.00. Limp leather, net	1.50
FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE. Seven new volumes, completing the set: **1 Henry VI., 2 Henry VI., 3 Henry VI., Henry VIII., Venus and Adonis, Lucrece,** and **Sonnets and Minor Poems.** Edited by **Charlotte Porter** and **Helen A. Clarke.** Cloth, 75 cents each; $30.00 per set of 40 volumes. Limp leather, $1.00 each; per set	40.00
BROWNING'S COMPLETE WORKS. Large type pocket edition edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Introduction by Wm. Lyon Phelps. 12 vols. Cloth, per vol., $1.00; per set, $12.00. Limp leather, per vol., $1.50; per set	18.00

JUVENILES

BUILDING AN AIRSHIP AT SILVER FOX FARM. By **James Otis.** Stirring experiences of the residents of an island off the Maine coast while building a dirigible balloon. Illustrated by **Copeland.** 8vo.	1.50
OLD FOUR-TOES. By **Edwin L. Sabin.** Hunting and exploring adventures in western Colorado. Illustrated by **Rowe.** 8vo.	1.50
DOROTHY BROOKE AT RIDGEMORE. By **Frances C. Sparhawk.** A splendid story of girls' college life. Illustrated by Merrill. 8vo.	1.50
ALONG THE MOHAWK TRAIL; OR, BOY SCOUTS ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN. By **Percy K. Fitzhugh.** Adventures of a patrol of Scouts among historic scenes. A lively, non-sensational story of real Boy Scouts. Illustrated by **Schuyler.** 12mo.	1.25
PLUCK ON THE LONG TRAIL; OR, BOY SCOUTS IN THE ROCKIES. By **Edwin L. Sabin.** A story of practical scouting in the West. Illustrated by **Rowe.** 12mo.	1.25
EVERYDAY SUSAN. By **Mary F. Leonard.** A notable new story for girls, by a practised juvenile writer. Illustrated by **Laetitia Herr.** 8vo.	1.50
SHAKESPEARE'S STORIES OF THE ENGLISH KINGS. By **Thomas Carter.** A retelling in interesting narrative form of nine of the great historical plays. 16 illustrations in color by **Gertrude D. Hammond.** 8vo, net	1.50
FROISSART'S CHRONICLES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By **M. G. Edgar.** A fresh rendering of stories which should be a part of every boy's and every girl's education. 16 illustrations by **M. Meredith Williams.** 8vo, net	1.50
THE BOYS' NELSON. By **Harold F. B. Wheeler.** An inspiring life of the great naval hero. 16 full-page illustrations. 8vo, net	1.50
THE FAIRIES AND THE CHRISTMAS CHILD. By **Lilian Gask.** Stories of the sprites and fairy beings of England, France, Germany, and other lands. Profusely illustrated in color and black and white by **Pogany.** Large 8vo, net	2.00
LEGENDS OF OUR LITTLE BROTHERS. By **Lilian Gask.** Stories of the birds and beasts of many countries. Illustrated by the **Hardy** sisters. 8vo.	1.50

Send for illustrated list.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

Thomas Y. Crowell Company's
NEW BOOKS FOR 1912

FICTION

KIRSTIE. By **M. F., author of "The Journal of a Recluse."** An original and absorbing story of love. 12mo, net	$1.25

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY BOOKS

CHILDHOOD. By **Burges Johnson.** A beautiful quarto volume, in a class by itself among elaborate holiday publications. 20 full-page photographs by **Cecilia Bull Hunter** and **Caroline Ogden.** 4to, cloth, net, $3.00. Limited edition, leather, net	10.00
MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF JAPAN. By **F. Hadland Davis.** Fascinating stories from Japanese lore and literature. 32 illustrations in color by **Evelyn Paul.** 8vo, net	3.50
THE ALPS AS SEEN BY THE POETS. Edited by **J. Walker McSpadden.** Carefully chosen selections from Byron, Longfellow, Bryant, Wordsworth, and other poets. Illustrated by 16 superb pictures in color of the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, Castle of Chillon, the Swiss Lakes, etc. 8vo, net	1.50

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

THE MAN WITH THE PITCHER. By **John F. Genung.** A narrative from a fresh viewpoint of Christ's birth and childhood days. Illustrated in color. 12mo, net	.50
THE FIRST CHURCH'S CHRISTMAS BARREL. By **Caroline Abbot Stanley.** A notably clever Home Missionary story. 3 illustrations by **Gayle Porter Hoskins.** 12mo, net	.50
THE JOY OF THE LORD. By **J. R. Miller.** A religious booklet on the theme of the real happiness to be found in the Christian faith. Illustrated in color. 12mo, net	.50

TRAVEL BOOKS

A MEXICAN JOURNEY. By **E. H. Blichfeldt.** A complete survey of this interesting country by a traveler and writer thoroughly conversant with its political, commercial, and industrial affairs. Map and 32 illustrations from photographs. 8vo, net	2.00
THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA. By **H. W. Van Dyke.** Introduction by **Hon. John Barrett,** Director-General of the Pan American Union. A careful consideration and description of all the countries of the continent. Map and 32 illustrations. 8vo, net	2.00

SERIOUS BOOKS

SPIRITUAL SURGERY. By **Oliver Huckel.** Pointed truths in spiritual lines treated in a novel, striking fashion. 12mo, net	.75
LIGHT ON LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES. By **James Allen,** author of "As a Man Thinketh." Practical discussion and solution of difficulties encountered by every one from day to day. 12mo, net	.75
THE MINISTER AS SHEPHERD. By **Charles E. Jefferson.** Duties and responsibilities of clergymen outside of their pulpits, by a leading New York pastor. 16mo, net	1.00
THE BOOK OF COMFORT. By **J. R. Miller.** A bright, cheering work, suited both for people wishing to extend comfort and for those undergoing sorrow. 12mo, net	1.00
A VALIANT WOMAN. By **M. F.,** author of **"The Journal of a Recluse."** Under the guise of a tribute to an honored teacher's memory, this keen writer here presents a lively, thorough discussion of vexed and vexing educational problems. 12mo, net	1.00

Send for illustrated list.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

A Selected List of Holiday Books

J. B. Lippincott Company

PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

THE 1912 TRAVEL BOOK OF ADVENTURE

The Flowing Road

Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America. By CASPAR WHITNEY

Mr. Whitney's expedition to reach the unknown land at the head of the Orinoco river through the unfriendly Indians, and almost impassable natural barriers, with only one treacherous native companion, is a chapter of travel adventure which has rarely been equaled. He also tells of his five overland and river expeditions into the heart of South America. **24 Inserts and Maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.25.**

FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND NATURE LOVER

Wild Life and the Camera

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S.

Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds"

This remarkable book covers certain of the fauna of America, and contains 64 full-page illustrations of game animals in native environments. A book which will be of incalculable value and interest to sportsmen and lovers of natural history in this country. **64 Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. $2.00 net.**

FINE LIMITED EDITIONS

The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and HORACE MATHER LIPPINCOTT

This work describes Philadelphia's colonial homes and family history, giving a picturesque account of the period.
72 Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. $5.00 net. Postpaid, $5.25.

Old Time Belles and Cavaliers

By EDITH TUNIS SALE

A collection of intimate life histories of the lovely women and high-born men who were the back-bone of our nation in Colonial Days. This volume might be termed "A Family History of Colonial America." These stories of the staunch devotion and stalwart patriotism of our forefathers are inspiring reading.
62 Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. $5.00 net. Postpaid, $5.25.

THE "GIFTIEST" OF ALL GIFT BOOKS

The Harbor of Love

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Golden Heart," "Kitty of the Roses."

This handsome gift-book is unquestionably one of Mr. Barbour's most delightful stories. The scenes are laid in and about the water, and the "Harbor of Love" is reached only after many pleasant surprises.
Beautifully bound. Illustrated and decorated. Small quarto. In a box. $1.50 net. Postpaid, $1.65.

A Dainty Gift Book from Dixie

The Dixie Book of Days

By MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

A dainty gift-book of Southern quotations, anecdotes, and historical incidents for every day in the year.
Frontispiece. 12mo. Decorated cloth. $1.00 net. Postpaid, $1.10.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

With Carson and Fremont

By EDWIN L. SABIN

A rattling good tale of fearless American pioneers, based on fact.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

A Dixie Rose in Bloom

By AUGUSTA KORTRECHT

A delightful and charming book for girls.
Frontispiece. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

"Pewee" Clinton—Plebe

By Professor W. O. STEVENS

"Pewee's" adventures at Annapolis will delight many youthful readers.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

The Boy Electricians as Detectives

By EDWIN J. HOUSTON

The adventures of three boys who form a club to amuse themselves in learning the use of electricity.
Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37.

FINE ART AND ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal

A set of the original lithographs costs about $400.00. The entire twenty-eight are reproduced in this volume, together with Mr. Pennell's experiences and impressions. Aside from their great value as works of art, these remarkable studies of the Canal will soon have an inestimable historical value as the water is fast being turned into the big ditch. **Beautifully printed on dull-finished paper, and artistically bound. Large 8vo. $1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.40.**

Rabelais' Works

Done out of the French by PETER MOTTEUX

This translation by Motteux, acknowledged to be standard, combined with the admirable and unique illustrations by W. Heath Robinson, makes this an incomparable and fine library edition. **Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. 2 volumes. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top. $5.00 net. Half Morocco, $10.00 net.**

All the Tales from Shakespeare

By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB, AND HARRISON S. MORRIS

This is the first complete edition of all the tales from Shakespeare containing handsome colored reproductions from the Great Masters who have been inspired by Shakespearean characters.
48 colored reproductions from famous paintings. 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes. $3.50 net, per set.

The Four Gardens

By "HANDASYDE"

The romance, the poetry, and the joys of various classes of gardens. Illustrated in full color with graceful drawings throughout the text by Charles Robinson.
Handsome binding, decorated lining papers, colored illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Grandeur That Was Rome

By J. C. STOBART

This is a companion book to "The Glory That Was Greece." The author's purpose in this magnificently illustrated volume has been to trace the evolution of Roman culture and civilization.
Profusely illus. 8vo. Cloth. $7.50 net.

Monaco and Monte Carlo

By ADOLPHE SMITH

An exhaustive study of economic, social, and political conditions of this most interesting principality, dealing partly with the past history of the state, but more especially with modern problems.
Eight illustrations in color by Charles M. Pearce, and numerous in black and white. 8vo. Cloth. $4.50 net.

Modern Dancing

By J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH, M.A.

The author discusses the development of all kinds of dancing—the ballet, skirt dancing, serpentine dancing, and the latest classical and Russian dancing, etc.
With 8 illustrations in color and 40 in black and white. Large 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $3.75 net.

MASTERPIECES OF THE SEA

William T. Richards

A Brief Outline of His Life and Work

By HARRISON S. MORRIS

A brief, sympathetic biography by Harrison S. Morris, whose many connections with American Art make him the appropriate author of a life of the great marine painter. Illustrated with doubletones of this great artist's masterpieces.
Small quarto. Cloth. $1.00 net. Postpaid, $1.10.

A MONUMENTAL WORK

The Mineral Kingdom

By Dr. REINHARD BRAUNS

Translated by L. J. SPENCER, M.A., F.G.S.

An encyclopedic and popular work treating thoroughly every department of the Mineral Kingdom.
91 full-page plates (73 in color). 275 figures in the text. 450 pages. Demi-quarto. Half Morocco. $17.50 net.

AN IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHY

General Jubal A. Early

Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War between the States. With Introductory Notes by R. H. EARLY.

In this volume General Early has dealt with phases of the War, manœuvres of the troops, and plans of the leaders, which no work has heretofore covered. It is written in the conscientious style, true in every detail, that would be expected from the pen of this veteran.
Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. $3.50 net. Postpaid, $3.75.

Traditions of Edinburgh

By ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

This handsomely illustrated edition has been prepared to meet the growing demand for this classic work in an appropriate form. It is considered an authority on the traditions and romances connected with Old Edinburgh, and there are few writers of Scottish life and history who have not used to some extent the vast amount of material gathered together in this book.
30 original drawings in color and over 60 pen and ink sketches by James Riddell, R.S.W. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, $6.00 net.

BOOKS OF UNDOUBTED EXCELLENCE

The following select list of books represents an enviable standard of merit. Each title possesses positive qualities of excellence and is published under the seal, and with the approval, of Yale University. From the standpoint of mechanical treatment the volumes are worthy of their imprint.

GREEK REFINEMENTS

WM. H. GOODYEAR

Curator of Fine Arts, Brooklyn Institute.

This elaborate and beautiful work summarizes the notable discoveries of all observers of architectural "refinements" (which may be defined as purposed asymmetries). The non-technical treatment and many superb illustrations render the work of absorbing interest to those of the reading public who seek a knowledge of the principles of architectural good taste. There is no other work extant dealing with the subject. Royal 4to. Slip case. 240 pages. 119 illustrations. Index, appendices, bibliography. Price $10.00 net; postage 50 cents extra.

YALE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE

Edited by THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Emeritus, Yale University.

Three printings have been required of this delightful collection within as many weeks. Brander Matthews says of it in the New York Times: "'The Yale Book of American Verse' is the best attempt yet made to present in a single volume the best of American poetry. Professor Lounsbury has performed his useful task with perfect discretion, certain taste and superb skill."

Octavo. Cloth binding. 570 pages. Index. In a slip case. Price $2.25 net; postage 20 cents. Bible paper, cloth binding, $3.00; postage 10 cents. Bible paper, Full Morocco, $5.00 net; postage 10 cents.

AUTHOR'S AUTOGRAPH EDITION, numbered and signed by Editor and Publisher, limited to 150 copies: Full Gilt, Full Levant Morocco, in slip case, $10.00 net; postage 20 cents.

ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY

From its Origins to the Present Time.

EDWARD BLISS REED,

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University.

The wide-spread demand for this first general history of the English Lyric is proof of its value.

"Professor Reed has brought to his task the necessary knowledge of the scholar and student of literature, and—what is much rarer—taste, judgment, and a broad perspective. . . . It is for his scholarly but far from pedantic treatment of the earlier phases of English Lyrical Poetry that Professor Reed's book will be especially valued."—*The Athenaeum.*

"It is a survey which will interest almost any person who loves good literature."—*Phila. Enquirer.*

8vo. Cloth binding. Gilt top. 616 pages. Price $2.25 net; postage 20 cents extra.

A JOURNEY TO OHIO IN 1810

EDITED BY MAX FARRAND.

Professor of History, Yale University.

The immediate and wide-spread recognition accorded this century-old diary, with its refreshing quality of alertness and vivacity, has exceeded even the confident expectations of the publishers. The first edition is almost exhausted, and a new printing is on the press. This is the first volume in the series of Yale Historical Manuscripts, and possesses rare literary charm as well as valuable historical qualities. 12mo, board binding, 72 pages, price $1.00 net; postage 10 cents extra.

THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE

By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, Ph.D.,

Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Yale University.

Of this significant and inspiring volume the London Athenæum says in part: "We congratulate Professor Hocking on having made in this work a vital and pregnant contribution to the philosophical study of religion. . . . He possesses a profound and sympathetic comprehension of the greater mystics. His thesis has in it the authentic quality of originality, of first-hand thought and experience." Crown 8vo, cloth binding, gilt top, 586 pages, index, price $3.00 net; postage 26 cents.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET

By HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

The timeliness of this work added to its exceptional historical value greatly increases its usefulness. The American Historical Review says: "The student of American government no less than the student of American history will welcome this new volume." The New York Sun styles it "a thorough and useful piece of historical investigation." 8vo, cloth binding, 471 pages, index, price $2.50 net; postage 20 cents extra.

A SELECT LIST OF PRESS PUBLICATIONS WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST.

135 Elm Street,
New Haven, Conn.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

225 Fifth Avenue,
New York

The Macmillan Company's New Books

On Timely Topics

THE GOVERNMENT OF AMERICAN CITIES

By William Bennet Munro, Ph.D., LL.B.

Author of "The Government of European Cities," etc.

A comprehensive description of city government in the United States. *$2.25 net*

THE ESSENTIALS OF INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC LAW

By Amos S. Hershey, Ph.D.

A notable work based on modern up-to-date authorities. *$3.00 net*

SOUTH AMERICA: Observations and Impressions

By the Right Hon. James Bryce

"The most comprehensive clearest, sanest and illuminating volume on South America." *$2.50 net*

PANAMA **By Albert Edwards**

The fascinating story of Panama from early times to the present day. *Illustrated. $1.50 net*

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

By Ida M. Tarbell

Author of "The Tariff in Our Times," etc.

A powerful analysis of the effects of business life on woman's character. *$1.25 net*

ORGANIZED LABOR: Its Problems and How to Meet Them

By A. J. Portenar

"An intelligent summary of the labor problems of the day." *$1.00 net*

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT

By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

The broad facts of Socialism and their relation to Christianity. *$1.50 net*

CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER

By Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch

The new social awakening of moral and religious forces. *$1.50 net*

A Long-Awaited Work

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer rendered in modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye.

"The translators have done excellent service to literature in preparing a prose setting so racy and readable of Chaucer's archaic measures."—*Philadelphia North-American.*

Color plates by Warwick Goble. Handsomely bound, $5.00 net

Notable New Poetry

By John Masefield

Author of "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street."

THE STORY OF A ROUND-HOUSE and Other Poems

Mr. Masefield's poetry is described by the well-known author, J. M. Barrie, as "Incomparably the finest literature of the year." "The Everlasting Mercy" has just been awarded the Royal Society's annual prize of $500 for a work of pure literature. Longer and of wider scope than his previous narrative poems, "Dauber," and the other poems in this new volume show the poet's increasing strength and authority. *$1.30 net*

By William Butler Yeats

THE GREEN HELMET and Other Poems *$1.25 net*

THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE *$1.50 net*

New books which again reveal the distinguished Irish author as a poet and essayist of exceptional charm and insight.

"Mr. Yeats's plays prove that his ears are delicately attuned to the music of words and phrases."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

New Biography, Art, etc.

CARMEN SYLVA: Sketches from the Orient

By Pierre Loti

Author of "Disenchanted," etc. "A book of which every page is a picture." *$1.00 net*

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN, The Life of. Vol. II., 1837-1846

By W. F. Monypenny

The most eventful period of Disraeli's career. *Illustrated. $3.00 net*

MORNINGS WITH MASTERS OF ART

By H. H. Powers, Ph.D.

The development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo. *Profusely illustrated $2.00 net*

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE **By E. V. Lucas**

Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes, Paris, London, Holland. *$1.75 net*

THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND

By Charles Herbert Moore

A valuable comparison of English with foreign Gothic art and of the conditions under which it was produced. *Illustrated. $3.50 net*

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES and How to Build Them

By Charles E. White, Jr.

An authoritative work on house-building for the house owner. *Over 400 illustrations. $2.00 net*

INCREASING HOME EFFICIENCY

By Martha Bensley Bruère and Robert W. Bruère

The management of the home from the practical standpoint. *$1.50 net*

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS

Edited by J. C. Dier

All the sports of winter treated in interesting fashion. *Colored Illustrations. $1.50 net*

THESE BOOKS ON SALE IN ALL BOOKSTORES AT THE NET PRICES

The Illustrated Catalogue of MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS mailed free on request.

PUBLISHED BY **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912.

The Week

President Taft confined his message to Congress to a long review of our foreign relations, and to an exposition of the theory upon which he thinks they should be conducted. In all this there is, let it be said at once, much that is excellent. Mr. Taft speaks of the successive steps by which it has been sought to rescue the consular service from the spoilsmen. Tracing the movement back to President Cleveland, he shows how improvement steadily followed improvement, until the time came to seek to place the diplomatic service, too, upon a non-partisan basis. By an Executive order of three years ago, appointment to the lower grades was made conditional upon merit shown by examination, and promotion has since that time been made only for efficiency, as is now the case throughout the entire consular service. This represents a great advance; and the President does well to urge Congress to make the reform secure by enacting some such measure as was before it last session for the purpose of firmly basing the foreign service, in both its branches, upon the merit system.

From political or military intervention in Mexico or Central and South America, Mr. Taft evidently shrinks. Specifically referring to the past year's troubles in Mexico, which, as he points out, raised questions of extreme delicacy, he declares that his policy all through was one of "patient non-intervention," combined with "steadfast recognition of constituted authority," and at the same time "effort to care for American interests." The end now bids fair to crown the work; and President Taft's course throughout the Mexican disturbances—if we except the ill-judged and deceptive mobilization of American troops on the border—has been highly creditable. Towards other republics in the West Indies and Central America, he professes intentions equally benevolent, but in some cases these are linked to plans for the control of those countries through the administration of their finances. The President again puts forward the treaties with Nicaragua and Honduras, covering loans, and declares that if they had been ratified the recent revolutionary outbreak in Nicaragua would never have occurred. This is highly disputable. No political troubles were ever to occur in Santo Domingo, after our financial control was established there, but they have done so. Indeed, the treaty would have virtually obligated the United States to use force in Nicaragua, when demanded by our agents, just as it was used startlingly last summer. But the whole discussion is now barren. The treaties are dead.

"If President Wilson stands to his guns and his pledges," says the London *Economist*, "the whole forces of Protection will concentrate on the Senate. Will they succeed better than the bosses in New Jersey? We hope not; though free trade in the States would soon produce formidable rivals for British manufacturers." We can imagine the indignation with which this will be read by any American protectionist. "What audacious hypocrisy," he will say: "an Englishman pretending that he expects America to become a more formidable rival to England through free trade, and at the same time that he hopes we shall take steps towards becoming a free-trade nation! What the man is after, of course, is the ruin of American industry for the benefit of the Britishers." There is one circumstance, however, about the British free-trade attitude which our protectionist must find it hard to reconcile with this view. For forty years, or thereabouts, the protectionists of England, whether calling themselves "fair traders," or "tariff reformers," or "Imperial preference" men, have been trying to hammer into the free-traders' heads the idea that British free trade, under which foreign goods come in free while British goods have to pay big duties in other countries, is a one-sided thing, hurting England and helping other countries; but stubborn John Bull has insisted that he is satisfied with the bargain. He thinks it a good thing for him to buy freely where he pleases, even though he is not allowed to sell freely. So that, after all, in saying that he thinks American free trade would be good for America, and at the same time good for England in spite of building up our enterprises, he may simply be giving us a sample of his standard though silly free-trade talk.

The zone-rate system of the parcels-post service which is to go into operation on the first of January flies in the face of the spirit of that post-office policy which is associated with the name of Rowland Hill, and which has governed postal management and postal progress throughout the world for three-quarters of a century. That distinctions and discriminations should be made only for important and adequate reason, that the gain from uniformity and simplicity is sure to be enormous, that a close reckoning of expense, and adjustment of charges to it by minute classification, does not pay either from the standpoint of the post office or from that of the public—these are the commonplace presumptions of postal policy. From this it does not follow that there should be a uniform rate for parcels throughout the vast area of the United States. In the case of a five or ten-pound package, the expense of the long-distance transportation is very considerable, and in order to make a uniform rate throughout the United States it would be virtually necessary both to carry parcels for great distances at a heavy loss and to make the general rate so high that a large part of the advantage of the service for moderate distances would be sacrificed. For this reason, and also on account of legitimate commercial considerations, the parcels-post service should be conducted on some kind of zone-rate basis.

But while a zone system of some kind is desirable for this country, such a zone system as that prescribed by the act of August 24, 1912, is not only unnecessary, but absurd. To divide the country up into thousands of little quadrangles, and to make each post office the centre of a series of seven concentric circles by means of which the quadrangles are classified as belonging to the first, second, and so on to the eighth zone, is quite needless. Only a very rough adjustment is attained by the elaborate and highly inconvenient method of the present law; and there is an extremely simple method which would serve the same end. It may be desirable to start with one small zone of special low rates for what may be called local service; but apart from this the whole system should be based on the States as units. For the purpose of fixing rates, each State should be represented by its geographical centre; and, whatever distances be adopted as a basis for the zone system, each zone, for any given State, should comprise the whole of any State whose centre is within the specified distance of the centre of the given State. Thus the Post Office Department would, once for all, make out, for each State, a list of those States which comprise its first zone, its second zone, etc., and this one list would be all that anybody in a given State would have to consult in order to know the postage required on any package. Those in the habit of sending packages frequently would very soon know the zones by heart so far as their ordinary business is concerned.

There may be practical politics, but there certainly is no social justice, in the proposal to force Mr. George Perkins out of the Progressive party. We can well understand the report that Mr. Roosevelt is to change his plans, and go to the Chicago Progressive conference expressly to stand up for his chief financial backer. It is no doubt true that Mr. Perkins's prominence in the new party was used to discredit it, particularly in the West. His name may, as some Progressives sorrowfully admit in private, have driven away thousands of votes among the rude Western farmers. But if all this was an injustice, as the Progressives all along said it was, is the party which is devoted to justice, whether it immediately triumphs or not, going to abandon a man simply because he was misunderstood? Can it cling to a Flinn and throw over a Perkins? At all events, Mr. Perkins is, we are glad to see, determined to stick. He has taken an oath to make this country a better one for his children to live in, and is not to be shaken by mere gossip. He will trust in the Progressive party though it slay him. It is not with him a question of leadership. He is as ready, nay, as eager, as Col. Roosevelt himself to be hereafter simply one in the ranks. If necessary, he will make his own the words of Lord George Bentinck, when asked to lead the Tory revolt against Peel, and say: "We have heard too much about leaders. I will be the last of the rank and file."

The National Guard Convention at Norfolk is evidently to be used to push the plan for Federal pay for the militia. We have already gone on record as wholly opposed to it, and sincerely trust that all the forces now combating the rapid growth of a military lobby at Washington, and of militarism generally, will promptly bring their influence to bear. Certainly, no such far-reaching measure ought to be passed without the most thoroughgoing public discussion. Primarily, it is another blow at States' rights, and virtually means the final step in the Federal Government's taking over the militia. Yet if there is one thing clear in the intent both of the Constitution and its founders, it is that the militia of the "several States" should be under the sole authority of the States. Moreover, since the militia system has been successfully carried on for 136 years as a voluntary and unpaid service, save when the troops are in camp, there is manifestly no genuine need whatever for pay.

Col. Silas W. Burt, who died on Saturday in his eighty-third year, was one of the last survivors of that fine group of devoted workers to whom the country is indebted for the introduction and the successful establishment of the merit system in the Federal service, and, in a less but still very notable measure, in our State and municipal governments. The hard fight that the spoils system still makes to hold on to all that is left to it gives but a faint idea of the deathly grip it had on our whole political system when the little band, of whom Dorman B. Eaton and George William Curtis and Edwin L. Godkin were the most influential leaders, made their persistent assault upon it; nor is it easy now to recall the doubts as to the reality and efficacy of the reform in the early years after the law was enacted. It was generally looked upon, even by a large portion of the better class of newspapers, as a goody-goody sort of affair, which our red-blooded citizens would never allow to take the place of the stalwart American doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils. It was largely owing to the practical embodiment of the new principle in the person of vigorous and virile men like Col. Burt that this notion was overcome.

"City forest" may sound like a contradiction in terms, but it is the name officially given to an experiment that is under trial at Syracuse. As soon as announcement was made by the State College of Forestry at Syracuse University that the College wished to coöperate with woodlot and timberland owners in placing their holdings under scientific forest management, the Water Bureau of the city applied for aid in the care of 150 acres of second-growth timber. Evidently, there is no great amount of "town and gown" feeling at Syracuse. Sample plots were then laid out over the tract in question. Each plot is treated differently. One receives a thinning for the purpose of getting rid of the old trees and trees that will not grow quickly into timber. On another attention is paid to favoring the natural growth on the ground. On a third, evergreens will be planted. One or two plots will be left untouched, in order to furnish a basis of comparison with unattended timberland. Meanwhile, the timber removed from the tract is cut and put upon the market. It is estimated that it will return within a reasonable time 2½ or 3 per cent. compound interest. But the value of such an example of conservation as this seems to be is beyond mathematical calculation.

Colleagues and former students of Prof. Crawford Howell Toy, of Harvard University, have paid him a handsome tribute of affection and regard by contributing to a volume, entitled "Studies in the History of Religions," the expense of which Mr. Jacob H. Schiff has generously assumed. This *Festschrift* took shape on the occasion of Professor Toy's seventy-first birthday, in March, 1911, in a small faculty club at Harvard, over which he has presided since 1891. Six of the members of this club undertook the editing of the volume, or contributed to it—Profs. F. N. Robinson, C. H. Moore, G. F. Moore, Sheldon, Lyon, and Kittredge—and scholars at Oxford, Johns Hopkins, Yale, Bryn Mawr, Dr. W. H. Ward of the *Independent*, and others have gladly added to the imposing collection of articles. Dr. Toy was a modest soldier in the Confederate army, which he joined when a professor of Greek in Richmond, and afterwards he taught at Harvard for twenty-nine years, before retiring as Hancock professor emeritus. Always he has lacked the power to advertise himself. What could gratify such a man more than the willingness of associates and former students to lay at his feet the best products of their research and mature knowledge?

The teachers of Utah are determined that the children in that State shall love the flag whether they will or no. What is more, they will have no trifling with the subject on the part of any teacher who may lack faith in the efficacy of compulsory methods for instilling the sentiment of patriotism. Neither teacher, nor superintendent, nor school board—no, not even the Legislature—is to have any say in the matter if the recommendation of the Utah State Teachers' Association is put into effect, for it calls for an amendment of the State Constitution making the teaching of patriotism compulsory in the public schools.

To the remarkable series of convictions obtained by the District Attorney of New York the finding guilty of Hyde comes as a sort of triumphant climax. For there had been an almost universal expectation that this prosecution would not be successful. The crime charged was rare. The proof was technical and difficult to get before a jury. And Hyde had so long fought for delay, and had, at the last moment, produced what appeared at first to be so perfect an alibi, that even those who were fully persuaded that he had grossly abused his power as City Chamberlain felt that it would be impossible to convict him. But his alibi was shattered by the production of telephone records. The jury evidently believed Robin's testimony against Hyde, and was as plainly impressed by the bank records laid before it. In finding a verdict in accordance with the evidence, the jury and the District Attorney's office have rendered a public service as great in its way as the bringing to justice of Becker and the assassins of Rosenthal.

The wicked newspapers are at it again. Not content with defeating Mr. Roosevelt by "choking the channels of information," they are now overloading those same channels with false information in regard to that most beneficent of monopolies, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Fortunately, an unnamed director of the road is at hand to expose the whole dastardly business in this wise: "I am quite aware of the large amount of public comment the New Haven Road is attracting. I think if the newspapers stopped publishing these things and these lengthy reports, everything would come out right. The newspapers are at the bottom of half or all of this hue and cry." Exactly. It is the newspapers that have so terrorized Governors, Legislatures, Mayors, ministers, and the great body of commuters as to compel them to denounce so unjustly this great railway. Investigation will, we are sure, prove that those mass meetings of protest going on in Connecticut were paid for and organized by the wicked press. In fact, we should not be surprised if it should appear that enterprising reporters had deliberately caused all those wrecks by breaking rails and pulling out spikes.

If there is any lingering doubt in anybody's mind whether the Panama Canal is worth all it has cost, it will be removed by the announcement that the Government is to issue a special series of stamps in commemoration of the achievement. One reason why world's fairs have long outlived their original usefulness is because they give such an excellent excuse for issuing new sets of stamps. We do not speak from the narrow position of the stamp collector. Where is the man with soul so dead as not to brighten up at the sight of the most unwelcome letter bearing a blanket stamp with a picture of some historic event? During the period when a new series is flourishing, envelopes containing the most unattractive advertising matter are carefully preserved until the stamps have been inspected, on the chance that some one about the house or the office may not have seen the new one-cent or five-cent design.

Mr. Bonar Law, as leader in the House of Commons of the party which to-day asserts that it represents more truly than ever before "the gentlemen of England," continues to illustrate in his speeches what Mr. Asquith has characterized as "the new style." Speaking recently to a great party gathering, Mr. Law professed to be holding himself under severe restraint. His real thoughts about the Liberal Ministry he could not trust himself to express, and so he contented himself with mildly calling them "a Government of gamblers and adventurers, which, if it is allowed to carry out its programme, will lead this country headlong to ruin." But the Conservatives are not only the party of the aristocracy and of gentle breeding, they are the party of law and order. Hence it was peculiarly fitting for Mr. Law to assert that he and his fellow-Conservatives would never submit to a law duly enacted by the Parliament of Great Britain. He referred, of course, to the pending bill for Home Rule in Ireland. He fairly gave notice that he and his party would do their best to "wreck this bill in the House of Commons"; and he added that, if it became a law, "we shall wreck it then." If a responsible Irish Nationalist had said this, there would have been a loud Conservative cry for a Coercion act.

The fourth Russian Duma, which met in St. Petersburg on Thursday of last week, apparently belied predictions in electing for its president a candidate supported by the Centre and the Left against the reactionary Right, by a vote of 251 to 159. To strengthen its grip on the representatives of the people, the Government had resorted to the usual manipulations of the electoral law which have hitherto been so successful in restricting the vote to an inconsiderable fraction of the Russian people. The second and third Dumas were known as "Landlord" Dumas. For the latest elected body the Government set out to increase the strength of the clerical element among the Deputies. Up to the last moment it appeared to have obtained more than it bargained for. An actual majority of priests or deputies under clerical influence seemed probable, and the Government faced the possibility of having to do business with a body of reactionary Deputies more royalist than the King. By what supplementary tinkering such an outcome has been averted the dispatches have not told us. What is plain is that the Czar has now as docile a Parliament under his control as the last one, and that the chances of thorough reform are as remote as they were a year ago.

FORMING THE OPPOSITION PARTY.

Conferences about the future of political parties in this country are already being held, and more are to come. The Progressive leaders are to have a formal meeting in Chicago on December 10. But the Republicans will not be behindhand. They are busy putting their heads together and planning. President Taft has let it be known that he means to throw himself into the work of reviving and strengthening his party. He makes it a condition that he himself is not to be thought of as again a candidate. His appeal to Republicans is plainly meeting with response. Ex-Gov. Durbin of Indiana writes to the New York *Tribune* an expression of what is obviously a widespread and rising sentiment: "We shall be reinforced, not dispersed; our party will fight and win again—it will not die."

In all this matter, it is important to keep attention fixed upon the first step that is necessary. This is to form speedily an Opposition party that shall be as effective as possible. Let those who will speculate about ultimate victories and dream of distant millenniums. What we need at once, under our system of government by party, is, to vary the English phrase, Uncle Sam's Opposition. A new Administration will shortly be in power. But it is in its true interest, as well as in that of the country, that there should be a strong party to debate its measures, to scrutinize its policies, and to check any dangerous tendencies which it may display. In the House of Representatives the Democrats will be in strength not only overwhelming but embarrassing. Every cool student of politics is convinced that President Wilson could get on better with a smaller majority. All the more urgent the duty laid upon the minority to be vigilant and aggressive, and to put itself into the position of offering to the people, sooner or later, an alternative party, which they may use, if they desire, to punish or replace the party in power.

Starting with this early and specific need, what party bids fair best to supply it? There can be but one answer. The advantage of position and of opportunity is entirely with the Republicans. They have, to begin with, a great superiority in the numbers of men stationed where they can begin the fight. The popular electoral vote must be put aside for the moment. What we have to ask is where lies the great bulk of the Opposition strength in Legislatures and in Congress. It is in those bodies that the Opposition must be rallied. But the men on the ground, to be rallied, are nine-tenths Republicans. In the United States Senate, as it will be constituted after March 4, only a single Senator desires to be labelled "Progressive." In the House, the new party will have but a handful. If there is to be any effective Opposition at all, it will necessarily, for the next two years at least, be composed of Republicans.

These are the palpable facts, but what about the underlying principles? A party should not be thought of merely as an organization for carrying elections. The Opposition ought to mean more than just a club with which to beat the party in power over the head. As a great organ of popular expression, as well as of government, a party should have some definite convictions for which it stands, and should present a programme capable of being realized in legislation. Precisely, say the Progressives, and just there is where we come in strong. If it is a question of party principles, where are there any comparable with ours? And if the decisive thing is a definitive legislative undertaking, what other party can hold its own with ours? But in this there is something overlooked. A distinct party has to have something distinctive. To justify and maintain a separate life, it must mark itself off sharply from other parties. It may be for free trade, for example, or for protection, but must be so in a way to make it impossible to confuse it with another party. But can this be said of the Progressive party? Are not most of its principles already embodied in other parties? Is not its programme of law-making of a sort to be accomplished without the need of a new party? May it not prove that the Progressive movement of 1912—so far as it can be detached from motives of political vengeance or personal ambition—really had its lasting significance in quickening and leavening the old parties, rather than in beginning a new one?

We ask these questions in good faith. Upon the answer to them it will depend whether the Progressive party has any promise of long life as an organization by itself. It surely is not yet able to stand as a real party of Opposition. In time, it may push the Republican party aside, or may be assimilated with it; but at present it is not entitled to be reckoned as the second, or alternative, party, in either the nation or the more important of the States.

THE UNION PACIFIC DECISION.

Monday's decision of the Supreme Court, declaring illegal the holding by the Union Pacific of a controlling interest in the Southern Pacific stock, is of importance not only as part of a singularly interesting chapter of railway history, but in its bearing on the present railway situation. The Southern Pacific purchase belonged to what may be called the second period of the late E. H. Harriman's career. The first, which covered the years from the Union Pacific reorganization in 1897 to 1900, was marked by notable achievements on his part in building up that recently bankrupt property to a sound and profitable physical condition. The second embraced his efforts to acquire a direct connection westward from the main line Union Pacific terminus in Utah to the Pacific Coast. It was then that Harriman's negotiations for the Central Pacific property, owned by the Southern Pacific, came to a head.

His purpose was absolutely legitimate; it was the general purpose of the Congress which chartered both Union and Southern Pacific during the Civil War. The two lines were indeed constructed and owned by different groups of capitalists, but the belief of the day was that they would eventually be united into one great through line from the Missouri River to the Pacific. That logical union had never been effected. Union Pacific had been over-capitalized and badly managed, and long before it was able to contemplate a merger, C. P. Huntington, then building his own transcontinental line from southern California to the East, had, through lease and part ownership of stock, tied the Central Pacific hard and fast to the Southern Pacific system. Harriman's offer to buy the Central Pacific alone was refused. It was only after Huntington's death in 1900 that Harriman finally succeeded in his purpose, through the bold stroke of buying control of the whole Southern Pacific system, whereby, of course, the Union Pacific got its coveted through connection from Ogden to San Francisco.

This sequence of events is important to remember; for the Supreme Court is careful to intimate, in its decision, that while ownership by Union Pacific of the parallel and competing Southern Pacific Railroad is illegal restraint of trade, its ownership of Central Pacific alone is open to no such charge. The holdings of Southern Pacific must be surrendered, but the defendant company is invited to formulate a plan for separating Central Pacific from the larger system and retaining it.

We have described the Central Pacific negotiation as belonging to Mr. Harriman's second period. It is probable that the manner in which he succeeded in getting possession of that property, through buying the far more important company which owned it, prompted his active brain to conceive the daring exploits which made up the third, the most spectacular, and by all odds the most objectionable, chapter of his railway career. Very soon after the Southern Pacific incident came his failure to get for his company a partial control of the Burlington & Quincy, followed by his attempt to capture the Northern Pacific itself, which had acquired the Burlington.

In the one case, as in the other, Harriman discovered what seemed to be unlimited possibilities of raising money on Union Pacific's credit, for use in buying up other railways. Like other great capitalists of the day, he completely lost his head in the glamour of such achievements. The disastrous result of the Northern Pacific corner taught him nothing. He went on buying through Union Pacific's credit and placing in Union Pacific's treasury huge blocks of stock in railways all over the United States. He boasted publicly at an Interstate Commerce Commission hearing that he should go on doing so as long as he lived. His death put an end to the process, if indeed it had not already received its quietus from the panic of 1907, in causing which his exploits had no inconsiderable share.

All of these purchases of stock in other railways had been attacked in the Government's suit as action in restraint of trade, equally with the purchase of Southern Pacific. The Circuit Court decided in favor of the company as regards all the purchases, but on different grounds. The purchase of Southern Pacific was not in restraint of trade, because the essential purpose of the merger was to get Central Pacific, which was not a competing line. The purchase of stocks in other railways was not such restraint, because they represented in no case a controlling interest. The Supreme Court now upholds the lower court's decision as regards these minor acquisitions, but reverses it in the Southern Pacific matter. Looking beyond technicalities to facts, the court declares that Southern Pacific and Union Pacific are parallel and competing lines, and that their union under a single management involves restraint of trade.

It will thus be seen that the decision does not touch the most dangerous part of Harriman's idea—the conception of a railway as a corporate machine whose credit may be used to buy stocks in other railways not in any way needed for operating connections. The Anti-Trust law was apparently powerless to touch this practice, so long as actual control of competing lines was not acquired. Nothing is more certain, however, than that if Harriman's plan had been generally imitated, the practice would have been successfully attacked under other laws. Meantime, so far as concerns the Southern Pacific, it is plain that a highly interesting operation in company finance is at hand in the Union Pacific's disposition of its holdings of that stock in compliance with the Court's decree

---

BALKAN COMPLEXITIES.

Sir Edward Grey's proposal that the ambassadors of the Powers at any designated European capital should meet in conference on the general issues arising from the Balkan war, is unmistakably an indication of the desire for peace that animates at least two partners in the Triple Entente, namely, Great Britain and France. That the Czar also is averse to precipitating a conflict with Austria is made clear in the latest authoritative dispatches from St. Petersburg. In the rival camp, Germany, it has been admitted, has been coöperating with Great Britain to find a way out of an extraordinarily tangled situation. Apparently, therefore, there is no reason why the severe crisis of nerves that Europe has been experiencing these last three weeks should continue much longer. It has been a period of exaggerated fears and exaggerated suspicions. But such fears and suspicions have arisen less from the existence of irreconcilable conflict of interests among the Powers than from the difficulty of arriving at an understanding on a problem that involves so many contingencies and readjustments. To put it bluntly, the diplomats are badly mixed up. Sir Edward Grey virtually says so when he argues that an ambassadorial conference such as he suggests would do away with the necessity of interchanging dispatches among so many chancelleries. Take nearly a dozen Foreign Offices, imagine how every question brought up in any one of these must be communicated and re-communicated to every other Foreign Office, and only a mathematician can figure out the number of permutations and combinations involved. To cut loose from the telegraph wires and get a half-dozen men around a table would greatly clarify the situation.

The British proposal, it should be noted, avoids raising any question that might wound national susceptibilities in any quarter. It does not go into the issues at stake between Turkey and the Balkan states. It proposes to discuss the questions of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and the Ægean islands, phases of the Near Eastern question in which Europe as a whole has a legitimate interest. It is true that Albania, too, is included, and it is in Albania that Austrian and Servian interests have clashed. But, strictly speaking, the issue between Austria and Servia is not an Albanian problem, but an Adriatic problem. Servia's claim to an outlet upon the Adriatic may be reconciled with Austria's insistence upon an independent Albania. At any rate, for Sir Edward Grey to include Albania in the programme of the conference is to admit that the status of that region cannot be left to be settled between the Balkan states and Turkey, and is thus a concession to the Austrian point of view. Undoubtedly, it is in the British Foreign Minister's mind that when once the ambassadors of the Powers take up the discussion of Europe's "general interests" in the Near East, their proceedings will react on the specific problems which will lie outside the scope of the conference. The terms that Bulgaria may exact from Turkey, the terms that Austria and Servia may arrive at, are not to come under consideration. But inevitably the negotiations between Sofia and Constantinople, or between Vienna and Belgrade, will be affected by any approach to an agreement that may be attained at the proposed conference.

If such a conference does meet, it naturally brings up the question whether a general European Congress to deal with the entire situation in the Near East under its new aspect is probable. The temper of the parties most concerned is unquestionably hostile to such a Congress. The Balkan states remember the Congress of Berlin. Even if they are admitted to the Congress on a basis of equality with the Powers, there is no assurance for Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece that they will not be deprived of a goodly share of the prize which has cost them so heavily. With so many "honest brokers" in the field, the outcome becomes highly speculative. Nor is Austria willing to submit what she regards as her rights to general European arbitrament. She took this position four years ago when Great Britain and France brought forward the suggestion of a European Congress for dealing with the situation arising out of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Only on the understanding that a Congress of the Powers will limit itself to ratifying agreements privately arrived at among the interested parties, is Austria reported to be willing to entertain the idea. Merely to summon together an international registry bureau would be hardly worth the trouble, especially as the obvious need of the moment is the removal of difficulties that press for an immediate solution.

But whether the British proposal bears fruit or not, its effect must be to reassure public opinion. It would be bad enough if a general European war should come about as the result of irreconcilable differences among the Powers. But that Europe should be allowed to "drift" into war, as the phrase now runs, is an inconceivable thing. The diplomats have not gone about their business skilfully. They have given way to panic at a time when that most sensitive of instruments for registering the course of the future, the stock market namely, has shown no tendency to take fright. Neither at London, Paris, nor Berlin has the Bourse given any indication of taking the prospect of a European war seriously. And European editors who are so thoroughly used to approaching questions of international politics from the angle of finance are much beset to explain why their news columns should be so excited while their stock market reports are so calm.

KIPLING'S SCATTERED VERSE.

Mr. Kipling has collected virtually all the verses and chapter-headings scattered through his prose works, with the exception of the "Jungle Books" and the "Just So Stories." They make a full-sized volume, which he calls "Songs from Books." A cynic might remind him of Dr. Johnson's dictum: "He who makes a book out of books may be useful but can scarcely be great." But it is convenient to have these snatches of song collected, and, in a certain sense, they are more significant than the volumes of his poetry published as such; since as originally designed they represented, as it were, the poetic pith of his prose, and in prose his main success was achieved.

It has required a few years of thinking of other things for most of us to realize how much Mr. Kipling was in accord with the age he heralded. His perfect and immediate adjustment to the times seemed, indeed, almost uncanny. For his message is never phrased uncertainly, as though he were feeling his way: it invariably has the positive manner of an oracle speaking. His philosophy came to him in a flash, and has remained quite distinct and unchangeable. To sum up his outlook in a word, many have called it vision of empire. Yet if that were his chief concern his words would have lost most of their weight in these days when large portions of the British Empire are keeping much by themselves. Kipling's hope of a mighty Britannia serves rather as a concrete structure for his ideas in somewhat the same way that Dante gained sharpness of vision by adopting the mechanical notion of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. And though the ideas of succeeding days have in each case altered the framework, much of what is attached to it remains intact.

Thought of the sun never setting upon British rule helped Kipling, we may be sure, to his extraordinary feeling for the sweep of space and time. In this he is romantic, though romantic in a peculiar sense. Whereas the usual Romanticist strove to get away from the actual world, Kipling has little use for experiences which time and space do not record, to the complete understanding of the average man. A lover sent by his lady in search of blue roses, returns with the conviction:

> Mine was but an idle quest—
> Roses white and red are best.

Yet Kipling is much absorbed in out-of-the-way places and in the deeds of ancient days, for in one way or another these can be brought into touch with his own interests. His fancy runs easily to the South Pacific,

> Where the cuttles rest
> Moored o'er the darker deeps that hide
> The blind white sea-snake and his bride
> Who, drowsing, nose the long-lost ships
> Let down through darkness to their lips.

Nor has any one felt a greater thrill than Kipling over the foresight of Romulus:

> But when his brother leaped the wall
> And mocked its height and make,
> He guessed the future of it all
> And slew him for its sake.
>
> . . . .
>
> Foreseeing Time's imperilled hopes
> Of Glory, Grace, and Love—
> All singers, Cæsars, artists, Popes—
> Would fail if Remus throve.

This is the spirit with which we still conjure. The works of Neolithic man—of whom, indeed, Kipling sings—catch the fancy when shown to be definite stepping-stones to our own brave selves. Admit a material meaning for the world, and Kipling's reading of the present age enlightens all ages. Says the Bricklayer:

> I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
> Just by way of convincing you
> How very little, since things were made,
> Things have altered in the building trade.

Sense of fact, of positive achievement, is the breath of Kipling's creation. Even in his most indulgent moments he has no sympathy with men of different conviction. What though his own kind should be wrong (the supposition is wholly rhetorical), at least

> they tell the lies I am wonted to,
> They are used to the lies I tell.

Nor has he any doubt as to what constitutes a fact. In this volume of songs there is precious little use of the pretty details of flowers and birds and stars which usually enter into lyric poetry. He seems ill at ease when he touches them and is always glad to get back to such a manly matter as "the sting of the rowelled steel." Nowhere in the book is there a sentiment which a man may not enjoy in the presence of his manly fellows. There are no halcyon days, or dreaming for the sheer beauty of the dream. What this all means has been made clearer since the views of M. Bergson have become so much the order of the day. It has been said that M. Bergson has arranged a series of impressions got from fleeting outward facts, yet no less impressions on that account; and hence is a counterpart of the Romanticists, whose fleeting inner feelings also yielded sacred impressions. In either case impressions are made the court of final appeal. Since Mr. Kipling first began to write, what he labelled "facts" have had more and more to submit to inspection before being permitted to pass as such, at least to the exclusion of other writers' facts. The doubters are not so numerous even yet, but their number is just great enough to make one suspect that most of this poet's message, though not yet outworn, is on the very point of passing. Some of it, of course, will always remain, as the work of one who could handle a style, in verse or prose, and who saw with amazing clearness what he saw.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Robert Collyer's great span of years made him a survivor of his own active fame. This fact will cause many who did not know the manner of man he was to be moved by his death to dwell mainly upon the romance of his career. In it there certainly was enough to stir wonder and quicken the imagination. For a self-taught boy to have passed from his Yorkshire forge to become a spiritual leader and a public force in the two chief cities of the United States, and to acquire a name throughout his adopted country which stood for years as the symbol of religious freedom and humane aspiration, would alone have made him appear a character apart. But such things do not come about by chance. In his case, too, it was personality that swayed circumstance. The "blacksmith-preacher" was as far as possible from the robustious type of ex-baseball players and college athletes tinged with religiosity who nowadays get a brief hearing in churches and elsewhere simply because they seek to sensationalize Christianity. In these modern curiosities of the pulpit there is no root, and they soon wither away. Dr. Collyer could not have held on his inspiring course for full fifty years if he had not had in him deep wells of thought and feeling which were continually renewed.

His nature was, indeed, a rare combination of manly qualities and delicate perceptions. Out of the strong came forth sweetness. It must have been that flowers grew near the young man's smithy. From the beginning of his public work he displayed, with every proof of vigorous thinking and positive convictions, poetic sensitiveness and a sympathy as wide as humanity. It was this happy union in Robert Collyer of gifts and traits seldom found together that gave him his singular appeal. His style of speech was also a thing by itself. He had brought with him from youth a fondness for the swift and sure words of homely English, and it abided with him. This racy language which he used might have seemed affectation in another; from Dr. Collyer's tongue it fell trippingly like the native means of expression that it was. The dress of his thoughts went perfectly with his physical appearance. Virile yet tender, a doughty champion but always overflowing with the milk of human kindness, he was, in his prime, a great figure in the pulpit or on the platform, and even when well-stricken in years he was a benignant presence.

In the long sweep of his life he saw many changes in the attitude of Americans towards religion and churches. In one of these at least Dr. Collyer had good reason to rejoice, for it was in the line of that breadth of tolerance for which he always stoutly contended. He lived to see the old bitterness among different Christian denominations largely disappear. The Unitarian church, to which he gave his devotion and service, was by many hotly denied the title Christian, at the time that he began his ministry. But that is all gone. It represented a sentiment which to-day seems as dead as the last of the ichthyosaurians. Theological differences may still remain real and be fought for honestly, but before such a life as Robert Collyer's the most bigoted intolerance grounds arms. Emerson was a Unitarian, and his friend, the seamen's preacher, "Father" Taylor, was severely orthodox; but when Emerson died and some one intimated a doubt of his eternal fate, Taylor gallantly remarked: "Well, if Emerson has gone to hell, all I can say is that the climate will speedily change and immigration will rapidly set in."

For organized Christianity and the value of public worship, it should seem that Robert Collyer came to have a stronger regard as his experience grew riper. In his early years at Chicago, he used sometimes to appear to hold lightly the place of the church in modern life. He wanted the religious instinct to be unfettered. He believed in Christianity out of doors and under the open sky, in the spirit of Longfellow's lines, inviting the devout to go into the woods to learn that "there may be worship without words." But it was noted, at the time that Dr. Collyer came to New York, that he took for the text of an early sermon: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." He preached then, and often later, of the indispensable functions of the church, both in meeting the longings of pious souls and standing as a visible witness to religious truth. This was no narrow ecclesiasticism, but simply a frank recognition of the enduring power of the church that is praying yet, a thousand years the same, though kings and empires have come and gone. It was in line, too, with all those ideas about the "institutional church" which have become so pervasive and so fruitful in recent years.

Dr. Collyer has been referred to as one of the last of the great preachers. It is sometimes said that organized Christianity has become so formal and church activities so extended that there is no longer a place or demand for high and moving preaching. Let Robert Collyer's life answer that. The pulpit still offers room and verge enough to a great personality. Emerson has somewhere a passage about a man of true native force being able to make his way and do his work even under the oldest and mouldiest conventions. Those who despair too quickly of the future of the pulpit because, as they think, it has become hopelessly formalized, should ponder upon what happens when a sturdy child of nature, with the love of God in his heart and a pulse that beats with every human wrong or misery, gets up to preach.

GEORGE MEREDITH IN HIS LETTERS.*

These volumes dispel persistent and sensational legends as to the paternity of George Meredith. As might be expected, the fact is more interesting than the legend. Meredith's father inherited and ran into the ground the excellent tailoring business of his father, Melchizadek, at Portsmouth. Melchizadek, a fine figure of a man and popular in all circles, is, naturally, no other than "the Admirable Mel" of "Evan Harrington." And here it is at least a noteworthy coincidence that Browning, in poetry Meredith's closest affinity, had a butler in his near ancestry. There is a temptation to draw a biologic inference as to the causes of a certain exuberance and incoherence in poets. It is safer to remark, perhaps, that Browning's butler grandsire has his memorial tablet, owing to the efforts of that sturdy democrat, the late Frederick J. Furnivall, whereas Melchizadek Meredith still awaits his honorary inscription. Yet the grandson's portraiture of the "Admirable Mel" may seem to suffice.

I.

It was probably the chance of George Meredith's being sent to the Moravian School at Neuwied-on-Rhine that made a singularly cosmopolitan writer of the tailor's son. Only so could he have got the training and impetus that kept a high sense of vocation through fifty years of drudgery as a publisher's reader. One may say also that without this near-hand survey of potent philistinism abroad, he would hardly have attained that detached and critical view of British civilization which is his peculiar philosophic advantage. Of course, such enlightenment came gradually. The first letter in this collection, written in 1844 to a Neuwied schoolmate, breathes an exaggerated pietism; the last, penned nearly sixty-five years later to Theodore Watts-Dunton, is a lament and eulogy on the death of the most pagan of poets, Swinburne. Between lay much hazardous tasting of the tree of knowledge, the bankruptcy of a great love, the rebuilding of a new happiness, valiant toil, constant alacrity in the face of bodily weakness and inner discouragement. No writer ever made his fight more bravely, and while the loving nature of George Meredith depended much on such friends as Frederick A. Maxse, John Morley, and Leslie Stephen, on the whole it is he who always gives. In fact, the first impression of these familiar letters is of an inordinate expenditure, both of emotion and intellect. They move one beyond the wont and propriety of their kind. Some sense of this makes the editor explain that the collection is primarily for Meredith's intimates. An outsider, however devout an admirer, will at times have a feeling of eavesdropping.

It is precisely this immoderateness about the letters that makes one doubt whether the most fascinating memoir of many years past is an addition to epistolary literature. In his letters Meredith was emphatically an absolutist, saying precisely what he had to say with the maximum emphasis. To be sure, there are admirably playful streaks in the correspondence, but usually to be playful meant to be riotous; witness the letters to William Hardman, "Friar Tuck." Now, the best familiar letters, by which, I suppose, a Briton means those of Walpole, Cowper, Lamb, and Edward FitzGerald, imply a certain discretion. Not, as is often maliciously suggested, a prevision of the literary executor, but at least the vision of the recipient within his social category. Walpole and Edward FitzGerald did not address bare isolated souls; they kept some sense of an audience; Paris and London rose behind the particular correspondent. Nothing is really abrupt in letters of this kind; they are based on an exquisitely flexible decorum. Already I hear the protest of admirers of these letters of Meredith against the application of etiquette to familiar correspondence. If the Meredith letters do not fit the categories, so much the worse for the categories. Here I can only say, first, that the question is not of good or bad letters—Meredith's are marvellously good—but of the kind of epistolary goodness that makes for literary permanency; and, next, that the question is a much larger one, namely: how much of the immediate sting of life is compatible with art? We shall best come to terms on these wide issues through analysis of the correspondence itself.

The grievance of an excess of life is rarely raised against either books or familiar letters, but listen to this: Meredith has to tell Hardman about a riding accident befalling "sons," Arthur Meredith. "My little darling was carried off, fell, dangled to the stirrup, and was dragged headlong over the furze." The father's imagination leaps at the hideous possibility. "Had he been kicked, or dragged on a road, I should have had a shattered heap of all I loved given to my arms." The concreteness of the shudder, most natural under the conditions, is what at once fascinates and repels throughout Meredith's writing. It was Mr. Brownell, I think, who first noted the excess of drastic physiological analysis in the master. Or if one wished to exemplify the combination of the lucid comic spirit with tenderness—a dominant theme of the famous "Essay on Comedy"—it might be done from this note to a friend whose wife, apparently, has let a flirtation run to extremes:

> As to the temptation, it was Eve's own doing, born of champagne and the promptings of her blood. . . . She is a well-meaning girl. Be kind to her. Do not grow ironical. Forbear from satire at tender intervals. Make her believe (she will so readily!) that she is never ridiculous, or that you never see it, which is a subtler flattery, for woman is cute, and would rather that you should have the bandage on your eyes than that she should.

The epigrammatic veracity and tenacity of such passages equals that of the novels. Whether the suave muse of familiar correspondence is not overfreighted with such jewels, the discerning reader may judge.

II.

So compact with various human wisdom are these pages that a reviewer is perforce driven to categories. On none could one go wrong. Ten years before Ruskin had set Cockneydom hunting Carpaccio's painting, Meredith wrote to Tom Taylor, "Do you remember the Carpaccios in Venice? Surely, justice is not done to his extraordinary sweetness and richness. If I did not love Giorgione and Titian so much, I should rank him my favorite. His faces are as sweet as Fra Angelico's, with variety and humanity superadded." From the whole field of the arts opinions of equally delicate independence might be gleaned. Have the defects of two notable players been better hit off than in these lines to Admiral Maxse?: "Very handsome—not a shade of mystery or variableness. The heroine for bold dragoons." That Lily Langtry is meant need hardly be said. "Saw Irving as Romeo. The love play ceases to present a sorrowful story, and becomes a pageant with a quaint figure ranting about." But if category we must choose, the best will be literature, for Meredith's opinions in letters were also convictions in life.

And here note that a much-read man does not dwell on the world's great writers in familiar correspondence. For Meredith's homage to Shakespeare we must go to the poems. In the letters we shall find only the amused confession that in some remote nonage Meredith preferred to read Tennyson. Homer appears merely to rebuke Arthur Meredith for, with Napoleon, daring to prefer Ossian. Nor would the Greek dramatists have appeared in these pages at all had it not been necessary to persuade Lady Ulrica Duncombe, caught by the martial thrum of German verse, that such poetry, after all, is "deficient in great images." So a citation in Greek, from a chorus of Sophocles's "Trachiniæ," to the Sun God

> Whom spangled night, as she dies away,
> Brings forth, and again lulls to sleep.

The single mention will establish both the familiarity and the homage, as does in the case of Milton the statement that he is nearest of all moderns to "the ancient poetical music." I need hardly recall that Meredith's specific tribute to the great comic authors is made in the "Essay on Comedy." Rabelais, Boccaccio, and Montaigne reappear for a moment in the letters as a foil to the decorative "Musery" of Tennyson's "Holy Grail." Dante is the most notable omission, and I cannot think it fortuitous. The concreteness of the Florentine's visions would hardly have atoned for the dogmatically inhuman inflexibility of his closed universe. Wordsworth also apparently did not exist for Meredith. Singularly, few critics are mentioned, though John Morley's books are successively hailed with delight. Renan is praised chiefly as author of the "Life of Jesus," yet "a most delicate irony scarcely discernible from tenderness" is justly remarked. Oddly enough, Meredith seems to have remained insensible to Renan's most gifted successor, Anatole France. For Matthew Arnold there is short shrift. He "was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonized for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the sconce of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding." The view is partly unfair, and wholly delicious.

---

*Letters of George Meredith. Collected and edited by his Son. In two volumes, with portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Among young writers to whom Meredith gave prompt and cordial recognition were Rossetti, James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night," Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, and Alice Meynell. Rudyard Kipling's fame seems never to have interested Meredith. Probably he felt that, with the Germans, Kipling was "deficient in great images." Rather oddly, no mention of Henry James as writer is in the letters. Here the accident of neighborhood and friendship may have made correspondence superfluous. One may assume that the consummate comedian in Meredith would have relished "The Ambassadors"; the philosopher might well have rejected as eccentric "What Maisie Knew." Surely, the strangest silence of the letters is concerning Browning. His robust attack and explosive utterance, together with a rich and kindly humor, make him nearest akin to Meredith of all contemporaries. They saw each other familiarly in society, and in many ways they fought the same fight. No two great men of our time seem more clearly designated for a literary comradeship after the Goethe-Schiller model. What kept them apart may have been a mutual distrust of the ardor of their inspiration. John Morley's cool intelligence was much more to Meredith's purpose than any unnecessary reinforcement of his own native exuberance. Besides this, Meredith scorned an optimism based on the chance of repairing the blunders of this world in a world to come. This may have made him resent a reading of life that in a degree was a travesty of his own. Thus the apparent kinship of Browning may have seemed a weakening of his own carefully chosen position, in which case the frequent statement that Meredith himself was a disciple of Browning must have been grievous indeed. Whatever the cause of a defective sympathy, one may be sure that it was grounded in principle. Of the smaller jealousies George Meredith was entirely incapable.

III.

That Meredith was fundamentally a philosopher with a reasoned scheme of life must be clear to any careful reader of the novels. It is interesting to note that in the letters, also, the degree of philosophy is the standard by which greatness is measured, and here Meredith finds himself in accord with Parson Arnold. Fortified by this standard, he resisted the seductiveness of Victor Hugo, to which the entire generation succumbed. Of the ballad "Les Cymbaliers du Roi" Meredith writes: "I do not find any comprehension of human nature, or observation, or sympathy with it. I perceive none of the subtleties, deep but unobtrusive, that show that a mind has travelled. Great windy phrases, and what I must term (for so they hit my sense) encaustic imageries, do not satisfy me any longer." Of "Les Misérables" Meredith's praise was enthusiastic, with the proviso that "it is conceived in pure black and white." Again, after the "Travailleur de la Mer" he wrote of Hugo: "He is the largest son of this mother earth in this time present. Magnificent in conception, unsurpassed—leagues beyond us all—in execution. Not (nur Schade!) a philosopher. There's the pity. With a philosophic brain, as well as his marvellous poetic energy, he would stand in the front rank of glorious men forever."

That a thing should be well grasped intellectually remained for Meredith a cardinal literary virtue. Near the end of his life he writes of Björnson, much as he had written forty years earlier of Hugo: "It would seem that he does not think out his work before he starts. But I can forgive him much for his vigor and raciness." It was this love of structure that made Meredith praise Daudet's great political novel, "Numa Roumestan," while indifferent to the others. The same standard is in mind when Maxse is warned against taking Carlyle's vehemence literally:

> In reading Carlyle, bear in mind that he is a humorist. The insolence offensive to you is part of his humor. He means what he says, but only as far as a humorist can mean what he says. See the difference between him and Emerson, who is, on the contrary, a philosopher. The humorist, notwithstanding, has much truth to back him. Swim on his pages, take his poetry and fine grisly laughter, his manliness together with some splendid teaching. It is a good set-off to the doctrines of what is called the "Empirical School." I don't agree with Carlyle a bit, but I do enjoy him.

His nearest approach to spleen is aroused by Tennyson of "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail." The praises of it "shut me away from my fellows." Yet worse than the satiny diction and rococco saintliness of the book seemed Tennyson's lack of any consistent reading of life. Of Ruskin's enthusiasm for the Laureate, Meredith remarks: "What he says of Tennyson I, too, thought in my boy's days, that is, before I began to think. Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought." In the same letter, as if to prove openmindedness, he adds: "Much of Ruskin's political economy will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it." In short, Ruskin's attempt at a comprehensive social synthesis and contempt at the arbitrary definitions of the Empirical School constituted him a philosopher. Again, a remarkable estimate of Thomas Hardy's "Tess"—Meredith profoundly admired his genius—affects consistency of method. "If the author's minute method had been maintained, we should have had a finer book. It is marred by the sudden hurry to round the story. And Tess, out of the arms of Alec, into (I suppose) those of the lily-necked Clare, and on to the black flag waving over her poor body, is a smudge in vapor—she at one time so real to me." But Hardy remained "one of the few men whose work I can read."

Since philosophy was his touchstone, it is no wonder that Meredith was an adorer of the many-sided Goethe. This fealty emerges casually in the letters, and as a matter of course. "If it is *toujours* Goethe, that is because I share the *culte*." This to Lady Ulrica Duncombe. Then, with a most delicate flattery: "Indeed, I fancy I should not have my place with you apart from this alliance. No, I have never written of Goethe. In my younger days Carlyle had the field. He commended the study of Goethe to me constantly. . . . I do worship the splendid statue clothed with wisdom, only I claim the right to smile now and then." Even more precious than such explicit professions is the domestication of Goethe as champion of Diana of the Crossways. Lady Ulrica had made the usual protest against Diana's perfidy, and in the course of an incomparable defence, which cannot even be suggested here, the crowning argument is, "Goethe would have appreciated her."

IV.

It will have occurred to the reader, as it has many times to the writer, that there is an apparent discrepancy between Meredith's loyalty to philosophy and the spontaneously exuberant quality of his own verse and novels. His habits of composition he often confessed were the most irregular. It was a chance whether he came out with one volume or three. His heroes and heroines ran away with him. The great changes which he made in his collected edition indicate dissatisfaction with the fundamental structure of his works. Probably two-thirds of the American adorers of Diana know her only in a truncated version, and have not so much as perceived the mutilation. These are facts with which a critic must reckon seriously. Yet the disorderly element in Meredith is more apparent than real. Mostly an irrepressible wit is concerned—a mind that constantly flashes pertinently and yet askew. It is difficult to follow the path for the incidental illumination. But these are idiosyncrasies in rhetoric rather than defects in structure. And through all the novels runs a common teaching—Meredith would not have blinked the word—of the value of mastered experience and the peril of sentimentally evading life. The sin that temporarily soils, in the long run may fortify and purify. Success is to win through the falls and pitfalls, failure is to decline the hazards or meet them without understanding. Diana and Clara Middleton are examples of Meredithian success, Feverel and Sir Willoughby Patterne of various sorts of failure. The main thing is to live your facts knowingly, paying gallantly the necessary price of experience. Browning's view is much the same, with the essential difference that the harder sporting chances of life may be made up for in eternity. Before we face the worth of this view of life, it may be well to quote a remarkable letter on realism in which much of Meredith's philosophy is implied:

> Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe, and, in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists *au fond*. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us earth, but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer. . . . For my part, I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit we can refashion, but of earth must be the material.

Translated into morals, the evident meaning of this passage is that thought is valuable only as it grows out of personal experience. It was the lived quality in Maupassant's stories that won Meredith's approval. Though here he clearly perceived that one can live too much. "A moderated youth would have given him [Maupassant] life. In reality, for a man of his powers, he produced little." And what made Meredith, while admiring, distrustful of Hawthorne was precisely the thin current of life in him. "His deliberate analysis, his undramatic presentations, the sentience rather than the drawings which he gives you of his characters, and the luscious, morbid tone, are all effective. But I think his delineations untrue; their power lies in the intensity of his egotistical perceptions, and are not the perfect view of men and women." Both in direct analysis and literary preference we have seen Meredith's reverence for the unassorted facts of life, and his mistrust of reflection unbased on life itself. We may note that the analysis of Hawthorne explains why there is no hint in the letters of such writers as Walter Pater, Flaubert, Gautier—apostles of the isolated mood, of the thing not lived with but set off and seen. Perhaps the whole of Meredith's philosophy might be found in the scene in which Faust reads "In the beginning was the Word," and finds the saying blind, needing interpretation. Then he tries "In the beginning was the Mind." But is it Mind that works and creates? "In the beginning was the Might." Again too vague. The Earth Spirit at last prompts "In the beginning was the Deed." This, I take it, is the essence of George Meredith's teaching, and it constitutes him the original Pragmatist.

Naturally, it is not incumbent on a reviewer of Meredith's familiar letters to present a critique of pragmatism. Yet it is fair to say that this view of no thought as valid unless personally derived from individual experience, is most questionable, whether in life or in art. Genetically we must accept the axiom "In the beginning was the Deed," but it is doubtful if simple genetic arguments ever go far towards explaining the complicated flux and reflux of thought and deed in a human life. In an experience so usual as religious conversion we must surely reverse the order and return to Faust's "In the beginning was the Mind." Moreover, it is most practically important to know whether the race can learn from history, or the individual from imaginative perception of another's failure in life. Probably rather little is so learned, and yet we must hesitate to deny the validity of such vicarious experience when rightly interpreted. Even Meredith, I presume, would not have had the poet live on the scale of a Byron and Maupassant, and he urged his own son to seek worldly wisdom and polish in the letters of Cicero.

There is probably some exaggeration of the notion of firsthandedness in Meredith, but, after all, it is the onesidedness proper to a drastic limner of life. Properly understood, this counsel to live resolutely and wisely in the whole of life makes both for personal righteousness and a wide charity. As a revolt against a certain idealistic mawkishness in the Tennysonian era, Meredith's flexible materialism was unquestionably serviceable. "I hold that to be rightly materialist," he writes—"to understand and take nature as she is—is to get on the true divine high-road." And it should be said that Meredith's complete fearlessness on questions of sex was ever illuminated by ultimate moral values and entirely devoid of baser curiosity. "Who reads must smell putrid for a month," he writes of one of the nastier books of Catulle Mendès. And he adds with mingled disgust and hopefulness, "Sheer realism, breeder at best of the dung-fly! Yet has that realism been a corrective of the more corruptingly vaporous, with its tickling hints of sensuality. It may serve ultimately in form of coprolite to fatten poor soil for better produce." Perhaps the essence of Meredith—his counsel of a control of life, alert and resolute, yet not too anxiously intellectual—may best be suggested in two stanzas of his favorite poem, Goethe's "Das Göttliche." "I have many times come in contact with it and been ennobled," he writes to John Morley. "This is the hymn for men. . . . All other prophecy is insolence:

'Tis only man
May work the impossible,
He the distinguisher,
Chooses and judges.
He to the moment
Duration may lend.

He alone may
Guerdon the good,
Punish the evil,
Healing and saving;
Erring and random things
Binding to use."

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

I have just found two overlooked references to the movements in 1597 of "Lord Harbert"—as Rowland Whyte, good, garrulous newsman, always calls the eldest son of the second Earl of Pembroke in his Letters to Sir Robert Sydney, younger brother of the famous Sir Philip Sydney and maternal uncle of "Lord Harbert." It is in Whyte's Letters that I have found these two overlooked references, along with several others of minor importance.

The first tends point-blank against the

theory that Herbert was Shakespeare's friend, because it locates the young nobleman in Holland in the spring of 1598. The passage runs thus: "I . . . heare that my Lord *Harbert* the next Spring shall come to *Leiden*. . . . *Strand*, this *Wednesday* the 27 of *Aprill*, 1597." ("Letters and Memorials of State . . . written and collected by Sir Henry Sydney . . . Sir Philip Sydney . . . and . . . Sir Robert Sydney . . . Transcribed from the originals . . . By Arthur Collins . . . 1746." Vol. II, p. 46.)

It will be remembered that hitherto, in order to place Lord Herbert in London as early as 1598, so that he and the poet could meet there, dependence has been put upon an earlier reference made by Whyte in these same Letters, namely: "My Lord *Harbert* hath with much a doe brought his Father to consent that he may live at *London* yet not before the next Spring" (p. 43). This is dated Monday, the 19th of April, 1597.

It now appears from Whyte's next letter, eight days later, that he corrects his earlier report by this emphatically worded "Shall come to *Leiden*."

We know that the University at Leiden was of the first eminence in the sixteenth century. The strongly Protestant predilections of the Sydneys and Pembrokes agree well, too, with a determination of the parents of this restive young nobleman of seventeen to send him to the great Dutch University.

This reference was overlooked by Lodge in the summary in his "Portraits" (1821, Vol. II) of the Life of the Third Earl of Pembroke. This Life is one of the first, if not the first, of the more modern accounts (since Aubrey's, Wood's, and Clarendon's), and is still in some respects the best. Lodge quotes the since often-cited Letter of April 19, and then adds: "We do not heare that he travelled." Evidently in the absence of evidence of travel, such as the Letter of April 27 now supplies, Lodge draws the inference—"he came accordingly about that time to London."

Mr. Thomas Tyler's edition of the "Sonnets" (1890), made by him a special argument to identify Herbert with "Mr. W. H.," is virtually based upon this inference. Mr. Tyler takes it as fact, and Dr. Sidney Lee accepted it in his Life of Herbert in the Dictionary of National Biography. Although Dr. Lee has since become an opponent of the Pembroke theory, he has left the evidence in question undisturbed in the Appendix on Shakespeare and Pembroke in his "Life of Shakespeare" and in his later editions of the "Sonnets" (1905, 1908). Mr. George Wyndham, in his admirable edition of the "Poems" (1898), giving a specially full recapitulation of passages in Whyte's Letters bearing on Herbert, has not hit upon the overlooked reference. In verifying the citations of my predecessors in the spring of 1911 for my own notes on the "Sonnets"—the final volume published this October, of the "First Folio Edition of Shakespeare"—it escaped me, as I suppose it has escaped others, because, as it happens, this citation is not in the Index. I come upon it, now, in reading the Sydney Letters with special care for some present work on the "Sonnets."

The second overlooked reference is rather surprising, too, for it brings Lord Herbert to London earlier than any Herbertist has yet ventured to do. It runs as follows:

> I understand that 9000 comes to end the Matter you wrote of; in some Sorte I am glad you are not heare for then must you of Necessity have bene a Meddler and a Dealer in yt. At 9000 Arrivall I will earnestly stand upon yt to have something done for you. To have your leave to be a counsailor; to be a Baron is the Thing that shall be desired by me; if they will hearken unto yt. I see that 900 receaves, as he hath just cause, great Contentment by yt. . . . *Strand* this *Monday* the 13th of October 1597. (Pp. 66-67.)

This is the first time Whyte speaks of Lord Herbert under the cipher "9000," which he uses for him repeatedly later. Occasionally he changes the ciphers from one man to another, but I find no reason to suppose any change in "9000." Under "900" he refers to Lord Buckhurst, the Lord Treasurer. The context shows in general, as in this particular extract it also suggests, that Herbert's uncle, Sir Robert Sydney, in the performance of his duties as Governor of Flushing was, like his father, Sir Henry, always in money embarrassments with the exacting Queen, and fretting for leave to come away from the Netherlands to England, hoping there to enjoy a less onerous office and a higher rank and title. The wealthy Lord President of Wales, the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Robert's kinsman by marriage with his sister Mary, was always called upon to back him. In particular the countess herself and their eldest son, Lord Herbert, are perpetually engaged, if we are to trust Whyte, in doing something at court and being manœuvred into doing more for the Governor of Flushing. But this is the first mention I have found of young Lord Herbert's dutiful offices.

His visit appears to have been a transient one, for Sir Robert's leave to come to England, then being urged, hung fire until March, 1598. Whyte's letters about it, meanwhile, are constant, and although repeated letters from the Earl and his wife to the Queen are sent up by "Mr. Massinger," there is no other mention of "9000" as envoy or courtier. Whether he may then have been on his way via Flushing to Leiden, who can say?

In July of 1599, however, it appears from a letter to Sir William Browne from the Leaguer that Lord Herbert's father was lieutenant of horse in the English camp before "Bommell," about twenty miles from Leiden. Mention of the Earl as back in England occurs, moreover, again with reference to the English cavalry in the same letter of Whyte's to Sir Robert, dated August 4, 1599, which has hitherto been depended upon by all Herbertists as furnishing the first mention of Lord Herbert in London:

> Lettres are sent, I heare, to my Lord Pembroke [and others] to provide presently 100 Horse a Peece . . . and to send them up for her Majesties Gard. (P. 112.)

At the close of this letter occurs the often quoted passage proving the son's presence in London:

> My Lord Harbert means to follow the Camp and bids me write unto you that if your self come not over [from Flushing] he meanes to make bold with you and send to *Pennshurst* for *Bayleigh* [his Uncle Robert's horse] to serve upon, etc. (P. 113.)

These additional references, taken together, suggest to me that the earl, being overpersuaded early in April of 1597 to let his son go to London "next spring," concocted a scheme to take him to a "safe" Dutch university instead. In order to cross to Leiden or to go to his uncle in Flushing the young lord might pass through London and be employed in the family affairs on behalf of Sir Robert. Perhaps at Flushing as well as at Leiden, perhaps in camp with his father or joining him for the return to England—but, at any rate, in Leiden, the present evidence shows that Lord Herbert must be located, in 1598, and, so far as known, until about August 4, 1599.

His absence from England agrees, too, with his father's plans for him at this time. They are shown in the Earl's letter of Sept. 3, 1597, to Lord Burleigh, a letter now in the Record Office and first cited by the Rev. W. A. Harrison. It concerns a projected marriage contract of Lord Herbert with an immature girl of thirteen—Lady Bridget Vere. The stiff governing hand of the old Earl is betrayed in passing: "after the marriage is solemnized & my sonne gonne to travell."

I scarcely need add, since these are the facts, that an intimate friendship between Shakespeare and Herbert can no longer be assumed to occur until the middle of 1599. The main biographical event of the "Sonnets" is, of course, the tragic break in the happiness of the poet in the love of his friend due to the friend's confessed "sensuall fault" with the woman whom the poet had loved. Since Meres mentioned "Shakespeares Sonnets," in 1598, and Jaggard published in 1599 two of them (138, 144) which unequivocally refer to this main biographical event, neither can it any longer be assumed that this event occurred with relation to Lord Herbert as Shakespeare's friend.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Correspondence

PROF. HART ON THE SOUTHERN VOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anybody who guesses on elections is subject to rude awakenings and unwelcome comment; and I do not complain that the *Nation* entertains unfavorable views both of the result of the recent Presidential contest and of an analysis of those returns which I made in the New York *Times* of November 10. In fact, when a kind but unknown friend sent me the clippings from your issue of November 14, I was for a moment overwhelmed with a sense of the blunder that I must have made—so strong is still the terror of the *Nation* upon ordinary mortals. I was afraid that the umpire had at last caught me playing offside. It is therefore a cause both for astonishment and for relief to discover that the statements which you so derisively criticise are true, or as near true as was possible with the incomplete returns then available.

The statement which you most contemn is: "The scanty returns show Roosevelt votes in every Southern State, with a total of between 500,000 and 600,000. That is a splendid start in the South, but the greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party." You seem to have difficulty in understanding what is meant by "the South"; but I cannot admit that your private definition of the South as "eleven

States" is binding either on the geographer or on the analyzer of Presidential votes. Two useful maxims of law are, that words are to be taken in their ordinary sense; and that a construction which reconciles two statements is to be taken in preference to a construction which makes one of them absurd. One would think that a paragraph writer might discover from my totals that I was dealing with fifteen States instead of eleven. I will acknowledge one general statement which is not mistaken, but is really less favorable to my contention than my figures warranted. The total Roosevelt votes in fifteen Southern States (including West Virginia, but not Delaware) was not "between 500,000 and 600,000," but stood at 610,000 when my statement was made up. That is a splendid start for a new party.

The following table makes the conditions clear:

Southern votes (in thousands):

	Taft, 1908.	Taft, 1912.	Roosevelt, 1912.
1 Alabama	25	8	18
2 Arkansas	57	30	37
3 Florida	11	7	8
4 Georgia	42	6	22
5 Louisiana	9	5	15
6 Mississippi	4	3	5
7 North Carolina	115	30	60
8 South Carolina	4	1	3
9 Tennessee	118	55	38
10 Texas	66	36	19
11 Virginia	53	21	46
	504	202	271
12 Kentucky	236	110	100
13 Maryland	117	53	58
14 Missouri	347	193	128
15 West Virginia....	138	25	53
	1,342	583	610

You scoff at my statement that the "greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party." Good heavens, if it *could* be had, why was it not had in the last election when it was so much desired? Why did the Taft vote, which, in the fifteen Southern States, was 1,342,000 in 1908, sink to 583,000 votes in 1912? What you call in your editorial "so gross a blunder—due to no arithmetical slip," is an exact, truthful, and accurate statement, upon which the opponents of the Progressive party may dwell profitably. The Republican party lost 750,000 votes in the South from 1908 to 1912. The Progressives came up from nothing to 610,000. How many of that 610,000 votes will ever be had by the Republican party?

So, with reference to my statement that in Texas the Progressive "choice of delegates [to Chicago] corresponded to the strength of the Roosevelt forces as against the Taft forces." The Taft vote in Texas in the election of 1908 was 66,000; in 1912 it was 36,000, and the Roosevelt vote was 33,000. Probably Roosevelt got some Democratic votes—on the other hand, some of the Taft votes of 1908 were not cast at all in 1912. It is a valid inference that there were more Roosevelt voters behind the Roosevelt delegates and contestants than Taft voters behind the Taft delegates to Chicago from Texas last spring.

It is not so demonstrable, but it is a reasonable inference, that the *Nation* is so hurt and disappointed at the leap of the Progressive party to the second place, presaging the downfall of the Republican party, that it can no longer see straight or write straight. I am perfectly familiar with your little habit of tying a can of nitroglycerine to the end of letters of protest such as this; and have no doubt that you will find new grounds for posting the writer as a fool; but I cheerfully leave it to the umpire—that is, to the reading public—to decide which has been guilty of offside play in this controversy.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

Cambridge, November 26.

[The passage referring to the Southern vote, in Professor Hart's letter to the *Times*, was as follows:

> Up to last June the Republican organization still had the opportunity to appear a second time as the protagonist of great moral ideas; to appeal to the justice of the nation; to rouse the young voter. It could have succeeded in 1912 on that basis, but it could not succeed indefinitely because the name Republican repels the voters in the South who would otherwise act with Northern brethren. The scanty returns show Roosevelt votes in every Southern State, with a total of between 500,000 and 600,000. That is a splendid start in the South, but the greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party.

It seemed plain that the Southern States here intended were that group of States, south of the border States and usually referred to as the Solid South, in which the Republican party has hitherto been a hopeless minority; the purport of the passage seemed clearly to be that the 500,000 or 600,000 Roosevelt votes represented something new and peculiar in the region referred to—votes which had previously been unattainable by the Republican party. Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and West Virginia, which it now appears that Professor Hart meant to include, are of a wholly different character from the eleven States of the Solid South. In each one of these four States, the vote has for many years been pretty evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats. Kentucky went Republican in the Presidential election of 1896, Maryland in 1896 and 1900, Missouri in 1904 and 1908, and West Virginia was carried by the Republicans in the four consecutive Presidential elections of 1896, 1900, 1904, and 1908. And neither in these four States, nor in the other eleven, was a "splendid start" made by Roosevelt in any other sense than that in which he made a splendid start in all the other sections of the country—*i. e.*, the division of the Republican vote. Whether we take the eleven States, the four States, or the fifteen States, we find the sum of the Taft and Roosevelt votes in 1912 materially less than the Taft vote in 1908.—ED. NATION.]

VERSE TRANSLATIONS IN THE LOEB CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to add my emphatic protest to that of your correspondent against the use of verse translations in the Loeb edition of classical writers. That edition will be used, I suppose, mainly by general readers like myself, who make no pretension to classical scholarship, but have endeavored to keep up their acquaintance with the original text of the Greek and Latin writers, believing that few things in life are better worth while. Such readers wish to avoid the drudgery of a lexicon, not only because it is drudgery, but because it tends to destroy the current of pleasure which comes from the swift following of the text itself. All that is required is to be able to turn from a difficult passage and by a momentary glance to catch the word or phrase that affords the solution. It is for this purpose solely, as I understand it, that the Loeb editions are issued, and for this purpose a verse translation, that is, one which necessarily distorts the literal meaning to an extreme degree, is most unsatisfactory. The barest, baldest prose, clinging close to the word-for-word sense, is far more useful. Indeed, any attempt at independent effects of style is objectionable, as distracting the attention unduly from the sole point of real interest, the original.

I sincerely trust that in dealing with Sophocles, Æschylus, and Pindar the verse method will be abandoned.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., November 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In comment on the letter of Elizabeth Knights Tompkins anent the Loeb Library, will it be of interest to record the impression of one who, having read his Greek authors for twenty-five years in the original, feels justified in saying that he does not need the translation? His regret is that so fine a work as Lang, Leaf and Myer's "Iliad" was not in verse; he experiences a keen pleasure in reading Mrs. Browning's versified renderings of the choral odes of the "Prometheus"; Pollard's "Odes from the Greek Dramatists" is a source of constant joy to him; and he has found, in his classroom, that the translation in verse invariably carries the day with an average class of American young men and women. So that he for one hopes for more verse translations in the Loeb Library. It seems a pity indeed that in translating the works of the Greek genius, one of its most essential qualities, that of plastic form, should be omitted.

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Tufts College, November 22.

ART IN EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your notice (November 21) of the pamphlet published by the Princeton University Press on "The Study of the History of Art in the Colleges and Universities of the United States" calls attention to the fact that less than one-quarter of our colleges give courses in the history of art, while barely more than one-sixth have a special professor in the subject. Great as is the improvement shown even by this state of affairs over that which existed ten years ago, the fact remains that the history of art is a subject regarded as unimportant in the academic world of the United States. This is a comment on American college and university ideals of culture not pleasant to face. One wonders what the reason may be.

Is it that three-quarters of our colleges have presidents and faculties, regents and trustees, so obsessed with the notion of advancing only those subjects which lead to what may be called profitable utilities that they have lost faith, if they ever had it, in culture as an end in itself, not to say a vital power in society? In this opening of the twentieth century, when our institutions of higher education are giving their strength and resources so undividedly to the making of chemists, botanists, zoölogists, school teachers, journalists, and cooks, the fruits of science and pedagogy, there is of course little room left in the curriculum, and small funds in the exchequer, for teaching and investigating subjects which relate to "the mysterious forces of the spirit"—art, music, poetry.

The answer to this difficulty is easy. Start with a good man, and give him what you can for equipment. If he is a really good man, he can instruct and delight his students, broadening their intellectual and æsthetic horizons, quite apart from any great collection of photographs, lantern-slides, and casts. Nothing is more dangerous than too much equipment, since the history of art courses may easily become picture-gazing "snaps" for the student, and lecturing "snaps" for the professor, everything being called into service but brains. The point is that a small equipment need not cost much, and that a small equipment is plenty to start with. Because we may not be able to command a library of one hundred thousand volumes, it by no means follows that we cannot learn much from one hundred. It is so with the possible equipment of courses in the history of art. Surely it is not the expense that keeps these three hundred out of four hundred American colleges from giving such courses. No man ever did so much in this country to vitalize and keep alive an interest in the history and meaning of art as Professor Norton, and it is doubtful if any man ever had a smaller equipment than he for years and years.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

University of Indiana, November 29.

Literature

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

One will look far for a choicer gift-book than "Boston, New and Old" (Houghton Mifflin; $7.50 net). The drawings, by Lester G. Hornby, include all the fine old bits, as well as the new and imposing, and reveal that artistic sense which last year made his drawings of New York much more than a play of surfaces. To Bostonians, his present work should bring delight, for, without in any way disguising his subject, he has seized upon the things which residents of Boston like to think make it different from the rest of the world. Mr. T. R. Sullivan explains brightly and briefly the changes which have come over the city with the years, together with the customs which have remained the same. Frequenters of the Park Street corner will be comforted to learn that it was ever breezy. Legend has it that, when the Wind and the Devil first came to this locality, the Devil entered the Park Street Church, while the Wind waited for him outside. Now, that house of worship cast such a spell over the evil one that he never could escape. And the Wind still waits. There are amusing pages on the relations of street-car conductors with best families. The former, blessed creatures, maintain, we are told, a Bostonese purity of speech. "Leave by the *nearer* door," calls the conductor, never forgetting himself. While on the subject, the author relates the story of a New York conductor, "who goaded forward a stately, high-souled dame by his coarse shout of 'Step liveiy, lady!' She, more than equal to the occasion, with a scathing look, replied, 'I have no wish to linger,' and swept him by."

By the side of this volume on Boston may be placed F. Hopkinson Smith's "Charcoals of New and Old New York" (Doubleday, Page; $5 net). For each of his illustrations Mr. Smith has provided a page or two of text, written in a personal, impressionistic vein. He does not like the skyscraper:

> The vertical straight line is the line of the ugly. The rectangular is two of these lines conspiring to strangle beauty. . . . How New York will look when the rest of our streets are lined with this "dry-goods-box-set-up-on-end" style of architecture with fronts but so many underdone waffles, is a thought that disturbs.

But New York is not yet made up of skyscrapers alone (which, for the matter of that, may have the qualities of grandeur if not of beauty), and Mr. Smith has made a series of drawings soft and romantic enough to soothe any eye.

George Wharton Edwards continues to make grateful return for the spell which the Netherlands have cast over him on several visits. Last year his "Some Old Flemish Towns" was one of the choice books of the season, and this year "Marken and its People" (Moffat, Yard; $2.50 net) equally sustains his reputation as a pleasant writer and illustrator. The cover, frontispiece, and title-page have the elaborate design and color-scheme with which Mr. Edwards has come to be identified. Within the volume the illustrations are simpler and are uniformly in an effective slaty gray, being based on pencil sketches. The Marken described in the text is only geographically that to which tourists throng. For the author has made his visits usually out of the summer season—once he spent Christmas there, going across the Zuyder Zee on a sledge—and has caught the people out of that mood of manufactured gayety which has begun to pall even on sightseers. One of the peculiar customs of the island may be noted here. Before two persons are properly engaged to each other they must go through the ordeal of sitting up throughout the whole night with a long, guttering, lighted candle on the table between them. They are left by parents entirely to themselves, and they may not speak until the taper has burnt itself out, the idea being, as Mr. Edwards asserts, that they must be very much in love or they could not endure the night's vigil.

If only for the illustrations, "Japanese Gardens" (Dodd, Mead; $6 net) should be a book much sought after. Something above two dozen plates, reproduced from water colors by Walter Tyndale, R. I., follow the Japanese season, and set forth the choicest spots in that flowery land. Judgments will differ as to how far Mr. Tyndale has caught the Oriental atmosphere. In certain instances there can be no doubt that he has succeeded; in others, in his preoccupation to produce vagueness of general effect, he has sacrificed the definite lines of detail, which are almost invariably a part of the Japanese method. In consequence, some of the scenes might with equal fitness be labelled "Off Rockland" or "A Boston Suburb." Certain figures also have the unbecoming alertness of Americans, others look like Germans. Yet the pictures, almost without exception, are beautiful enough to frame. The author of the text, Mrs. Basil Taylor (Harriet Osgood), insists that her words are, as it were, but the tail to Mr. Tyndale's "soaring and many-coloured kite." But to her own first-hand knowledge, she has added investigation in the authorities on the subject, and has produced a book of formidable compass.

Whether the verse or the drawings of Oliver Herford's "Mythological Zoo" yield the greater diversion, readers will have a chance to decide from the edition which is issued for the Christmas season. The cover decoration is most attractive, being no other than the Mermaid in tints of pink and blue and dreaming of Marcel Waves. (Scribner; 75 cents net.)

Handasyde's (pseudonym for Emily H. Buchanan) "The Four Gardens" ($1.50 net), consisting of the Haunted Garden, the Old-Fashioned Garden, the Poor Man's Garden, and the Rich Man's Garden, which Lippincott has just published handsomely, offered the illustrator an excellent chance for variety. Charles Robinson, to whom this work was entrusted, has produced marginal designs and figure-sketches in black-and-white and a number of full pages in color. His results, though generally pleasant, are not unusual, and are not altogether free from stiffness and conventional arrangement.

Miss Agnes Repplier's love for "the fireside sphinx" is well known, and there will be a welcome for her book on "The Cat" (Sturgis & Walton; $1 net). It is an anthology which the collector describes on the title-page as "a record of the endearments and invectives lavished by many writers upon an animal much loved and much abhorred." Not exactly an endearment, but certainly an encomium, is this characteristic stanza from the French of Jules Lemaître:

Philosopher and comrade, not for thee
The fond and foolish love which binds the dog;
Only a quiet sympathy which sees
Through all my faults, and hears with them awhile.
Be lenient still, and have some faith in me,
Gentlest of skeptics, sleepiest of friends.

"Romeo and Juliet" is the play of Shakespeare's chosen this season for handsome decoration. It is published by Doran ($5 net) in a form approaching the folio size, with numerous full-page colored plates by W. Hatherell, R. I. The cover is green, with large gilt lettering, and with the balcony scene outlined in the same medium. That great pains have been spent upon the color work there can be no question. But the reader will have to get used to it by degrees, because of the bright Italian hues employed. Many of the effects are beautiful; others, to the present reviewer at least, still seem garish after looking at them repeatedly.

John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" furnish an illustrator with innumerable graphic situations, and there is indeed good measure in the work of N. C. Wyeth, who has decorated the book for the present season. In addition to several full-page colored drawings, tail pieces and marginal devices in black-and-white are to be found in nearly every available space. (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net.)

Gustave Baumann's round dozen of woodcuts in illustration of James Whitcomb Riley's "All the Year Round" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50 net) attempt the broad effects of those quaint sixteenth century blocks which we associate with the first history of printing. Perhaps the solid masses of color suffer from being expanded to quarto-page size. He is more successful with his landscape than with his people. The plate for the first month in the year goes well with Riley's

Bleak January! Cold as fate,
And ever colder, ever keener—
Our very hair cut while we wait
By winds that clip it ever cleaner;
Cold as a miser's buried gold,
Or nether deeps of old tradition—
Jeems January! you're a cold
Proposition!

W. H. Koebel has written the text for A. S. Forrest's seventy-five colored pictures about "South America" (Macmillan; $5 net). Without being heavy the narrative is a little more ambitious than the average story in books of this character. Mr. Forrest has seen South America chiefly in Merejk, greens and brick reds, with now and then a pleasant town of white and scarlet on the border of a green sea. The Indian types are bold, with no evidence of the prettifying touch.

Merejkowski's panoramic "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," in Herbert Trench's authorized translation, has had ten years of popularity, and now appears in what may be called a jubilee edition—two volumes profusely illustrated from contemporary sources. (Putnam; $1.50.).

Five small books in limp leather from Funk & Wagnalls (75 cents net each) bring "The Misfortunes of a World Without Plan," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Signs of the Times," by William Jennings Bryan; "The Latent Energies of Life," by Charles Reynolds Brown, and "The Call of Jesus to Joy," by William Elliot Griffis.

A new holiday edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" comes to us from Doubleday, Page ($3.50 net). The book is adequately illustrated from the designs by J. Lockwood Kipling. The format is pleasing, the type clear and large, and the pages are amply margined. The volume can be commended as a handsome gift.

Averil Burleigh has drawn twenty-four pictures in color for the volume of Keats issued by Little, Brown ($1.25 net), in a quiet dress of green linen, with a touch of gold. Mr. Burleigh's Grecian backgrounds are pleasing in line and color, but his classic maidens are at times overpoweringly English in the tall, hollow-eyed manner of Du Maurier. Much more successful is his modern "Meg Merrilies."

Of a religious character in the broader sense of the word is "The Illumined Life," by Helen Van Anderson-Gordon. This is a work of introspection and spiritual meditation, written with delicacy of feeling and sincerity of purpose. It is decorated by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. (McClurg; $1.25 net.)

THE TRUST PROBLEM.

The Control of Trusts. By John Bates Clark and John Maurice Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Some who read this book will find themselves wondering if the authors have sufficiently pondered Petrarch's ejaculation, "Believe me, it requires no little confidence to promise help to the struggling, counsel to the doubtful, light to the blind, hope to the despondent, refreshment to the weary. These indeed are great things if they be accomplished; trifles if they exist but in a promise." Confidence is certainly not lacking here. Though Professor Clark has apparently had to modify his views in no inconsiderable measure since the first edition of this work was issued in 1901, he has now no hesitation in uttering what, in its main content, may be regarded as his definite philosophy of Trusts.

It is a philosophy that will not pass unchallenged. And it may be said that our authors have, by their choice of terms, made it hard rather than easy for those who have honestly differed with them in the past to come round to their way of thinking. This work, indeed, has one grave defect: it is too often couched in the terms of the agitator. Invidious distinctions meet the eye at every turn. "Honest capital" and "honest labor" are everywhere in favor of the free competitive system. If the monopolistic power cannot be taken away from great corporations, "we must treat them as outlaws." "When there is a large public to plunder, the gains are great." It is assumed that the Trusts create their products with a maximum of economy, "but cheat the people out of their fair share of the gains therefrom. This does, in fact, describe what within the short period of their existence they have done; and yet, if they should become secure monopolies, they would do something much worse." Instances of such language could be multiplied indefinitely. If this book were put forth as a manual for those about to go on the hustings, it would serve the purpose admirably. It has, in fact, not a little resemblance to the literature so constantly flooding the market in Great Britain in periods of political stress. Nothing could be more regrettable. For if there is any one question in the mind of the people of the United States that calls for absolutely dispassionate discussion it is the question of the Trusts.

All this, however, does not alter the fact that here is a very readable and suggestive book. Ten years ago Professor Clark entertained the notion that *potential* competition had shown its power to control prices. Whenever mills in a combination had raised their prices greatly, they had caused new mills to be built, and the fear of further cases of this kind was holding prices within bounds. But the limits thus established were not rigid, declare our authors, and the companies soon discovered their own power to crush audacious rivals when they appeared. They so often did this that their evident power to do it had its effect in advance and deterred competitors from appearing. The potentiality of unfair attacks by the Trust tended to destroy the potentiality of competition. Under these conditions it was and is necessary to disarm the Trusts—to deprive them of the special weapons with which they deal their unfair blows. The failure of potential competition accounts for the appearance of the work before us.

Almost at the start we are forced to inquire if the writers of this book have properly correlated the Trusts with their times. Great prosperity, they assert, has certainly come under a régime of consolidation. The period since 1891, they add, has been anything but one of impoverishment, and it is no uncertain guess which assigns a reason for this general prosperity. It has been due, in their judgment, to "production on a vast scale, carrying with it a corresponding increase of efficiency, and to improvement in productive methods." We are led to infer that Professor Clark and Mr. John Maurice Clark rank the Trust as a cause of the great industrial prosperity of recent times. For they declare that we need more, better, and again better means of production if our growing population shall be kept above the level of want; and then they add: "Now what has happened within a third of a century has been such a multiplying and improving of instruments of production, and, secondly, the utilizing of them on a vast scale. Big mills where little ones stood, and groups of big mills under one management, have added enormously to the productiveness of machinery."

The facts are open to another interpretation. In the minds of many the Trust is more distinctly an effect than a cause. That is, it did not come into existence for the purpose of initiating and moulding a new industrial development, but was forced into being to escape from the consequences of a rising tide of competition created by a new industrial development.

From 1873 to 1898 was a period of falling prices. Sir Francis Webster has recently pointed out some of the reasons for this. There was an absence of great wars; transportation facilities were being increased and improved on an enormous scale; goods, whether raw or manufactured, kept pouring into the market at a pace that baffled previous experience. One crop came on top of another before it could be absorbed. The glut was universal. Then followed a period of unproductive consumption of wealth. Capital was destroyed in prodigious amounts by war and armaments. The world's consumption from these and other causes gradually overtook the years of plenty before 1900. To quote Sir Francis Webster, the world is now working and living on relatively, and in some cases on actually, smaller stocks, and more from hand-to-mouth, than at any time in the experience of a generation.

During the years of plenty and low prices, which were often years of small profits, the incentive for new capital to enter into competition with old was reduced, even though the new capital could take advantage of all the latest improvements in the arts. About fifteen years ago began an astonishing era of industrial combinations, the purpose being chiefly one of self-preservation. Opportunely, just as industry was forced to such expedients, a reign of militarism set in, which, combined with other forms of unproductive consumption the world over, turned glut into scarcity, and opened the way for enormous profits, not only for capital already invested in production, but also for huge amounts of new capital. In view of these well-recollected facts, there seems to be scant warrant for the assertion that great general prosperity has come "under a régime of consolidation." The most that can be said is that the Trusts and prosperity have been synchronous.

It is well to dwell on this point, because, as unprofitable years made the Trusts, it is barely possible that eventually they may unmake the Trusts. Certainly, there would be hope of this under free competition. But free competition has been lost, declare the authors of the present work, and can only be regained through legislation. It must be admitted that they have much to say for this contention. A Trust can follow a newcomer into its field and undersell it, while keeping up prices everywhere else in its own field; it may boycott merchants who do not comply with its regulations; and it may discriminate in other ways to the destruction of free competition. Whether the alleged practices of the Trust could be employed successfully to the end of time is at least debatable. But the world of affairs is not very much concerned with remote contingencies. The capitalists that desire to compete with the big corporations in the present, and the public that desires to profit from such competition, must, in the opinion of our authors, invoke the law.

How shall they do it? We find here an interesting chapter on how not to do it. Among the inadvisable measures are government ownership of industrial plants and indiscriminate tariff legislation. The constructive programme of Professor Clark and his collaborator is not simple. Incidentally, these reformers disclaim any desire to dogmatize as to the legal methods by which their aims should be brought about. Many of their readers will be likely to regard this as a fatal weakness in their book. If they are able to show us a sure path out of the present situation, their guidance will be welcomed; if they are not able, their work is of no more practical value than many another's.

The first thing demanded here is that our control over transportation shall be so developed as to prevent all favoritism of the kind that leads, or may lead, to giving the favored shipper a monopoly. Next, we must have an administrative commission, like the Interstate Commerce Commission, to deal with the specific and general provisions of our laws regulating Trusts. The investor in Trust securities must be protected; predatory competition and misuse of patents must be prevented; combinations must not be allowed to attain a size that will preclude competition, and if they do they must be broken up. The central feature of the programme here outlined, and the feature which our authors are quick to recognize as the one most visionary, is the control of methods of marketing, and the enforced selling at one price publicly advertised.

The reader will begin this book with more assurance than he will possess at the close. Almost the first words that will strike his eye are these:

> The purpose of the work is entirely constructive, since it advocates a positive policy for controlling Trusts. It aims to show that certain measures having this end in view are in harmony with modern tendencies and are well within the power of the legislator and the executive official, and that they give promise of ensuring what the public needs, namely, protection against abnormal prices, continued increase in production, and improvement in conditions of labor.

This note of confidence emboldens the mind of the reader, but as he goes on to the end he finds himself less sanguine. He may even find himself asking if the remedy is not worse than the complaint. This able treatise has not simplified the Trust problem: it has, if anything, made it seem more difficult than before.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Flaw in the Crystal. By May Sinclair. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Never before has Miss Sinclair had a theme to which her manner was so congenial. As long as she dealt with the invalid *précieuse* and the poetic clerk, with the wife who kept vestal vows, and with the women who had books rather than babies, we could never quite trust her. It would have been our humble choice to examine these anomalies in a more matter-of-fact light, and with less palpitating solicitude. We mistrusted her air of admitting us to the mysteries, her sentences that had the cadence of incantation.

But what she offers us now is an amazing adventure—nothing less than an excursion into the occult. This is a field where most of us will never penetrate without a guide, and who better than the priestess of the immaterial? There is need of some charm "of woven paces and of waving hands" to lull our natural doubts into oblivion, if we are to be admitted to the rites of mental therapeutics. It is really wonderful how she does it—contriving to slip the bonds of reason and audaciously projecting us beyond the limits of the natural into the arena of psychical forces. The experience is like trusting yourself to a new element—participating in a psychological conquest analogous to aerial navigation. It is this sense of experimental venturesomeness amid uncharted dangers that gives the adventure its zest. The theme is, in its final analysis, asceticism—the old truth that selflessness is the absolute condition of doing good; what is unusual is the exploitation of this particular way of doing good—its hazards and what we may call its technique.

Agatha Verrall discovers herself in possession of a remedial influence which she is able to direct at will, and extends its beneficent use from her own case of erotic *malaise* to the marital sufferings of her lover. The reciprocal affliction of lacerated nerves from which Rodney Lanyon and his wife suffer being healed, the need of the former to resort to Agatha's sympathetic presence is lessened. As his visits become rarer, she begins to suffer for her disinterested benevolence. Nevertheless, she is still maintaining these cures successfully, when she is led to undertake another, a case of insane mania in the husband of an appealing friend. Under the triple burden she succumbs. Like a swimmer in the desperate grip of a drowning man, she has no choice except to save herself mercilessly. In self-defence against the inroads of vicarious madness she decisively casts off the demented subject; and by a sacrificial purification of her intention, she relinquishes her personal claim upon Rodney in order to restore the beneficent operation of her "gift" towards him. It had been the "strain of mortality in her love for Rodney" that had made her vulnerable to the spiritual contagion.

"The Flaw in the Crystal," it might be noted, is not a novel, but a very perfectly developed short story. Not too long to read at a single sitting, it presupposes such a perusal. Piecemeal it loses its effectiveness. The pleasure is in watching it grow like a blown bubble, an effect as magical, insubstantial, and quick to vanish at a maladroit touch. Altogether, this is the most original thing Miss Sinclair has done and the most unassailable from an artistic standpoint.

The Soddy. By Sarah Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A stretch of prairie cursed by drought, upon which a group of forlorn settlers have made vain attempt, year after year, to harvest crops from a naturally fertile soil. A young Easterner, full of enthusiasm, confident of success with his new claim. A young girl (beautiful), daughter of a settler who has died, leaving her a young family to care for. A villanous promoter and his rascally tool, who is in love with the heroine. Settlers of various stages of unintelligence about to be lured to equally unpromising lands by the promoter. A doctor, a circuit-riding parson. The "soddy," or sod-house, which the young Easterner has begun to build upon a scale attesting his faith in the country. These are the materials of which the story-teller constructs her tale. That there is trouble ahead for the Easterner and the girl is evident on the face of things. But the kind of trouble is unexpected. For the enthusiast, who is so sure of the future that he puts new heart into the discouraged settlement, is the first to "quit." The girl, by that time his wife, refuses to go with him, stays by the "soddy," and is on the point of death in childbed when his heart wins him back from the luxury of the East; and so she returns to life and happiness with her pusillanimous mate.

The writer has tasted of French realism, perhaps by way of the late Frank Norris and his disciples. Her melodrama is decorated with patches of description in the brave manner. The neighbors flock to complete the rearing of the soddy, and at midday they feast together: "Bestially they crammed, greedy enough, these grimy creatures, eating rudely, speechlessly at first, fiercely rending the tissues that hours of toil had torn down like a force scattering fortresses. Bestial, splendid—the animal, the man, united—they carved, glutted, heaved great sighs of replenishment. . . . They sliced, smacked, surfeited, to renew their powers for the building." In short, these American pioneers comport themselves like the French peasants of Zola, and their exploits are recorded in an idiom roughly resembling his own. So lingers the hope, common enough a decade or two ago, of producing a great American novel with the aid of a foreign accent.

The Seer. By Perley Moore Sheehan. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Here again is the figure of the modern prophet and healer whom our novelists and playwrights have so frequently tried to interpret of late. But the "seer" of Mr. Sheehan is not a mere replica of former studies. His most important point of difference from most of them is his joyousness. The world expects the saint and the miracle-worker to wear a long face, or, at most, a face lighted with unearthly cheer. The "Faith Healer" of the late William Vaughn Moody, for example, is capable of rapture, but not of merriment. The Rev. Constant Gath, on the other hand, is jolly. He has a mellow sense of humor, and loves to exercise it. He not only preaches that the world is a place to be happy in, he is happy himself. Even sin does not call for gloom: "Don't you reckon God understands?" he cries to his thousands. "He designed you, brother, sister, and made you what you are. There's no occasion to apologize. Don't regret, don't be remorseful, don't give way to despair. You can't queer yourself with God, whatever you do."

Evidently much may be done by a man with a creed like this, with a magnetic presence, a pure heart, and a gift of healing. The thousands flock to his standard. He founds an ideal community on the outskirts of a grimy manufacturing town. His fame and influence spread all over the country, and beyond. Unfortunately, the creation of a magnificent being of this order involves a sad obligation on the part of his creator. He must be killed off before it becomes necessary to describe the whole world as made anew by the spread of his power—which would be false as history and tame as fiction. The latter part of the present narrative, leading up to this necessary event, is strained and melodramatic. If the man himself could have been presented as a picture, and left at that, this would have been a better book: but it would not have been a story!

London Lavender. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Falconer, who made so many happy discoveries in "Over Bemerton's," is here married and living with his wife in a London lodging-house. His discoveries continue, the most notable now being a man who tends the apes in the Zoo and meditates over his pets in a manner that might honor a philosophizing observer of things human instead of simian. Other men and women come and go, including the daughter of Mr. Ingleside, with whom we became acquainted in the novel of that name, and an editor who gathers many strange talkers into his chambers. Altogether the book is the same delightful farrago of fun and sly wisdom which made "Over Bemerton's" so signal a success. Nothing here, perhaps, is quite so good as the Chinese biographies in the first volume, but the naming of Lavender Falconer, who appears properly at the end of the present volume, is in an altogether charming vein of drollery.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Collected Works of William Morris. With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. Vol. XIII, The Odyssey of Homer. Vol. XIV, The House of the Wolfings; The Story of the Glittering Plain. Vol. XV, The Roots of the Mountains. Vol. XVI, News from Nowhere; A Dream of John Ball; A King's Lesson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

These four new volumes (XIII to XVI) of the great edition of William Morris bring us to a section of his works distinctly lower in value than the magnificent circle of poems in "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd." The opening lines of Miss May Morris's Introduction to Vol. XIII indicate some of the reasons why this later work shows a falling off in tone:

> In April, 1886. Mother hears, "I came back from the Irishry all safe last night, but, as I suppose May has told you, I am off to Leeds and Bradford on Saturday, and shall not be back thence till Tuesday: after that peace as far as travelling is concerned till the end of June. I had a good passage back, and did 50 lines of Homer on the boat—also ate my dinner there."
>
> Nearly a year later he writes to her in Rome, "Homer goes on and will be out in about a month: but Smith is insisting on paper-hangings, so I must do one, at least, besides those I have in hand."
>
> The translation of the Odyssey was written amidst all the racket of what my father speaks of (somewhat ruefully) as "the pernicious practice of what may be called professional agitation."

We have seen this multifariousness employed before, and remember that Morris once told a young aspirant that a true poet should be able to wind off an epic from his brain while his fingers were winding off cloth on the loom—or words to that effect. But a new disturbing factor has now been introduced into his life—Socialism and the burning zeal to reform men, as well as the arts of men. We are bound to suspect that diverting of his energies, hitherto directed exclusively to æsthetic ends, is in part the cause of so lamentable an artistic failure as his version of the "Odyssey," though no doubt his Northern studies also had something to do with such a falsification of Homer as greets us in the beginning of the poem:

> Tell me, O Muse, of the Shifty, the man who
> wandered afar,
> After the Holy Burg, Troy-town, he had
> wasted with war.

Opinions may vary in regard to the prose tales that occupy the other three volumes before us. To the reviewer who now meets them in their splendid new dress, they have never been particularly interesting.

The introductions of Miss Morris continue their charm. Naturally, we hear much in those that accompany the present volumes of the poet's ill-timed incursion into politics. But there are delightful pictures of the home life intermingled. Volume XIII, in particular, contains further descriptions of Kelmscott, which is also visualized for us by photogravures of several rooms.

Thy Rod and Thy Staff. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

All is grist that comes to Mr. Benson's mill. An attack of neurasthenia that would have laid most of us low, merely supplies him with material for a new book. The nervous breakdown came upon Mr. Benson in 1907, and not merely destroyed his power to work or to enjoy for two dreadful years, but altered much of that view of life and that way of taking it which formed the background of many of his former works. To this change in his point of view he had, in fact, already referred in "The Silent Isle"—a book which he calls "a record of an experiment in happiness." "It was my design," he tells us in the Epilogue to that book, "to live alone in joy; not to exclude others, but to admit them for my pleasure and at my will. I thought that by desiring little, by sacrificing quantity of delight for quality, I should gain much. And I will as frankly confess that I did not succeed in capturing the tranquillity I desired." And he adds in the book under review,

> The vital, the profound mistake of my little experiment was that I tried to arrange my life on romantic lines. I don't know how one can learn that this is not possible except by doing it and finding it a failure. Many people have not the chance of doing it at all, and that is perhaps a happier solution; but I found myself at the age of two-and-forty a free man after a very busy professional life of twenty years, with enough to live upon, no claims, no family ties. It was then that an ideal took shape, to live the poetic life. I thought I could make my writing the solid business of my life, and that otherwise I could live simply and quietly, avoiding tiresome routine and business duties, seeing just the people I liked, and practicing to enjoy solitude.

It was his illness that brought him both the sense of his previous failure and his new view of life. He learned from it, as he tells us, many things—the reality and eternity of the soul, the love and the presence of God even in sorrow and pain, the mission of suffering, the glory of the life of service.

It is inevitable in a book of this sort that the pronoun "I" should figure with extreme prominence. The book is entirely about himself—his symptoms, his sufferings, his despairs, his ideas, his ideals, his failures, his lessons, his joys. It often seems less like a book than like a letter from an intimate friend who has just been through a long illness. Not that it contains anything in positively poor taste, but one wonders why Mr. Benson should have told us all about it. And one wonders especially why he should have said it over in so many ways. Mr. Benson is a master of the Art of Beautiful Repetition—but we all knew that without this new demonstration. "Thy Rod and Thy Staff" contains exactly 300 pages, and it might equally well have contained 50 or 600. One cannot avoid a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Benson wanted to make a book out of it. It is to be hoped that his rather fatal fluency will not tempt him into writing too many books, and that he will look to it lest his words run completely away with his ideas.

Yet though we may at first wonder why Mr. Benson thought it worth his while to tell us so much about himself, we shall realize, on further reflection, that he had a very solid reason for it. For the fact is, there are thousands of people in England and America who are eager to know everything about Mr. Benson that he is willing to tell. Indeed, your true Bensonian will welcome even the repetitions—they are so charmingly phrased! To him—or rather, to her (and she is often to be met with and is usually a person of excellent taste)—Mr. Benson's writings have been a light in the darkness. And even the non-Bensonian must admit that Mr. Benson is one of the real forces in our English world for hopeful and spiritual living.

The Works of Thomas Deloney. Edited by Francis Oscar Mann. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

Deloney's writings are affiliated with several literary types, nearly all popular. He made a number of new ballads, and rehandled some ancient ones. He touched the *genre* of the "Fall of Princes," or *De Casibus*, by rhyming a number of tales from Holinshed and from current popular tradition about English kings, queens, and worthies. He probably invented, or perhaps rather compounded, one new form—a series of prose anecdotes about tradespeople, anecdotes loosely held together by common personages. This *genre*, essentially *bourgeois* as it is, yet shows traces of romance, of the picaresque tale, and of the "London tract"—a form fully exemplified in the work of Robert Greene. In Deloney's stories about tradespeople there are touches also of what, were it in dramatic form, would be "domestic tragedy"; and from these stories, too, the way leads quite straight to the comedies of Dekker, who was close upon Deloney's track. Dekker and, possibly, Ben Jonson seem to be Deloney's only followers. Richardson, for instance, gets nothing from him.

Though Deloney offers plenty of realistic raw material, this is not literature. His work, like Lillo's "George Barnwell," or "Les Contemporaines" of Restif de la Bretonne, moves upon a lower level. Always ready to be snatched up into literature, Deloney, in fact, always remains below it, and does not have the good fortune to contribute anything whatever to the development of the English novel. It is to be regretted that the present editor has continued the fashion of greatly overestimating both the merits and the influence of Deloney's work. Most of it is "sad stuff." It emphatically does not follow the alleged "progress of realism . . . towards characterization and construction" (p. xxvii), for it is never more than a string of anecdotes; and the assertion that in it "we may justly find the highest achievement of the Elizabethan novel" (p. xiv) can hardly be taken seriously.

Deloney now appears for the first time in a collected edition, or rather reprint. As the early editions are fairly correct, the present text, despite some eccentricities and blind passages which the editor has left untouched, is satisfactory on the whole. So, too, is the treatment of Deloney's sources; though the editor might well have noticed that "A pastorall Song" (p. 344) is a palpable imitation of the "Shepherds Calendar"; that "Taprobana" (p. 47, l. 30) and "Cea" (p. 48, l. 27) are taken respectively from Greene's "Alcida" and "Carde of Fancie"; and that the unnatural natural history about the bull and the figtree (p. 82, l. 26) comes from "Euphues." More than doubtful is the etymology (note on p. 80, l. 15) which explains *drenched* as "the causative verb from *drown*." But the most serious defect of this edition, apart from the inexcusable absence of an index, is the lack of any adequate study of Deloney's words, locutions, and proverbs. Much of this material doubtless is to be found in Heywood, Halliwell, and other collections: it was an editor's business to make it available in his notes. The following, among many others, are left unexplained: portigues (50, 11); Dick Piper (88, 24); let their terme die (106, 14); giue the slampam (129, 16); changing his copy (131, 37); thou gauest the Crow a pudding (163, 8); Whoose mare is dead? (*ibid.*, 14); the biggest place of your legge is next to your shooe (235, 34). As Deloney's work, in its almost total want of literary merit, is valuable chiefly as a treasury of Elizabethan folk-speech and folk-manners, a study of the kind indicated would seem eminently desirable. It might, indeed, have led the editor to hesitate in attributing to Deloney the authorship of one of the tracts here reprinted—"Canaans Calamitie." In the letter "To the Gentlemen Readers," T. D., who may as well be

Dekker as Deloney, speaks (p. 419) of "better bread then could be made of Wheate." If we are right in crediting this phrase to Sancho Panza, T. D. cannot be Deloney, who died in 1600, the year in which "Don Quixote" was published.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

Among the reprints for the holiday season we invariably find the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare." The Lippincotts have imported a two-volume edition, wherein H. S. Morris has added sixteen plays not treated by "Elia" and his sister. The book is sumptuous in its color plates, and is well printed. After Lamb has been read and relished, it is high time for the child to turn to such an excellent method as that employed by Thomas Carter, in "Shakespeare's English Kings" (Crowell). In addition to its agreeable format, it includes judicious excerpts from the plays, and is the direct road leading towards the original Shakespearean text.

There are three other standard books in the class of reprints. Holt has issued a "Gulliver," generous in its color and black-and-white pictures, duly heralding the adventures in Lilliput and Brobdingnag; there is likewise the same (Doubleday), edited by Anna Tweed, under the supervision of Clifton Johnson, who believes in defacing a man's text in order to bring it within the comprehension of juvenile readers. This latter method we cannot accept. If a child reads Swift, let his own mental capacity be his own editor; he will remember only what he understands. Little, Brown have imported a tasteful issue of Kingsley's "Water-Babies," in which Ethel Everett's color plates replace entirely the old-time line cuts. Thus the old order changeth, though the stories remain the same in their freshness. Arthur Rackham has disported himself very humorously through the pages of "Æsop's Fables" (Doubleday). His color work and his pen sketches are thoroughly in accord with the irony of the morals. The volume is unworthily bound, for no one could tell from the cover what riches were within. Gilbert Chesterton has written an introduction which epitomizes in epigram the growth of the fable and its accepted conventions. Thackeray wrote immortally on children's illustrated books; we predict that Chesterton will be quoted in the future on fables. His introduction is for adults. Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School" (Dutton) is less read than it should be. This reprint is charmingly old-fashioned, in its shape and pictures reminiscent of Kate Greenaway. Charles Lamb had only part share in the creation of this book which brother and sister regarded as a "pot-boiler for Godwin," but which has proved one of the loveliest things in the language.

We are glad to welcome Sir George Laurence Gomme's "The King's Story Book" (Longmans), being, as the title page designates, "historical stories picturing the reigns of English monarchs." This has been out of print for some time. A glance at the contents alone indicates what an invaluable source Scott has been to the editor. This should be a strong plea for the boy to read his Waverley novels. Here is a worthy guide to English romantic literature. Of different character is Eugene Field's "Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse" (Scribner), wherein we recognize many of his delicate "Profitable Tales." There is gentle beauty in Field's fiction, akin to Lanier's ballad spirit in "Into the Woods." The super-calendered paper used in this book allows effective handling of bold-faced type, but the illustrations are somewhat cheap for so handsome a volume. Jack London's "The Call of the Wild" (Macmillan) appears in effective form. The very cover suggests northern lights and Klondike loneliness. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (Houghton) comes to us in holiday form to celebrate its twenty-six years of existence. The illustrations, by Katharine Wireman, are tinted in color. In a way, Mrs. Wiggin's little book, "A Child's Journey with Dickens" (Houghton) may be regarded as a reprint of her address read at the Dickens centenary dinner last winter. It recounts delightfully a journey made with the great writer in a day-coach, when the wee girl gave candid views on literature. In passing, let us call attention to Bayard Taylor's "Boys of Other Countries" (Putnam), which every library should possess.

In our youthful day, we were not indulged with such regal books as Walter Jerrold's "Big Book of Fables" (Caldwell); nor did we know the delightful conceits of the artist, Charles Robinson, who is past-master in the use of line. What a revel of fancy in this gold and red binding; though only a few fables at a time should be given as a dose, to keep the morals palatable. The pictures alone furnish entertainment for hours. Those who are destined to own this treasure-house should likewise receive the companion "Big Book of Nursery Rhymes" and the "Big Book of Fairy Tales."

Howard Pyle did so well by Robin Hood that there was scarcely call for another retelling. But Louis Rhead's "Bold Robin Hood," uniform with the Harpers' issue of "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Tom Brown at Rugby," does not impair the ballad spirit, either in text or in drawing. Some day an artist will illustrate worthily all the ballads bearing upon Robin Hood. A book as large as they make them is H. E. Marshall's "A History of France" (Doran), an excellent survey, enhanced by marginal notes. The narrative ends with the Third Empire. "Ten Girls from History" (Duffield) is a continuation of Kate Dickinson Sweetser's plan of other volumes. Particularly spirited in its biographical account is the chapter on Queen Victoria. Accuracy of historic fact has been the author's commendable aim; luckily, she has likewise treated her characters as human beings, something which cannot be said for most writers of biography for children. An excellent idea underlies "Little-Known Sisters of Well-Known Men" (Dana Estes), by Sarah G. Pomeroy. Many a girl reader will find inspiration in the accounts of Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Lamb, Elizabeth Whittier, and others, whose help did so much for literature.

Ten paintings by Jessie Willcox Smith, concerning the attractive subject of "Dickens's Children" (Scribner), though they are bound together in suitable covers, suggest frames for the play-room wall. Adelia Beard has done a very clever thing in her "cut-out" books of "Birds" (Stokes). By means of manual labor, with a little instruction, a youngster may make a bird, in the process learning its color, its habitat, its song—an assured way of never forgetting.

With real pleasure we recommend the American issue of Boutet de Monvel's decorative pages for "Old Songs and Rounds" (Duffield). There is nothing more charming in the entire realm of picture books. The French words have been translated in eighteen pages grafted upon the French sheets, which the publishers imported. The pictures are like water colors, simple in conception and playful in arrangement. The songs are suited to child voices. Let us have more of these importations.

Let fathers rejoice in H. G. Wells's "Floor Games" (Small, Maynard), a book that deserves a wide sale, not only because of its jolly spirit, but because of the field opened up for the "mere man" in the nursery. Here is Wells in all his varied interests; the sociologist peeks out from behind empty boxes, leaden soldiers, and useful boards. Floors are not only to be walked on, but to be played on. Broken toys assume new dignity; corrugated board around bottles becomes as valuable as shingles.

Notes

Among Mitchell Kennerley's holiday books are the following: "Ashes of Incense," a novel by the anonymous author of "Mastering Flame"; "The Lyric Year," one hundred poems by one hundred American authors; "The Women of Shakespeare," by Frank Harris; "Woman's Share in Social Culture," by Anna Garlin Spencer; "Old Chinatown," a book of pictures by Arnold Genthe, with descriptive text by Will Irwin, and "Murphy," a message to dog-lovers, by Major Gambier-Parry.

The third and last volume (Neil-Young) of the second supplement of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is published this week. Among its contributors, Sir Sidney Lee writes on Goldwin Smith and Sir Leslie Stephen; Mr. Gosse on Swinburne, and Mr. Masefield on J. M. Synge.

Bacon's Essays will appear in what the publishers, Messrs. Black, describe as a "popular *édition de luxe.*" The text is that of 1673, collated with the last edition issued by Bacon in 1625.

"The Guardians of the Columbia," reviewed by us at length October 31, was there credited to G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book is now regularly published and sold by the author, John H. Williams, of Tacoma, Wash.

To a lover of the decorative ways of the eighteenth century, what title could be more alluring than "At Prior Park, etc.," by Austin Dobson? To that home of "low-born Allen" outside of Bath, built from the proceeds of honest industry, came Pope and Miss Blount, Fielding, Warburton, and many a lesser man; and we may be sure beforehand that Mr. Dobson has not missed the picturesque and humane aspects of such a gathering place. It was at Prior Park that the burly Warburton, for once, at least, met his match, and from a comedian. "When they were discussing the execution of Charles I, which Quin upheld, Warburton asked loftily by what law he was condemned, and Quin retorted: 'By all the law which he had left in the land!' The Bishop could find no rejoinder."

The "etc." of Mr. Dobson's title stands for "and other papers." These range through an attractive circle of subjects. One essay deals with "The Portraits of Carmontelle," an extraordinary series of sketches of English and French notables in the second half of the century. Then we go with Garrick on the Grand Tour; then we learn something of Loutherbourg, of the Royal Academy; read two newly found letters of Fielding, with our guide's pleasant comment; pass on to a French naval officer, the Bailli de Suffren; walk through the famous park of Stowe, where the Whiggery of the Temples was nursed, and where many authors and greater folk gave themselves up to the charm of romantically arranged scenery; hear the melancholy story of Robert Lloyd, poet and author by profession, who ended his brief career in the Fleet prison; and end with a pleasant discourse on Gray's biographer, the Rev. William Mason. Altogether, there is a good deal of sober entertainment in the book. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

In collecting material for the Nicolay and Hay "Abraham Lincoln: A History," J. G. Nicolay put aside a considerable quantity of data for a chapter intended to be entitled "Personal Traits"; but the bulk of the matter, together with the ultimate plan of the work, forbade the use of the material in the way proposed. Miss Helen Nicolay has now made it the basis of her "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" (Century). A good many of the incidents have already been told elsewhere, and the substantive value of the book for the historian is not great. As a friendly picture of the tastes, habits, and everyday life of Lincoln, however, it has both interest and worth, and the more because of the delicacy with which the task has been performed. Of the innumerable stories attributed to Lincoln, less than a hundred, in Miss Nicolay's opinion, are probably genuine; but the survival of even that number seems, on the whole, notable. Of the contributions to the history of the Civil War, Nicolay's memorandum of a conversation with Lincoln, October 2, 1861, is the most interesting: "Frémont ready to rebel," "Chase despairing," "Cameron utterly ignorant and regardless of the course of things," "Credit gone at St. Louis, Cincinnati, Springfield," "Everything in the West, military and financial . . . in hopeless confusion." One puts down the book with a new impression of Lincoln's moral strength, and of his patience in making the best of bad conditions.

Despite its title, "The Story of The Bronx" (Putnam), by Stephen Jenkins, is rather an assemblage of facts and incidents than a narrative. The plan of the book is comprehensive. An opening chapter on the political history of the several sections composing the borough and on its topography is followed by a chronological account of it to the end of the Revolution; this is succeeded by a few chapters on special features of the district, such as churches and parks, and the concluding part of the volume is a series of chapters on the various portions of the borough. In this way the ground is covered minutely, so that as a reference book the work is an undeniable success, especially since it has a good index, a copious supply of illustrations belonging to all periods of the borough's history, and a large and, in general, excellent map. The industry of the author is evident on every page, but he does not give us assurance of his historical temper when he explains that he can furnish no bibliography, since for more than a decade he has been jotting down facts and incidents as he has come upon them, "either in books, or in the daily press, or in magazines," and has kept no account of his sources. Fortunately, this confession is mitigated for the earlier parts of the story by the statement that he has had recourse to the standard histories of Westchester County. The first recorded activity in relation to what is now the Borough of the Bronx was in 1639, when three Indian sachems, "in consideration of a certain lot of merchandise," conveyed to the West India Company a tract of land called Keskeskeck. Two years later Jonas Bronk made a purchase of five hundred acres between the Harlem and the Aquahung Rivers; the latter soon lost its Indian name and became known as Bronk's River, and later, by a natural transition, as the Bronx. The borough was created January 1, 1898, and at the recent election it became a county also. It boasts nearly half a million population, and has its share of historic shrines, among them the cottage in which Poe wrote "Ulalume."

In "Around the Clock in Europe" Charles Fish Howell strings an old-fashioned series of travel sketches upon a new thread. There is a special hour for seeing a city aright. Edinburgh should be viewed at one, and Paris just twelve hours later. Three o'clock is right for Rome, and nine for Heidelberg. One should pass from Berlin at six to London at seven. At Venice the witching hour is that before midnight. Such is the plan, and, while in the main hour and place seem happily adjusted, occasionally the union is far-fetched. By dint of obvious expedients the limitation of the hour is evaded. One sees Venice at night, but an "If it were daylight" leads to the usual description of canals and palaces. Mr. Howell is nothing if not a sentimental traveller. From the jocose and epigrammatic to the emotional and highflown his mood shifts flexibly, lapsing occasionally into mere flippancy or gush. Without being in any way an important addition to the literature of portraiture of places, this is a diverting book. There are many illustrations after crayon sketches by Harold Field Kellogg. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Of the nine new volumes in the Home University Library (Holt), no less than four are by American writers, a far higher ratio than this series has hitherto shown. In "Great American Writers," by Professors Trent and Erskine, the attempt has evidently been made to be intensive rather than inclusive. The characterization of Edgar Allan Poe's horror stories as demonstrations of abstract formulas does not appeal to the present writer. Prof. C. M. Andrews in "The Colonial Period" traces broad lines of development; his story runs up and down the chain of thirteen colonies to illustrate this or that general contention. The result is confusing from the chronological point of view; but the book has value. Prof. B. W. Bacon's "The Making of the New Testament" is the most gratifying volume in the present group; it is possibly a little above the head of the general reader, but that is a risk which the editors of the Home University Library have taken before this. Mr. John R. Spears's "Master Mariners" falls far short of what an account of the art of navigation should be. It takes its history from the schoolbooks and adds to it such extraordinary personal data as the fact that the battle of Actium was described by Herodotus. S. J. Chapman's "Political Economy" is very hard reading. The same is true of C. E. Moore's "Ethics," and strangely enough for the very reason that the author labors so hard to make his meaning clear; but we get repetition without clarity. Other volumes are "The Making of the Earth," by J. W. Gregory, a straightforward bit of exposition; "Electricity," by Gilbert Kapp, and "Missions," by Louise Creighton.

A new life of Edward Irving (Boston: Sherman, French), by Jean Christie Root, passes lightly over the limitations of that strange religious genius, without adding to the facts which have been often told of him, or contributing anything to the analysis of his remarkable personality. The truth is that Carlyle, Coleridge, and Mrs. Olyphant have left little to be said respecting Irving. He was "a minister of Christ, after the order of Paul," a "Christian priest," who "strove with the whole force that was in him to *be* it," and his gifts as a religious orator and in the leadership of a congregation in extemporary prayer have rarely been surpassed. All this has been said by masters before, and the author of the present sketch seeks to justify her labors by attempting to show that Irving "more clearly foreshadowed the problems and truths of to-day than any one man in his period." The attempt is a signal failure. Irving was a mystic, and his pages glow with many of the timeless truths of the seers, but his controlling convictions have no force for this age. His vagaries respecting predictive prophecy, millennialism, and the gift of tongues disqualified him for leadership in the generations succeeding his own. They may be pardoned as the limitations of a genius, but they cannot be forgotten when Irving is put forth as a prophet for the present.

The third volume of "A Cyclopædia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Paul Monroe, includes titles from Gailhard to Libanius. Preponderant space is accorded to topics which only recently have gained significance in education, such as "Household Arts in Education" (fourteen pages) and "Industrial Education" (nineteen pages). Herodotus and Juvenal are not mentioned, and Homer receives about as much attention as horticulture. On the other hand, Professor Goodell, of Yale, contributes an excellent article on the teaching of Greek, and Professor Lodge, of Columbia, offers suggestions on instruction in Latin which, if followed, would do much to rehabilitate the classics in both school and college. The articles on national and State educational systems and schools are excellent, notably that on "Education in Germany," by F. M. Schiele. Among the topics of study treated are Geography, Geology, and Grammar. The cyclopædia will be useful for the large number of titles in educational history and biography. The principal facts concerning the many colleges and universities in the United States are recorded, including their present statistics.

In his "Omens and Superstitions of Southern India" (McBride, Nast & Co.), Edgar Thurston, sometime superintendent of the Ethnographic Survey of the Madras Presidency, has collected, systemized, supplemented, and made readily accessible the material already presented in his "Ethnographic Notes in Southern India" (1906), and in the seven volumes of his "Castes and Tribes of Southern India" (1909). The book "deals mainly with some aspects of what may be termed the psychical life of the inhabitants of the Madras Presidency and the Native States of Travancore and Cochin." The result is a series of data arranged under the heads of Omens; Animal Superstitions; the Evil Eye; Snake Worship; Vows, Votive and Other Offerings; Charms; Human Sacrifice; Magic and Human Life; Magic and Magicians; Divination and Fortune-Telling; Some Agricultural Ceremonies; and Rain-Making Ceremonies. Mr. Thurston wisely contents himself with a presentation of data, and avoids attempts at explanation or comparison with analogous beliefs and practices elsewhere. On the other hand, the student of comparative religion in general will find in this volume an abundance of illustrative material from a relatively little-known country and people. Here may be noted beliefs on boundary ceremonies, cross-roads, coins, disease, lucky and unlucky days, shamanism, earth and earth-deities, magic effigies, hair, iron, crystal-gazing, lamp-ceremonies, ordeals, purification, amulets, the sacred number seven, winnowing-baskets, and the like. The classical scholar will be glad to trace in the lead *yantrams* (tablets inscribed with charms), buried for a time "at a spot over which a person whose death is desired will pass" (p. 186), an interesting analogue to the Latin lead *tabellæ defixionum*. Still more important is the light cast upon the curious "frog hymn" of the Rigveda (vii, 103). This hymn, still taken by Geldner ("Rigveda in Auswahl," ii, 117) to be a satire on the Brahman priesthood, is construed by such scholars as Haug, Oldenberg, Hillebrandt, and von Schroeder to be a rain-charm; and indirect testimony to the correctness of their interpretation is given by the use of the frog in rain-making ceremonies both in southern India (Thurston, pp. 305-306), and in the North (Crooke, "Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India," I, 73, II, 256).

L. L. Shadwell has carefully edited four volumes entitled "Enactments in Parliament specially concerning the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Colleges and Halls therein, and the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster" (Frowde). It completely supersedes Dr. Griffiths's similar but much briefer collection, which was published in 1869, and which for some time has been out of print. Mr. Shadwell has taken his documents from the printed Statutes of the Realm and arranged them chronologically. In cases of doubt, prior to 1850, he has verified his text by comparison with the original rolls. Since 1850 this is unnecessary, as the first regular printed edition is printed from the same type as the official vellum copy which has already received the royal assent. Mr. Shadwell has made his work conveniently usable by a full, analytical table of contents, excellent brief notes, and a fairly complete index. From the first statute of 37 Edw. III, which defines who may wear fur upon their gowns, down to the last statute of 16 Dec., 1911, which compels English publishers to donate copies of their works to the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, as well as to the British Museum, these enactments deal with the widest variety of subjects imaginable. They define the police power which the mediæval university, within its own jurisdiction, possessed over all sorts of offences, from that of selling putrid fish to that of assault with intent to kill. Many of the enactments are occupied with making exceptions to general statutes in the interest of the masters and scholars. For instance, in the general "Acte for repressing the odious and loathsome synne of Drunckennes" there is a provision that nothing therein contained shall "bee prejudiciall to either of the twoe universities of this Lande." The statute of 13 Eliz. c. 29, entitled, with phonetic precision, "An acte for Thincorporation of bothe Thunyversities," relieved the universities from the necessity of seeking a new confirmation of their privileges at the accession of every new ruler, and is the statute under which they now hold their lands and rights.

"The proof of an explorer's doings is his final book, which requires months and years to prepare," says Dr. Frederick A. Cook, in the closing chapter of his "final summary of the Polar controversy" ("My Attainment of the Pole"; Mitchell Kennerley). We have gone over the essential parts of the volume with some care, and cannot see that it gives the reader any more solid ground to stand on than was available before, so far as the mere fact of attainment of the Pole is concerned. The one thing which the whole miserable episode has satisfactorily proved to unbiassed and reasonable minds is that neither a travel narrative nor a fairly consistent set of observations can of itself furnish indubitable proof that the author has actually visited the points indicated. The problem falls back heavily upon the scientific competence and good faith of the explorer, and on that basis it is apparently useless to hope that anything can now be said on either side which will leave no room for further dispute. Dr. Cook has an easy task in showing that some of the lines of attack used against him in the heat of controversy can be turned plausibly against Peary, but in these points the main question is not touched. Let us hope that the next expedition which attempts to reach the Pole will have learned from this sad business sufficient wisdom not to allow credit for its accomplishments to rest upon the work and word of any one individual. Peary's pride was a terribly bad counsellor when it led him to desire that no other white man (which meant, in that case, no other man competent to be accepted as a witness) should share with him the honor of the first visit to the Pole. The chances are wholly in favor of the supposition that Ross Marvin would be living to-day had Peary not ordered him back at the beginning of the last stretch; and the support of a man of his character and competence would have been a tower of strength in the conquest of public opinion. As for Dr. Cook, assuming the possibility that he may have been in the vicinity of the Pole, his book only furnishes a new demonstration of the hopelessness of his cause in the court of careful opinion. He does not talk the language of the cool, competent observer, and no amount of effective attack upon the motives and character of some of those who have opposed his claims can put beneath those claims that foundation of positive evidence which they have lacked from the start and lack to-day.

A slow-moving barge, achieving a maximum speed of three miles an hour, has its attractions as a means of locomotion, if only by contrast with the fevered speed of the automobile. In "The Flower of Gloster" (Dodd, Mead) E. Temple Thurston gives some impressions of a month's vacation spent in this fashion on some of the most beautiful waterways of England. The narrative is light and pleasant reading, if not particularly absorbing, and reveals the author a keen student of nature and of human nature. It possesses, too, the commendable quality of avoiding pleonastic description of places made familiar in the annals of touristry.

In Herbert A. Evans's "Castles of England and Wales" (Doran) there crops up the chronic feud between archæologist and artist. To Mr. Evans ivy clinging to ruined walls is anathema, and the bare pattern of the masonry is for him a far more lovely sight than the green and gray of old stone and ivy. He is, of course, severely rational from the archæological point of view, and it is with a blush that we admit to a partiality for the parasite. That, however, is the only point on which we would venture to join issue with Mr. Evans. His book is an excellently clear and scholarly description of the structure of thirty-three of the most interesting fortresses of England and Wales. The term "fortresses" is used advisedly, for Mr. Evans's consideration is, with a single exception, that of Dunstantburgh, confined to those castles, built previous to 1300, the importance of which was primarily a military one. The book is fully illustrated, and a plan of each castle is given.

The *Insel-Verlag*, of Leipzig, recently published "Goethe's Liebesgedichte" in a handsome volume that will be very popular as a Christmas present. The editor, Hans Gerhard Gräf, has grouped Goethe's love lyrics under the names of his various sweethearts in the order of their entrance into his life, and, so far as possible, has arranged the poems of each group chronologically. Each division is introduced by a quotation from Goethe or one of his contemporaries, suggesting the background. Such lyrics as the editor could not readily and without question include under one of these headings are arranged chronologically in an Anhang. Adaptations and imitations of the love songs of other writers are excluded from this collection. The usual preface is replaced by a well-known quotation from Goethe's review of the "Gedichte von einem Polnischen Juden," in which the rising young writer unconsciously prophesies the character of his own future lyrics. The collection closes with the poem "Einlass," the poet's plea for admission to Paradise on the grounds of the occasion and contents of his poetry. In case more than one text of a poem has come down to us, Gräf has chosen for this edition the earliest version, as the one best embodying the original inspiration. A table of contents and an alphabetical index of first lines conclude the volume.

This book is a valuable result of the editor's long occupation with Goethe's lyrics, which he is editing for the chronological Wilhelm Ernst Ausgabe of the works, and with which he is dealing in the final volumes of his monumental work, "Goethe über seine Dichtungen." Now that the book has appeared, the wonder is that such an edition of this justly famous love breviary should never before have been thought of. In the field of artistic bookmaking, to which a few German publishers have devoted considerable attention of late, this volume is a notable achievement. It is printed from clear Fraktur type that recalls a style of letters in use during Goethe's life, and the cover is designed to suggest the early nineteenth century.

If any one doubts our possession of interesting places, let him take a look at a few of the pages of "Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland," by F. Lauriston Bullard, with illustrations by Louis H. Ruyl (Little, Brown). Yet a reader will do well not to judge the book by its first fifty-odd pages. The chapters on Newport and Plymouth are not a fair sample of the rest. It is not until the narrator gets to Quincy that he begins to show that zest for his rôle of guide that makes his intimate knowledge of this baker's dozen of New England towns a living thing. From this point he overflows with historic and literary information, and presents it in agreeable style. The result, for the major portion of the volume, is a humanized Baedeker. Not only the more familiar and more richly historic ground of Lexington and Concord is traversed, but also the quaint recesses and bold sea-wall of Marblehead and Gloucester, the dark and bloody hill of Salem, the peaceful shades of the Whittier country, and the ancient streets of Newburyport and Portsmouth. The value of the book is enhanced by an intelligent index.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, pastor emeritus of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, New York, died at his home in that city on Saturday. He was born at Keighley, in Yorkshire, England, in 1823. He learned the blacksmith trade of his father, which he followed for a time after coming to this country in 1850. Beginning his ministry as a Methodist, he became a Unitarian in 1859; and from 1879 he had been attached to the church in New York. His writings include: "Nature and Life," "The Life That Now Is," "The Simple Truth—a Home Book," "Talks to Young Men," "History of Ilkley in Yorkshire" (in collaboration), and "Things New and Old."

Dr. William Waugh Smith, chancellor of the Randolph-Macon system of colleges, died in Lynchburg, Va., on Friday, at the age of sixty-seven. He was the author of "Outlines of Psychology" and "A Comparative Chart of Syntax of Latin, Greek, German, French, and English."

James Gordon, United States Senator from Mississippi for a short term ending early in 1910, died last week at Okolona, Miss. He was born in 1833, and was the author of "The Old Plantation and Other Poems," besides many contributions to the magazines.

Science

SOME BOOKS ON EVOLUTION.

Die Mutationen in der Erblichkeitslehre. Von Hugo de Vries. Berlin: Gebrüder Borntraeger.

Upon the Inheritance of Acquired Characters. By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by Basil C. H. Harvey. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2 net.

Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. By C. B. Davenport. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

The Evolution of Animal Intelligence. By S. J. Holmes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75.

To students of evolution the recent publication of De Vries is a matter of more than passing interest, since here for the first time he takes occasion to reply to the numerous criticisms of his mutation theory, published eleven years ago. The only serious doubt that has arisen is whether the plant Œnothera Lamarckiana, on which the mutation theory so largely rested, is a hybrid or a "good" species. If a hybrid, the appearance of new types in its offspring may be due to a separation into its elementary constituents, and, if so, these so-called mutants are only re-combination products that need not concern the evolutionary process very profoundly. The fact that O. Lamarckiana has never been found in the wild state has been urged in favor of the view that it is a product of the gardener's skill. De Vries meets this criticism by pointing out that in recent years the study of other species of the evening primrose has shown them producing mutations in the same way as O. Lamarckiana. Hence, mutability is proved to be a property of the genus, and O. Lamarckiana has this property in common with its allies. Consequently, it is a matter of secondary importance whether Lamarck's evening primrose is a hybrid or an elementary species. De Vries has found that, when O. Lamarckiana is crossed with several other species, the new types, O. læta and O. velutina occur. This fact especially has been urged in favor of the hybrid nature of O. Lamarckiana; but it has been shown recently that a common American species, O. grandiflora, behaves in the same way. The argument applies, therefore, equally to a well-known wild form.

It may be well to recall here that De Vries's mutation theory was based not only on the evidence furnished by the evening primrose, but on evidence from a wider field of observation; and in the last ten years an overwhelming body of evidence has established beyond doubt the widespread occurrence of mutation. In fact, mutants have been found wherever they have been sought for carefully. The opponents of the mutation theory have nevertheless centred their attack on the evidence furnished by Lamarck's evening primrose, and mutationists will greet with satisfaction De Vries's able reply to his critics.

It has recently been said, rather pointedly, that there are at present but two schools of evolution: one discusses evolution as a philosophical problem, the other studies evolution according to the methods of science. The former method is well illustrated by Rignano's book, written originally in French and now translated by Professor Harvey. The question of the inheritance of acquired characters bids fair to become one of the persistent problems of philosophy, until the matter is settled once and for all by indisputable scientific evidence. But this evidence is not furnished by Rignano. On the contrary, his book concerns itself in the main with the elaboration of a physical analogy, through which the possibility of such a form of inheritance may be conceived.

As the author says, three new hypotheses, or three new fundamental conceptions, are submitted to the judgment of biologists. The first of these is the hypothesis of "centro-epigenesis," which assumes that, as the embryo develops, its course is regulated and directed from a central station, which is the material contained in the ovary (or testis) of the embryo itself. The coördinative character of the process of development requires, the author believes, the assumption of a directing centre. The general idea, that the body cells (as contrasted with the germ cells) determine their own development, is, he feels, repugnant to the regulative character of the developmental process.

Conversely, every change in the body which gives rise to specific nervous currents deposits in the central germinal material "a very definite substance, which in turn is capable of provoking again exclusively the same specificity of current as that by which it was itself deposited." In this way the germinal material reacts on the body cells of the next individual that arises from it. The third assumption attributes the vital phenomenon essentially to an intranuclear oscillating nervous discharge. In these ways Rignano tries to account for a very questionable process by means of hypotheses more than questionable.

Eugenics is becoming a familiar word. One would suppose that it was related to Socialism, but the Socialists do not seem very keen about it. Professor Davenport's timely book on heredity will find a hearing in many quarters. Eugenics is defined as the science of the improvement of the human race by better breeding. The definition suggests propaganda of some sort, and while the author is careful to state that our present knowledge of heredity in man is too imperfect to warrant the formulation of rules of conduct for matrimony, yet here and there are recipes as to whom one may marry and whom one may not. The success of marriage is, according to the author, measured "by the number of disease-resistant, cultivable offspring that come from it"! A high number is implied, perhaps, but not actually recommended. The book contains a valuable collection of data relating to human heredity, interpreted almost exclusively from the modern standpoint of the Mendelian law. The value of this method of treatment is not likely to be questioned; nevertheless, the experienced reader may feel that the interpretation is not always secure; indeed, the data, which are themselves rather indiscriminately chosen, appear at times forced into the Mendelian mould. But in no other book will be found so much general and special information bearing on heredity in man. If the enthusiasm of the author were more tempered with caution, the value of the treatise would be enhanced. Dealing as it does with matters that touch the human race in a very weak and sensitive point, sympathy and patience are needed to accomplish the highest ends, rather than haste and exposure and impatience. Davenport's book, while wanting somewhat in the one, is not entirely without the other.

Among a number of recent books on comparative psychology, the volume by Professor Holmes on "The Evolution of Animal Intelligence" is probably the most successful attempt to bring before the general reader the modern points of view dealing with this important subject. With the acceptance of the theory of evolution brought about by Darwin's work, there has been little question among scientists that mental as well as structural evolution has taken place. There has been, it is true, some divergence of opinion as to whether simple reflexes have passed through insensible gradations into instincts, instincts into intelligence, and intelligence into reason; or whether these processes do not stand in a continuous line, but rather represent independent processes. Bergson, for example, sharply distinguishes instinct from intelligence—each shows evolutionary changes within set limits. But the highest forms of instinct, he contends, merge into intelligence; nor is instinct lapsed intelligence, as held by not a few psychologists of the post-Darwinian period. Both views are compatible with sound evolutionary reasoning, but the data are lacking that are necessary to establish either view. Holmes follows the more usual course and tries to show that intelligence is only a further stage of instinct, just as instinct, in turn, is only a complex or chain of reflexes. The chick pecks at a grain of wheat—a purely instinctive act. The grain is tasted and swallowed; a sensation of pleasure accompanies the act; henceforth, the act ceases to be instinctive, and through "association" passes into the realm of intelligent acts. The change has been interpreted as a picture of how, through evolution, instinct has become intelligence; but whether instinct has developed into a higher form of the same process, or whether through an instinctive act a new process has been brought to light, is one of the much mooted points of modern comparative psychology. Holmes accepts the pleasure-pain hypothesis of the origin of intelligent acts as formulated by Hobhouse, and before him by James. An instinctive act that is accompanied by pleasurable sensations establishes a chain of reflexes that are repeated whenever the first step in the process is evoked, as by the sight of a grain of wheat in case of the chick. If, instead of the wheat, a nauseous caterpillar is encountered, tested, tasted, and rejected, a different chain of reflexes is established, and the sight of the caterpillar now calls forth the ejection impulse. The ejection impulse acts to inhibit the first step in the process, and the caterpillar is avoided. Attractive as the reasoning appears, it is not flawless, as Holmes admits, for he concludes that the argument may break down in attempting to apply it to the higher forms of learning; yet so far as it affords a useful working hypothesis, he accepts it, because he thinks it takes us a step further towards the solution of the central problem of modern psychology from the point of view of the evolutionist.

A book waited for with great interest is the important—almost spectacular—work, "The Mechanistic Conception of Life," by Jacques Loeb, which is coming from the press of the University of Chicago. The book has been written in such a manner that the layman may understand the work done by Professor Loeb and draw his own conclusions as to the importance of the fact that living creatures have been developed without the interposition of the paternal element.

Scientific knowledge and accuracy, and the scientific frame of mind, have always been more prominent in the writings of John Burroughs than in those of any other literary writer on nature; but never before has this "intellectual intercourse" with nature, as he terms it, been so prominent, even in his own essays, as in "Time and Change" (Houghton Mifflin). For a considerable part of his life, and "especially of late years," Mr. Burroughs has had a deep interest in geology and in the biological and evolutionary implications of that science; and now he publishes his broodings in a book that is a thoughtful yet emotional reading of earth. He has hearkened to "the still, small voice of the rain and the winds, of the frost and the snow," which has enlightened and at the same time disturbed him greatly. Giving, with Meredith,

> To the Legends an alien look.

he has fastened his gaze on Time and Change, and has found that evolution really adds to the wonder of life. But evolution wins intellectual approbation rather than spiritual fervor; we are plunged into "the cosmic chill," which has, fortunately, an exhilaration all its own. It tells us, coldly but triumphantly, that "the creative and poetic imagination has undoubtedly reached its high-water mark," and hence "we shall probably"—(why "probably" after "undoubtedly"?)—"never see the great imaginative works of the past surpassed or even equalled." "Our awe, our reverence, our veneration . . . seem doomed to play less and less part in the future. Poetry and religion, so called, seem doomed to play less and less part in the life of the race in the future." Instead, we shall advance in scientific discovery and interpretation; and religion will give place to humanitarianism. Man "has withdrawn his gaze from heaven and fixed it upon the earth."

Now, if Mr. Burroughs, standing in the atmosphere of the cosmic chill, sees these things in the remote future, it is not for us to assert that the cosmic chill can possibly be wrong in what it reveals. But it is always urbane to be skeptical, and we accordingly question whether the chilly air that environs the author is perfectly free of mist. We think that great imaginative works may very well appear in the future, and that religious faith is not permanently extinguished. And we do not believe that Mr. Burroughs's position is strengthened by his admission, perhaps an unnecessary one, that the evolutionary theory of man's origin must be taken on "faith." In addition to incessant repetition and verbosity, weaknesses from which Mr. Burroughs's style has always suffered, these essays are—sometimes actually, sometimes only in appearance—confused in thought. The concluding essay, "The Gospel of Nature," leaves one in considerable doubt as to what the author has been taught by the outer world. The whole volume conveys the impression that Mr. Burroughs is somewhat lonely and perplexed when "Slabsides" is so far away. The calm and friendly aspects of nature, the gentle breathing of Mother Earth in the meadows and woods of the East, the intimate companionship of the wake-robin and the vesper sparrow—these seem more proper to his genius than "the monsters of Mesozoic and Caenozoic time" and the perilous sublimities of the cosmic chill. Yet we are far from regretting that these essays were published; if none of them is equal to the best work of the author, they nevertheless present one side of Mr. Burroughs's view of nature much more adequately than any of his earlier collections of essays, and, like anything written by Mr. Burroughs, they afford entertaining and profitable reading.

Dr. Edward Curtis, a brother of the late George William Curtis, died at his home in New York on Thursday of last week. He was born in 1838, was a graduate of Harvard, served with distinction in the Civil War, and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1864. After lecturing for a number of years in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, he was appointed professor emeritus in 1886. Among his writings are "A Manual of General Medicinal Technology," "Nature and Health," "Months and Moods," etc.

We have to record the death on Monday of two American astronomers, Prof. Eben Jenks Loomis and Edwin Smith. Professor Loomis was born in Oppenheim, N. Y., in 1828, and studied at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University. For fifty years he was assistant, the greater part of the time senior assistant, in the Nautical Almanac, and in 1889 was a member of the United States Eclipse Expedition to the West Coast of Africa. The following books bear his name: "Wayside Sketches," "An Eclipse Party in Africa," and "A Sunset Idyl, and Other Poems." Professor Loomis was the father of Mabel Loomis Todd, writer and wife of David Todd, the astronomer. Edwin Smith, who, since 1870, was connected with the Coast and Geodetic Survey, died at his home in Washington in his sixty-second year. He was born in New York city and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1871. Three years later he was put in charge of the party to observe the transit of Venus at the Chatham Islands in the South Pacific. Afterwards he was engaged in determining the force of gravity at Auckland, Sydney, New South Wales; Singapore, Tokio, San Francisco, and Washington, using the three Kater pendulums belonging to the Royal Society of England. For these and subsequent observations, he was recognized by various learned societies.

Drama

With seven new volumes, making forty in all, the "First Folio Shakespeare" is brought to a happy conclusion, for which congratulations are due both to the publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, and to the editor, Charlotte Porter, who completes single-handed the large task entered upon with the aid of Helen A. Clarke. The present instalment brings to us "Henry VI" (3 vols.), "Henry VIII," "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," and "Sonnets and Passionate Pilgrim." We have several times pointed out the peculiar traits of these handy volumes, but it may be well to repeat the matter on this occasion. The text, as the name of the edition implies, is a literal reprint of the First Folio; the transcription, so far as we have examined it and heard the reports of others, is very accurate. At the bottom of the page the necessary or highly probable emendations are printed, with the source from which they are derived. Further, on the side-margins the meaning of obscure or obsolete words is given; and as these glossarial notes are printed directly in line with the word to be explained, the reader obtains in the easiest possible way the immediate help needed for understanding the text. The play itself is preceded by an introduction, and is followed by a series of appendices. The character of the latter is sufficiently indicated by the titles: "Argument," "Sources," "Duration of the Action," "Date of Composition," "Early Editions," "Literary Illustrations" (notes explanatory of the text), "Glossary" (including grammatical usage and pronunciation), "Variorum Readings," and "Selected Criticism." The aim throughout these appendices is to furnish all the material needed for a critical reading of the play, and to provide in brief space a survey of the important theories, emendations, and interpretations of the long line of Shakespearean scholars. To this extent we regard the edition as a model of usefulness and skilful arrangement.

Of the introductions prefixed to the successive volumes of the "First Folio Shakespeare" we have spoken less certainly. They are ornamental rather than essential to the scheme of the undertaking, but we should have been glad to see more of the critical spirit in them and less sentiment. In the volume of the present instalment including the "Sonnets," we are glad to commend a satisfactory, and non-committal, treatment of the Southampton-Herbert discussion. The editor has done well also in setting forth the aspects of the "Sonnets" which take them out of the impersonal Renaissance tradition to which Sir Sidney Lee would relegate them, but we are not so sure that their theme is "the spiritual generation of immortality by the expression of love"—the phrase borders on that sentimentality of which we have before had reason to complain. As a whole, however, the work now completed is of a kind to reflect great credit on the editor.

Among recent new plays in London few have attracted more attention than "Rutherford and Son" (Doran), by a hitherto unknown dramatist, Githa Sowerby. There can be no question of its vigor, but it is not likely to win general popularity, except with the aid of some phenomenally fine performers. Its chief weakness is an unfortunate vagueness of purpose. John Rutherford is the head of glassworks on a cheerless moor in the North of England. He is the personification of remorseless, unscrupulous energy, wholly devoted to the establishment he has created. His one ambition is that "Rutherfords" shall exist and increase from generation to generation. To that end he thinks that his children should uncomplainingly devote their lives. His home is the dreariest of prisons, of which he is the tyrannical jailer. One son, Richard, leaves him to become a curate. The other, John, who has married a poor girl and is only tolerated because his infant son is the heir, is in silent rebellion. A daughter, Janet, embittered by years of domestic drudgery, seeks consolation in the arms of Martin, the trusted foreman of the works. Martin shares with young John Rutherford the secret of an accidentally discovered process which would mean incalculable profit. This secret the son hopes to sell to the father, but the old man claims possession of it as a right, induces Martin to surrender it and then incontinently discharges him, for his conduct with his daughter, Janet, whom he has already turned out of his house. Young John, a moral and intellectual weakling, maddened by the loss of his secret, robs his father's safe and flies, leaving his wife and babe behind, alone with the old man in the deserted house.

It is a tale of almost unmitigated gloom, illustrating the sacrifice of every redeeming human impulse to the Moloch of commercial pride. The only gleam of tenderness is in the final scene, where the lonely John Rutherford softens at the thought of the grandson, who is to succeed him. But the stern, unflinching realism of it grips the reader, and could not fail to be impressive upon the stage. In conception and execution there is nothing to suggest the feminine work, except perhaps the special intuition displayed in the notable sketch of the forlorn Janet, who is bereft of both father and lover by the operation of the very tyranny which she was seeking to escape. The dialogue is strong and characteristic, and the drab northern atmosphere perfect. It is seldom, indeed, that a first play is so mature in form, thought, and expression. Miss Sowerby's next work will be awaited with pleasurable expectation.

Speaking of Granville Barker's production of "Twelfth Night," at the Savoy Theatre, in London, the *Times* critic says, in part:

> It is a most agreeable sensation to feel that for once you are listening to Shakespeare as he wrote: to a Shakespeare who is being allowed to have his say out; and to perceive that you are enjoying it, and obviously all the other listeners are enjoying it, in a simple, natural, childlike way, without any need for make-believe or for appeal to the "historical sense." Mr. Ainley's Malvolio is, to our mind, much more reasonably Shakespearean—a quietly, if inordinately, conceited man, and no magnificent monster. His contempt for the world at large is dry and thin-lipped. His reproof to the roysterers at their midnight orgy is that of his mistress's faithful servant, shocked on her account, rather than that of a tyrant, outraged on his own. In short, a Malvolio played with propriety and tact; and, all the more for that, an entirely amusing figure. You find the same moderation in the drollery of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, in the hands of Mr. Whitby and Mr. Quartermaine. Mr. Whitby knows how to be *half*-drunk, and Mr. Quartermaine how to be a man of breeding, though as big a fool as you please. Their friend, the fool *en titre*, being played by Mr. Hayden Coffin, sings, of course, with perfect taste--sings, indeed rather better than he talks; for Mr. Coffin is not yet quite word perfect.

Martin Harvey has lately acquired two new plays. The first is Edward Knoblauch's "The Faun," which Mr. Faversham has made well known in this country, and the second is a poetic drama by Laurence Binyon, which is based on the Arthurian legend of Lancelot and Guinevere. All that elaborate and tasteful mounting can do for a piece will be done. In the autumn of next year Mr. Harvey will bring his company to this country, to present "Œdipus Rex," in a few of the larger cities.

To their existing stock of plays Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have just added the German piece "Narrentanz" (The Fool's Dance), by Leo Birinski, which has been played already in this city. The name of the adapter remains a secret, nor has the English title yet been chosen. Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have further acquired a new comedy by Elizabeth Baker, author of 'Chains," named "Over a Garden Wall." The continued success of "Milestones" renders the time of the production of these pieces very indefinite.

According to a London critic, Marie Tempest has made a great success in "The Malingerer," a wordless play by Sidney Lewis-Ransom.

Music

History of the Philharmonic Society of London. Compiled by Miles Birket Foster. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

The Story of Bayreuth as Told in the Bayreuth Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated and edited by Caroline V. Kerr. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

The Philharmonic Society of London is celebrating its centenary this year. Its history, particularly during the first six decades of its existence, is virtually the story of orchestral music in Europe, for it placed all countries under tribute for compositions, players, singers, and conductors; and while its policy has always been conservative, in the long run every school had its hearing. When it was founded, in the year in which Wagner and Verdi were born, London had no permanent orchestral society open to the public, for the Concert of Antient Music was really a private and amateur concern, and it had, moreover, a rule forbidding the performance of any music that was not at least twenty years old. The Philharmonic Society, on the contrary, made it a point not only to acquaint its patrons with recent productions at home and abroad, but specially requested prominent composers to write new works, for the privilege of the first performance of which it often offered large sums. Cherubini was commissioned to compose a new symphony, overture, and vocal piece, for £200. Spohr got 250 guineas for writing and conducting a new symphony. But it was towards Beethoven that the directors of the Philharmonic most conspicuously displayed their liberality. In 1815 they purchased of him the right of first performance of three overtures, for 75 guineas. Two years later an offer of 300 guineas was made to him to come and direct two symphonies to be composed by him for the Society. In 1825 the sum of fifty pounds was offered him for a MS. symphony; the money was sent, and so was the manuscript, but not until it had been performed in Vienna, contrary to the stipulations from London. However, the Philharmonic, at any rate, got what it has always since regarded as its chief treasure, the MS. of the Ninth, the greatest of all symphonic works, with the inscription, "Geschrieben für die Philharmonische Gesellschaft in London."

Mr. Foster has divided his book into ten parts, each part dealing with a decade, and each prefaced by a page or two of remarks calling attention to the principal events of the period. There are some 700 programmes, all printed here in full. A glance at those of the earliest concerts shows an odd carelessness in make-up, "Symphony, Beethoven," or "Quartet, Haydn," being all that was deemed necessary for the hearer's guidance. Analytical programmes were not introduced till 1869. The most important innovation of the first decade was the use of a bâton, by Spohr, who had crossed the Channel to conduct one of the concerts in 1820. Up to that time it had been customary to divide what are now the conductor's duties between the leading violinist, who, here and there, beat the time with his bow, and a pianist, who, with the score before him, corrected mistakes or filled up accidental omissions in the performance. Clumsy as this arrangement was, Spohr's introduction of the bâton and his assumption of full authority shocked the directors, some of whom protested against the revolutionary change; but the result was so satisfactory that his method was adopted, the man "at the pianoforte" being thenceforth called conductor, although the title "leader" died hard; it did not disappear entirely till 1846.

Mendelssohn takes an important place in the second and third decades. He played for the Society, conducted, composed symphonies and overtures, and was petted as few mortals have ever been. Though he recognized "the canker in its constitution—musical *rotten-boroughs, etc.*," he was usually in good humor. When Wagner became conductor in 1855 he wrote to a friend: "The directors continually referred me to what they called Mendelssohnian traditions, but I suspect that Mendelssohn simply acquiesced in the traditional ways of the Society." Once Mendelssohn lost his temper, threatening to withhold his own new overture because the musicians balked at a Schubert symphony. It is somewhat surprising that the editor makes no reference to this incident. He also quotes of Wagner's remarks on the Philharmonic only those that are favorable, excepting so far as its excessively long programmes are concerned, which made it impossible, with the time allotted for rehearsals, to do anything thoroughly.

Financially, the Society had its ups and downs, and it must have been at a very low ebb when it offered and gave Wagner only £200 for rehearsing and conducting a whole season's concerts, which contrasts startlingly with the former liberality toward Spohr, Beethoven, and others. At no time, however, though threatened with disaster, did it lower its ideal. The most serious charge it has to answer for is discrimination against certain great composers, which, to be sure, was due to the Handel-Mendelssohn atmosphere. The Slavic and Magyar airs of Chopin and Liszt have never made a strong appeal to British taste. It was not till 1843 that a Chopin concerto was played by the Philharmonic, and this, we are told, was the first performance in public of any of Chopin's music in England. Liszt fared much worse. As early as 1827 he played a Hummel concerto at a Philharmonic concert. In 1840 he was heard again, and got a piece of plate, valued at forty guineas, for his services. With Ole Bull he performed Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, and solo pieces, and the ever-amusing critics, while praising his brilliant execution, "did not approve of his readings of Weber and Beethoven." The Marche Hongroise he played as one of his numbers was the only composition of his heard at these concerts till forty-two years later—four years before his death. Subsequently, this neglect was atoned for.

While Wagner was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in London he devoted his leisure hours to orchestrating the second of his four Nibelung operas. Five years previously he had already planned the building of a theatre for the special performance of this tetralogy. The details of the "Bayreuth Festival Idea," from its planning to the execution, are told in the volume edited by Caroline V. Kerr. The body of it consists of the letters written by Wagner to his four principal helpers, Feustel, Heckel, Carl Brandt, the famous stage machinist, and Theodor Muncker, burgomaster of Bayreuth. Wherever it seemed advisable, the editor has introduced a few pages of comment that make the story continuous. The letters are interesting, not only as illustrating Wagner's infinite patience in the attention to details, but as throwing light on the musical situation in general at that time. The narrative is carried on beyond the Nibelung festival to the first performances of "Parsifal" in 1882, and is followed by interesting extracts from the reminiscences of Winkelmann, Wolzogen, and others, which, like these letters, have never before been presented in English. It is a book which every collector of Wagneriana should have in his library.

Among recent Schirmer publications are six songs by Kurt Schindler, printed as "Three Sonnets of Mediæval Italy" and "Three English Songs."

The Paris *Gaulois* has been collecting the opinion of various composers as to which is Massenet's greatest work. None of them mentioned his most inspired work, "The Juggler of Notre Dame." Bruneau, Xavier, Leroux, and Nougues proclaim their preference for "Werther," while Georges Huë couples "Manon" and the work already mentioned; Paul Vidal rates "Marie-Magdeleine" as the late composer's highest achievement; Puccini—as might, perhaps, have been expected—votes for "Manon," whereas the veteran Charles

Lecocq has given his opinion in favor of "Thaïs."

Art

THE COMING OF LITHOGRAPHY.

LONDON, November 23.

That the members of the Senefelder Club are holding their fourth annual exhibition in London (this year at the Stafford Gallery) is a fact worth recording. For long it seemed so hopeless to obtain due recognition for lithography as an art that many artists, at first enthusiastic, have been discouraged from practicing it. But this small group of lithographers, who founded a society in honor of Senefelder and his invention, have already succeeded in showing, as no one has ever hitherto shown, that lithography ranks with, or even above, etching as an original method of expression for the artist and a subject of interest for the collector. Indeed, it is a much more autographic, much more direct means of expression than etching or any other medium for the multiplication of an artist's designs.

It should seem as if this simple and obvious fact could not have been so completely overlooked by the public—it never was by the artist—in the century and more since the art was invented. But in the beginning, in the great days of the popularity of lithography—about 1830—it was used chiefly for the purpose of illustration. It made its appeal to the publisher by its cheapness and by what at that period of wood-engraving appeared to him the marvellous rapidity with which the drawings, done on stone, or transfer paper, could be prepared for printing. The wood-engraver lingered weeks, or months, over his block; once the drawing was on the stone, it required but the simplest, the shortest process before the stone could be handed to the printer. The art appealed to the artist by its simplicity and directness and freedom—it helped him to escape from the engraver, who cut his work to pieces on the block; it left him at the mercy only of the printer, who, at the worst and single-handed, was never quite so pitiless as the wood-engraver. It is no wonder that artists who wished to multiply their designs accepted the new art eagerly.

But almost all this early work, great as much of it was, was issued in books and magazines and papers got up in the cheapest sort of fashion and published by the hundreds and the thousands. Sometimes there were a few artists' proofs, but these were the exception, and the usual prints were pulled on cheap paper by the professional printer, who had to turn out so many an hour if he would not lose his job. The results were surprisingly good, it is true, but this was not the way to obtain fine prints. In the course of time, too, the cheapness of production, as it is very likely to do in every case, lowered the standard. Then came the chromo-lithograph, and the commercial lithographer, and the trade-union, and the very name of lithography passed into a reproach.

In the nineties there was a serious effort to revive it. The hundredth anniversary of Senefelder's invention was approaching, and a retrospective exhibition was prepared by the French, who had done the most to make lithography worth remembering. Lithographs began to reappear in the Salon. Lithographers in London, publishers in Paris, endeavored to draw artists back to the method which, fifty or sixty years earlier, had yielded such splendid results. Every one knows what was accomplished at this time by Whistler and Fantin-Latour, what noble experiments were made by Carrière and Besnard and a host of others in France. Even in England the Royal Academy woke up to the fact that some sort of a movement was going on, and before the French show opened Leighton had induced several Academicians to do a drawing or so on the stone or transfer paper, in many cases the one lithograph they ever made. The show naturally attracted world-wide attention, with its list of great names and array of great work. For a while it looked as if lithography were on its feet again. But it was no use. People would not buy lithographs; they could not forget the tradition of their cheapness, they missed the plate-mark they had been trained to look for in the etching, and so suspected a fraud somewhere.

It explains the fascination lithography has for the artist that, after this failure, still another effort should have been made to revive it. But the new revival is based upon a firmer foundation. The artist has at last learned that he is not dependent upon the commercial lithographer and the professional printer, and he has rebelled against the limitations, technical and financial, which they imposed upon him. He has learned how to transfer for himself the drawing from the paper to the stone, how to etch the stone, how to print it. He has learned how to get his own effects in his own fashion.

The new life his emancipation has brought to the art may be seen in this year's show of the Senefelder Club at the Stafford Gallery. The work of some of the last generation of lithographers is included: Whistler, Gauguin, Félicien Rops, Carrière, Toulouse-Lautrec, masters all of them. But more space is devoted to the men of the present generation—men of several nationalities and many methods: Louis Legrand, Lunois, Brangwyn, C. H. Shannon, John Copley, Spenser Pryse, Hatrick, Hamilton, Joseph Pennell, to mention a few.

You can see in one impression the delicate grays that were all Whistler, who never printed for himself, thought he could ask of the stone; in another, the deepest, richest, most sonorous blacks. One member may continue faithful to the uniform woolliness beloved by the professional, another work in pure line, a third carry out his design with every gradation of tone from solid black to the gray that fades into white. A few prints are in color. It is extraordinary what variety is to be had from so simple a medium. And everywhere is the freshness, the vitality that comes with genuine interest and intelligent experiment. Further to rid themselves of the commercial element, the members of the Club—whatever the invited exhibitors may do—limit their editions to fifty, though some exhaust the stone long before that number is reached. Altogether, there is every reason to believe that the art of lithography is at last coming into its own and will fill the high position it lost, at first from its abused popularity, afterwards from its commercial degradation.

N. N.

In a special autumn number, "Peasant Art in Russia," the *International Studio* (Lane), follows up the vein it has opened in Austria and Scandinavia. The articles are written by Russian experts under the editorship of Charles Holme. Besides the cuts of objects of art, some in colors, there are numerous interesting pictures of costumed peasants about their work and festivities. Perhaps the most beautiful objects are woodcarvings—spindle-heads, sledges, etc.—and the semi-Oriental tapestries of the Ukraine, which show an eclectic preference for Caucasian, Persian, and Mongol motives.

The "By-Paths in Collecting" (Century), through which Virginia Robie undertakes to guide amateur collectors, are for the most part well trodden and familiar. Yet the chatty, informal style of the book is very readable. Ceramic excursions predominate; there are also chapters on old pianos, samplers, pewter, and sun dials. The information imparted with no pretence of historical sequence is usually accurate. An unwarranted generalization here and there is noted, as in this: "When Dr. Wall founded the pottery works [at Worcester] which were to take such high rank in ceramic annals, he had no other motive in view than to cope with the Chinese trade." R. L. Hobson in his monograph on Worcester makes the more interesting explanation that one of the leading motives of its foundation was to bring to the city a body of skilled artisans, who would "furnish a solid voting contingent in the Whig interest." The justness of the strictures of alleged "forgeries" of the Dr. Syntax series might be questioned: some at least of the new Dr. Syntax plates have been issued in all apparent honesty by the very Adams house which in the early nineteenth century made a specialty of ceramics for the American market. The general excellence of the book would excuse more vital slips than these. The volume is dedicated "without permission to all collectors", only a captious collector would have refused permission if asked.

Finance

TWENTY PER CENT. MONEY.

Three noteworthy incidents in the money market—each of an unusual character, each bearing directly on some phase of the present financial situation, and all connected closely with one another—have occurred within the past week. One was the rise in rates for loans on Wall Street, subject to repayment on demand, to 20 per cent. per annum; the highest since the closing week of 1907, when panic influences were still ascendant, banks had not yet resumed full cash payments, currency was at a premium in bank-checks, and New York bank reserves were $20,000,000 below the lawful ratio to deposits. The second incident was a fall in New York exchange on London to 4.84½, a rate lower than any touched since 1907. The third was Saturday's announcement of a $5,000,000 deficit in New York bank reserves—something which has occurred in only three other weeks since the beginning of 1908.

The high "call money rate" applied to Stock Exchange borrowers. That such a rate as 20 per cent. should have been possible, in the face of the usury law, is due to the exemption, under that law, of loans which either borrower or lender may terminate at any moment. Six per cent. is the legal maximum for loans with a stipulated term to run, but the exemption in favor of "call loans" was incorporated in the statute with the proper purpose of leaving the door open for recourse in emergencies. In the present instance, outside banks, which had been lending heavily on the financial market, were moved by their home requirements to call in such loans, and the 20 per cent. bid measured the inducement which Wall Street borrowers had to offer, in order to retain the out-of-town money and avoid the forced sale of the securities held through it.

The acuteness of the past week's money stringency hit the Stock Exchange hardest, not because of undue expansion there—on the contrary, stock speculation has been exceptionally restrained this season—but because other borrowers had placed their loans on time, and could not be disturbed. Ordinarily, such a situation would be met through large importation of gold from Europe. This would indeed have been especially natural on this occasion, since the tightness of our money market is primarily due to harvesting and marketing the unprecedentedly large crops.

As a matter of fact, our bankers did begin in September to import European gold in considerable amounts, and the foreign exchange market has since then moved even more decidedly in this country's favor. But the Balkan war broke out in October; money tightened on all European markets, and every European bank, in the face of the doubtful political horizon, proceeded to guard its stock of gold. The gold importations therefore ceased. So singular a conjuncture of events suggests some larger considerations in the American part of the situation.

Twenty per cent. call money cannot be assigned, as a 6 per cent. rate occasionally is, merely to the rôle of an "index of prosperity." Advocates of currency reform are in the habit of laying responsibility for such abnormal rates on the existing scheme of banknote issues. That is a bit far-fetched, since the capital defect of the present system is that, so long as the public debt is not being rapidly redeemed, it operates generally towards chronic expansion of the currency, and therefore can hardly cause such tight-money incidents as this.

But the criticism that, even if the present banking system did not cause the trouble, it provides no means of alleviation, is likely to have more force this time than it had half a dozen years ago—for instance, when Mr. Schiff made the 125 per cent. call money rate of December, 1905, his text for similar criticism. The case was not so clear, either that year or the year after, because the acute stringency of the period was then a direct and immediate result of the mischievous activities of powerful banks and powerful capitalists affiliated with them. Their reckless misuse of the market's credit facilities, on a prodigious scale and to help out infatuated Stock Exchange speculations of their own, was certainly the primary cause of our acute money stringency of the day, and would probably have made trouble under any currency system. That even Mr. Aldrich had to amend and re-amend his banking plan with a view to providing against "Wall Street control," was due to the public suspicion, which cannot be pronounced altogether unreasonable, that people who had played such tricks with the credit machinery under one system might do it even more effectively under another. The country has those wealthy adventurers chiefly to thank for the subsequent deadlock in currency reform.

But no such qualifying considerations surround the present episode. The promoters and the speculators have been a negligible influence. The Stock Exchange itself has been perhaps the most conservative part of the season's business organism. There has been no such mountain of "American finance paper" in Europe as used to call forth the warnings, and finally the aggressive veto, of the Bank of England in 1905 and 1906. Whatever the cause of the present week's 20 per cent. money rate, it is not that.

The cause is generally conceded to be the sudden and great activity in American trade, with unusually large demands on banking accommodation, coming at an hour when the normal and habitual providing of credit facilities and gold by Europe in anticipation of its import of agricultural staples from us was obstructed by the foreign political disturbances and money hoarding. This was a case for scientific banking. It can hardly be doubted that a centralized credit institution in this country, managed by competent and distinterested financiers and able to take over loans from banks which had too much to care for, would have served an invaluable purpose.

On those general lines, the question will sooner or later have to be dealt with. This season has provided a fair test of our system of "shifting loans" to interior banks—which has meant, as usual, that when the money rate was high enough to induce them to do so, those institutions would lay hands on their own out-of-town reserve and toss it into the money market in the form of loans. They were already probably allowed to count as "lawful reserve" too large a portion of these balances in other cities. When they proceeded to strip themselves of such re-deposited reserves, for the sake of a 6 or 9 per cent. interest rate, they were bound to wake up before very long, in a season when demand from their own home customers was active, to the discovery that their reserve was heavily impaired. When such discoveries are made, the interior lenders promptly pull out the planks from under the New York market, and then we have 20 per cent. money.

The vice of the present system is not primarily the issue of bond-secured banknote currency. The real source of evil is the lack, when Europe is financially tied up, of any place for American banks to go, with any assurance of continuing credit facilities, for rediscount of loans which have accumulated beyond the power of their own cash reserve to sustain with observance of the law.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"Aguecheek." My Unknown Chum. Devin-Adair Co. $1.50 net.
Alexander. Boyd Alexander's Last Journey, with a Memoir by Herbert Alexander. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Amery, L. S. Union and Strength. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Barton, John. Denys of Auxerre: A Drama. London: Christophers.
Beard, C. A. American City Government. Century Co.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Servile State. London: T. N. Foulis.
Beveridge, W. H. John and Irene: An Anthology of Thoughts on Woman. Longmans. $1.40 net.
Bicknell, E. E. Paris and Her Treasures. Scribner.
Bignell, Effie. Saint Anne of the Mountains. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

A Check List for Christmas

GIFT BOOKS

The Home Book of Verse.—American and English (1580-1912)—Compiled by Burton E. Stevenson. The most comprehensive collection of poetry and verse. 3,840 pages. India paper. 1 vol. Boxed. cloth, $7.50 *net;* half morocco, *net*......$12.50 (Special circular free.)

Bill the Minder.—Both written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. With 16 plates in full color and some hundred line drawings. Comparable to "Alice in Wonderland." Boxed, *net* 3.50

On Some of Life's Ideals.—"Two of the most stimulating things that ever came from the pen of William James." *Net*.... 50c.

American Graphic Art.—By F. Weitenkampf. Etching, engraving, lithography etc., and their applications. Notable illustrations. *Net* 2.75

Engraved Gems.—By Duffield Osborne. Signets, Talismans, and Ornamental Intaglios, Ancient and Modern. Very fully illustrated. *Net* 6.00

The Collectors,—Stories, often humorous, of art collectors, forgeries, thefts, etc. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. *Net*.... 1.25

FOR WOMEN

A Montessori Mother.—Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of "The Squirrel-Cage," tells just what American mothers want to know about home applications of the Montessori method. *Net*............ 1.25

Why Women Are So.—Mary Roberts Coolidge makes an authoritative statement of the basis for the changed outlook of and for women. *Net* 1.50

BOOKS OF INFORMATION

Village Life in America.—(1852-1872) The diary of a school girl. Caroline C. Richards. *Net* 1.30

Creative Evolution.—By Henri Bergson. 8th printing. *Net*................ 2.50

Germany and the German Emperor.—By G. H. Perris. *Net* 3.00

Leading American Inventors.—By George Iles ..*Net* 1.75

The World's Leading Painters.—By G. B. Rose. *Net* 1.75

Some English Story Tellers.—By F. T. Cooper. Popular articles on younger novelists of the day. *Net* 1.60

FICTION

Martha By-the-Day.—By Julie M. Lippmann. 4th printing. *Net*.......... 1.00

Phoebe, Ernest and Cupid. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. *Net* 1.35

The Soul of a Tenor.—By W. J. Henderson. "A really great novel."—*Times.* *Net* 1.35

Making a Business Woman.—By Anne Shannon Monroe. The story of a typist who wins independence. *Net*...... 1.30

My Dog and I.—By Gerald Sidney. A tale of a sable pup with more sable propensities. *Net* 1.00

The Squirrel-Cage.—By Dorothy Canfield. About the struggle of an American wife and mother to call her soul her own. *Net* 1.35

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Gulliver's Voyages—THE children's Gulliver. Charmingly illustrated in color and line by P. A. Staynes. *Net*...............2.25

Partners for Fair.—By Alice C. Haines. author of "The Luck of the Dudley-Grahams." *Net* 1.25

Saints and Heroes: Since the Middle Ages.—By Dean Hodges. Biographies of fourteen great men from Luther to Wesley. *Net* 1.35

FOR GIRLS

Betty-Bide-at-Home.—By Beulah M. Dix. A story of home life. *Net*......... 1.25

Friends in the End.—By Beulah M. Dix. A story of country life. *Net*...... 1.25

The Castaways of Pete's Patch.—By C. W. Rankin, author of "Dandelion Cottage," etc. *Net* 1.25

FOR BOYS

The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill.—By C. P. Burton. *Net* 1.25

Sir Walter Raleigh.—By John Buchan. Told in eleven stories. With double page colored pictures. *Net* 2.00

Tom Strong, Washington's Scout.—By A. B. Mason. An historically correct tale of the Revolution. *Net*.... 1.25

Add 8% to prices for carriage.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Drinkwater, John. William Morris, a Critical Study. Mitchell Kennerley.
Dutton's Holiday Annual. Edited by A. C. Playne. Dutton. $1.25.
Earls, M. The Road Beyond the Town, and Other Little Verses. Benziger Bros. $1.25.
Easton, I. L. Songs of the Southland. Boston: Badger.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Uncollected Writings. Lamb Publishing Co.
Fisher, I., and others. How to Invest when Prices are Rising. Scranton, Pa.: G. Lynn Sumner & Co.
Flannery, M. J. Songs Under Open Skies. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.
Forbes, E. A. Twice Around the World. Revell. $2 net.
Fox. S. F. Mother and Baby. Philadelphia: Blakiston's Son. 60 cents net.
Gibbs, May. About Us. Dutton. $1.50.
Goldstein, D., and Avery, M. M. Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children. Second edition. Boston: Flynn & Co.
Gomperz, Theodor. Greek Thinkers. Vol. IV, trans. by G. G. Berry. Scribner.
Graves, Clotilde (Richard Dehan). Maids in a Market Garden. Wycil & Co. $1 net.
Handasyde. The Four Gardens. Illus. by C. Robinson. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Harris, Credo. Motor Rambles in Italy. Moffat, Yard. $2.50 net.
Hilkey, J. E. Beyond the Stars. Boston: Badger.
Home University Library. No. 50, The Making of the New Testament, by B. W. Bacon. Holt. 50 cents net.
Hügel, F. v. Eternal Life. Scribner.
Jackson, Holbrook. All Manner of Folk. Mitchell Kennerley.
Johnson, J. A. Three Visions, and Other Poems. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.
Johnston, W. D., and Mudge, I. G. Special Collections in Libraries in the U. S. Washington: Government Ptg. Office.
Jordan, D. S. The Story of a Good Woman, Jane Lathrop Stanford. Boston: American Unitarian Ass'n. 75 cents net.
Loti, Pierre. Carmen Sylva, and Sketches from the Orient. Trans. by F. Rothwell. Macmillan. $1 net.
McClellan, W. S. Smuggling in the American Colonies at the Outbreak of the Revolution. (Prize Essays series, Williams College.) Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Mancini, G. Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing. Trans. by P. Buzzi. Boston: Badger. $2 net.
Manly, J. M., and Bailey, E. R. Lessons in English. Books I and II. Heath.
Merry Surprises: A Novel Picture Book for Children. Dutton. $1.25.
Milne, James. John Jonathan & Company. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Montgomery, R. H. Auditing Theory and Practice. Ronald Press Co.
Moore, C. H. The Mediæval Church Architecture of England. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Moreton, Marshall. The Dance of Dinwiddie. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.
Munro, Robert. Palæolithic Man and Terramara Settlements in Europe. Macmillan.
Murray, J. H. P. Papua, or British New Guinea. Scribner.
My Fairy Tale Book. Dutton. 50 cents.
O'Kane, W. C. Injurious Insects. Macmillan. $2 net.
Our Farmyard Favourites (Pictorial). Dutton. 50 cents.
Our Little Folk's First Book. Illustrated in color. Dutton. 50 cents.
Parker, Gilbert. Works. Vols. I and II. Scribner. $2 each (in sets only).
Patterson, R. J. Catch-My-Pal. Doran. $1 net.
Post, M. A. My Little Chinese Book. Dutton. 50 cents.
Queen Victoria's Girlhood, 1832-1840. Illustrated. 2 vols. Longmans, Green. $9 net.
Rauschenbusch, Walter. Christianizing the Social Order. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Rodin, Auguste. Art. Boston: Small, Maynard. $7.50 net.
Roe, W. J. An Inn for Journeying Thoughts. Boston: Badger.
Sankey, J. H. Poetry and Prose. Boston: Badger.
Seton, Ernest Thompson. The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore. Doubleday, Page. $1.75 net.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Charcoals of New and Old New York. Doubleday, Page.
Sports in Animal Land. Pictures by G. H. Thompson and C. Bingham. Dutton. $1.50.
Statham, H. H. A Short Critical History of Architecture. Scribner. $3.75 net.
The Little Animal Model Maker. Dutton. 50 cents.
The Painting Book of the Farm. Dutton. 50 cents.
The Young Rider's Model Book. Dutton. 50 cents.
University Hymn Book. Compiled by a Committee of Members of the University of Toronto. Frowde.
Vardon, Harry. How to Play Golf. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. $2 net.
Wakeling, T. G. Forged Egyptian Antiquities. Macmillan. $2 net.
Whetham, W. C. D. and C. D. Science and the Human Mind. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Whitcomb, S. L. Poems. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
White, Bouck. The Call of the Carpenter (of Nazareth). Doubleday, Page.

THE CAT
Edited by
Agnes Repplier

Prefixing this collection with a charming essay, Miss Repplier has here brought together her favorite passages in literature devoted to the cat. A dainty and attractive volume. 16*mo.* *Illustrated.* $1.00 *net.*

The Man Who Came Back
By JOHN FLEMING WILSON
Author of "The Land Claimers," Etc.

The story of a young man spoiled by wealth and dissipation who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. How the prodigal "comes back," bringing the fatted calf with him, is what this tale tells. 12*mo.* *Illustrated,* 75c *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

The Snakes of South Africa, Their Venom, and the Treatment of Snake Bite

By F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., F.R.M.S., Director, Port Elizabeth Museum, Author of "The Monkeyfolk of South Africa." *New Edition. Enlarged and Thoroughly Revised. With* 193 Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. xvi+546. $4.50 *net* (*postage* 23 *cents*).

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Plays and Players in Modern Italy

Being a study of the Italian stage as affected by the political and social life, manners and character of to-day.

By ADDISON McLEOD

8vo, cloth, gilt top, with illustrations $2.75 *net.*

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

PRESENTS OF PERMANENT VALUE TO SUIT ALL TASTES AND ALL PURSES

This advertisement presents but a few of our Representative Titles. It is not practicable to do justice to these books in the space available in this issue of The Nation. Our New Illustrated Catalogue (48 pages) describing nearly four hundred books for presents will be mailed on request.

The Story of the Bronx

By **STEPHEN JENKINS**, Author of "The Greatest Street in the World—Broadway." 8°. With over 100 Illustrations and Maps. **$3.50 net.**

From the purchase made by the Dutch from the Indians in 1639 to the present day.

In the Amazon Jungle

By **ALGOT LANGE.** With an Introduction by F. S. Dellenbaugh. 8°. With 86 Illustrations from Original Photographs. **$2.50 net.**

Extraordinary adventures in a remote part of the upper Amazon River, including a sojourn among the cannibal Indians.

The Japanese Nation

ITS LAND, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS LIFE. With special consideration to its relations with the United States. **By INAZO NITOBE. $1.50 net.**

A thorough study of Japan by one of her foremost scholars.

A Beginner's Star Book

By **KELVIN McKREADY.** With Charts of the Moon, Tables of the Planets, and Star-Maps on a New Plan. 70 Illustrations. Square 8°. **$2.50 net.**

An easy guide to the stars and to the astronomical uses of the opera-glass, the field-glass, and the telescope. A Baedeker for the sky.

The Diaries of William Charles Macready

1833-1851

Edited by **WILLIAM CHARLES TOYNBEE.** 8°. 2 vols. **$7.50 net.**

In a style full of candor the author speaks of the stage rivals and illustrious contemporaries with whom he came in contact.

Kings and Gods of Egypt

By **ALEXANDER MORET,** Author of "In the Time of the Pharaohs." 8°. With 20 Illustrations. **$2.00 net.**

A popular account of some of the most representative figures in Egyptian history and worship.

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci

By **DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI.** New edition. 2 vols., with 64 Illustrations. 8°. **$5.00 net.**

Reproduces with astonishing skill the atmosphere of the Renaissance.

Thy Rod and Thy Staff

By **ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.** 12°. **$1.50 net.**

A delightful essayist whose critical writings rank among the best.

The Hoosac Valley

Its Legends and Its History

By **GRACE GREYLOCK NILES.** 8°. With 110 Illustrations and 3 Maps. **$3.50 net.**

An abundance of material hitherto uncollected and also profuse illustrations of Revolutionary heroes and historic spots.

The Poetical Works of

William Henry Drummond

New Edition. Bible Paper. With Portrait in Photogravure. Cloth, gilt. **$2.50 net.** Full leather, gilt. **$3.50 net.**

The complete poems of the great Canadian "Habitant" poet.

Romance of the French Chateaux

Feudal—Renaissance—Bourbon

By **ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.** 2 vols. 8°. With 22 Photogravure and 94 other Illustrations. **$6.00 net.**

A delightful blending of history, art and romance.

Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories

By **MARION HARLAND.** 8°. 167 Illustrations. **$3.50 net.**

The traditions and historical associations that cluster about the old family estates founded by notable Americans of the Colonial period.

Our Books Are For Sale Everywhere, and the Books of *All* Publishers Will Be Found in Our Retail Stores. Add 8% for carriage charges.

45th Street
(Just *West* of 5th Avenue.)

G. P. Putnam's Sons

23d Street
(Just *West* of 5th Avenue.)

NEW BOOKS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Courts, The Constitution, and Parties

Studies in Constitutional History and Politics. By ANDREW C. MCLAUGHLIN, Professor of History in the University of Chicago.

The work consists of five papers, the first of which discusses the power of a court to declare a law unconstitutional. Two deal with the growth and essential character of political parties, and are followed by one on the history of differing theories of the Federal Union. The work fittingly concludes with a discussion of the written constitution in some of its historical aspects. 308 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth*, *postpaid*, $1.63.

American Poems

Selected and edited with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies. By WALTER C. BRONSON, Professor of English Literature, Brown University.

The book offers a most carefully chosen and well balanced presentation of the poetic works of Americans, covering the entire period of our history. For the teacher as well as the student the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the comprehensive Notes, Bibliography, Glossary, and Index. It is believed that the book will have the wide popularity of Mr. Bronson's earlier collection, English Poems, which has been adopted by all leading American colleges. 680 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth*, *postpaid*, $1.68.

The Minister and the Boy

By ALLAN HOBEN, Associate Professor of Homiletics in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

From the first chapter on "The Call of Boyhood," through one on "The Approach to Boyhood," the author leads us by suggestion and informing principles to realize the enormous opportunity afforded by the raw material, "boy," on which the minister may work. Later chapters on play and vocational choice show how to train the boy for citizenship, how responsive he is to the right sort of impetus, and how his religious life may indirectly, and even unconsciously, be stimulated by the proper appeal to his manly instincts, while furnishing him with a normal outlet for his natural enthusiasm.
Illustrated, 180 *pages*, 12*mo*, *cloth*, *postpaid*, $1.10.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"At McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT
A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITING **For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words Jack Liverpool, 7 BerwickPk., Boston**

SOME OF LITTLE, BROWN & CO.'S HOLIDAY BOOKS

Romantic Days in the Early Republic

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Depicts vividly the social history of the old Atlantic seaboard cities. *With* 50 *illustrations. In box*, $2.50 *net; by mail*, $2.71.

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets

By ELIZA CALVERT HALL

The first book on old-time coverlets, enumerating 350 varieties. *With* 64 *plates*, 16 *colored;* 8*vo*. $4.00 *net; by mail*, $4.20.

Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings

By MARY H. NORTHEND

A handsome volume describing old-time houses and their contents. *With* 225 *half-tone plates. Royal* 8*vo*, $5.00 *net; by mail*, $5.26.

Historic Summer Haunts

By F. LAURISTON BULLARD

Describes the landmarks along the New England Coast. *With* 32 *sketches by Louis H. Ruyl. Boxed*, $2.50 *net; by mail*, $2.76.

John Hancock

The Picturesque Patriot

By LORENZO SEARS

A genuine biography of a striking personality. *Photogravure frontispiece.* 12*mo*, $1.50 *net; by mail*, $1.61.

Pride of War

By GUSTAF JANSON

Remarkable stories showing the tragedies of the Turko-Italian War. $1.30 *net; by mail*, $1.42.

New Holiday Edition, Illustrated in Color

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

By JEFFERY FARNOL

A handsome holiday edition of this famous story. *With* 24 *full-page colored plates by C. E. Brock.* 8*vo*, *boxed*, $3.00 *net; by mail*, $3.21.

The Party Book

By WINNIFRED FALES and MARY H. NORTHEND

Invaluable to every hostess. *Fully illustrated.* $2.00 *net; by mail*, $2.16.

Woman in the Making of America

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

A historical review of woman's activities. 12*mo*, $1.50 *net; postpaid*, $1.62.

The New Grant White Shakespeare

Richard Grant White's authoritative text edited by William P. Trent, Benjamin W. Wells and John B. Henneman. POCKET EDITION. *With* 48 *photogravure plates.* 12 *vols.* 18*mo*, *full limp leather*, $1.50 *net per volume.*

Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE

Treats fully the life and customs of the Swiss. *Fully illustrated.* 8*vo*, *boxed*, $3.00 *net; postpaid*, $3.18.

Romances and Travels of Gautier

POCKET EDITION. Translated and edited by Professor F. C. De Sumichrast. *ROMANCES, in* 10 *vols., with* 30 *photogravure plates. Full limp leather*, $15.00 *net. Sold only in sets. TRAVELS, in* 7 *vols., with* 21 *photogravure plates;* $1.50 *net per volume.*

English and Welsh Cathedrals

By T. D. ATKINSON

Full descriptions of famous edifices. 40 *pictures*, 20 *in color;* 48 *plans.* 8*vo*, *boxed*, $3.50 *net; postpaid*, $3.71.

Published by LITTLE, BROWN & CO., 34 Beacon St., Boston. At all Booksellers

---

Publishers

This is to remind you that Composition, Electrotyping, Presswork and Binding are taken care of in the best manner and at the most reasonable prices by

The Nation Press
N. Y. Evening Post Building
Twenty Vesey St.
New York City

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

CAMP FIRE REMINISCENCES; Or, Tales of Hunting and Fishing in Canada and the Great West.

By DAVID MOORE LINDSAY, author of "A Voyage to the Arctic in the Whaler Aurora," etc. Illustrated with over fifty reproductions from photographs of actual scenes and happenings. *Cloth*, 12*mo*. $1.50 *net.*

JOHN LAVERY AND HIS WORK

By WALTER SHAW-SPARROW. With an introduction by R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. A companion volume to "Frank Brangwyn and his Work." Illustrated with reproductions in color, Rembrantgravures, and collotypes. *Cloth*, 4*to*, $3.50 *net.*

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

A new translation in the Metre of the original by H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. The aim of the translator has been to produce an English version of the Odyssey in a form resembling the original as closely as possible in its rapidity, directness, naturalness and vigor. This handsome book contains 360 pages, printed in red and black, and twenty-four reproductions of drawings by Mr. Patten Wilson. These pictures are drawn with pencil and are characterized by an exquisite finish and by extreme faithfulness to the spirit of Homer. *Large quarto, cloth, gilt.* $5.50 *net.*

RAMBLES IN NORWAY

By HAROLD SIMPSON. With eight illustrations in color, and thirty-two from photographs. Uniform with Rambles in the Black Forest, Rambles in the French Chateaux, etc. *Crown* 8*vo*, *cloth, boxed.* $2.50 *net.*

OXFORD

By EDWARD C. ALDEN. Illustrated with fifty water-color drawings. 8*vo*, *cloth back gilt, in a box matching binding.* $2.50 *net.*

DANA ESTES & CO., BOSTON

Choice Books for Christmas Giving

For every Lincoln lover

Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln

By HELEN NICOLAY

A delightful and illuminating record, based largely upon material gathered by the late John G. Nicolay, one of Lincoln's private secretaries. An intimate and sympathetic revelation of many unfamiliar phases of the great American's private life. Reproductions of handbills, invitations, letters, and documents in Lincoln's own writing.

Tall 12mo, 387 pages. Price $1.80 net, postage 14 cents.

Everybody's St. Francis

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN
United States Minister to Denmark.

A biography of rare sympathy and charm, the story of the life and work of perhaps the most widely known and loved saint of all history. Eight exquisite full-page illustrations in the colors of the originals, and twelve in black and white, by the noted French artist, M. Boutet de Monvel.

Royal 8vo, 195 *pages. Price* $2.50 *net, postage* 12 *cents.*

For the print enthusiast

Prints and Their Makers

Essays of authority on engravers old and modern. Edited by FitzRoy Carrington. Illustrations from 197 original etchings and engravings of rare interest and value. Beautifully made.

Royal 8vo, 275 *pages of text. Price* $3.50 *net, postage* 21 *cents.*

For the friend who loves old things

By-Paths in Collecting

By VIRGINIA ROBIE

A delightful guide for both the experienced and amateur collector in the quest of rare and unique old china, furniture, brass, etc. A charmingly made volume. Frontispiece in rich color. Eighty interesting insets from photographs. Lovely headbands and tailpieces by Brennan.

8*vo,* 600 *pages. Price* $2.40 *net, postage* 16 *cents.*

A specially satisfying gift-book

Why Go to College

By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

This broad survey of academic life and influence has a message for every man and woman interested in the equipping of the young men of our nation for efficient citizenship. Attractive illustrations from etchings and drawings by Thomas Wood Stevens and others.

8*vo,* 212 *pages. Price* $1.50 *net, postage* 13 *cents.*

For the thinking citizen

The New Industrial Day

By WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.

A fresh and vital discussion of pressing problems by an authority, dealing with fundamental, economic and sociological laws. A book of live interest.

12*mo,* 275 *pages. Price* $1.25 *net, postage* 12 *cents.*

Our Illustrated Holiday Catalogue is rich in suggestions for Christmas planning and giving. It tells all about many new books, and much about many choice standard books. A very helpful "Classified List of Books for Boys and Girls" is included. We are glad to send it on request—and you can see the books described in it at your bookseller's.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York

A most appropriate and refined

HOLIDAY GIFT

The artistic and well-known

Etchings of Famous Americans

JACQUES REICH, 105 West 40th Street
NEW YORK.

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

DECEMBER
FREE

The issues of the Nation for December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

The Nation,
20 Vesey St., New York

MERRYMOUNT PRESS
PUBLICATIONS

Now ready
In The Humanists' Library

Correspondence of Hubert Languet and Sir Philip Sidney

Edited by W. A. BRADLEY
author of the
"Life of William Cullen Bryant"

Printed throughout in red and black
8vo, 264 pp. $3.00; postpaid $3.14

The letters of Sidney form an invaluable contribution to the social and political history of the period. The charming letters of the scholar-diplomatist Languet were among the influences contributing to mould Sidney's character. An interesting introduction is supplied by Mr. Bradley.

To be shortly followed by

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S
Journeys to Venice and the Low Countries

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA'S
Platonick Discourse upon Love

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA'S
Galateo — Of Manners and Behaviour

Single volumes, $3.00 each; postpaid $3.14
Subscriptions to above four volumes, $10.00

Special circular on request

D. B. UPDIKE
232 SUMMER ST., BOSTON

WILHELM TELL, Act 1. By SCHILLER

Four Complete (juxtaposed) Texts Always Visible:

1. Fonetic (alfagamic) German
2. Ordinary (romanized) German
3. Word-for-word English
4. Free English (verse)

IDEOFONIC

Texts for Acquiring Languages

By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE

Editorial Critic: GEORGE HEMPL, of Stanford University

265 pages. *Cloth* 50c, postpaid 60c; *paper* 25c, postpaid 31c

LANGUAGES COMPANY, 143 W. 47th St., New York

IN MANY

Public Libraries

The Office Clerks are instructed to cut out the advertising columns of THE NATION as a guide for the Purchasing Committees.

"We buy *every* book you advertise," writes one of the best known librarians in the U. S.

To many libraries and to many individuals, books advertised in THE NATION are at once recommended as desirable.

THE
MUSICIANS LIBRARY
Sixty-four Volumes Issued
The Masterpieces of Song and Piano Music in a Series of Splendid Volumes
Edited with Authority and Engraved, Printed and Bound with Surpassing Excellence

NEW VOLUMES

SCHUBERT (FRANZ) Selected Piano Compositions
Edited by AUGUST SPANUTH.

SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF ALL NATIONS
Edited by GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

TCHAIKOVSKY (P. I.) FORTY SONGS High Voice / Low Voice
Edited by JAMES HUNEKER.

PRICES: Each Volume in Heavy Paper, Cloth Back, **$1.50.** In Full Cloth, Gilt, **$2.50**
Prices include transportation. Booklet giving full particulars free on request.
SPECIAL PRICES TO LIBRARIANS ON REQUEST

"The Musicians Library is one of the most praiseworthy exhibits of the American music publisher. The fifty-five volumes so far issued comprise most of the best songs and pianoforte pieces in existence. Beautifully printed and intelligently edited by authorities."—*The Nation.*

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK

JAMES M. LUDLOW
"Avanti!"
Garibaldi's Battle Cry.
A Tale of the Resurrection of Sicily

"No land and no time has been better suited for the scene of an exciting historical romance. Ludlow displays the wealth of imagination necessary for developing the possibilities."—*Tennessee Banner.* **Net, $1.25**

MARGARET E. SANGSTER
Eastover Parish
With Appreciation by Harriet Prescott Spofford

Margaret Sangster's last published work, the MS. of which was in the publisher's hands at the time of her death.

"Full of sweetness and strength—probably the best expression of the philosophy that ruled Mrs. Sangster's life that is known."—*Brooklyn Citizen.* **Net, $1.00**

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN
The Penny Philanthropist
Author of "Everybody's Lonesome," Etc.

"Peggy is the book, and her charm is in her humanness and in her humor, in her knowledge of people and her capacity to understand. She is a most comfortable and entertaining bit of femininity and delights the reader."—*Chicago Evening Post.* **Net, $1.00**

JAMES CANTLIE
Dean of the College of Medicine, Hong Kong, 1889-96, and C. Sheridan Jones.
Sun Yat Sen
and the Awakening of China
An Intimate Narrative of China's Famous Patriot

"A story of this remarkable man by intimate friends. More dramatic and startling than romance, it throws a flood of light on some great events."—*Presbyterian Banner.* **Illustrated. 12mo. cloth, net, $1.25.**

K. K. KAWAKAMI
Does Japan Want War? Read
American-Japanese Relations
An Inside View of Japan's Policies and Purposes.

"Have read this remarkable book with keen interest. I regard it as the most timely, comprehensive and accurate presentation of the situation yet published."—*William Elliot Griffis.*
8vo, cloth, net, $2.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS
Books Worth Reading

ALREADY THE SEASON'S SUCCESS
By Author of "Order No. 11"
The Master of "The Oaks"
CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY

"An extremely well-written tale. It is refreshing among modern problem stories to meet with such wholesome and charming characters."—*N. Y. Sun.*
Illustrated. Net, $1.25

Author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador"
The Best of a Bad Job
NORMAN DUNCAN

Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachelot," says: "I am absolutely certain that with the exception of Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Rudyard Kipling no writer about the sea has ever probed so deeply and so faithfully into its mysteries as Norman Duncan." **Illustrated. Net, $1.00**

Send for New Illustrated Folder, "Books of Worth."
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, Publishers
New York, 158 Fifth Ave. Chicago, 125 No. Wabash Ave.

Edgar Allen Forbes
Twice Around the World

The author of "The Land of the White Helmet" has travelled farther afield this time. He has gone "coast-wise—cross seas—round the world and back again." Those who know the work which Mr. Forbes has done on "The World's Work" will be prepared for this wealth of good things.
Illustrated. Net, $2.00

HUGH BLACK, M.A.
Author of "Friendship."
Three Dreams

Hugh Black is a modern prophet whose eyes are far-seeing, who hears the music of eternal harmonies. His message rings clear and true above the roar of the ceaseless operation of things material in the strenuous life of to-day. **Illustrated, decorated boards, net, 50c.**

RUPERT HUGHES
Miss 318 and Mr. 37
Author of "Miss 318," "Excuse Me," Etc.

"An extraordinary tale which leaves one's faith in humanity stronger. It is iridescent with humor and will make readers both laugh and think."—*Boston Herald.*
Illustrated. Net, 75c.

WINIFRED ARNOLD
Mis' Bassett's Matrimony Bureau
A Story of "Way Down East"

"Contains, as the publishers announce, 'a laugh on every page.' There is a good deal of homely philosophy in Mis' Bassett's observations expressed in her delightful way."—*Rochester Herald.* **Illustrated. Net, $1.00**

With the Way to "Once-Upon-a-Time"—By Henry van Dyke.
Once-Upon-a-Time Tales
By MARY STEWART
Illustrated and decorated in colors by
Griselda M. McClure

"Fresh and sweet as spring flowers. They are outdoor fairy stories, full of all the outdoor pretty things."—*Chicago Tribune.*
Net, $1.25

AN INSTANT SUCCESS: BY THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S

Atlantis

Like many classics, this novel (just published) will interest people for different reasons; some will care for its narrative, to others it will appeal because of its symbolism, and again there are those who will respond primarily to its psychology. The dual nature of the hero attempts to attune itself to conflicting influences; it is the old struggle between the spirit and the flesh. A pen sensitive to the nuances of life describes the gaieties of an ocean voyage, the thrilling tragedy of a sinking vessel, the sordid side of the theatre in New York, and the forces—virtue, hypocrisy, art, puritanism—that contribute to the spirit of America.

(*Translated by Adele and Thomas Seltzer.*) $1.50 *net; by mail*, $1.62.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S

Dramas, Volume I

(Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn)

Containing INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

BEFORE DAWN	THE BEAVER COAT
THE WEAVERS	THE CONFLAGRATION

The complete edition which this inaugurates is authorized by Hauptmann and published with his coöperation. English speaking readers may at last study the entire dramatic works of the greatest living Continental dramatist. Volume I (about 700 pages) ready in December. Other volumes in preparation. Order in advance. $1.50 *net; by mail*, $1.65.

A MESSAGE FROM THE GREATEST LIVING SCULPTOR

AUGUSTE RODIN'S

Venus:

To the Venus of Melos

The greatest sculptor in modern times pays tribute to the greatest relic of Greek art. It is at once an eloquent prose poem and a confession of artistic principles. A beautifully made book; an ideal gift. Authorized edition. (*Translated by Dorothy Dudley.*) *Portrait and other illustrations.*
50 *cents net; by mail, 55 cents.*

B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, 225 Fifth ave., New York

"In this fascinating new book of pictures and text about the majestic western mountains, the author's descriptive power rises equal to his task of painting on a grand scale what the hand of God has so magnificently laid out. He sees the geological ages at work, uptilting here an ocean bed, folding the earth's crust, molding colossal mountain barriers, planting the forests. Nor does he forbear to note those earliest human associations which have invested the scene with the poetry of myth. Fascinating are the Indian legends whereby the bronze aborigines accounted for the marvels that thrilled their primitive imagination. . . . Especially interesting is the story of the birth of the great mountains, told in the author's eloquent and graphic text."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE COLUMBIA

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS

Uniform in size, styles and prices with "THE MOUNTAIN THAT WAS 'GOD'" (Mt. Rainier-Tacoma), by the same author.

Large 8vo, with 210 illustrations (eight in colors) of Mts. Hood, Adams and St. Helens. EDITION DE LUXE, in flexible leather, boxed, $2.50 *net*; LIBRARY EDITION, cloth, $1.50 *net*. Postage 16 cents extra.

"An unusual book, profusely and remarkably illustrated; a delightful book."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Mr. Williams knows the country so well and writes of it so intimately that it is not surprising his former descriptive work ('The Mountain that Was "God"') sold 45,000 copies in less than two years. The student of nature's wonderful spectacles will find in this most handsome and reliable new book a source of much enjoyment."—*Detroit News.*

"By issuing these two volumes on the mountains and forests of our Northwest, Mr. Williams has rendered a service of great value to all nature-loving Americans. It is possible to be fresh from a sojourn in face of the Matterhorn and the glacial wonders of the Gorner Grat, climax of scenic Switzerland, and still be awed and thrilled at the mere sight of the pictures of Mt. Tacoma (Rainier) and the three guardians of the Columbia River—Mts. Hood, Adams, and St. Helens—included in these books. . . . Mr. Williams's pictures and descriptions are perhaps the strongest argument ever brought forward in favor of the exhortation, 'See America, Too.'"—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Address, J. H. WILLIAMS, Publisher,
938 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

The Mosher Books Catalogue

A BEAUTIFULLY proportioned octavo, in old rose wrappers, is sent without charge to all who are interested in choice editions at moderate prices.

The books themselves are sold by Brentanos, Fifth Ave., and The Little Shop, 2 E. 29th St., who alone in New York City carry an actual representative line.

Now is the time to examine and buy, before the holiday rush, while the stock is complete with these houses.

Thomas B. Mosher
PORTLAND, MAINE

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR

ART By Auguste Rodin

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

THE FLOWING ROAD

Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America

By CASPAR WHITNEY

24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.20.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

The Open Secret

A Study of Life's Deeper Forces

BY

James T. Bixby, Ph.D.,

Author of "THE NEW WORLD AND THE NEW THOUGHT," "THE ETHICS OF EVOLUTION," "RELIGION AND SCIENCE AS ALLIES," ETC.

A searching study of the motive power which lies behind the mechanism of the universe, the Omnipotent and Omniscient Life which is guiding and controlling the world, not by chance or caprice, but in a far better way—by invariable laws. But while the laws of nature are general and cannot be altered to satisfy the wishes of particular persons, yet to a considerable extent the individual has freedom of will so that he need not be dominated by circumstance or environment, but may, if he will, aid in the progress of the world; for the universe is still in the making and to accomplish his divine purpose God depends largely upon man.

The book, therefore, is one of practical and helpful application, to the writing of which Dr. Bixby has brought the acumen of his ripe scholarship and the results of his profound yet lucid thought. He seeks to show the rationality of his belief, not only by positive arguments, but also by refutation of the arguments which have been set forth by prominent philosophers and scientists holding different opinions regarding God and the problem of life.

$1.25 net; by mail, $1.34

At any bookseller, or of the publishers

American Unitarian Association
25 Beacon St., Boston

SAMPLE COPIES

OF

THE NATION

will be sent to any address for several weeks

WITHOUT CHARGE

The Nation

20 Vesey St., New York City

LANE'S HOLIDAY BOOKS

TAPESTRIES: THEIR ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND RENAISSANCE. By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER.

This is a fascinating book on a fascinating subject. It is written by a scholar whose passion for accuracy did not prevent him from making a story easy to read. The book is indispensable to lovers of art and literature in general, as well as to tapestry amateurs, owners and dealers.

With four full-page plates in color and 150 half-tone engravings. Cloth. $5.00 net; postage 25 cts.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF REAL BOYS AND GIRLS. By L. M. BRYANT, author of "Pictures and Their Painters," "What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer," etc.

The author begins with events that happened several hundred years ago and comes down to incidents of to-day, gathering the stories from Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England and America.

Fully illustrated. Cloth. $1.25 net; postage 12 cents.

THE JOYOUS ADVENTURES OF ARISTIDE PUJOL. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE, author of "The Glory of Clementina," "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc.

Aristide Pujol is a most attractive personality. With breathless interest we follow him through a career as disconnected as a pack of cards, and with a chuckle and a sigh of regret we close the book on his last adventure—that of matrimony.

With illustrations by Alec Ball. Cloth. $1.30 net; postage 12 cents.

THE CAREER OF BEAUTY DARLING. By DOLF WYLLARDE, author of "The Story of Eden," "An Unofficial Honeymoon," etc.

A startling story of the career of a beautiful girl who, after a hard struggle and many thrilling experiences, became a star of the stage.

Cloth. $1.30 net; postage 12 cents.

THE GOLDFISH. By JULIAN STREET, author of "The Need of Change," "Paris à la Carte," "Ship Bored," etc.

The story shows how, by the aid of a goldfish, a small boy was able to obtain the desire of his heart—a youthful companion and playmate.

With colored illustrations and page decorations. Cloth. 70 cents net; postage 6 cents.

JOHN LANE CO
NEW YORK

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold. Send for price lists.
Walter R. Benjamin, 225 5th Av., N.Y.
ESTABLISHED 1887.
Pub. "THE COLLECTOR," $1 a yr.

Exceptional Library Facilities for preparing essays, club papers and bibliographies. Edith Lowe, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

JUST PUBLISHED

CHIVALRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

By WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD

Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University.

12mo. Cloth. 300 pages. $2.25

The influence of the ideal of French chivalry on English literature and on the English speaking world forms the subject of this new book by Professor Schofield. The volume includes lectures on Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare, delivered in French at the Sorbonne and in English at the University of Copenhagen, now revised and enlarged for publication as Volume II. of the Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature.

THE BARRINGTON-BERNARD CORRESPONDENCE

Edited by EDWARD CHANNING, *Professor of History in Harvard University*, and ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE, *Professor of History and Director of the University Library.*

8vo. Cloth. 300 pages. $2.00

HARVARD HISTORICAL STUDIES, VOL. XVII

These letters from Sir Francis Bernard to his political backer in England, with Lord Barrington's replies, cover ten of the most interesting and important years in the history of Massachusetts, — including the Stamp Act and "Liberty" episodes.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

MEMOIRE DE MARIE CAROLINE, REINE DE NAPLES. Edited by R. M. Johnston.

HARVARD STUDIES IN CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY. Vol. XXIII.

HARVARD SEMITIC STUDIES. Vol. III.

CASE STUDIES OF MENTALLY AND MORALLY ABNORMAL TYPES. By William Healy.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY IN THE UNITED STATES. By M. T. Copeland. (In press.)

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

PUBLISHED BY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Publication Office 2 UNIVERSITY HALL CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Binder for The Nation

To receive the current numbers in a convenient temporary form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with "The Nation" stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

THE NATION 20 Vesey Street, N. Y. City

You can always find
At DUTTON'S
the latest books; the rare books; illustrated books of all kinds; cards, calendars and art novelties.
31 West 23d St.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS, MONTHLY BULLETINS MAILED ON REQUEST.
GEORGE P. HUMPHREY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE OF HOLIDAY BOOKS AND FOR ONE OF RARE BOOKS.

DUTTON'S LIST *of* BOOKS FOR GIFTS

SEND FOR OUR LISTS OF BOOKS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

BIOGRAPHY, RECOLLECTIONS, ETC.

MICHAEL ANGELO

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

The character, life and times of the great artist are made vividly real by the famous French analyst of life. 24 plates in monochrome. *Net,* $2.00; *postpaid,* $2.13.

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS

More Passages by the Way. A second series of the recollections of "Toby, M.P." By Sir Henry Lucy. *Frontispiece. Net,* $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.15.

HISTORY

A HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICA

By C. E. AKERS

A New and Enlarged Edition brought to date.

Essential to the full appreciation of any book of travel or description dealing with So. America. First issued in 1904; a new chapter in this edition brings the history down to 1912. *8vo, net,* $6.00; *postpaid,* $6.20.

MODERN GERMANY

By J. ELLIS BARKER

A Standard Edition Greatly Enlarged,

A new edition with nine new chapters (about 250 pages) in which are discussed Anglo-German relations, the Moroccan Crisis, German relations with Russia, Turkey, etc. *Net,* $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.17.

THE CONQUEST of NEW GRANADA

By Sir CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

The first history of the lost civilization of the Chibchas, who, like the Incas and Aztecs, were destroyed by the Spaniards. *With a Map. Demy 8vo, net,* $2.00; *postpaid,* $2.10.

ASPECTS OF ALGERIA

Historical, Pictorial **By ROY DEVEREUX**

Net, $3.50, *postpaid,* $3.67.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

HEROES AND HEROINES OF ENGLISH HISTORY

By ALICE S. HOFFMAN

Illustrated in color and line by Gordon Browne. *Decorated cover,* $2.50.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF WARRIORS

By WILLIAM CANTON

By the Author of "W. V., Her Book." Illustrated in color and line by Herbert Cole. $2.00.

AT SENECA CASTLE

By WM. W. CANFIELD

By the Author of "The White Seneca." A story of a war scout among the Seneca Indians. Illustrated by G. A. Harker. *Net,* $1.25; *postpaid,* $1.37.

THE JUST ALIKE TWINS

By LAZELLE T. WOOLLEY

A charming story of two delightful little girls. *Net,* $1.00; *postpaid,* $1.10.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL, ETC.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI'S EXPEDITION TO KARAKORAM

A superbly illustrated account by Dr. Fillipi of the adventurous explorations for which the Duke has just received the Grand Prize for Geography from the French Academy of Sciences. *Two vols., net,* $15.

THE SURGEON'S LOG

By J. J. ABRAHAM

A most fascinating and individual book of leisurely sea-travel from gray Glasgow to the tropical Far East. *Net,* $2.50; *postpaid,* $2.65.

THE LAND THAT IS DESOLATE

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES

An account of a Tour in Palestine by the well-known surgeon, author of "The Cradle of the Deep." *Net,* $3.00; *postpaid,* $3.17.

DAWN IN DARKEST AFRICA

By the REV. JOHN H. HARRIS

"It is an important as well as an entertaining book, and it deserves the highly valuable preface which Lord Cromer has written for it."—*Spectator,* London.

Illustrated, net, $3.50; *postpaid,* $3.70.

ANIMAL LIFE IN AFRICA

By J. STEVENSON-HAMILTON

Mr. Roosevelt says, in an *Outlook* editorial, that this book "should be in the hands of every hunter, of every man who cares for the life of the wilderness." *Fully illustrated from photographs, net,* $5.00; *postpaid,* $5.20.

OTHER RECENT BOOKS

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

Woven by MAX BEERBOHM

Deliciously witty sketches, each of which is an exceedingly clever parody of the thought and style of some modern man of letters. *Net,* $1.35; *postpaid,* $1.45.

THE COMPLETE OPTIMIST

By "CHILDE HAROLD"

Absurdly funny verses, and even more amusing drawings by the same hand. *Net,* 60 *cents.*

THE "SULLIVAN SHAKESPEARE"

The Complete Works of Shakespeare, illustrated with 39 photogravures from originals by E. J. SULLIVAN. 3 *vols., cloth, net,* $5.00; *full morocco, net,* $8.00.

THE LATEST DUTTON NOVELS

THE HONOURABLE MRS. GARRY

The new novel by Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE (Lady Clifford), author of "Peter's Mother," etc., *Net* $1.35.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT

By GEORGE GISSING

The ideal edition for a gift, and the one book most essential to a true reading of Gissing's complex character. Printed from new type on hand-made paper. *Net,* $1.50; *postpaid,* $1.62.

Before you make up your Christmas Order examine these wherever you buy Books

Published by **E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY** 31 W. 23rd Street New York

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2476 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE [illegible] CENTS

Free Library Dec 26 1912

The Macmillan Company's New Books

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye. Color plates by Warwick Goble. Handsomely bound. $5.00 *net*

TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE

With Autobiographical Notes. By JANE ADDAMS, Author of "A New Conscience and An Ancient Evil," etc. Profusely illustrated. New and cheaper edition of this volume "of more than ordinary interest and value." $1.50 *net*

SOUTH AMERICA: Observations and Impressions

By the Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE, Author of "The American Commonwealth." "The most comprehensive, clearest, sanest and illuminating volume on South America." $2.50 *net*

THE GOVERNMENT OF AMERICAN CITIES

By WILLIAM BERNARD MUNRO, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of "The Government of European Cities," etc. A comprehensive description of city government in the United States. $2.25 *net*

ECONOMIC BEGINNINGS OF THE FAR WEST

By KATHERINE COMAN, Author of "The Industrial History of the United States." The story of the dramatic struggle among the races west of the Mississippi River for supremacy. Two volumes. Maps. Illustrations. $4.00 *net*

THE STORY OF A ROUND-HOUSE, and Other Poems

By JOHN MASEFIELD. A new volume of poems showing the poet's increasing strength and authority. $1.30 *net*

Also by JOHN MASEFIELD: "The Everlasting Mercy and The Widow in the Bye Street." Second edition. "Incomparably the finest literature of the year."—*N. Y. Sun.* $1.25 *net*

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE

By E. V. LUCAS. Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes: Paris, London, Holland. $1.75 *net*

MORNINGS WITH MASTERS OF ART

By H. H. POWERS, Ph.D. The development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo. Beautifully illustrated. $2.00 *net*

PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 64-66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 551

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Presidential Message 554
The Governors' Conference 554
Turkish Difficulties 555
The Study of Military History 556
Cost of Going to College 557
Thoroughness in College 558

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

German Books 559
News for Bibliophiles 560

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Copyright Law 560
Scandinavian Studies 561
A Universal Alphabet 561

LITERATURE:

New Gift-Books 561
The Life of Benjamin Disraeli 562
The Reef 564
Bubbles of the Foam 564
My Dog and I 565
The Creed of Half Japan—The Japanese Nation, Its Land, Its People, and Its Life—American-Japanese Relations 565
The American Mind 566
The Inn of Tranquillity 566
Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography 567
The Lighter Side of Irish Life........ 567
Books for Children.—II 568

NOTES 568

SCIENCE:

Sub-Alpine Plants, or the Flowers of the Swiss Woods and Meadows.... 571

DRAMA 572

MUSIC:

Selected Piano Composition: Franz Schubert.—Forty Songs: Peter Iljitch Tchaikovsky.—German, French, and Italian Song Classics.—Creature Songs 573

ART 574

FINANCE:

The Break in the Stock Market 575

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 575

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston
156 Fifth Av., New York
814 Steger Bd., Chicago
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver
1845 U St., Washington
610 Swetland Bd., Portland
343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to university work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation.*

JUST PUBLISHED

OUTLINES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY: Part II

By **James Harvey Robinson** and **Charles A. Beard,** Columbia University.

This new volume for high-school use is a characteristic and valuable addition to the Robinson and Beard Histories. It is an abridgment of the author's two-volume "Development of Modern Europe," and covers the period from the opening of the eighteenth century to the latest events previous to publication; the text is marked by the same fine judgment of historical values that distinguishes the other Robinson and Beard Histories.

VOLUME I. (In preparation.)

VOLUME II. *Modern European History.* 12mo, cloth, 555 pages, illustrated. $1.60.

GINN AND COMPANY,
Boston NewYork Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

Just Published

REEVE'S PHYSICAL LABORATORY GUIDE

By **Frederick C. Reeve,** E.E., Master in Physics, Newark Academy, Newark, New Jersey.

60 cents

The experiments, which cover the college entrance requirements, have full and definite directions accompanying them. Diagrammatic illustrations, lists of apparatus with directions for making, and tables of physical constants, are other helpful features.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Health in Home and Town

By BERTHA M. BROWN

A practical guide to good health and good home making, for the use of young people of school age.

Cloth. 312 pages. Illustrated. 60 cents

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German.** Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

American City Government

By CHARLES A. BEARD

Associate Professor of Politics in Columbia University

An authoritative and valuable book for both the student and the citizen who would be well informed, covering adequately the entire field of city government, but laying the emphasis on such vital matters as budget-making, public utilities, street cleaning and waste disposal, industrial and vocational training, the social-center movement, playgrounds, city-planning, etc., etc.

A Survey of Newer Tendencies

Interesting illustrations. $2.00 net

THE CENTURY CO.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.* B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York.

"TO LIBRARIANS"
It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by
PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES
A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS, MONTHLY BULLETINS MAILED ON REQUEST. GEORGE P. HUMPHREY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DECEMBER FREE

The issues of the Nation for December will be sent without charge to *new* subscribers for the year 1913.

The Nation,
20 Vesey St., New York

MERRYMOUNT PRESS
PUBLICATIONS

Now ready
In The Humanists' Library

**Correspondence of
Hubert Languet and
Sir Philip Sidney**

Edited by W. A. BRADLEY
author of the
"Life of William Cullen Bryant"

Printed throughout in red and black
8vo, 264 pp. $3.00; postpaid $3.14

The letters of Sidney form an invaluable contribution to the social and political history of the period. The charming letters of the scholar-diplomatist Languet were among the influences contributing to mould Sidney's character. An interesting introduction is supplied by Mr. Bradley.

To be shortly followed by

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S
Journeys to Venice and the Low Countries

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA'S
Platonick Discourse upon Love

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA'S
Galateo — Of Manners and Behaviour

Single volumes, $3.00 each; postpaid $3.14
Subscriptions to above four volumes, $10.00

Special circular on request

D. B. UPDIKE
232 SUMMER ST., BOSTON

Publishers

This is to remind you that Composition, Electrotyping, Presswork and Binding are taken care of in the best manner and at the most reasonable prices by

The Nation Press
N. Y. Evening Post Building
Twenty Vesey St.
New York City

The Ethics of the Old Testament

By HINCKLEY G. MITCHELL
Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Tufts College

The aim of the author is to present a faithful and, as nearly as possible within the limits of a manual, a comprehensive view of the development of ethical ideas among the Chosen People. To this end he takes the books, or parts of books, of the Old Testament in the order of their origin, so far as their dates can be determined, and discusses their teaching, whether direct or indirect, on the duties that men owe to themselves, their families, and the larger world of which they are a part. In most cases the survey is exhaustive. The care and patience required to make it so can only be appreciated by one who attempts to verify the passages, literally thousands in number, that are cited in the notes. This is the first volume to be issued in the series of "Handbooks of Ethics and Religion," edited by Shailer Mathews.

420 *pages* 12*mo, cloth* *Postpaid* $2.15

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Pride of War

Translated from the Swedish of Gustaf Janson

Sets its author at once among the greatest writers of Europe. —*Athenaeum* (London).

It may be doubted whether the physical actualities of modern warfare have ever been so hauntingly portrayed by any author before.—*London Daily News.*

The peace propagandists will miss the most telling argument that has been made in their favor in a long time if they do not give to "Pride of War" a wide circulation.

—*New York Times.*

350 *pages. Cloth,* $1.30 *net; by mail,* $1.42.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

Plays and Players in Modern Italy

Being a study of the Italian stage as affected by the political and social life, manners and character of to-day.

By ADDISON McLEOD

8vo, cloth, gilt top, with illustrations $2.75 *net.*

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y

TYPEWRITING For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words
Jack Liverpool, 7 Berwick Pk., Boston

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR

ART By Auguste Rodin

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram. $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

You can always find
At DUTTON'S
the latest books; the rare books; illustrated books of all kinds; cards, calendars and art novelties.
31 West 23d St.

THE FLOWING ROAD
Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America
By CASPAR WHITNEY
24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net.
Postpaid, $3.20.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

The Letters of George Meredith

Edited by His Son

"Every line is animated by his wonderful relish and curiosity for life. On every page there waves his banner, and beneath it rumbles and flashes all the artillery of his passionate and brilliant eloquence." — *London Spectator.*

2 Vols. $4.00 *net; by mail* $4.31. *Frontispiece.*

Poetical Works of George Meredith

With some notes by G. M. Trevelyan

Complete in one volume. With portrait.

$2.00 *net; by mail* $2.19.

By John Galsworthy

The Eldest Son

A Domestic Drama in Three Acts

60 cents net; postpaid 68 cents.

Scribner Holiday Books

Christmas Tales / Christmas Verse

By EUGENE FIELD

Illustrated by Florence Storer.

Nobody ever caught, held, and imprisoned in print so successfully as Eugene Field, the Christmas Spirit. But Florence Storer has duplicated his feat of the pen with one of the brush. These eight full-page color drawings form a perfect complement to the text.

$1.50 *net; by mail* $1.65.

A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land

By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

"Once in a while there appears a book that crosses vast distances of time. . . . The scenes take hold on the foundations of three great religions of the human race. . . . The views are vivid in the perfect art of simplicity."—*New York Sun.*

"These plates are masterpieces of the art of photography."—*Transcript.*

Illus. $3.00 *net; by mail* $3.28.

The Last Frontier

The White Man's War for Civilization in Africa

By E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

Late of the American Consular Service in Egypt.

Splendidly illustrated with photographs.

8vo. $3.00 *net; postage extra.*

The Inn of Tranquillity

Essays On Life and On Letters.

$1.30 *net; by mail* $1.42.

Gateways to Literature and Other Essays

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

12mo. $1.25 *net; postage extra.*

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR

The Unknown Quantity

By HENRY VAN DYKE

A Book of Romance and Some Half Told Tales.

"These stories by van Dyke illustrate and embody the finest literary spirit that has been evoked as yet in new world life. One might read them again and again, finding fresh beauties and new and subtler overtones with each perusal."

Illustrated in color. $1.50 *net; by mail* $1.64.

The Sampo

By JAMES BALDWIN

Hero Adventures from the Finnish Kalevala.

With full-page colored pictures by N. C. Wyeth.

$2.00 *net; by mail* $2.16.

Dickens's Children

Ten Full-page Color Pictures.

By JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

Contains ten of the prettiest colored pictures ever seen of Dickens's famous child characters.

$1.00 *net; by mail* $1.08.

New Trails in Mexico

By CARL LUMHOLTZ, M.A.

Author of "Among Cannibals," "Unknown Mexico," etc. With numerous illustrations, including two color-plates and two maps.

Large 8vo. $5.00 *net; postpaid* $5.30.

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands

By CHARLES SHELDON

Author of "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon."

With illustrations from photographs and five photogravures from drawings by Carl Rungius.

$2.00 *net; by mail* $2.19.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Ralph D. Paine

Campus Days

Similar in style and character to "College Years," "The Head Coach," "The Fugitive Freshman," "Sandy Sawyer, Sophomore." *Illustrated.* $1.50.

The Dragon and the Cross

Similar in style and character to "The Stroke Oar," "The Wrecking Master," "A Cadet of the Black Star Line." *Illustrated.* $1.25.

The Hallowell Partnership

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

$1.00 *net; by mail* $1.09.

The Mountain Divide

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Author of "Whispering Smith," etc.

"Boys and young men will love it. So will any human male who still has a bit of fighting blood left in him."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Illustrated. $1.25 *net; postpaid* $1.34.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 153 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1912.

The Week

The complete election figures from Idaho are eloquent of what might be called the voting temperament of the normal American. For President, a total of 104,000 votes was cast. For members of Congress, the vote was 96,000. For Governor, it was 92,000. For other State officers, it was 87,000. On the question of the adoption of the initiative and referendum, only 58,000 voters expressed themselves, and only 51,000 on the recall. Thus, in an election in which it might be thought more difficult than usual for the voter to make up his mind whom to vote for as President, more than twice as many electors took the trouble to do this as cared whether their power over officials was or was not extended; and of every five who voted for President, not quite three had enough interest in the subject of direct legislation to say either yes or no to the question whether they wanted it or not. Measures, not men, is a time-honored cry, but it does not need the citing of figures to prove that, ordinarily, it is men rather than measures that fill the public eye. One almost gets the impression that the hurried sovereign in the voting-booth would like to make a mark opposite the name of the Presidential candidate of his choice, and let it go at that.

All that Chairman Underwood has had publicly to say about the coming revision of the tariff is marked by good sense. It hits off, too, we make no question, the general desire in this business. The work is to be done. It is to be done with as much thoroughness as possible, but, above all, with dispatch. With this latter requisite in mind Mr. Underwood proposes to begin tariff hearings early in January. That would make it possible to get the preliminaries out of the way before the extra session of Congress is called. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why the chief tariff bills should not be prepared in advance, and be ready for introduction as soon as the new Congress is organized. The forms of procedure in this affair are of small consequence. What is essential is to get the thing done and out of the way.

Future historians may be tempted to define the Progressive party as a party which early in its career got the habit of going to Chicago and never quite lost it. For many Progressives on the "Bull Moose special" which left New York on Sunday this was the third trip within half a year. They went to Chicago in June to nominate the Colonel, and failed. They went there again in August, and succeeded. They have gone there in December to say they are glad they did it. There is a story about an applicant for United States citizenship who was asked whether he was a Socialist, and replied yes; he believed in going out with his friends and having a pleasant social time. What with its conferences and its junketings and its post-election banquets the new party of social justice seems to be having a nice social time of it. We are glad that this is so. Too many radical parties are apt to behave as if the state of things against which they are protesting had turned this world into a vale of tears. There is no sackcloth and ashes about the Bull Moose leaders. While working to make this country a better place for their children, they manage to get a bit of fun out of it for themselves.

Attorney-General Wickersham's admission, in his annual report, that "the experience of the last year in endeavoring to enforce criminal liability under the Sherman law has not been encouraging," must not be construed as meaning more than it says. Nor is the whole history of the enforcement of the Sherman act, in connection with the great combinations that have been declared unlawful or guilty of unlawful practices, to be taken as demonstrating the impotency of the law on its criminal side. Even where crimes are of a far simpler nature, the fact of long-continued immunity for big offenders is no proof of the permanence of such immunity; the time comes when the sleeping forces of the law are thoroughly awakened. But in the case of the Anti-Trust law there has been the additional circumstance that the line between legal guilt and legal innocence was, in many instances, hard to draw. It goes counter to the sense of justice to put men in prison for having done what many perfectly honest and highly intelligent people regarded as permissible under the law. A condition precedent to making the Anti-Trust act a workable criminal law was that the intent of the law, as understood by the courts, should be made plain enough to serve as an effective warning.

Whether one believes in the Secretary of the Navy's jingo demand for three new battleships and all sorts of minor vessels or not, it is undeniable that the progress of the navy in the matter of efficient administration has been marked these last few years, and that this will redound to Secretary Meyer's credit. Thus, in his annual report, he records the fact that all assignments of captains and admirals are now made by the Secretary only after the full council of the Aides of the Secretary has reviewed the records of the officers available and, from personal knowledge of the men concerned, picked them for the various duties. There was a time when the question whether you went to sea or not, and, if so, what ship you obtained, depended upon how well you stood with the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. The establishment of the Aides (for operations, personnel, material, and inspection) is another achievement of Mr. Meyer's which has done much to coördinate the service. Under him the Aides and bureau chiefs meet once a month in the Secretary's office for consultation; and in order to standardize the work of the navy yards their commandants meet monthly on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and annually in Washington. We believe that Mr. Meyer is largely justified in saying that "the business of the navy is now being conducted with a minimum expenditure while maintaining the highest efficiency of the fleet."

Representative Pujo's project of dealing with the sins of high finance by the delightfully simple expedient of shutting it out of the mails need not be taken seriously. But the fact that it need not be taken seriously is itself a very serious matter. A more difficult question to deal with than the problem presented by the concentration of financial power, and especially control over business credit, does not exist. Few will deny that there is here a real evil, though there are the widest possible differences of opinion not only as to what can be done about it, but also as to its extent. The question is not peculiar to our own country, though it is more acute with us than elsewhere. It has long been engaging serious attention in Germany, and was the subject of prolonged discussion in the sessions of the great Commission on banking laws held in that country in 1908 and 1909. But if anything is to be accomplished, the problem must be studied by competent minds, and its legislative aspects dealt with by men of good judgment, of clear purpose, and controlled by a sober sense of responsibility. That the chairman of the Congressional subcommittee in charge of the question should be capable of making so childish a proposal as this of Mr. Pujo is at once laughable and melancholy.

Philadelphia and Pennsylvania are in for an unusual amount of Constitutional agitation, if not of Constitutional alteration. The Legislative Committee of the Republican State Convention has declared for a Constitutional Convention, nothing less radical being sufficient to carry out the proposals of the Flinn Convention of last summer. They include the initiative, referendum, and recall, regulation of conditions of labor, workingmen's compensation and employers' liability, reform of the judicial system, increase in the borrowing capacity of cities, and municipal ownership. Pennsylvania's present Constitution dates from 1873, although it has been amended three times since 1900. For Philadelphia, the Committee of Seventy proposes, not commission government, but an approach to it by setting up a single councilmanic chamber, the number of councilmen being reduced to fifteen, these to be elected not from wards, but on a general ticket. It is the contention of those who are advocating this change that, while the Mayoralty has been redeemed from the spoilsmen by the simple process of choosing an honest Mayor, he is hampered by the ward bosses operating through their creatures in Common and Select Councils. The proposed reform is a step further in the line of the principle of the Bullitt Charter—the concentration of responsibility.

One feels that a new verb should be added to English, "to blease." This would mean doing a great number of obnoxious things at the same time or in quick succession, as, for instance, invoking the sacred name of the law and the starry flag in one breath and inciting to murder in the next; exalting the chivalry of Southern manhood as exerted in the defence of woman's honor, and sending women shamefaced out of the room by the foulness of one's language; uttering loud cries in defence of the misunderstood, mistreated Southland, and making other Southern Governors writhe in their seats with disgust. "To blease" is a veritable treasure-house of onomatopœia. It immediately suggests a host of other expressive verbs: to blow, to bleat, to scream, to wheeze, to blab. It is eminently adapted to describe the act of raising clouds of dust, getting red in the face, threatening to have a man's life, defying heaven, the lightning, and the dispensary laws of one's State. To the press associations the new verb would bring untold savings. Instead of sending out column dispatches, a newspaper correspondent would merely have to wire, "He bleases again."

What a child labor law means is brought out with especial vividness by the statement that, as a result of the raising of the age limit for child workers in Maryland from twelve to fourteen years, more than 2,000 new pupils are expected to be enrolled in the schools of Baltimore. Above a thousand of these are boys and girls who will exchange the shop for the school-room. The rest, who are between the ages of thirteen years three months and fourteen years, will be allowed to continue at work, provided they attend night school. This procedure is necessitated by the lack of room in the day schools. The net result is a gain of two years in educational training for these two regiments of children. The mere picture of rows of boys and girls sitting or standing behind machines, and the same boys and girls in school-rooms, would appear to be argument enough for legislation preventing child labor.

Coincident with Secretary Wilson's announcement last week that the corn crop was the largest in the history of the country, came publication of the result of several years' investigation by medical experts, correcting the widely spread notion that pellagra is a form of chronic poisoning caused by eating damaged maize. Members of the Thompson-MacFadden Pellagra Commission here arrived at the same conclusion as did the London hospital authorities with regard to pellagra, namely, that it is a germ disease conveyed by insects—probably the buffalo gnat, a midge which frequents running streams as mosquitoes do stagnant water. From an English point of view, the study of pellagra has become important. The disease is endemically prevalent in Great Britain, and last week the first certificate of death from it was issued in a London hospital. Prof. Louis Sambon, of the London School of Tropical Medicine, and Dr. Albert Chalmers were credited by the English press with having discovered the true nature of pellagra, their researches having extended throughout Italy and those parts of Great Britain where it was to be found. Capt. Joseph F. Seiler, Medical Corps, U. S. A., a member of the Thompson-MacFadden Commission, was with Professor Sambon during his earlier field work, and may have directed the attention of his colleagues at Spartanburg, S. C., to the new theory.

Wisconsin's new lecture course in football will have certain advantages over the traditional parts of the curriculum. Dealing with "live" subject-matter, it will free the instructor from the necessity of awakening interest by the devices to which the professor of mediæval history, for instance, is driven. It is true that the new course does not meet the highest requirement now demanded of a college study: it is not vocational, except for such of its members as may be ambitious to serve their day and generation as football coaches. Nor is it altogether free of the charge of being theoretical, since it is to deal with the history of the game, as well as with the methods of play. But no one is likely to damn it with the epithet of "cultural"; it will hardly commit the unpardonable sin of forcing students to enter the unfamiliar and forbidding precincts of a library; and, best of all, it will give its members that consciousness of devotion to real issues that makes so tremendously for a serious attitude towards one's work. Is there not in the offering of this course a hint for all fossilized professors? Let them consider the effect upon the size and interest of their classes of the announcement that hereafter a large number of the lectures in the course in Greek history will be delivered on the athletic field, where the games and sports of the ancients will be illustrated by modern athletes in classic costume.

Canada's Christmas present to the mother country will be three Dreadnoughts, if the programme outlined by Premier Borden in Parliament last week is carried through without modification. The principle that Canada should coöperate with Great Britain for the naval defence of the Empire has been accepted by all parties in the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of its most ardent advocates. But there are very important differences of opinion as to the proper size of Canada's contribution and the exact form it should take. The French-Canadian element, headed by Mr. Bourassa, is opposed to the idea of presenting battleships to Great Britain. It favors a home navy, and one consisting of small fighting units adapted for home defence. Premier Borden's policy differs radically from this position. Already there has been a break within the Government's ranks on the question, and Mr. Monk, who represented the Bourassa element in the Cabinet, resigned some time ago. Although it is Premier Borden's plan that the Canadian Dreadnoughts shall be built in England and retained in English waters as an integral part of the Imperial fleet, he asserts that Canada's contribution will enable the British navy to keep a more watchful eye on the over-sea dominions than it has done these last half-dozen years. The Dreadnought reinforcement will presumably spare for colonial service some of the older battleships or the lighter cruisers which are not counted in the first line of battle. But it is doubtful whether any fighting unit of value will be sacrificed by the home authorities under the established conception of naval strategy.

Little that is new was to be expected in the arguments of the formal British protest, in the matter of the interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, filed with the Department of State on Monday. The case has before been thoroughly debated; and the English law officers of the Crown could only arrange and state the familiar points. This they do, however, with much force. Their spirit, too, is quiet. The tone is pitched low. There is no hectoring or ultimatum-hurling. Sir Edward Grey even goes so far as to say that it is with extreme reluctance that the English Government object to any part of the legislation of the United States about the use of the Panama Canal. Nothing but a belief that British rights are impaired could impel them to take the step. And far from insisting that the British view of the treaty is the only one tenable, and must be accepted on peril of a breach, Sir Edward states his "perfect readiness" to submit the question to arbitration. The whole presentation is dignified and courteous.

On the question of disorder in the House of Commons, the Speaker's ruling may be in accord with parliamentary precedents, but certainly leads to absurd practical consequences. Speaker Lowther held that if any individual member disturbed the proceedings by cries of "Adjourn," "Divide," and so on, he could be "named" for disorderly conduct, and, if he would not apologize and subside, could be suspended for the session. But if such outbreaks were joined in by large numbers, who persisted in keeping up the racket and refusing to let any one speak or business be done, then the affair became one of "grave disorder," which the Speaker has no way of meeting except by declaring the session ended. This seems an exact reversal of the law of conspiracy, by which what is innocent in an individual becomes a crime if done by numbers in agreement. It is obvious that, under this ruling, it would be theoretically in the power of an obstreperous minority in the House to prevent the transaction of any business at all. But there are two things against this. One is the good sense and decency of the members, when not under great excitement. The other is that the Speaker, if such disorder were frequently attempted, would "name" and pick off the disturbers of the peace one by one, thus vindicating the dignity of the House. But the case reveals a singular weakness in an English or Continental presiding officer as compared with an American.

Whatever else may be said about the German Chancellor's order forbidding international marriages in the Kaiser's diplomatic corps, it is certain to be laid to the credit of the growing power of women in matters political. What else can have dictated it save fear of feminine international complications? For, from some points of view, it should seem as if the winning of, let us say, a Russian by a young German on duty in Russia would notably strengthen the hands of the attaché or Ambassador—we take it for granted that the wife duly transfers her national allegiance when she takes the marriage vow. From the purely social standpoint it has hitherto seemed an advantage to a foreign diplomat in England to have an English wife, with her knowledge of conventions and of the English language. But plainly some of these diplomatic Samsons must have been losing their locks to the detriment of the Chancellor's foreign policy. And then these international marriages may have become so frequent as to interfere with a promising home industry—the marrying of Germans by Germans. As for this country, we are proud to observe that our contemporaries attribute this order to the appreciation by Germans of our American women. So be it. No one in our presence shall be allowed to give any other reason for it. Is not the American woman admittedly the loveliest of her species?

As gratifying as surprising is the comparison now being made by French political writers between the methods of a Presidential campaign in their country and in the United States. There, they point out, complete ignorance exists, with apathy, as to the very identity of the candidates who will be voted on by the National Assembly in January. Here, how different! In this happy land, we are reminded, persons, ideas, aims, and candidates are exposed during a long period to the full fire of popular discussion and criticism, so that the final vote is absolutely representative of the people's wishes. Well, it cannot be denied that there was some fire, along with a due amount of heat and noise, particularly in the pre-Convention campaign last spring. The amount of light might profitably have been greater than it actually was. But when we consider the epigrammatic statement that the French President neither reigns nor governs, while the American President does both, we can hardly wonder that there should be apathy and ignorance about French Presidential candidates. Our interest in our own election is not always keen. A "conspiracy of silence" among Presidential aspirants in this country, however, is wholly inconceivable.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

President Taft remarked, in his message to Congress on Friday of last week, that a full discussion of Government business requires "more space than one message of reasonable length affords." To this every editor and every reader—if any readers are left—will say amen. Presidential messages have been growing intolerably long. Mr. Taft's remedy is to send in three or four short ones—a "short" one, in Presidential definition, being considerably more than a newspaper page. But there are other ways of avoiding the surplusage. It is not necessary for a President to appear to go upon the theory stated by the mediæval writer quoted by Hallam: "This I say lest anything be left unsaid." There are whole sections of the ordinary Presidential message that could be severely cut down or left out altogether. The long rehashings of departmental reports—with leisurely phrases such as "I observe that the Secretary of War recommends," or "I note that the Secretary of the Navy urges"—could nearly all be omitted with no harm done. Still, if the whole must somehow be got through the Printing Office, we ought to be thankful to Mr. Taft for giving it to us in separate doses.

There are other reflections about such a message as he laid before Congress which he does not refer to, but which must occur to every one who gives any thought to Mr. Taft's situation. He is now obviously as one simply going through the motions. However sound the positions he takes or the arguments he uses, neither he nor anybody else expects Congress to pay the slightest heed. An outgoing President almost inevitably takes on the guise, in the last four months of his term, of a mere Public Functionary. This was true even of the hard-hitting Roosevelt. No sooner was it certain in 1908 that he would not again be President, than Congress began deliberately to ignore him. He sent it messages by the score, but might as well have sent them to the Dead Letter Office. And in President Taft's latest message there is one passage which rather pathetically betrays his own sense of his helplessness at present. He refers to his previous recommendations that the tariff be reduced, but adds that "now that a new Congress has been elected on a platform of a tariff for revenue only . . . it is needless for me to occupy the time of this Congress." Could there well be a sharper reminder of the misfit entailed by our awkward plan of having Congress not meet regularly until more than a year after it is elected? If the argument for a change, whereby the Federal practice should be made like that of all the States, needed any reinforcement, it could be found in the hapless plight of President Taft.

He cannot escape the air of doing his duty perfunctorily. The routine recommendations of his message sound more than ever routine. He has some correct and just things to say about our currency laws and their need of reform, about the Sherman law, about the duty of giving the Porto Ricans American citizenship—to single out only a few topics—but there can be, in the nature of the case, little fire or drive in his recommendations. He knows perfectly that they will be no more heeded than the wind that blows over the dome of the Capitol. Take the promise of accomplishing something away from a man, or a President, and you take the heart out of him.

There is, however, one part of Mr. Taft's message in which he expresses himself with warmth of conviction. This is the section referring to the proposed pledge of speedy independence for the Philippines. We make no doubt that the President holds his views on that subject conscientiously and patriotically. Moreover, he is entitled to be heard on it, not only on account of his official position, but because of the fact that he was Governor of the Philippines and has shown deep interest in the welfare of their inhabitants. But here he gives us a counsel of despair. Great things have been done in the Philippines, but all of them will be lost if American rule is withdrawn. Having been shown the better way for fourteen years—in sanitation, in road-building, in education—the Filipinos will instantly revert to a condition of barbarism if the "supervision" of the United States be broken off. President Taft admits that the Filipinos have done well in all the beginnings of self-government yet permitted them. In municipalities and in the national Assembly, as in the courts, they have shown themselves, he says, as men who "can be educated and trained to complete self-government." But this must be—"eventually." Even a promise to them now of independence eight years away would "arouse dissension and disorder." The news from Manila, with the testimony of the accredited representatives of the Philippines, is all the other way, but the President is very certain that no good could come from "a disguised policy of scuttle." It is of no use to talk to him about the United States guaranteeing the independence of the Philippines, for such a guarantee "we should be powerless to enforce." What, the world Power that we have become, as he elsewhere boasts, not able to compel other nations to keep hands off what we voluntarily relinquish!

President Taft's sincerity we do not question, but we do not believe that in this he speaks the mind of the American people. They will not forever be held back from doing an act of justice, and living up to the principles which have been bound to the very heart of the nation, by the cry of lions in the path. There is no call for hasty action—none, in fact, is contemplated. The proposal is to make the pledge and carefully watch over the steps leading up to its final execution. If disaster threatens we can retrace our steps; but if the way to the resumption of specie payments was to resume, the way towards self-government in the Philippines is to give the Filipinos a chance to show what they can do in governing themselves.

THE GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE.

The assembling of the fifth Conference of Governors at Richmond, Va., inevitably suggests that somehow this new piece of governmental mechanism has not fulfilled the high expectations that at the outset were entertained for it. We were going to have a House of

Governors, a Third House that would bridge the gap unfortunately left by the framers of the Constitution between the Federal Government and the States. With this new institution on the ground, the Twilight Zone would cease to be a safe resort for corporate malefactors of great wealth. What could not be done by Congress owing to Constitutional limitations, and what was not done by the isolated States because of inertia or worse, would be accomplished by the magic wand of uniform legislation. This was to be achieved by the same Yankee ingenuity which had made ducks and drakes of the elaborate system of the electoral colleges, taking from them the substance, while permitting them to retain the form, of power. And, indeed, the initial Conference had all the appearance of a body endowed with sufficient faith to move mountains. Meeting in the White House, almost under the shadow of the Capitol, discussing with earnestness and ability the burning question of conservation, the Governors themselves must have felt that they were upon the brink of destiny.

The second Conference kept some of the prestige of the first, but already there began to be more than whisperings that receptions and excursions were leaving the distinguished members in poor condition, physically and intellectually, for the ostensible purpose of their gathering. To-day the proud term House of Governors is hardly applied to the organization that was to rival the historic branches of the Government. Why this chasm between promise and performance? It must be conceded at once that there are inherent weaknesses in the project. Only twenty-seven Governors were present at the opening session, and not many more were in attendance at any time. We have, from Maine to California, no less than forty-eight Governors. Why should so many of them stay away from a Governors' Conference? Simply because dozens of men who at this moment are Governors will not be Governors a few weeks or months from now. Not indifference, but a natural and necessary turning of attention to that private sphere to which their fellow-citizens have relegated them, accounts for these numerous breaks in their ranks. This shifting character of the personnel of the Conference is bound, under the best conditions, to operate against its success.

But the chief causes for the disappointment are not essential to the scheme at all. What can be practically expected from a programme that sprawls over a series of topics, many of which do not concern the majority of the Governors assembled? The success of the first Conference was due as much to the limitation in this respect as to its choice of a topic that was uppermost in the public mind. But this year, for instance, the Governors listened to addresses on "Modern Penology," "A State Income Tax," "The Development of Inland Waterways," "Uniformity of Marriage and Divorce Laws," "What the State Can Do to Check the Drift of Population from Farms to Cities," and "Rural Credit." Instead of having their hearts burn within them as they went their several ways after the close of the Conference, what can they have had to take home but buzzing heads? It is true that the programme-makers this year recognized the advisability of selecting such subjects as are likely to come up in the various Legislatures this winter. They said as much. But what did they actually do? How many Legislatures will deal at their approaching sessions with the question of a State income tax? The number having to consider inland waterways is still less. It would have been much better to have chosen the one topic of uniform marriage and divorce legislation, and then to have arranged for speakers and discussion upon it that would have attracted the attention of the whole country, and sent the Governors back to their respective capitals with the draft of a bill that should hold first place in their legislative programmes.

Such a plan as this has made the annual meetings of private associations like the American Academy of Political and Social Science so notable and influential. Then the peripatetic nature of the Conference cannot be regarded as an aid to the best results. Would not its meetings at a fixed place, say, Washington, be more conducive to practical accomplishment? We would not be understood as saying that the Conference has achieved nothing, and still less would we imply that it has small promise for the future. The need of uniform legislation is greater rather than less than it was on the day when the Governors first came together. Nothing could have been much worse for the Conference than a gross overrating of its promise. But it might still be of real service to the States if it would concentrate its energies upon questions that are practical and of immediate urgency.

TURKISH DIFFICULTIES.

The disinterested sympathies of the modern world were undoubtedly with the Balkan nations in the war that is now coming to a close. We say disinterested sympathies, because, so far as the greater part of Europe is concerned, special reasons of politics exist to counteract the spontaneous sentiment of the masses. Thus the non-Slavic element in Austria-Hungary, the people of Italy, and probably a majority of the German people "sympathized" with Turkey for the plain reason that the triumph of the Balkan states was detrimental to specific Austrian, Italian, and German ambitions. But it is idle to suppose that, even in those countries, the hearts of many millions failed to be stirred in behalf of the Balkan people by many considerations: by their brave fight against odds; by the fact that they were continuing the ancient war of the Cross against the Crescent; by the fact that they were fighting for the rights of the native population against a foreign conqueror, and a conqueror whose history seems to be an unbroken chronicle of oppression, misrule, and massacre. This attitude of sympathy, unspoiled by personal motive, may naturally be best seen in this country. But it has found expression, too, in England, where the traditional Government policy of friendliness to the Turk has been forced to take cognizance of the strong popular current in the opposite direction.

To make out a case for the Turks is not, however, impossible, although it involves the two normally difficult operations of going a bit beneath the surface of things and indulging in a little plain speaking. Taking up the issues point by point, we might argue that the attack by the Balkan allies upon apparently overwhelming superior forces was not a desperate adventure, as we see now from fuller knowledge. They were attacking an empire on the decline, harassed by internal conflicts and by raids upon its territories conducted by European Powers. The sentiment of Cross against Crescent would have to face the troublesome fact that Christian

Powers have not hesitated to sacrifice Christian interests for the furtherance of their own purposes. It is a delicate judgment whether responsibility for the massacre and civil war that have ravaged Macedonia rests upon the Mussulman conscience or upon the conscience of the Christian nations that have deliberately permitted Macedonia to be turned into a shambles. The recent violent quarrels among the Balkan allies here enter into the question. As to the war being an uprising of the native population against a foreign conqueror, it is to be noted that, as history goes, the occupation of a territory for some five hundred years constitutes a pretty just claim to sovereignty. The Turks overran the Balkan peninsula more than two hundred years before the French conquered Lorraine, and more than three hundred years before the French acquired Alsace.

But putting aside all such special instances, there is one point of view from which it may be seriously questioned whether the present war, for all the beneficent results it may bring to the Balkan peoples, has not done great harm to a cause that is broader than the interests of the Balkan nationalities. The war has delayed and possibly destroyed forever the chance of ascertaining whether political progress and, specifically, constitutional government are really a monopoly of Christian Europe, or whether they are capable of being incorporated into the life of the Asiatic peoples as well. To those who do not regard it as an ideal state of things that one-quarter of the human race shall hold the other three-quarters in subjection, or that these three-quarters are estopped forever from the privileges and advantages of self-government, the breakdown of the Turkish experiment is a deplorable thing. China is now making the same experiment, but it is a question whether the Chinese people will get any fairer opportunity than that of the Turks.

The fact of Turkish defeat has been brought forward as proof that the Mohammedan is unfit for constitutional government. There are people who now say that under Abdul Hamid the Turks would have made a better showing than they have done after four years of constitutional government. That is arrant nonsense, so far as the broad aspects of the question are concerned. Granted that the army reforms introduced by the Young Turks have weakened the military strength of the Empire, it has happened largely because the Turkish army was caught in a state of transition. It surely took more than four years to develop the fighting instrument with which the rulers of Prussia brought about the unification of Germany. The fact is that the reform party in Turkey has never had a fair show. From the first moment of their success the play of European intrigue began to hum faster than ever. Austria seized a couple of provinces. Bulgaria declared its independence. The Greeks became more active than ever in Crete. Then came the Italian swoop upon Tripoli. Decidedly, it was shown that if a non-Christian people took to heart the lessons of Christian civilization and set about putting its own house in order, Christian Europe would not allow the thing to be done. Persia can testify to that as well as Turkey.

It is possible to hope, of course, that the opportunity for trying out the experiment of constitutional government in Turkey has not absolutely disappeared. When a treaty has been made and the Turkish frontier in Europe has been brought close to Constantinople, something like a basis for lasting peace may turn out to have been attained. The Sultan will then be ruling over a Mohammedan and Ottoman population, and the element of religious and racial animosity will have been largely done away with. Stripped of her provinces, Turkey may be allowed to work out her problems, for the simple reason that she has no more desirable provinces to take, outside of Asia. But no one will now venture to predict that Europe's keen appetite for a neighbor's territory will let her stop short at the new frontier, or even refrain from crossing the Bosphorus into Asia.

THE STUDY OF MILITARY HISTORY.

An appeal for a national society to concern itself with military history, written by Prof. R. M. Johnston, of Harvard, and published in the *Infantry Journal*, is to be followed by a discussion of the question at the coming meeting of the American Historical Association. It is, of course, well known that there already exists a Massachusetts Military Historical Society, of which the late John Codman Ropes was a leading spirit. State historical societies, particularly in the West, have likewise given much attention to military matters. It is felt, however, that nowhere has military history been lifted to the plane which it deserves, and that there now exists no national body which would make easy the coöperation of skilled civilian writers and technical military experts. Without such an association, Professor Johnston believes it will not be possible to produce in this country military history of the highly developed and technical kind now being worked out by the best writers in Germany and France.

With the desire to supply scientific history in any field it is impossible not to sympathize. In that of war the opportunity in this country is very great. As long as the nation lasts, the campaigns of the Civil War will, we presume, be fought again; and that the older struggles afford rich pickings for the historian is sufficiently illustrated by Charles Francis Adams's remarkable essay on the use of cavalry in the Revolution. Gen. James H. Wilson's just published memoirs, with their startling criticisms of Grant and Sheridan, are in themselves certain to provoke acrid discussion of the theories he so vigorously advances. Indeed, hardly a week goes by but some new contribution to the greatest of civil wars finds its way into print. Since the output is not likely to be diminished by the passing of the generation which did the fighting, it is evidently worth while to see if some direction can be given to the contributions of the future, or at least some standards raised by which the work may be judged.

For the proper discussion and analysis of military history, Professor Johnston holds that the successful writer must have technical knowledge of the military art, erudition, critical skill, and literary ability. That the trained military man almost invariably lacks the last quality is obvious to all who read the *Infantry Journal* and other service publications. Despite the memoirs of Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, it can truthfully be said that West Point produces excellent soldiers, but poor writers; the lack of sufficient emphasis upon the English language and literature in an already crowded curriculum is regretted by many officers—particularly by those who have attempted the mazes of the Civil War records and sought to reconcile or understand the reports therein. Not that West Point must be blamed for the whole mass of slovenly writing, for its graduates were but a small minority at that time. But any one who recalls the terse, vigorous, and often picturesque dispatches of Sheridan remembers their refreshing character in the midst of a desert of reports apparently written to conceal thought and often to hide what actually took place. The late Col. Archibald Gracie spent fifteen years trying to reconcile the reports of the battle of Chickamauga and to ascertain what really occurred there. His untimely death last week leaves the Confederate side of the story untold. A military historical society could well justify itself if it dwelt on the necessity of teaching future war commanders how to write.

Since it is devoutly to be hoped and expected that we are to have no more wars, other activities of the proposed society are probably more important. We cannot, however, concede that active military experience is absolutely essential, any more than we would assert that literary skill is necessary to make a great commander. Mr. Ropes was probably our foremost military critic; for physical reasons he could not go to war. So, too, some of the best commentators on the Civil War have been men who never bore arms. That the military man is too apt to view matters narrowly; that, like many professional men, he cannot see the forest for the trees, and that he too frequently starts off with a thesis he is determined to prove—these are all reasons that make against any soldier's being the ideal military historian, though Professor Johnston would bestow this title on Gen. Bonnal for his "Manœuvre de St. Privat." They are, moreover, grounds why the civilian coöperation which Professor Johnston suggests should make itself worth while.

We cannot, however, regard as wise his suggestion that there be a section of the General Staff to devote itself to producing military history, should no national society be possible. The General Staff is a fluctuating, not a stable, body; since officers can be detailed to it only for four years, and must then return to other duty, this would alone make against continuous scientific historical production. Moreover, the General Staff does not to-day stand as well as when first organized; it has seemed bent only on getting more officers and more men, upon hastening this peaceful nation into militarism. Congress showed its displeasure last summer by cutting off nine of the General Staff's members. If our generals, like Messrs. Wood and Bliss, continue to talk as foolishly as they have been doing, there may be still other changes. At any rate, it is quite safe to say that, judging by articles in the *Infantry Journal* and the past record of the General Staff, if any history were produced in the War Department it would be of the machine-made kind—written to demonstrate, not the truths of history, but the necessity for the national military policy which might happen to be advocated by the temporary personnel of the War Department. History of that kind is worse than no history at all. Infinitely preferable is the bare, colorless chronicling of the events of 1870-71 which distinguishes the military memoirs of Field-Marshal Von Moltke.

COST OF GOING TO COLLEGE.

Tuition fees, room rent, and boarding rates have been rising in the college world on a scale almost parallel to the increase in the cost of living everywhere. In the Boston *Transcript* the other day, Henry T. Claus presented the results of a detailed investigation into conditions prevailing in thirty selected colleges to-day as compared with twenty years ago. In 1892, the average tuition fee was almost exactly one hundred dollars, ranging from $13 at Purdue and $36 at Allegheny to $200 at Radcliffe and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Out of thirty colleges, seventeen charged $100 or more. In 1912 the average tuition fee is $126, with Radcliffe unchanged and "Tech" gone up to $250; only five colleges charge less than $100—Purdue, Bates, Colgate, Bowdoin, and Hamilton. The increase in the cost of board during the same period has been 23 per cent. for thirty colleges (not altogether the same as those dealt with in the matter of tuition fees). Dartmouth and Williams are the hardest hit, with a straight advance of 50 per cent. But that the phenomenon of high prices is country-wide, is shown by an increase of 40 per cent. at Stanford and Purdue and 35 per cent. at the University of Illinois.

On the other hand, taking this single question of cost of food, we find broad variations within what is virtually the same community. This brings up that mysterious factor which makes all discussion of the cost of living so difficult—that equation, personal or accidental, which does make it possible for so many people to wring subsistence and comfort out of a statistically impossible situation. For instance, no less than six colleges, in Mr. Claus's list, report no increase in the cost of boarding their students since 1892. These zero figures are dismissed, quite properly, as indicating that either board was excessively high in these colleges twenty years ago, or that the college dining-rooms to-day are doing business at a loss. But, avoiding extremes, why should the increase at Amherst be only 18 per cent., as against 50 per cent. at Dartmouth, or 10 per cent. at the University of Michigan and 35 per cent. at the University of Illinois? The obvious reply is that it depends largely upon the facilities developed by the college authorities for supplying food to the students at cost. Such machinery has been built up at Harvard in more complete form than in any college in the country, and Harvard accordingly shows almost exactly the average increase for all the colleges concerned—22 per cent., as against an average of 23 per cent. Those colleges that fall below Harvard's figure are to be congratulated on exceptional good fortune. Where the increase has been 50 per cent., they are apparently not facing the problem of high prices as energetically as they might be doing.

If we add to the items of tuition, board, and rent such other necessities as clothes and books, it will be plain that an estimated increase of 25 per cent. in the cost of keeping a young man at college to-day, compared with twenty years ago, is moderate. Take into consideration also "the cost of higher college living," the demand for satisfactions that were once luxuries, or even non-existent, and the rate of increase is still sharper. It would be interesting to know how large a pecuniary burden the social and athletic features of college life impose on the student. At the large universities, of course, the football team pays for pretty nearly everything;

but it must be different at the small colleges. What, too, is the effect of fraternity life on a man's expenditures? The fraternities are sometimes defended as institutions for enabling students to live in comfort on an economical basis, but there is little doubt that the comfort is more conspicuous than the economy. Presumably, those students go into the fraternities who can afford it, but the fraternity influence on the general standard of life and expenditure in a college community must be reckoned with.

The one counterbalancing factor to be taken into consideration is the increase in scholarships and other forms of student aid. Thus one student reports that he entered Amherst in 1893, paid $110 for tuition and $65 for room rent, and received scholarship aid to the amount of $87.50. To-day, under exactly the same conditions, he would pay $140 for tuition and $55 for rent and receive as a grant in aid the sum of $140, making his cash outlay $55, as against $87.50 twenty years ago. But even in this case the present advantage is almost eliminated by the increase in the cost of food, which is 18 per cent. higher than it was twenty years ago. The great increase in the amount of pecuniary assistance rendered to deserving students in the form of scholarships is not to be denied, but that such aid can reduce the cost everywhere and for every one as in the Amherst case we have cited seems incredible. Presumably, colleges do not resort to raising their tuition fees until they are absolutely forced to it. To give back in scholarships all that they gain in higher fees would be absurd. We are therefore justified in assuming that, whatever may be the case of the exceptionally gifted student, for the student body as a whole the increase of scholarship facilities cannot compensate for the direct increase in the cost of living.

This state of affairs carries a sober implication for the great mass of citizens of moderate income to whom the sending of a son to college has always been a sacrifice. To-day it is a question with them not only whether the high cost of living in the home makes it possible to send the boy to college, but to a college where the law of high prices operates as it does at home. A greater drain has to be met out of smaller resources.

THOROUGHNESS IN COLLEGE.

The Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences has taken a noteworthy step in requiring as essential to a bachelor's degree "a special final examination upon each student's field of concentration within the field of the division of history, government, and economics." Primarily, this is another blow at the old idea of a college as an attractive resort where the sons of the well-to-do may idle away four years, with the assistance of tutors, while residing in luxurious dormitories or equally luxurious clubs. Next, it is a clear departure from the elective system which was once a chief distinction of Harvard. Most important of all, it means an advance towards the thorough intellectual training of the collegian—towards the placing of American university training on a par with that received abroad. As such, it is a move in the same direction as the preceptorial system at Princeton, and the increasing development of the group form of studies in the establishment of which Johns Hopkins was the leader.

The change is particularly notable at Harvard, since there, if anywhere, the lack of direction of the student, and the haphazard nature of most studying under the elective system, were especially marked twenty years ago. If a man had no particular aptitude, or was interested in a number of subjects, his education at Harvard at that time was bound to be desultory and superficial. He would acquire a smattering of fine arts, of Greek and Latin, of German and French, of geology, history, economics, and government; but if he did not continue his studies after graduation, he went through life with but a small part of that scholarship which marks the graduate of Paris and Berlin or Oxford and Cambridge. The disappearance of the old rigorous courses in classics removed the chief source of the moral and mental discipline in the graduates of earlier years, even though their range might be limited. They had no smattering of a dozen or fifteen subjects, but what they knew they knew well, and, more than that, by mastering certain branches of knowledge they had laid the foundations for attacking and conquering others.

Precisely in this direction is Harvard now headed, if we may judge by the new regulation. Against the system of daily, half-yearly, and yearly examinations we have heard many protests; they make cramming possible, they guarantee in no wise the thoroughness of a student's knowledge, and they place at a disadvantage the student who recites well but under pressure expresses himself badly. But before a group examination at the close of four years of study, such as is proposed, most of these protests fall. A similar examination has long been the stepping-stone to a degree of doctor of philosophy. If this one is properly worked out, the candidate for the A.B. who has specialized in the field of history, government, and economics must know that field. He cannot as a senior pass well in advanced American history when his knowledge of the origins and the early forms of our government comprises merely a hazy recollection of a course in colonial history to which he listened in his freshman year.

How rapidly this system can be extended to other coördinated branches of study remains to be seen; that the seed will fall on fertile fields at Harvard and in other colleges is highly probable. Since the idea is also to stimulate men to read for themselves, it should seem not improbable that Harvard might come ere long to a preceptorial system of some kind or other, so that in their search after a well-rounded and comprehensive knowledge students would have personal touch with an instructor and his coöperation. Certainly, the fostering of the student's own initiative, the giving him the desire to browse along collateral lines, is of the utmost importance. If the final examination does this, it will accomplish great things. But to us it seems as if no examination could achieve what is desired if there be no guides for the wayfarer, to show at least where the longed-for paths of knowledge begin and by what signs one may follow them through the forest of learning.

Then, if this pilgrimage be undertaken in the right spirit, the wayfarer will find new openings, new beauties, for himself; the more of them that lead him beyond the special search upon which he is embarked the better. The final test will prevent too random browsing; but that which reveals unexpected visions will make for that culture which is at best so hard to attain in all our institutions of learning. Indeed, it is another milestone in our search for thoroughness of training and breadth of scholarship which has thus been set, as opposed both to the superficiality of the present and to the pedantic acquirement of fact which has far too often passed both for broad knowledge and humane culture.

GERMAN BOOKS.

The output of the German book market at this season of the year is so enormous that even when little beyond a brief survey is attempted, the abundance and variety are more than bewildering. The enjoyable feature is that the quality of the books, from a mere technical standpoint, is not out of proportion to the quantity. Typography and binding are now considered far more seriously than a few decades ago. The influence of English models is evident in the choice of the materials that go into the making of a book, as also in the style of its decoration.

The Grimm centenary has called forth several new editions. Among them is one of the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," in three volumes, with the little-known beautiful introduction by Hermann Grimm, and an after-word by Paul Ernst; also a two-volume edition of the "Deutsche Sagen" (Munich: Georg Müller). Of a more festive appearance is the Säkularausgabe of the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," with four full-page illustrations in color and 181 in the text, by P. Grotjohann and R. Leinweber (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). To the young reader and him who seeks allegorical meanings in such tales, the "Märchen" by Hauff have lost none of their fascination. They, too, appear in a new edition (Georg Müller), with illustrations by Alfred Kubin. This artist-author will be remembered for his weird and striking story, "Die andere Seite," which appeared some years ago, with illustrations by himself. Another writer of tales who seems not yet to have been forgotten is Musäus, whose "Märchen" are presented by Bruno Cassirer, of Berlin, in a facsimile reproduction of the edition of 1780. A work which perhaps stands alone in the literature of folk-lore is "Der Brunnen im Volksleben" (Munich: R. Piper), by Dr. Barthold Rein. It is a book of well-lore, with 115 illustrations, treating the subject from all points of view.

Travel books are very numerous. The most valuable among them are those not limited to description of places and people, but offering a record of personal impressions, experiences, and reflections. Among such books are some contained in the series planned by S. Fischer, under the title, Bücher der Arbeit und der Abenteuer. The initial volume, by Arthur Holitscher, "Amerika—heute und morgen," attractively illustrated by photographs, commends itself for its remarkable insight into phases of life that usually escape the foreign visitor. From that auspicious beginning one can safely expect the succeeding books to be equally valuable and enjoyable. The account of a trip around the world by the southern route, "Fünf Meere und fünf Welten," by Norbert Jacques, is likely to bring into relief that author's keen powers of observation and his admirably suggestive style. The third book in the series which belongs to the literature of travel is Emil Ludwig's "Africana."

The example of the Kultur monographs on the world's interesting cities (New York, Munich, Nuremberg, Venice, Dresden, etc.), which were formerly published by Marquardt, now by Martin Brandus, of Berlin, has been productive of a more ambitious undertaking: Die schöne deutsche Stadt (R. Piper). This series of handsome volumes is a mine of information to the tourist who desires more than a mere cursory impression of the country traversed. The first volume is devoted to central Germany and contains 160 illustrations; the second deals with southern Germany and contains 288 illustrations. Both books direct the attention of the reader rather to less known places well worth visiting than to those already included in the ordinary itinerary. Besides these works, there is a special volume devoted to a city dear to every lover of Germany's quaint and picturesque past: "Rothenburg," by Toni Boegner. It contains 175 illustrations, many of them reproduced from old prints and woodcuts, and as a souvenir of a visit to this unique relic of by-gone times is of inestimable value.

The traveller in Switzerland who is given to climbing will delight in Alfred Steinitzer's "Der Alpinismus in Bildern" (R. Piper). Among the 700 illustrations in this book are reproductions of Doré's "Ascension du Mont Cervin, 14 Juillet, 1865," commemorating one of the many tragedies of the heights. There is also a curious woodcut from an old magazine, representing the first woman who climbed Mont Blanc, standing on the back of a man and supported by three others, with the words underneath: "Plus haut que le Mont Blanc."

The nature student and the general reader will welcome a second edition of Dr. Konrad Guenther's pictorial atlas of the descent of man, entitled "Vom Urtier zum Menschen" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). It is this work of which Ernst Haeckel wrote: "I am sincerely glad that this important undertaking which I myself had in mind for some years, is carried out in such a practical and attractive form. This instructive work in a popular manner supplements my Anthropogeny, and in the interest of the subject I wish it great success." The work is published in two volumes with ninety-three illustrations, some of them in color, and is also sold by subscription.

Of historical and biographical works there is a great number. Many readers who at some time have been under the spell of Johannes Scherr's vigorous thought, mordant satire, and forcible style will be glad to learn that there is a new edition of his collected works (Leipzig: Hesse & Becker). Besides that the same firm has reissued his "Geschichte der Religion," his "1848—ein weltgeschichtliches Drama," "1870-1—Vier Bücher deutscher Geschichte," and "Schiller und seine Zeit." The last work forms an especially attractive volume, containing one steel engraving, thirteen portraits, and twenty historical plates.

Books on art seem to outnumber other illustrated works. Julius Meyer-Gräfe has edited and translated the writings of Eugène Delacroix, "Literarische Werke" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). The book contains essays on beauty, the ideal, realism, metaphysics, art criticism, Rafael, Michelangelo, Prudhon, Gros, Poussin, Charlet, Puget, etc. For illustration it has twelve drawings by Delacroix. The same author has written on Hogarth, the Impressionists, the great English masters, Van Gogh, Marées, and Cézanne (R. Piper). Karl Scheffler, one of Germany's most gifted art critics, is the author of a volume on the art of Max Liebermann (R. Piper).

The Klassiker der Kunst (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), a collection of monographs, has reached its twenty-first volume with a book on "Watteau," containing 182 illustrations, and its twenty-second with a volume devoted to Murillo, which has 250 illustrations. The student and the unprofessional visitor of art galleries will find Karl Voll's "Vergleichende Gemäldestudien" (Munich: Georg Müller) most valuable. The two volumes of the richly illustrated work contain a mine of indispensable information, and abound in critical suggestions.

Among the new editions of the world's greatest books are some very extraordinary enterprises. There is the Bible, revised from Luther's text, with an introduction by Hermann Hesse (Georg Müller). But all *éditions de luxe* of the Scriptures are surpassed by "Die zweiundvierzigzeilige Bibel von Johannes Gutenberg" (Insel-Verlag). It is no less than a facsimile reprint in colors of the Bible of Mayence, 1450-1453, edited by Paul Schwenke. It is in three volumes, of which the second is to appear in the autumn of 1913. The paper edition is sold at 700 marks, the leather-bound at 850. Three hundred copies are printed on hand-made paper, among them ten inlaid in gold at 2,600 marks, and three copies on parchment, illuminated by hand, at 6,000 marks. The work is sold by subscription, but no subscription will be taken after January 1.

There is a Jubiläumsausgabe of the "Decameron" with reproductions of 104 woodcuts from the Venice edition of 1492 (Georg Müller). The translator is Albert Wesselski. There are 825 copies printed on hand-made paper, and there are a number bound in vellum by Köllner of Leipzig.

The same publisher is bringing out the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe in a translation by Theodor and Gisela Etzel. For the illustrations the publisher could not have found an artist more qualified for the task than Alfred Kubin, whose weird imaginings stamp him as the poet's spiritual brother. Gobineau's "Renaissance" has been newly translated by Bernhard Jolles and is presented in an elegant edition with twenty-three illustrations (Insel-Verlag).

Of new editions of the German classics there are very many. Foremost among them for typography, binding, and moderate price are those of the Tempel-Verlag of Leipzig, containing complete editions of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Heine. A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Sir Walter Scott suffered at the hands of fraudulent imitators. A well-known instance is the story "Walladmor," which was written by Haering to furnish the German market with a novel by the great romancer, who had omitted to supply one for that year's book-fair; but there was a pseudo-Scott nearer home.

A certain William Fearman, of whom nothing appears to be known, announced "a fourth series" of "Tales of my Landlord." Therefore, John Ballantyne addressed to the London papers a letter in these terms:

> Sir, I have observed in the *Chronicle* lately, the Advertisement of a Fourth Series, Tales of my Landlord, by Jedediah Cleisbotham, &c. &c. to be published the 1st of November.
>
> That the public may not be taken in, to suppose this work a production of the Author of Tales of my Landlord in three series: the first containing the Black Dwarf and the Old Mortality; the second, the Heart of Midlothian; and the third, the Bride of Lammermuir, and the Legend of Montrose; I who have transacted betwixt the Publishers and the Author of these works, as his Agent, do, on my certain knowledge, assure you and the Public, that this Author has no concern whatever with the catchpenny Publication announced as above; and although I have not his express authority for saying so, I am morally assured, he will at no period send any further work to the public under the title of Tales of My Landlord.
>
> The copy-right of the Tales of My Landlord, in twelve volumes, has been purchased by, and is now the property of Messrs. Constable & Co.; who are taking legal measures to interdict the publication of this Spurious Work, under their title, and to punish those concerned in it, when they shall be discovered.
>
> I am Sir,
> Your obedient servant,
> JOHN BALLANTYNE.
> Bookseller for Scotland
> to his R. H. the Prince Regent.

Fearman, not in the spirit of his name but with almost matchless impudence, replied smartly:

> Sir: That you are the Purchaser and Publisher of the First, Second, and Third Series of the Tales of My Landlord nobody questions. I also am the Purchaser and Publisher of the Fourth Series. If by the Author you mean Jedediah Cleisbotham, I think (to say the least of it) you presume too much, when without having read a line of the Fourth Series you pronounce it spurious. The Fourth Series collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleisbotham, is no more spurious than the First, the Second, or the Third. It is for the Public to judge of that when they see the Work, and certainly not for you who have never seen it.
>
> That Jedediah will prosecute Jedediah, because Jedediah's stores have happily furnished a Fourth Series, is as little to be believed as feared.
>
> I have the honor to be,
> Sir, your humble servant,
> WILLIAM FEARMAN.
> 170 New Bond-street.

Fearman also circulated "A Letter in reply to the ridiculous threats of Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller for Scotland, against the Publisher of the fourthcoming series of 'Tales of My Landlord,' containing 'Pontefract Castle.'" In this, trading on the secrecy which had enshrouded the Waverley series, he says:

> There is one straight-forward and manly way of settling the question. Let the Author come forward and claim his own, not as Jedediah Cleisbotham, not as "the dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade"; not under the wing of Mr. John Ballantyne, Bookseller for Scotland, who can only offer the brass of his assertions in lieu of current coin. I shall then be enabled to decide whether the MS. I hold is or is not by the same person; certainly I cannot, till then, take upon me to pronounce.

Again he says:

> I, as publisher, disclaim all ideas of acting in the least degree dishonourably by the Author, whoever he may be. I have no means of judging what is his, or what is not his composition. Were I sure that my MS. were not his, and the publication contrary to his wish, I would drop the title, and trust, as I well might, to the intrinsic merit of the Work.

Southey had seen the announcement of the fictitious series, and, with some of Scott's other friends, was somewhat concerned over it. Ballantyne and Constable both thought the time had come for the "author of Waverley" to reveal himself, but Scott refused. "The author who lends himself to such a trick must be a blockhead," he declared; "let them publish and that will serve our purpose better than anything we ourselves could do."

The book trade would doubtless know that Fearman's novelist was an impostor, but the guileless public must have been puzzled when they saw the title-page of "Tales of My Landlord, New Series, containing Pontefract Castle," published in 1820, and "Tales of My Landlord, New Series, containing the Fairy of Glas Lyn," published in 1821, each in the orthodox three volumes, and each containing a preface by the enterprising publisher. He was full of admiration for the anonymous author:

> Such a mind as that is not to be hermetically sealed, like a spirit, in the North. I have in fact no doubt that Pontefract Castle will create an era in the annals of Romance.

Scott was a better prophet than the piratical publisher. "Pontefract Castle" is not without cleverness; the unknown writer catches in a superficial way some of Scott's style, but he has not the scholarship, and still less has he the genius, of the Wizard of the North. There is much about Rosicrucianism in the story, and the writer regards John Toland and Charles I as contemporaries. The Roundheads are painted as greedy, sanctimonious, sensual hypocrites, while the King's men are the pink of perfection. The Puritan preacher Purefoy speaks of reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" some half-century before it was written. Cromwell is depicted in the most unlovely colors, and appears in the novel character of a captive in the hands of the Cavaliers. Hopkins, the witch-finder, is another figure, and the gallant Cavalier rescues a poor old witch from him. Perhaps as a sample of the style of the pseudo-Scott we may quote part of the evidence of Ebenezer, the portly and rubicund cook, against a supposed witch. Hopkins asks if he saw her riding on a broomstick:

> "Na, mun, modder, she's too deep to be seen at her tricks. I did na see her, but I felt her: for I itched, and roobed, and scroobed the houl night, for all the worle as if I lay upon a cowitch; and there was sooch a wowling and catter-wowling wi' that domd black cat that used to follow her. I'm moral sartain, the Laccademon snuffed me out."
>
> "The Cacodemon you mean. Well and so, this cat follows her? Have you seen it lately?"
>
> "Na, na—the baist's up to someat, Ise tell thee. Never since Miles White watched her out of the black posten. Miaw, said the limb of Satan—and snuffs, and snuffs, as if he wanted a tidbit of flesh.—Oh, it's you, Beelzebub! says he, is it? By the poors, Ise mark ye. So, out he whips his loong soord, and slices off one o' t' baist's paws, as nice as ninepence.—All's right, thought he; I shall know ye now, mun, by head mark. Wull, would ye credit it? he meets the baist ond' next day, like, with all his paws as whool as mine, and it miowls him in the face, as who should sa'—it's varry pratty, like, but it won't do. Wull, this passed on—and in a day or two, wou'd ye credit it? there comes this old hag—this good woman, I mean, and brings ye another woman to th' Spittle, wi' never a hond. So then, the murder was out."

In this tale—told in what ought to be a Yorkshire dialect, but is mere misspelling—the folk-lorist will recognize a legend that is to be found in the popular mythology of various nations.

The bogus "Tales" did not reach a second edition, while the real ones have been reprinted hundreds of times, and still retain their pristine charm for the lovers of romance. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest those of your readers who are authors to learn that provided they fulfil all the demands of the present American Copyright law and wholly manufacture their books in the United States in order to protect their copyright in their native land, they are thereby debarred from importing a single copy of their work from Great Britain, where it has been simultaneously made and published by a British firm.

Under a ruling by the United States Treasury I have recently been prohibited from receiving the usual *gratis* copies which are presented to the author by his British publisher. The American author is thus debarred from seeing the form in which his work has been issued by his British publisher. The reason given for this decision is that, according to the manifest meaning of the law, such prohibition shall be made against any copy, or copies, of any work that has been copyrighted in this country.

This seems to me to be both unjust to the American author, and at the same time an illustration of a form of protection which is certainly not in the interest of the author, and which is doing no conceivable good to the printers, typesetters, and publishers, in whose interest the author's rights are presumably sacrificed.

I should like to know what is to be said for such a prohibition as this by leading publishers, like Mr. George P. Brett or Mr. Charles Scribner, who are, of course, interested in the welfare of their authors in British markets. One would suppose that the payment of a duty would enable the author to bring in his *gratis* copies; but even this privilege is denied him. In order to bring through the customs a book written by himself he must have wholly manufactured it in Great Britain, to the damage of the American printer, typesetter, and publisher, and he must have sacrificed his rights as a native born citizen in his own country.

Of course, it is easy enough to break the law and get a sight of one's own book in its British dress by bringing it in in a variety of surreptitious ways. But some of us prefer to obey the law if we can.

In the case in point I acted as the author's agent, but the law in the case applies to either of us. WM. S. BOOTH.

Boston, Mass., December 5.

SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some confusion exists in the press regarding the relations between two international organizations, the American-Scandinavian Society and the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The two institutions are acting in close sympathy and exist for virtually the same end, to promote closer intellectual relations between Americans and the peoples of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

The Society, like the Japan Society and similar bodies, consists, as the name implies, of members, several hundreds—potentially thousands—on both sides of the Atlantic. It was established in 1908 with Nicholas Murray Butler president and Carl Lorentzen secretary. Through the efforts of the Society, Scandinavian students came to America, and President Butler, Chancellor MacCracken, and Prof. Samuel T. Dutton lectured in the Universities of the North, while several Scandinavian professors lectured in America, among them Prof. Otto Jespersen, of Copenhagen. President Butler was succeeded by Niels Poulson, of Brooklyn. This year the president of the Society is John D. Gade, of New York, under whose leadership the Society is bringing to America an exhibit of 150 paintings from Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, to be shown first in New York on December 10 and thereafter in Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago, and Boston.

The Foundation is an independent institution which grew out of a bequest of the late Niels Poulson, second president of the Society, who made the Foundation residuary legatee of his estate, a total endowment of more than $500,000. It is a corporation consisting of a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, empowered to receive and administer funds. The president of this board is Rev. Frederick Lynch, of New York, and the board includes professors of Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as well as prominent professional men and merchants with Scandinavian interests in various parts of the country. This year, the chief undertaking of the Foundation is the giving of financial support to the Scandinavian Art Exhibit. In addition it has granted five scholarships to graduate students of Christiania, Copenhagen, and Gothenburg studying in the United States, and to graduate students of the Universities of Iowa and Chicago studying the Norwegian language at the University of Christiania. The Foundation has also established a bi-monthly magazine shortly to appear, to be called the *American-Scandinavian Review*.

These are but beginnings; greater dreams are entertained by the officers of the Foundation and the Society, including libraries and institutes. They face also greater problems, problems scarcely formulated.

The great problem, after all, is the conservation of Northern culture among the Scandinavian element in the American people. While this problem applies to all nationalities, it is most urgent in the case of the blue-eyed race who combine the high physical desirability of vikings with an illiteracy of lower percentage than that of our own English cousins. The civilization of these Northern peoples is the product of centuries of household education in weaving, carving, and painting, in song and stringed instruments, and story telling, and much book learning in many tongues.

Too often the Scandinavian who comes to America leaves all this heritage behind him. He is faced with new conditions which respect only one of his racial assets, namely, thrift. How can the American-Scandinavian Society through its members, or the Foundation through its funds, act to impress upon the public mind the value of Northern traditions, and aid our Scandinavian citizens to conserve their inheritance and contribute it to their new national estate?

H. G. LEACH.

New York, December 6.

A UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is reported that the United States Bureau of Education is preparing to make an inquiry among linguists and educators in this country as to the desirability and practicability of an international agreement on a universal alphabet to be used first in dictionaries and similar manuals, as a uniform system of indicating pronunciation. At some subsequent time, the proposed alphabet might come into general use among the nations, and might prove to be one more strand in the cable of international comity and peace. All will probably admit the desirability of such an alphabet, and those will believe in its practicability who are familiar with the rapid extension already attained by the alphabet at present promulgated by the International Phonetic Association.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, December 7.

Literature

NEW GIFT BOOKS.

René Bull's pictures for the "Arabian Nights"—there are twenty plates in color and countless sketches in black and white—are not of the latter-day Orient of Max Reinhardt, with its simple lines and restrained colors, but the georgeous, flamboyant, gilded, and lapis lazuli East of our childhood. Bagdad is a city of crowded blue domes and globe-tipped minarets, the Caliphs are most abundantly bearded, and the genii are overwhelming in their length of claw and forked tongue, but with a relieving sense of make believe that properly results in terrifying the young mind without frightening it. (Dodd, Mead; $3.50 net.)

W. Dacres Adams, in "A Book of Beggars," presents a gallery of London types drawn with a vivid sense of actuality, and just a hint of humor. His beggars are not all of the lowly; among them is the Lord Mayor of London, in scarlet and gold, "appealing" in behalf of some worthy cause; the bishop in lawn sleeves, entreating; and the winsome sister of charity, knocking at the door. For character with a tragic note in it, the newsboy may be mentioned. For character with a laugh in it there is the politician, a little masterpiece of its kind. (Lippincott; $1.25 net).

Those looking for a volume of smart society pictures arranged with explanations so as to form a story, will be satisfied with "The Adventures of Kitty Cobb," by James Montgomery Flagg. (Doran; $2 net.)

Mrs. Andrew Lang continues the Christmas books of her late husband with "The Book of Saints and Heroes" (Longmans; $1.60 net). Again Andrew Lang's favorite illustrator in this kind, H. J. Ford, provides charming pictures in color and black-and-white. The saints are mostly of early date, Jerome, Brendan, Elizabeth of Hungary, Francis, Columba, Augustine. Mrs. Lang recites their legends with simplicity and feeling, and the collection will be welcomed by children and grown-ups who have been properly bred on the multi-colored fairy books.

The revival of dancing as an art receives the attention of Caroline and Charles H. Caffin in a genuine tome of comment and illustration, "Dancing and Dancers of To-day" (Dodd, Mead; $4 net). As might be suspected, Pavlowa and Mordkin are the figures around whom the book is built. All their various attitudes are shown to have special meanings, and dancing as practiced by them is seen to share the subtlety of music itself. Interesting information is furnished relative to the training of the Russian ballet school. The story is told that Mordkin attended a vaudeville show in this country at which the new Russian dancing was burlesqued. "The comedian made a few eccentric steps, then explained to his audience that those steps signified that he was a girl whose lover was sick in Pittsburgh, and he was going by train to see him and would have to change from the local to the express." So difficult was it for Americans to get used to the idea of a man dancing seriously as an artist. Description together with photographs, will be found of virtually all the dancers of note whom New York has seen these dozen years.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is out in holiday dress with a binding of navy-blue, relieved by a design of red and gold. The half-dozen colored plates from the hand of H. M. Brock, R. I., are quaint and pretty. (Lippincott; $1.50 net.)

Alfred Sutro has translated, and Edward J. Detmold has illustrated, Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee" (Dodd, Mead; $4 net). The illustrations are mounted on inserts, and represent various activities of life both within and without the hive. Especially striking are the drawings of The Queen, Founding the City, The Duel of the Queens, and The Combs. More delicate in coloring are some of the sketches of flowers. The whole makes a large and handsome volume, clearly printed, and not too heavy to hold.

To his previous exquisite work Edmund Dulac has added a set of illustrations for Poe's "The Bells and Other Poems" (Doran, $5 net). In conception, as in execution, these drawings are satisfying. They have caught the wild vagueness of "Ulalume," the grewsome tragedy of "The Conqueror Worm," the terror of the "evil things, in robes of sorrow," in "The Haunted Palace," and the gladness and the fiendishness of "The Bells." Their richness of coloring was to be expected from the former achievements of this artist. Naturally, bright hues are rare in this latest collection, but the sombreness along with the depth of color is in keeping with the themes of the poems.

Hugh Thomson has made a notable series of illustrations for Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" (Doran; $5 net). At the beginning of each act is a pen-and-ink drawing representative of the situation as it is disclosed by the raising of the curtain at that point, and there are other pen-and-ink drawings within the scenes. The bulk of the illustrations, however, are in color. These are particularly interesting for the facial expressions which they depict, ranging all the way from mild surprise to shrewish anger.

From Henry Frowde come half a dozen thumb-nail volumes of selections, bound in wallpaper pinks and greens. Browning is here with the "Pied Piper," "Ghent to Aix," "Theocritus," "The Grammarian," and "The Statue and the Bust." Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti have a volume apiece. The others are Robert Herrick, Ruskin, on the "Mystery of Life," and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Emerson's lecture essay on "Success" has been issued in a Riverside Press edition by Houghton Mifflin. It contains a brief introduction by Ferris Greenslet. The edition, notable for the quality of the paper and the character of the printing, is limited to 550 numbered copies, of which 500 are to be sold at $2 each, net; the plates to be destroyed.

From Portland, Me., Mr. Mosher sends out his usual group of alluring reprints. Among these, two slender volumes of pocket size contain Stevenson's "Flight of the Princess" and Vernon Lee's "In Praise of Old Gardens." Of somewhat larger size are Fiona Macleod's "Silence of Amor" and Pater's "Renaissance." Mr. Mosher has also made an anthology of prose and verse to which he has given the title "Amphora" (reminiscent of Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey"), and subscribed himself as "the Editor of the Bibelot." The subscription is happy, as the flavor of the collection might be described as the quintessential charm of the Bibelot books. Two other new and copyright volumes are "Lyrical Poems," by Lucy Lyttelton, and "Roses of Pæstum," by Edward McCurdy. The handsomest of Mr. Mosher's books this year is a quarto volume entitled "Memories of President Lincoln," which contains a handsome reprint of four of Walt Whitman's poems on the death of Lincoln. An excellent photogravure portrait of the President is prefixed, and the "Gettysburg Address" is placed on one of the front pages as a kind of motto.

Marion Harland's two volumes, "Some Colonial Homesteads" and "More Colonial Homesteads," have been reissued by Putnams within a single cover and entitled "Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories" ($3.50). Both text and illustrations render the publication in its present form a suitable gift book.

DISRAELI.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. II, 1837-1846. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

The delay in the appearance of this volume—it is two years since Vol. I was published—is said in the preface to be due to "reasons of health." Unfortunately, the author's death soon followed, so that a new mischance has befallen what seems to be the ill-starred official biography of Disraeli. Lord Rowton, private secretary and biographer designate, died without doing anything more than amass materials; and now Mr. Monypenny has passed away, leaving the work less than half done. Regret at this will be the deeper for the proof of his quality that he had given. Besides sufficient literary skill, he had the good judgment and complete honesty which made him just the biographer one would desire to have the handling of the Disraeli papers. While the present volume is not steadily maintained at the high level reached by the first, it carries on the narrative in a way to sustain its interest, and witnesses throughout to Mr. Monypenny's industry and literary integrity.

Vol. I ended leaving Disraeli on the threshold of Parliament, and in these pages we see him proceeding to the slow conquest of the House of Commons. The familiar story of his "maiden speech"—the future great orator making a mess of his first attempt, and sitting down in mortification with "the time will come when you will hear me"—is set straight. Disraeli had no lack of *aplomb.* He would have made a good speech if the House had let him. But his dandified manners, his reputation as an adventurer, and the literary taint upon him had created a violent prejudice against him among the members, and they howled him down. "The scamps of Radicals," wrote Lord Lyndhurst to Disraeli, "were determined that you should not speak. I am sure you have the courage to have at them again." He had; and it was not long before his jaunty wit, his irreverent epigram, and his stinging sarcasm won him both a ready hearing and a heightening admiration. By a year from his "failure," Disraeli was writing to his sister of a successful speech in the House. "All the squires came up to shake hands with me. They were so grateful, and well they might be, for certainly they had nothing to say for themselves." So soon are we put on the track of one great reason for Disraeli's rise to the leadership of the Tory party. He could speak for inarticulate followers.

In this volume Mr. Monypenny had to grapple with two problems closely affecting the estimate of Disraeli's character. One has to do with his marriage. The other concerns his rather abject application to Peel for office, with his subsequent audacious denial that he had ever made it. Disraeli's marriage to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the widow of his former colleague from Maidstone, a lady considerably older than himself—but with a fortune of $20,000 a year, while he was almost hopelessly in debt—has often been characterized as purely mercenary. It was only partly so. "Dizzy married me for my money," his wife used to say jestingly; "but if he had to do it again he would do it for love." There was a shade of truth in both assertions. Disraeli was not wholly blind to pecuniary considerations in the match. After his suit was accepted there was a quarrel. The letters that passed are given. Mrs. Lewis reproached him for thinking only of her house and social station and fortune. He retorted that this was not true, and that if he had really been a fortune-hunter, he should have flown at much higher game. A reconciliation soon came, and a life of almost ideal married happiness followed. She was just the wife for him—as he testified again and again—and no husband could have been more devoted and lover-like than he. All things considered, we must agree with Mr. Monypenny that "the judgment of the world" respecting Disraeli's marriage is "in need of revision." The material for it is here supplied in letters and other evidence.

When Sir Robert Peel formed his Ministry in 1841, Disraeli wrote him a letter begging for "recognition"—that is, for office. Mrs. Disraeli wrote to the Prime Minister at the same time, without her husband's knowledge, she stated. Peel could find no place for him. There is a story that he would have given him something had not Stanley threatened to leave the Cabinet if "that scoundrel" were taken in. Be this as it may, Peel refused Disraeli. On this ground, or for more public reasons, Disraeli began his famous series of attacks upon Peel. When the latter was most virulently assailed by the gibes and flouts of the other in 1846, he remarked that Disraeli's opinion of him could not have been so low in 1841, when Disraeli applied for office. Disraeli flatly asserted that he had never done so. But there was his explicit letter! It was afterwards found among the Peel papers, and was first published fifty years later. What have the apologists of Disraeli to say? There have been many weak attempts to explain away the sheer contradiction. Wilfrid Meynell, in his Life of Disraeli, intimates that Peel's charge came so suddenly that Disraeli "showed an ambling unpreparedness." Other shifts have been tried. But none of them would do for so honest a biographer as Mr. Monypenny. He examines all the evidence, and then records the verdict: "Having asked Peel for office in 1841, Disraeli in 1846, not to press the other occasion [there was another], publicly denied that he had done so; and he must pay the full penalty."

The old puzzle why Peel did not produce the letter and crush Disraeli on the spot, is not discussed in this volume. Perhaps it cannot be solved now. One knows the story of Peel being found late the night of the encounter looking for the letter and not being able to find it. But the Duke of Newcastle personally told Goldwin Smith that, "calling at Peel's house on his way to the House of Commons, he had been shown by Peel, who took it from his bag, a letter from Disraeli asking place." Thus there was at least a basis for the theory of Peel's "magnanimity," or scruple about giving out a personal letter. Its publication by Mr. Parker in his Life of Peel was resented by Augustine Birrell on the ground that it prevented Peel's magnanimity from being "complete and eternal." "Disraeli never pretended to be a man of nicety," adds Mr. Birrell. "He ate his peck of dirt." Peel may have thought to despise his railing, as Pericles scorned to notice the low fellows who insulted him. Another source of inward satisfaction is hinted at by Lord Rosebery when he writes that Peel had "the solace which might be derived, under the philippics of an alienated supporter, from the possession of the orator's application for office."

But Disraeli himself recorded in 1836 an instance of Peel's staying his hand when he might have smitten an opponent to the ground. It was Hume of whom Peel said, according to Disraeli, "I might have risen and crushed him, the impudent dog." Disraeli wondered: "Why did he not?" Why did not Peel rise and crush Disraeli, ten years later? It is a question touching the psychology of public men that Mr. Monypenny did not seek to answer.

The ten years of English political history covered by the volume were stirring. It was the period when the agitation against the Corn Laws reached its climax in success. Public debate was keen and party spirit ran high. It was a time when such an audacious genius as Disraeli might easily make a name for himself. He has somewhere recorded the saying that a public man who is also a man of letters has a two-edged weapon. This volume shows him wielding his. He spoke and he wrote. His speeches in the House and on the hustings won him a fame that was extended and rendered more piquant by "Coningsby" and "Sybil." These political novels are analyzed and cited by Mr. Monypenny at disproportionate and needless length. This is one of the *longueurs* in the volume. Disraeli did, indeed, put his political ideas, as well as his portraits from life and his satirical flings, into these writings; but they were the same ideas which he embodied in many a speech. They depended in part upon a reading of English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which Mr. Monypenny admits to have been forced or fanciful. But he himself gets into historical difficulties when he seeks to make it out that Disraeli's attitude towards the Corn Laws and towards protection in general was somehow prescient of the modern protectionist revival in England. He implies blame in Disraeli for taking a wrong view of Charles I in order to explain "Young England." But he himself perversely reads present conditions back into the state of mind of protectionists sixty years ago. We cannot go into this, but Mr. Monypenny's effort to re-write economic history from the standpoint of the latter-day British "tariff reformer" is tedious and wholly inconclusive.

The chief interest lies in the unfolding of Disraeli's talent for public life. At forty he does not perhaps make so vivid an impression of sheer genius as at twenty-five, but the proof of his enormous cleverness multiplies. He never lost consciousness of it. In these years of heightening recognition he was as vain as a boy of every mark of approval or scrap of flattery given him. He was continually writing them down for his wife or sister. At the close of one self-satisfied letter he wrote, "Burn this egotistical trash"; but if it had been burned, twenty others as stuffed with vanity would have remained. It is hard to recall any other man of first-class ability who so steadily wrote of himself with such extreme complacency. "I made an admirable speech," "They tell me that nothing finer was ever heard in the House"—such is the recurring note. But Disraeli's vanity was buoyed up by great courage, perfect coolness under fire, and an audacity that never failed him. His crest contained the motto, *Forti nihil difficile:* which his enemies early translated, "The impudence of some men sticks at nothing." Disraeli's did not. From his first years in Parliament he acted upon the theory, which he thought he had worked out in the case of Croker, that "men of a certain age like the young ones who lick them." He broke lances with Palmerston. He tilted at Graham and Stanley. Finally, he determined to "strike at the highest," and entered upon his series of speeches against Peel. Some of these were highly effective in themselves; but the laughter and roars of applause which they evoked in the House were partly factitious, and evinced the deepening hatred of Peel on the part of his own party followers, as they saw him swinging to free trade. Nobody else could level such barbed taunts at him as Disraeli, and so nobody else got such cheers from them. But Mr. Monypenny somewhat exaggerates the part which Disraeli took in the fall of Peel. It would not be accurate to say that Disraeli "overthrew" Peel. His wit and invective doubtless accelerated the Prime Minister's defeat, but that was mainly caused by the bold attacks of Lord George Bentinck, marshalling the great Tory families. Disraeli was unable to take Peel's place. He did not become recognized Tory leader till 1849, three years after this volume closes. In reality, his rise was not so rapid as his undoubted powers would have seemed to warrant. The reason is not concealed by Mr. Monypenny. Disraeli was not trusted. He would have gone higher more quickly if his character had stood higher. Mr. Monypenny again reminds us that it is always dangerous to take any statement of Disraeli's literally. It is shown that he lied unblushingly to his constituents about his debts, which were for years mountainous and harassing. The fact was known, and hindered his advancement. For a long time the air of being an adventurer clung to him. So he had, with all his showy talents and solid parts, to fight his way slowly. He was frantically applauded long before he was confidently followed.

In general, Mr. Monypenny shows more zeal in defending Disraeli's brains than Disraeli's morals. But his frankness and his literary conscience would not permit him to praise highly Disraeli's style at this period of his life. It was not bettered by Parliamentary speaking. And in the novels there is "less simplicity" and "more affectation." "It is one of the many contradictions in Disraeli's mind and character that, in spite of his strong grasp of fact, his keen sense of the ridiculous, and his intolerance of cant, he never could quite distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit either in language or sentiment." This is a hard saying. Even when the author is whole-hearted in praise, he leaves the reader to see the evidence of something lacking. For example, he speaks in the highest terms of Disraeli's extraordinary grasp of foreign affairs at this time, and of his anticipating future developments. Yet he records Disraeli's sneer, in a confidential paper of 1842, at "Lord Aberdeen's mystical hallucinations of German nationality." Evidently, foreign politics had not in Disraeli attained the rank of a science able to predict!

The reviewer cannot lay down Mr. Monypenny's book without again expressing regret that so competent a biographer was not permitted to trace for us the rest of Disraeli's career.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Reef. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In his recent book on "Play-Making," Mr. William Archer has a chapter about "blind-alley themes": themes from which there is no proper exit, problems of which "all possible solutions are equally unsatisfactory and undesirable." This does not mean simply that there is no way out through the door of stage convention, or that every conceivable exit is "unpleasant." It means, says Mr. Archer, that "there is no possible way out of them which is not worse than unpleasant: humiliating and distressing."

It is to the advantage of the dramatist that he must be on guard against such themes, that he must take care not to present life as a disheartening muddle. The novel, in its relatively fluid and indeterminate state, is as yet hardly conscious of this friendly inhibition. A novelist has, and ought to have, a freer hand than a playwright. It is his compensation for the want of that vivid and active contact with his audience which the playwright enjoys. But he may well bear in mind the caution addressed to dramatists by Mr. Archer: "The crimes of destiny there is some profit in contemplating; but its stupid vulgarities minister neither to profit nor delight."

Mrs. Wharton's chief failing is her addiction to themes of this type. The story of Lily Bart was not only disagreeable: it was depressing and humiliating. She was a victim of the stupid vulgarities of fate. The only way of releasing her from helpless and meaningless torment was the too easy way chosen by Mrs. Wharton, the way of death. It is not surprising that even the services of an expert playwright failed to make a successful play out of such material. Mrs. Wharton does not hesitate to make use of expedients which the stage is laughed at for tolerating. Lily's over-dose of chloral is one; an habitual employment of the "long arm of coincidence" is another. Miss Bart makes one visit to the rooms of Lawrence Selden, and is once lured to the house of Gus Trenor. Both times her departure is seen by acquaintances who happen to be passing the premises at the particular moment. The action of "The Reef" turns largely on a series of similar, carefully arranged contretemps.

But "The Reef," even more clearly than "The House of Mirth," is built upon a theme impossible of dramatic solution; and in this instance the novelist neither attempts a solution nor cuts the knot. The theme, stated baldly, is this: A still young man, on his way to belated tryst with the only woman he has ever wished to marry, gets a telegram that the meeting must be put off. No explanation is given, and he is about to turn back when chance throws him in contact with a pretty girl who seems to need his help. Both are alone and adrift, and the upshot is a ten days' amour in Paris. They part amicably. Some months later the original tryst is fulfilled, and the man finds installed in his true love's house, and about to marry her stepson, the girl of the Paris affair. This is intolerable: he makes a number of feeble attempts to get rid of the girl, but without avail. It is left for her to break her engagement with the stepson, because she loves the man, and clings to the memory of their brief relation—wants to "keep him all to herself." So she disappears—but not before the older woman has learned the whole truth. Then follow a series of scenes in which the man and the woman torture each other with extraordinary ingenuity. The woman is very modern—tense, quivering, always self-conscious, often hysterical. She decides to part with the man—and on the eve of parting gives herself to him so that she may for once "be to him all" that the hated girl had been. They do not part at the moment, there are a few more chapters of emotional backing and filling, and we leave them at that exercise—well content to leave them. It is clearly impossible that they should ever be happy together—or apart. The only figure which finds its way, in a sense, out of the blind alley, is that of the girl—a figure at least braver and less forlorn than the rest. Stripped of the verbal felicities and subtleties, of the air of grave absorption in the human scene, of the elegances of social setting, which are Mrs. Wharton's familiar assets, the story is a paltry one, or nearly that.

Bubbles of the Foam. By F. W. Bain, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When, in 1899, Mr. Bain published his "Digit of the Moon," he stated in his preface that it was the sixteenth part of a Sanskrit work entitled "The Churning of the Ocean of Time," this particular portion being, according to Indian ideas, the eighth of these sixteen digits. The present book constitutes the tenth volume of the series, though the word *prīti* in its Sanskrit title is the special designation of the thirteenth digit; and we may accordingly expect, in all probability, six more volumes before "The Churning of the Ocean of Time" shall be complete. We search in vain for this work in catalogues of Sanskrit manuscripts or in histories of literature; and the poets Amara and Sulochana, from whom Mr. Bain quotes in "Bubbles," are equally elusive.

Judged simply as a story, this is one of the best of the series. Beginning with an episode confessedly similar to the opening of the Sanskrit romance of "The Adventures of Harsha," it tells how the goddess Sarasvatī was cursed by the god of Love, Kāma, to assume mortal form for smiling at a discord in his singing. Whereupon Kāma was condemned to similar punishment by Brahma, his curse being determined by the quality and period of that of the goddess. Kāma was, accordingly, born as Atirupa, the son of Jaya; and Sarasvatī as Alipriyā or Aranyānī, the daughter of King Bimba, whom Jaya dethroned and drove into a lonely forest. Atirupa grew up a spoiled young monarch of matchless beauty and unbridled desires, who when told of Aranyānī hastens to the forest, fascinates the maiden, and carries her off to his palace. Later she returns to the forest broken-hearted, and contrives to make Babhru, a woodman, who has loved her, put an end to her life. Babhru then seeks out Atirupa and kills him with the same knife that has destroyed the mistreated heroine. The soul of the prince and that of Chamu, his *vita*, or sycophant, enter other bodies, and Babhru becomes a camel, the sight of whose bones in the desert leads Çiva to tell the tale to his spouse Pārvatī.

Such is the framework for some of the most admirable character-drawing that Mr. Bain's work has yet revealed. The portrayal of the gradual yielding of Aranyānī, a maiden wise in ancient lore but innocent of knowledge of the wiles of a gross libertine, is full of pathos. Unfortunately, the record is not confined to one country or to one time. Atirupa is drawn with a less sympathetic hand, though his patient scheming to obtain his victory is not without skill. The real hero, at least in character, is Babhru, whose love for Aranyānī, whether as simple forest maid or as the cast-off plaything of a king, is a thing of exquisite beauty.

Yet, despite the beauty of the whole, there is much in the volume that seems non-Indian; in fact, distinctly Occidental. The phraseology lacks in great part the subtle Sanskrit flavor that marks the earlier volumes of the series, though genuine bits of Indian simile are frequent. But the most serious criticism centres in Babhru. To the Occidental he is very attractive, but—he is a woodman: and unless the "Churning of the Ocean of Time" is tinged with Buddhism, though it is uncompromisingly orthodox and Çaivite in tone, such a drawing is almost impossible for a low-caste character. The love of Babhru is almost too noble to be Indian, with whom love is very likely to be of the earth earthy, particularly in the case of the sterner sex.

My Dog and I. By Gerald Sidney. With numerous illustrations by the author. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

On the higher levels of humor the modern Englishman (in the face of table) is quite worthy to associate with us. But we seem to be conversant with intermediate levels of which Englishmen are hardly aware. We do not necessarily pass direct from a subtle smile to a guffaw. We find a considerable range of amusing performance between Rip Van Winkle and the Rogers brothers—between the pleasantry of Mr. Howells and the pleasantries of Messrs. Mutt and Jeff. Outside of the "homes of burlesque" and the pages of the comic supplement, we are distinctly on guard against mere facetiousness. It is safe to say that the publishers of the present book would not dream of publishing a book of similar character by an American author. It was a generation ago that "Helen's Babies" took us by storm.

"Helen's Babies," after all, had a human element. The naughty children were not mere monsters of infantile depravity; they represented babyhood in a phase of comic effervescence. Mr. Sidney's dog is not a dog, but a silly contrivance of springs and fur, so manipulated as to fall into everything and knock over everybody on a specially prepared stage. In short, he is the dog of the comic supplement, elevated to the post of hero in a narration of some length. The deeply humorous nature of the incidents which make up that narrative may be gathered from the opening episode: Old gentleman shut in portable Turkish bath with dog. Dog turns up wick of kerosene stove which generates steam. Old gentleman coated with lampblack, which daughter tries to remove with lavender water, but uses copal varnish by mistake. Practical joker, posing as physician, sends old gentleman to hospital, registering him as a colored missionary. And so on: a *jeu d'esprit* which may be recommended to the taste of the ten-year-old whose sense of humor does not find itself sufficiently developed to appreciate the relative subtleties and delicacies of "Peck's Bad Boy."

THREE BOOKS ON JAPAN.

The Creed of Half Japan. Historical Sketches of Japanese Buddhism. By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Japanese Nation, Its Land, Its People, and Its Life. By Inazo Nitobé, Ph.D., LL.D. With a map. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

American-Japanese Relations: An Inside View of Japan's Policies and Purposes. By Kiyoshi K. Kawakami. New York: F. H. Revell Co. $2 net.

These three volumes add appreciably to our understanding of Japan and suggest visibly by their issue in the same year the increasing attention paid by serious readers to the deeper currents of thought affecting the renovation of the Empire. The first on the list before us is the work of a man who admirably represented the highest type of the scholarly missionary to be found here and there in all the "fields" outside of Christendom. A graduate and sometime dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge, he taught in both Canada and Japan in mission and Government colleges, ending his brilliant career in the prime of life before this volume appeared from the press. The scope of this his most mature and carefully considered publication is much broader than its title indicates. It is a study of the sources and development of that form of Buddhism which found its way across the continent of Asia to Japan, and as such it takes its place as a contribution of the first importance to our knowledge of the Mahâyâna, the later and amplified Buddhism which spread over northern and eastern Asia. The limitation which renders this work a special treatise rather than an exposition of the whole subject lies in the fact that the author's sources are entirely Japanese. These comprise, indeed, translations from Sanskrit and Chinese writings, but much will have to be learned from original works in these and other Asiatic languages before the growth of the doctrine is adequately revealed. The subject is profoundly involved in the history of long periods of mediæval Asiatic history about which the world as yet knows next to nothing.

Professor Lloyd's chief contribution to the history of Buddhism consists in his support of the theory that the Mahâyâna was largely mixed with Christian doctrines, and that its two early apostles, Asvagosha and Nâgârjuna, identified Sâkyamuni with Christ. Perhaps he presses his contention to extremes when he finds two disciples of St. Thomas in the priests from India encountered by the commissioners from the Chinese Emperor Ming-ti dispatched to look for a fulfilment of his dream; but his arguments supporting the conjecture are worth considering. The later spread of Manichæanism and Nestorian Christianity towards the East renders the supposition historically possible, and some modern Japanese students are disposed to entertain it; but the careful scholar will await further evidence.

The second half of this volume summarizes briefly and lucidly the changes in institutional Buddhism after reaching Japan. Buddhism there played a great rôle, but it earned its bad reputation for hypocrisy and avarice when the fighting men of the country turned in disgust from their ghostly advisers and made what shift they could to direct their lives without the support of any revealed religion whatever. No book that has yet been written explains as clearly as this the underlying causes of that lack of faith and of spiritual ideals which has rendered a sensitive and deeply emotional people generally insensible to the natural longings of the soul.

Yet, though wanting in a religion which appeals to the mystical needs of the individual, the nation responds better, perhaps, than others to the *bushido* which is the soul of a whole people. By a felicitous coincidence, the inventor of a concrete expression for that unified impulse is the author of the next book in our triad. Professor Nitobé's "Japanese Nation" is made up of twelve lectures delivered during the last college year as exchange professor in this country. It would be unfortunate if the suspicion that occasional addresses must imply conventional commonplaces should keep any one from reading this volume. These chapters epitomize the mature opinions of a highly trained teacher upon the characteristics, problems, and condition of his nation as a whole. While there can be nothing final in the verdict pronounced by even the most acute thinker upon a race of which he is a member, his judgment has great value as an interpretation of his own people to the outside world in terms which are readily understood by his audience. It is what we desire to know of a foreign culture told to us with a charm and precision of diction that can fairly be called astonishing. In a brief notice such as this a single illustration of the author's style and philosophic temper will reveal the quality of his book with more propriety than an inevitably condensed discussion:

> The sense of beauty extended horizontally generates art, and the same projected upwards paints and carves a religion. When I speak of my people as deeply imbued with a religious sentiment, please note that I lay particular stress on the term *sentiment.* They are sentimental and artistic, and among their higher sentiments and elevated tastes are a religious taste and sentiment. This is far from saying that they are so swayed by religion that their very sentiments and tastes are governed by it. Our zeal will not manifest itself in the same manner as it does among the Jews and the Spaniards, the Hindus or the Arabs. We are too matter-of-fact in our every-day life to

> become zealots; but should persecutions arise, martyrdom would be hailed in heroism rather than in faith, and death courted as an honorable exit from this life rather than as an entrance to the next. . . . The Japanese conception of religion is clear in spots but generally vague. It begins in instinct, gains volume in sentiment, and grows in strength by emotion.

It would be unfair to apply this to Japan in her earlier historical development, for Buddhism at one time made her really religious. Her "sentiment" to-day does not imply conviction, without which there is no true religious life. But no better clue to the riddle of her modern attitude has ever been couched in language intelligible to the Western world.

Professor Nitobé records his regret that he did not confine the field of his lectures to the relations between Japan and the United States, but he consoles himself with the reflection that a countryman had accomplished this task ere his course was concluded. Mr. Kawakami's "American-Japanese Relations," the book to which he refers, if less flattering to his American readers than Nitobé's, is a carefully reasoned argument supporting the Japanese contention in regard to Manchuria, Korea, and the immigration question. The volume is in line with several that have been written the past four years on international political questions in the Far East. None of them has yet passed from the arena of politics to that of history, and while they admit of differences in opinion, a plea for the Japanese position is eminently opportune. The attitude of Japan in upholding her treaty rights to use the South Manchurian railways and to forbid the building of competing roads is fairly upheld. The author's premise that Manchuria comes to Japan as a reward of victory, and that Japan is entitled to recoup herself for the cost of a great war by enjoying all the privileges of her position there, is the basis of an argument from which all the rest flows logically. On this ground he not only combats, but pours contempt upon Secretary Knox's proposal to neutralize the Manchurian railways. Perhaps the plan was politically impracticable; it was certainly presented in an unconventional way which unhappily invited discomfiture; but it offered safeguards for the open door and for preserving peace in the province that another generation may regret were not accepted. The justification for Japanese action in Korea is cogently urged. Mr. Kawakami is more temperate in upholding the policy of his country here than are some of her American admirers, and on this account his reasons for annexation appear to be more convincing. As to his relation of the treatment of Japanese in America, his intimate familiarity with the story derived from his residence in California, and the excellent taste with which it is told, make of this portion of his book a contribution of interest and value to the literature on the subject.

The American Mind. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

These lectures, originally delivered before the Lowell Institute and elsewhere, are in the pleasant and often suggestive vein which is characteristic of this writer. Mr. Perry is not a robust critic. He is insinuating, sympathetic, eager to find objects for admiration and to communicate his enthusiasm. This is a praiseworthy and necessary type of commentator. But Mr. Perry's enthusiasm is not always under control. He has a way of preparing solid foundations for a critical structure—and then building a castle in the air. And he sometimes succumbs to the temptation of the special pleader.

These papers, for example, are written from the conviction that a distinctive American "mind," or point of view, exists, and has existed from the earliest colonial times. "Certain epochs of our history," he says, "have been peculiarly 'American,' and have furnished the most ideal expression of national tendencies." He proceeds to select three such periods: "the first vigorous epoch of New England Puritanism, say, from 1630 to 1676; then, the epoch of the great Virginians, say, from 1766 to 1789; and finally the epoch of distinctly national feeling, in which New England and the West were leaders, between 1830 and 1865. Each of them has revealed, in noble fashion, the political, ethical, and emotional traits of our people; and although the first two of the three periods concerned themselves but little with literary expression of the deep-lying characteristics of our stock, the expression is not lacking."

Thomas Hooker's sermon on the "Foundation of Political Authority" and John Winthrop's grave advice on the "Nature of Liberty" are the two examples of the literary expression of the first period adduced by Mr. Perry. They wrote, he says, "before our formal national existence began," but in feeling and essential character, when compared to Jefferson and Lincoln, representatives of the later periods, they "are not so unlike as one might think." The works cited "are political in their immediate purpose, but, like the speeches of Edmund Burke, they are no less literature because they are concerned with the common needs and the common destiny." In short, Hooker and Winthrop and not a few of their contemporaries produced literature, and produced it as Americans, not merely as provincial Englishmen.

As for the term literature, Mr. Perry is sufficiently explicit in his broad use of it. But when he implies that the seventeenth-century colonial American literature differed radically in the quality of its Americanism from the twentieth century colonial American, we are not able to follow him. "Canadian literature," he says, "has remained to this hour a 'colonial' literature, or, if one prefers the phrase, a literature of 'Greater Britain.'" So, for anything that Mr. Perry has to adduce to the contrary, was the literature of the British colonies in the America of the seventeenth and at least half of the eighteenth centuries.

The instance may serve to suggest Mr. Perry's limitations. Throughout these lectures he is graceful and genial, and often ingenious. He opens various doors of hopeful speculation as to the present and future of American life and letters. But his instinct is that of the familiar essayist rather than of the critic.

The Inn of Tranquillity. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.30 net.

Mr. Galsworthy's new miscellany consists of reprints from periodicals in two divisions headed, respectively, "Concerning Life" and "Concerning Letters." Of the eighteen papers in the first division, six characteristically are sketches of poverty, among which two narratives, "Quality" and "Panel I of the Grand Jury," achieve a directness and poignancy like Mr. Kipling's. Eight papers may be roughly labelled "eclogues," sketches of land and water, rural pursuits and meditations, in most of which the matter, after crystallizing into numberless perfectly defined shapes, ends in a state of total liquefaction, the solvent being either literal twilight or mist or some far-reaching mystic generalization. Of the four remaining papers, the best, "Memories," is a very clever but labored memoir of a spaniel, somewhat injured like other parts of the volume by the author's determination to wring the last drop of significance from a half-willing subject.

In the eight papers, "Concerning Letters," Mr. Galsworthy pleads with eloquence and insight for freedom, for self-expression, for self-discipline, for the "detachment" which leaves the moral to the fact itself or to the public, for the rights of the unpalatable truth. In "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama" it is suggested that our renascent drama will flow in two distinct channels, the "broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism" and a poetic-prose drama disclosing "the elemental soul of man and the forces of Nature." In "Vague Thoughts on Art" the author finds the touchstone of art in the impersonality of the induced emotion, and identifies the power that evokes this feeling, not with beauty, but with rhythm or vitality. He distinguishes realism and romanticism by their ultimate aims, the first seeking primarily enlightenment, the second primarily delight—a view unfortunate, perhaps, in removing the ground of distinction from the concreteness of works to the shadowland of motive.

Mr. Galsworthy is averse to the mechanism of logic, and he softens its angularities in these papers by casting his argument into more flexible and sympathetic forms, sometimes painful but penetrating symbolism, as in "A Novelist's Allegory," sometimes Fieldingesque irony, as in the excellent mock defence of the "Censorship," more often meditations or reveries, dashed here and there with landscape: in the shelter of these devices he glides into his subject with the litheness characteristic of his mind. The results are not unhappy, though vague thinking certainly occurs.

The reader closes the book with a feeling that hardly more than two other living authors could crowd into a handful of miscellanies an equal wealth of thought and of original and felicitous language; yet his enjoyment is not quite unqualified. Two points of doubt suggest themselves. In the sketches of poverty, the misery is dilated, not perhaps beyond the facts, but beyond that view of the facts which incites to courageous endeavor. The spectator in these vignettes (he is omnipresent, by the way) is always pensive, always passive, prone to lose himself in what might not unfairly be called an intoxication of pity. The result proves how readily misery, like alcohol, may figure successively as stimulus, irritant, and sedative. The basis of effective sympathy, as of effective selfishness, is hope. Furthermore, the style is not impeccable. Mr. Galsworthy's almost unlimited command of original and beautiful phrases has not protected his English against trivial originalities and pinchbeck ornament. Finding the word "individuality" banal, he resorts to the meretricious "flower of author"; his nights are "sweetly hot," and his "warmth" is "golden" and "silky" in the same breath. Poverty might excuse these lapses in another; in Mr. Galsworthy they are as vexatious as a false diamond on the shirt-front of a proprietor in Golconda.

Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography. By Walter Leaf. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

When Dr. Leaf finished his second edition of the "Iliad" he made his first visit to Troy and was struck by the prosaic appearance of the landscape. The low and marshy banks of its mean rivers and the long, flat top of Ida could not appeal to a poet familiar with Taygetus, Parnassus, Tempe, and Olympus in Europe, or with Adramyttium, Smyrna, Miletus, and Ephesus in Asia. The problem was forced upon him of explaining why a poet chose the Troad for the scenes of the "Iliad," and also why this insignificant hillock of Hissarlik had been the early seat of a wealthy and cultured people, and then in historical times had been neglected or remembered solely in poetry.

This problem brought him back to Troy in 1910, when he became convinced that the despised Catalogue of the Trojans was an authentic record, revealing not only the military forces, but also the trade routes to which Troy owed her greatness, a greatness conditioned solely by the ability to block the Hellespont. Again, in the spring of 1911, he returned, and under unusually favorable conditions visited in the Troad and surrounding districts nearly all the places named in the "Iliad." On the basis of his exact knowledge of the poetry and its setting he has reached the following conclusious: Troy and the Troad are described from true historical knowledge; the Trojan Catalogue is an authentic document unchanged from the first, and is the reason for the Greek Catalogue; Hissarlik, in its elevation, winds, trees, shrubs, flowers, gulleys, streams, knolls, and general landscape, fits the setting of the "Iliad" in all the minutest details. In discussing how strikingly the account of dragging Hector's body agrees with the topographical conditions of the city, he says: "One thing at least has passed for me beyond all doubt: that the poet who wrote these lines has put into living words a tradition founded on real fighting in this very place."

The Catalogue places the allies of Troy in five distinct regions—the Troad, upper Ægean, shores of the Pontus, Mysia and Phrygia, and the south and east to the extreme limits of Lycia. All these lands, before the Greeks obtained a footing in Asia, belonged to the same commercial group with trade routes radiating from Troy. The raw products of the Pontus and Thrace must be exchanged for finished wares from the south, while the merchants of Lycia, shut off from the west by the growing power of Greece, must look to Thrace and the Pontus for an outlet for their goods, and also as the source of their supply of natural products. Troy, by holding fast to the Hellespont, could force all this trade to come before her walls. The city herself took no part in commerce or industry, but, because of her position, was able to levy tribute on all trade to or from the Hellespont, even the Greeks who wished to share therein must pay the price. The secret of Troy's greatness was the fact that she controlled the very centre of early commerce and grew rich by levying tribute.

The Greeks had forced their power and trade as far as Rhodes; Asia was the next step, but, with Priam in control of the Hellespont and demanding tribute, advance was impossible. Commercial conditions made the war inevitable. The allies of Troy had unequal interests in the issue, those who sold raw produce could find other markets, and accordingly they were indifferent or fought for hire; but the Lycian traders saw that their fate was involved in the fate of Troy, for with Rhodes in control of the Hellespont their industry would be ruined. This explains why two kings of Lycia fought at Troy and why Hector is so often urged by them to greater bravery. Incidentally, this gives the Lycians a place in the first conception of the "Iliad" and destroys the theory that they are a late addition.

The Trojan War was then a great struggle for the key to commercial supremacy and must have been fought in the place and by the peoples named in Homer. Accordingly the "Iliad" is a real record of a real event, and is not, as generally assumed, the exaggerated description of the struggles of small bands of settlers. Dr. Leaf has given the war a reason and a background worthy of the poem. When Troy lost the power to levy tribute on the trade passing by the Troad her career was ended, this power never returned, therefore the city never revived. This too is a shrewd and convincing reason for the poor part played by Troy in historical times.

The bulk of this book is devoted to presenting to English readers the results of the work done by Dörpfeld, as published in his "Troja und Ilion," with a discussion of the importance of subsequent study and excavation. The accuracy and trustworthiness of all that concerns Troy is assured by the fact that the proof-sheets were revised by Dörpfeld himself. There is now little need to consult the German original.

It is worth noting that this unusually important contribution is not the work of a professional scholar, but of a banker who has devoted himself to business with success and fidelity.

The Lighter Side of Irish Life. By George A. Birmingham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75 net.

Again the familiar suspicion assails us that we have before us the 'prentice work of a writer whose recent popular success has rendered him available, from the publisher's point of view, in almost any form. Or is this merely a fresh illustration of the relative awkwardness with which an easy story-teller often expresses himself when he comes to attempting the essay? The author of "Spanish Gold" and "Priscilla's Spies," with their spontaneous and irresistible fun, might have been expected to enjoy himself, and make us enjoy him, as an informal commentator on Irish manners. In fact, we get the impression of a gentleman uneasily grinding out copy, and wishing himself better employed.

The first chapter, As Others See Us, is painstakingly executed in the paradoxical manner now popular in London. The English, says Mr. Birmingham, modifying a remark by Mr. W. B. Yeats, "are always most generous in endowing us with amiable characteristics which they do not care to claim for themselves." Sentimentalism, wild gayety, irresponsibility, facile charm of manner, eloquence, amorousness, are some of the qualities foisted upon the Irish in this way. The Englishman does not want them. He prides himself upon being practical, staid, and constant—free from the weaknesses which are pardonable and even admirable in "wives, daughters, and people of inferior races." Also in the puppets of fiction: "We supply for the novelist a long-felt want, and are fitted to play in his stories just those parts which throw into the strongest relief the stable worthiness of the ideal, and, I fear, equally mythical, Englishman. The reader of contemporary fiction can hardly fail to be struck with the fact that a dash of Irish blood in her veins is now considered necessary as an explanation of the charm of a heroine, that true gallantry in a hero can only be rendered credible by providing him with at least a grandmother who belonged to an old Irish family." This is amusing and has sufficient truth in it for the casual purposes of the familiar essayist. But when we are assured that the Irishman is not a sentimentalist, that he is not particularly brilliant, or charming, or gay, or irresponsible, and that he is more constant in love than his English cousin, we incline to ask for stronger evidence than is forthcoming. It is not to be found in Mr. Birmingham's own novels, which, as we recall them, quite cheerfully present, with superior verisimilitude as to brogue and costume, the Irishman of literary tradition. It is not to be found in the present series of sketches. George Meredith is named as largely responsible for that tradition, and Thackeray is praised for having painted, in his O'Dowds and his Costigans, the sober, reliable, and calculating Irishman of truth. But it is notable that several times in the course of these pages Mr. Birmingham mentions with approval Mr. Flurry Knox, of the "Adventures of an Irish R.M.," as a true embodiment of Irish character; and his own people are plainly akin to Meredith's O'Donnells rather than to Thackeray's O'Dowds.

Three of these chapters stand out from the baker's dozen as distinctly more than collections of anecdotes—chapters on The Brogue, Old Customs and Superstitions, and The Yank: the last being a study of the Irish-American from the Irish point of view. The sixteen pictures in color which adorn, rather than illustrate, the text, are charming in themselves.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

The following books will hold boy readers, and men readers, for all that: "The Boy's Book of Modern Marvels" (Stokes), by C. J. L. Clark, sings the song of a concrete age, with electric giants bringing remote corners of the globe closer together. The story of presses, lighthouses, buoys, docks, engineering feats, and so on, is an absorbing one. Such an encyclopædia as Lieut. Dorling's "All About Ships" (Cassell) will find ready readers; as will Thomas Corbin's discourses upon "The Romance of Submarine Engineering" (Lippincott). Glen H. Curtiss's "Aviation Book" (Stokes) is detailed in its discussion of biplanes, and breathless in its narrative of flights. The life of Curtiss is given—a life which will afford every village aviator hope of distinction. Dutton has imported "The Boy's Playbook of Science"—physics and chemistry in agreeable form. In a discussion of what man has done to conquer the unconquerable, we cannot overlook Major-Gen. A. W. Greely's "True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World" (Scribner), wherein the heroes of ice and snow are authoritatively discussed. These exact accounts are filled with character, and in one chapter Lady Franklin figures as a heroine.

"Housekeeping for Little Girls" (Duffield), by Olive Hyde Foster, is a simple study of domestic science; Hedwig Levi's "Work and Play for Little Girls" (Duffield) is a companion volume, and illustrates what may be made from seemingly impossible things, such as match boxes, shoestrings, and the like. Ida E. Boyd has written for Moffat, Yard, "When Mother Lets Us Cut Pictures." A story is told by some one and illustrated by cutting figures and objects out of white paper and pasting them on a black background.

Ernest Rhys has done some judicious gathering in "The English Fairy Book" (Stokes). National differences are very easily detected in the decorative editions of Hauff's "Caravan Tales" (Stokes), Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Tales" (Century), and Alan Whitehorn's "Wonder Tales of Old Japan" (Stokes). A charmingly printed and pictured book is Lilian Gask's "The Fairies and the Christmas Child" (Crowell), the artist being Willy Pogány. As an example of book-making, this last is to be commended; the type is soft and clear, the line drawings delicately traced. John Harrington Cox has literary sources for his "Folk Tales of East and West" (Little, Brown); he has retold stories from Early Middle English, from Old French, from Dutch (unwisely the legend of "Sister Beatrice"), from Chaucer, from Layamon's Brut, and from the Apocrypha. These stories, so the author declares, have been tested and proved successful; what is more, the majority of them have never been adapted for children before.

Among the so-called religious books, L. T. Meade's method of writing "Stories from the Old, Old Bible" (London: Chambers) seems to be unfortunate, in fact bad in taste. Sixteen sections of the Old Testament are used, the tales being transformed into intimate reminiscences told by Eve and other characters of note. This is an importation. Mrs. Margaret Sangster's contribution to the season's welfare is "Eastover Parish" (Revell), which traces the life of a real parish with people in it known to the author. This is, therefore, a bit of autobiography. George Hodges's "The Castle of Zion" (Houghton) likewise retells stories from the Old Testament in direct narrative style. We wish such books as these would shed more light and be less sweet, for with all their circulation, children in our schools still remain in blind ignorance of the Great Book.

We trust our readers will sympathize with the reviewer who approaches juvenile fiction with some misgivings. The usual types are well, even copiously, represented, and the series multiply like the spawn of the sea. The only new tendency is to cater to the Boy Scout movement, and this activity alone has brought us a row of books repeating the same details drawn from the official manual. We sound the warning to give us more story, more character, and less devotion to the dry details of the scout duties, which are as bad as the restrictions and piousness of the moralist. As representative of this class we can but mention a few. Walter P. Eaton assuredly intends, now that he has published "The Boy Scouts of Berkshire" (Wilde), to enter the field as a juvenile writer. His story draws heavily upon the manual, as does also Mrs. I. T. Thurston's "The Scout Master of Troops" (Revell), both of them manly in tone and transforming character, so to speak, while you wait.

In conclusion, we can but mention with cordiality such books as Bartlett's "The Lady of the Lane" (Century), Mary Leonard's "Every-Day Susan" (Crowell), Marion Ames Taggart's "Six Girls Grown Up" (Wilde), Belle Moses's "Helen Ormesby" (Appleton), Maria Daviess's "Sue Jane" (Century), Abbie Farwell Brown's "Their City Christmas" (Houghton), and Eleanor Gates's "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (Duffield).

Notes

The first book bearing the imprint of the new house of F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago, will be Isabel Gordon Curtis's "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth," which will be published in January.

Dutton is about to issue an account of a tour through Palestine by the distinguished surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves. It is entitled "The Land that Is Desolate."

"The Authoritative Life of General William Booth," founder of the Salvation Army, has been written by G. S. Railton, Gen. Booth's First Commissioner. It will soon be issued by Doran.

The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., is bringing out immediately through A. L. Chatterton Company a book on "The Victory of Christmas."

Among the books which Holt will shortly have ready are the following: Grillparzer's "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen," edited by Prof. Martin Schütze; "Sprach- und Lesebuch," by W. H. Gohdes and H. A.

Buschek; Mogk's "Deutsche Sitten und Bräuche," with notes and vocabulary by Prof. Laurence Fossler, and a revised and enlarged edition of Prof. H. S. Canby's "The Short Story," a textbook for college courses.

The story of "Polly of the Hospital Staff" will be continued in Miss Dowd's new book, "Polly at Lady Gay Cottage," which Houghton Mifflin will issue early next year.

Smith & Elder will shortly publish Sir Harry Johnston's "The Foreign Policy of the British Empire," which is described as being, not a history of the subject, but an account of Great Britain's present methods of dealing with other nations.

"The Crowning Phase in the Critical Philosophy," by the Rev. Dr. R. A. C. Macmillan, which is a study in Kant's "Critique of Judgment," or rather of Kant's system with that as its central feature, is announced by the Macmillans.

The professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, England, left vacant by the death of Skeat, has been assumed by Mr. H. M. Chadwick.

Siberia is the subject of the first two articles in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November. From impressions received during a journey on the Transcontinental Railway, Major-Gen. A. W. Greely tells of its remarkable economic evolution. This is so great that he believes that within the twentieth century it will be the centre of Russian trade and commerce, mainly because it is receiving "a hardy, courageous, and resourceful immigration." Glimpses of the country from the car windows of a trans-Siberian train are entertainingly described by Mr. W. W. Chapin, illustrated by fifty-one photographs in color. Much useful information about the little known Albanians is given by T. J. Damon, of Constantinople. The remainder of the number consists of extracts from "The Balkan Question," published in 1905, one being the introduction by the Hon. James Bryce. There are 124 illustrations and two maps.

"Scenes from Every Land" is the third series of pictures taken from the *National Geographic Magazine*. Nearly three hundred in number, they show the people, natural phenomena, and animal life of all parts of the world. In the preface by the editor, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, the surprising statement is made that the National Geographic Society has a membership of 150,000, and an income of more than $350,000, of which $50,000 to $60,000 is available annually for geographical research and exploration.

Die Erde is an "illustrated bi-monthly magazine for geographical information, travels, and hunting," published in Weimar, the first number of which appeared in October. The editor is Ewald Banse, a well-known Eastern traveller and author. It opens with a record of the principal events of the previous fortnight, and then follow signed articles on different countries, those of November 1 being on Turkey and Bulgaria.

There are many scenes in Egypt which lend themselves admirably to the purposes of the artist, particularly for water-color treatment. When to high artistic ability there is added the pen of a ready writer, with appreciative eye and mind, there is a combination which has the power to produce a book of beauty and value. Such is Walter Tyndale's "An Artist in Egypt" (Doran). Mr. Tyndale is already favorably known as the author of a similar book, called "Below the Cataracts." The present volume contains eighteen pictures of scenes in and about Cairo, and nine of places further up the Nile valley. The color work is remarkably well done, and each of the pictures has charm. The text contains the observations of the writer upon a multitude of subjects and places, taken from a careful notebook of impressions. The volume offers a delightful possession for one who has seen identical or similar scenes, or for one in whom love of local color in foreign climes is well developed.

In 1901 Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf started for the Holy Land with his camera, partly, as he tells us in the preface of "A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land" (Scribner), to establish his wavering faith. In this latter quest he was successful, and he also brought back a number of pictures, out of which he constructed some very effective illustrated lectures on the Holy Land. These lectures, condensed into one, covering the ordinary tourist route, he has published in a well got-up volume, with one hundred of his photographs. The book is, in fact, a lantern lecture on the Holy Land. The text is printed by itself, open-spaced, excessively paragraphed, consisting to a considerable extent of Bible citations. The pictures, which occupy roughly three-quarters of the entire space, are printed full-page, each faced with a title-page of its own, which also contains from one to a dozen Bible references. The pictures are almost exclusively landscapes; all are good, and some extremely artistic.

In Dr. S. M. Crothers's latest volume, "Humanly Speaking" (Houghton), there is something more than the unifying element of a marked personality. More than the ordinary book of essays it shows the progress of a single argument. If you put aside such plainly independent studies as the delightful papers on "The Obviousness of Dickens" and "The Contemporaneousness of Rome," you find that Dr. Crothers is concerned with the evolution of the American spirit and the American conscience. The problems of the age press upon him much more lightly, of course, than they do upon us who have not the same wit and philosophy to oppose to them, but they make themselves felt, nevertheless. Dr. Crothers protests against the tyrannies of our growing social conscience, but in a way which shows that at bottom he rejoices in them. Is there one other man in this country who could have written "In the Hands of a Receiver," with its absolute truthfulness, its sympathy, and its brilliant humor? Into this paper he has incorporated a chant after the Whitmanesque manner, entitled "The Song of Obligations," which is, at the same time, a laugh at the moral frenzies of the age and a tribute to the fine spirit that underlies them. He himself offers the explanation for the spiritual unrest of the times in an excellent study of the evolution of the American temperament. He leaves us in a mood of chastened but confident knowledge of our strength and our limitations, but one can escape from that easily enough by turning back to the rollicking fun of "The Song of Obligations."

Prof. Walter L. Fleming, of the University of Louisiana, edits "General W. T. Sherman as a College President" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), a compilation of letters, connected by a thread of text, between Sherman and friends North and South, during the year or so immediately preceding the Civil War. Sherman at the time was head of the seminary at Alexandria, which was the germ of the State University. For the history of that institution the book is important. Incidentally also it throws light upon conditions in the State at the time. As regards Sherman himself, however, the book merely supplements with detail a picture which was already plain. The records of the Civil War chronicle the noteworthy deeds of the stalwart captain. The "Personal Memoirs" and "Home Letters" illustrate with unusual vividness his personality. In his day of small things, his force, good judgment, and substantial manhood were what they were when he was saving the country. One follows with interest the comparatively petty incidents of such a man's waiting years, but the historic figure gains no new distinctness.

"London," says G. K. Stirling Taylor in the preface to his "Historical Guide to London" (Dutton), "is not a fit subject for a book. A fragment of it might possibly be got within the limits of a library, but even that would be a somewhat hasty glance." After which apology he proceeds in part i of his volume to give a kaleidoscopic view of the history of the city; part ii is devoted to well-chosen itineraries; part iii is a gazetteer, giving more detailed information concerning places already mentioned in the itineraries, and a very complete index concludes a book that is admirable for its purposes.

Possibly Helen Douglas-Irvine realized the truth of Mr. Taylor's dictum when she decided to compress her "History of London" (Pott) into some 360 pages of excellently clear type. The merit of her book is that it gives a brief and understandable account of the constitutional development of the city from the time of the Norman Conquest. The subject is full of complexities, and there was room for a volume which should bring together the essential facts of the story in a concise form. To this extent the author has succeeded. Her work, however, is not inspired or inspiring. Indeed, one is amazed to discover, in perusing these pages, how dull such an exciting theme as the story of London may be made to appear. In the history of the Livery foundations alone is a veritable romance of commerce; every stone of London has its tragedy; and for humor, one could wish nothing more exquisite than the frequent unheroic conduct of the city worthies in their dealings with King or Protector for the safeguarding of their interests. Nothing of this does the author bring out in her narrative.

"The Pioneer Mothers of America" (Putnam), by H. C. and Mary W. Green, is a three-volume compilation consisting of brief biographical sketches of "the more notable women of the early days of the country, and particularly of the colonial and revolutionary period," who have "been helpful in the making of history." But in order to fill so many pages it has apparently been necessary to assume that the measure of importance is the amount of information ready to hand. Hence such chapters as Wives of the Signers, Wives of the War Governors, and Patron Saints. Hence also a long chapter on Annetje Jans, whose only title to fame is that her "farm" became the subject of interminable litigation, but to whom more pages are devoted than to Ann Hutchinson, who has really some significance in history. The authors have read widely if not well; widely, in order to get together all the information possible; but not well, since the information has been used, not to estimate justly the importance of all these women, but to support the preconception that they had more importance than they have received credit for. For example, the authors have evidently read Henry Adams's essay on the Pocahontas story, but this destructive criticism only makes them cross, and they petulantly dismiss this "Cambridge Professor" as one of those iconoclasts whose only wish is to "tear down whatever of tradition exists in the form of popular ideals." John Fiske's defence of the traditional view is more to their liking, not because he has refuted the Cambridge professor, but because he appears in the light of a champion of a neglected pioneer mother. Well, the lyric tone of the volumes will doubtless just suit the temper of our earnest young suffragists, and perhaps minister to the intellectual needs of fervent, elderly clubwomen.

Ever since Madame Waddington discovered a grateful public for her stories of the everyday life of the court of the last French Empire, we have been presented at least once a year with similar revelations. The Paris of Napoleon III just before the Débâcle was an extremely entertaining place, and warmly welcomed all those who were capable and willing to contribute their share to its gayety. Madame Moulton (who after the death of her first husband became the Baroness de Hegermann Lindencrone) was the wife of an American banker residing in Paris, well connected, handsome, and possessed of a voice which could touch the hearts of Cambridge folk living peacefully on Brattle Street as much as those of German soldiers besieging Paris. Such a woman was certain of a warm welcome by a sovereign who, whatever his faults, had a most gracious gift of appreciating such accomplishments. Of the many things which Mrs. Moulton was enabled to see and to hear, she wrote to her relatives in clever and entertaining letters. These have been collected, and are now published by Harpers, under the title "In the Courts of Memory." They do not make any pretence at serious history, but they offer very agreeable reading. We are grateful that she has showed us in a common-sense way a bit of the undeniable charm of a world which is quite as extinct as the *status quo* of the Balkans.

One of the most readable and valuable of the histories of modern philosophy is that of Höffding, which has for some years been accessible in an English version. The author's subsequent abridgment of this work has now been translated by Prof. C. F. Sanders ("A Brief History of Modern Philosophy": Macmillan). As a textbook for the use of beginners, the abridgment is overcrowded with condensed expositions of the doctrines of minor philosophers; but to readers who desire such a comprehensive epitome, or who seek a concise yet authoritative work of reference on the subject, the volume may be commended. The English of the translation is poor, though fairly clear; thus, Kant's categorical imperative appears in the syntax of Potash and Perlmutter: "Act according to the maxim that you could at the same time will that it might become a universal law!" The proof-reading in the case of proper names and quotations from foreign languages is extremely bad. Some of the errors are clearly due to the author's retaining in German titles the case-endings which they had in their original context. Half the French words lack their proper accents. There is no uniformity in the treatment of the Christian names of German writers; one meets Louis Büchner, but Ludwig Feuerbach, George William Frederick Hegel, but Friedrich William Schelling. The name of a Spanish philosopher is Teutonized into Franz Sanchez. The translation throughout shows the marks of carelessness and haste.

"Romantic Days in the Early Republic" (Little, Brown), by Mary Caroline Crawford, is well printed, abundantly illustrated, and elaborately bound. It differs from most "gift books" in joining with its pomp and circumstance a fair amount of real merit. The author writes with such gusto—enjoys herself so thoroughly—that we follow her with more than the languid interest that books of this kind ordinarily elicit. Quoting freely and for the most part aptly from every manner of diarist, letter writer, and writer of reminiscences, and interfusing sprightly comment, Miss Crawford succeeds in putting visibly before us the houses, the dress, the social ways, of the more conspicuous persons living in Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Charleston, and other cities in "that gracious era" of the Early Republic. We are privileged to witness Washington's levees at the Franklin house, and the wedding of Peter Augustus Jay; we are in the White House when it suffers the blight of a bachelor President; and we are always in the company of beautiful and charming women. In general the author avoids small talk: rarely does she pounce upon a "delectable bit of gossip," such as that melancholy dinner when George Washington refused rancid cream and Mrs. W. "ate a whole heap of it." And even small talk, we must be charitable enough to admit, is entertaining when we are in a small mood. Miss Crawford's style, when she inserts a word—or a few pages—in somebody's diary or reminiscences, is sound as well as vivacious, and is free of the journalistic looseness and shabbiness that the insubstantial title of the book suggests. We will risk triviality in observing that her parenthetic exclamation points and interrogation marks are puerile.

It is chiefly the quaint and sometimes incomparable Japanese English of Yoshio Markino that constitutes the charm of his autobiography, "When I Was a Child" (Houghton Mifflin). Yet there is something idyllic too about the story of a Samurai boyhood in the country, and something of tragedy in the passage from reverend Confucian and Mencian teachers to underbred and ignorant missionaries. Here we have a pathetic record of the yearning for enlightenment that suddenly undermined the traditional manners and religions of Japan. Mr. Markino's bitter struggle in San Francisco before he achieved success as a painter and writer in London is humorously and lightly touched upon. It is a heartening and winning story, a book well worth reading. The author's ink sketches add attractiveness to the pages, but it is a pity to find him in an attitude of philistine misunderstanding towards the old Japanese landscape school.

E. V. Lucas's "A Wanderer in Florence" (Macmillan) is written with the deftness and amenity which we expect of the popular editor and biographer of Charles Lamb. On all matters of taste, judgment, and selection, Mr. Lucas is a capital cicerone. With a thorough overhauling in the interest of accuracy this volume would easily rank near the top among Florence guides. But Mr. Lucas seems to have a kind of genius for misinformation, and one is tempted to conclude that just as certain unscrupulous wags are said to have tried how much Vasari would swallow so our author has been undone by jocular friends. A record of sheer blunders would swell this review to inordinate length. We appreciate the difficulties of a well-meaning layman projected amid the jarring views of critics, but is not the sensible course always open of choosing one good authority and sticking to him? There are the usual cuts and a few attractive color sketches of the city by Harry Morley.

It is now eleven years since the late Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson published a small volume of selections from the works of Zwingli in translation, using for the purpose the edition of Schuler and Schulthess, 1828-1842. At that time it was his intention to print further translations, but for various reasons the work was postponed. Meanwhile a new Swiss edition of Zwingli's writings in the original began to appear and has now made substantial progress. The present volume—"The Latin Works and the Correspondence of Huldreich Zwingli; Together with Selections from his Works" (Putnam), edited with introductions and notes by Samuel Macauley Jackson, Vol. I, 1510-1522—contains translations of part of the material in the first volume of this Swiss edition. The editor includes two of the treatises in the edition of 1901, revised, however, in accordance with the new text. To these are added the Life of the reformer by his friend Myconius, written in 1532. The translation of the Latin writings is by Mr. Henry Preble, that of the German works by Dr. Walter Lichtenstein and Prof. L. A. McLouth. Their work is excellently done, with due regard alike to fidelity to the original and to correct and idiomatic English. The editor's contribution shows that meticulous care in details which we have learned to expect from Dr. Jackson. It is matter for congratulation that we are now to have in English a worthy presentation of the writings of a man whose appeal to the modern spirit is as direct as Luther's and is often much more in the temper of our approach to the problems not only of practical religion but of national honor.

Miss J. L. Weston has already proved her skill in translation, metrical as well as prose, so that her "Romance, Vision, and Satire: English Alliterative Poems of the

Fourteenth Century, newly rendered in the Original Metres" (Houghton, Mifflin), will find a ready welcome among students of our older literature. The work, which was undertaken at the suggestion of Prof. W. H. Schofield, contains complete translations of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," "The Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn Wadeling," and "Pearl"—also renderings of parts of the alliterative "Morte Arthure," "Cleanness," "Patience," and "Piers Plowman" (down to the end of Passus VIII for the A-text, with merely the Prologue from the B-text). The term "Original Metres" is accurate only for the poems in stanzas. The last four poems in the list just given are all written in the old alliterative line, but Miss Weston has translated "Piers Plowman" in Morris's "Sigurd" metre, and the rest in decasyllabic couplets. The rhythmical effect in both instances is of course quite different from that of alliterative verse, though these are perhaps the best modern measures available for the purpose. From the nature of the case, however, the result is not so satisfactory as in the translations of the poems where the old stanza-forms have been preserved. On the other hand, the "Pearl" presents difficulties that are not exclusively metrical, and Miss Weston has herself confessed the inadequacy of her powers for the rendering of the subtle mysticism of this elegy. On the whole, the translation of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" is the most favorable specimen of her talents. The book should prove very useful as parallel reading in courses which aim at giving a general survey of English literature. The brief notes at the end of the volume call for little comment. Much more effective, however, than M. Jusserand's articles as a refutation of Professor Manly's theory of the multiple authorship of "Piers Plowman" is the contribution of Miss Weston's own countryman, R. W. Chambers, in the *Modern Language Review* for January, 1910. We believe also that she underrates the dependence of the alliterative "Morte Arthure" on its sources.

The cruel sufferings and religious fortitude of Louis XVI's sister, Madame Elisabeth, are vividly and interestingly told in "The Ruin of a Princess" (The Lamb Publishing Co.)—a reissue in complete but less expensive form of a work originally published a dozen years ago. It is not a biography of the romantic, extravagant sort, such as was written by De Beauchesne in 1869; it is composed simply of excellent translations by Katherine Prescott Wormeley of Madame Elisabeth's own letters and of the narratives of the prison life of the royal family which were written by Louis XVI's daughter, Madame Royale (later Duchess of Angoulême), and by his valet, Cléry. These contemporary records by eye-witnesses give lively pictures of revolutionary horrors, and the cruel indignities heaped upon Madame Elisabeth from the fatal Tenth of August, 1792, when she chose to share the imprisonment of her brother, until she herself was hurried to the guillotine in May, 1794. There is added a translation of Sainte-Beuve's appreciation of her, and a good sketch of the facts of the Princess's early life.

Mrs. Hamilton King's "Letters and Recollections of Mazzini" (Longmans) is a beautiful tribute from one of the younger British devotees of that great idealist. In girlhood she worshipped him from afar—him and Garibaldi, and other heroes and martyrs of the Italian struggle for independence. She even wished to enlist as a nurse in the Garibaldi campaigns. For several years before her first meeting with Mazzini she corresponded with him, and after their meeting, until his final departure from England seven years later, she was admitted into the inner circle of his intimates. His letters as published here show that tender side of him which we have had revealed often before. His courtesy, his simplicity, his kindliness, and the unfailing spirituality of his words and presence glow again in Mrs. King's description of them. Here and there, we find reference to events of the day, or to conspiracies about to be touched off. There are letters from Madame Venturi describing his imprisonment at Gaeta; and there is a memorable account of his death, in which he is represented as saying, "Yes! Yes! I believe in God!"—"and with these words, fell back and expired."

Mrs. King's pen portrait of Mazzini is the best that any English contemporary has drawn. After he died she poured forth her veneration in a volume of poems, "The Disciples," which enjoyed a wide reading, and led Cardinal Manning to seek her out. Without difficulty, she says, she, who had been an absolutely loyal Mazzinian, became a Roman Catholic. Now, in her old age, she puts forth this hymn of praise to the adored Master of her youth who was, in her opinion, "much less heterodox than many Catholic Modernists." It would be easy to show that Mazzini was in no sense a Catholic—he rejected, for instance, the Trinity—but the really important fact to be noted here is that she, and many like her, rising above creed and sect, regarded him as the incarnation of the holiest qualities vouchsafed to man. She admits with perfect candor that, if he had been a practicing Catholic, "he would have been fettered, and could not have preached so freely the universal brotherhood of Humanity." And she calls him "the last of the saints." Her book is thus a beautiful record, not only of Mazzini, but of the loyalty he inspired. It is, as she says of some of her early letters to him, "the testimony of a host of devoted lives."

Gen. Gates Phillips Thruston, who died in Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday, at the age of seventy-seven, served with distinction in the Civil War. In 1890 he published "Antiquities of Tennessee and Adjacent States."

Dr. Alice Bunker Stockham, who devoted much of her life to the cause of women's rights, is dead at her home near Los Angeles, Cal., aged seventy-nine. For some years she practiced medicine in Chicago and thereabouts, and later established a publishing house to issue her own and other "advanced" works. Her writings include: "Tokology, a Book of Maternity," "Koradine," "Karazza," "Tolstoi, a Man of Peace," and "The Lover's World, a Wheel of Life."

American scholars will learn with regret of the death of Edward Arber, who was killed in London by a taxicab, about a fortnight ago. Professor Arber's reprints of early English literature and documents bearing on it have come to be a necessary part of many a student's equipment. Born in 1836, Arber as a youth attended evening classes at King's College, London. From 1854 to 1878 he was a clerk in the Admiralty, resigning in the latter year to accept a lectureship in English at University College, London. Five years later he was appointed professor of English at Mason College, Birmingham, a position which he held until 1894. The first of Arber's reprints of Elizabethan and Stuart documents was issued in 1868. He next turned his attention to works of larger size, such as "The Marprelate Tracts," which were brought out in the English Scholars' Library. He also published at this time his "English Garner," a miscellany of tracts of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. Finally, his transcript of the Registers of the Stationers' Company, on which he was engaged off and on from 1875 to 1894, has been a great boon to students especially of early drama. Oxford put its approval on his work in 1905 by granting him the degree of D.Litt.

Science

Sub-alpine Plants, or the Flowers of the Swiss Woods and Meadows. By H. S. Thompson. Thirty-three colored plates (168 figures). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Having successfully written of Alpine Plants in an earlier work, the author in this new volume now essays to describe the plants of slightly lower elevations. He has divided his work into a shorter first part (36 pages) and a longer part (264 pages), the latter taken up with a description of the different species growing from 3,000 to 5,000 feet altitude. As a definition of *sub-alpine* these altitudinal restrictions leave much to be desired, and the author makes apology for taking this as his standard, rather than the less arbitrary limit of tree vegetation, especially the beech and coniferous trees. He seems to know nothing of the fundamental work of Cleveland Abbe on the relation of the length of the growing season to vegetation—a causative factor splendidly illustrated in most mountain ranges, where the progressively diminishing length of the growing season, as one reaches higher altitudes, is reflected in the increasing alpine character of the plants.

The section of the work devoted to fruits and berries describes carefully the autumnal characteristics of many of the most interesting sub-alpine plants. As a guide to the amateur botanist it should serve excellently to point out some unfamiliar autumnal disguises of spring favorites. The two chapters on alpine gardens and the cultivation of alpine plants are instructive for England and the Continent, but American readers must be on their guard as to the author's cultural remarks. Our hot, dry summers preclude the cultivation of many plants mentioned by him, except

BURLINGAME PUBLIC

in the higher elevations some distance from the coast. Complete directions for collecting and preserving plants fill one chapter, which will be found useful to the traveller.

The body of the work is taken up with the more interesting plants growing within the restrictions mentioned above. The descriptions for the most part are accurately drawn and contain as little as possible of technical language. The author includes careful notes on the situation in which each species is likely to be found, its general distribution on the Continent and in England, and the month of flowering.

The usefulness of the book to the amateur botanist is not impaired by the fact that the sequence of plant families used is one that has had no scientific sanction for twenty years, but it would have been desirable to adopt the newer method. While the book is obviously not for professional botanists, the author's amateur constituency has the right to expect correctness of statement. That ecology is merely a study of plant associations (pp. 3 and 28), that the bog myrtle, a common American plant, is exclusively "Arctic and Western European" (p. 4), and that an ovary is a "carpel enclosing one or more ovules"! (p. 41), are unfortunate examples of inaccuracy. However, the general excellence of the work as a handbook of the sub-alpine region of Switzerland, together with the beautifully colored plates, which help materially in determining the most critical species, more than atones for minor shortcomings.

Sir George Howard Darwin, second son of the famous Charles Darwin, and since 1883 Plumian professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy at Cambridge, England, died in London on Saturday. He was born in 1845. Jointly with his brother he wrote on "Small Deflections of the Plumb Line Due to Movement of the Earth." He wrote many papers for scientific journals, besides "The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System," which appeared in 1901.

Drama

John Galsworthy's latest contribution to the stage, "The Eldest Son" (Scribner), which has just been produced in London, by a singular coincidence is closely akin in subject to the "Hindle Wakes" of Stanley Houghton, presented in this city on Monday evening, after a successful run in the British metropolis. Both plays deal with the "unwritten law," which prescribes marriage as the one reparation for seduction, and in both the female sufferer, though from different motives, refuses the proffered atonement. Mr. Galsworthy's work, as might be expected, is strong in characterization and powerful simplicity of literary expression, while it is a model of compact and skilful construction; but it is far more ingenious as a bit of special pleading than it is helpful in its conclusions. He suggests no solution of the direfully familiar problems which he proposes and illustrates. Bill Cheshire, the eldest son of a rich baronet, of ancient lineage, has misled Freda, the pretty daughter of his father's gamekeeper. An under-keeper on the estate has got a village girl into trouble, and the Baronet, lord of all he surveys, and a great stickler for the proprieties among the lower orders, decrees that he must marry the girl or leave his place without a character. Bill, who is no profligate, learning that Freda is about to become a mother, pledges himself to marry her, and resolutely stands by his promise in the face of his mother's heartbroken protestations and his father's threat of disinheritance. The under-keeper, by agreeing to wed his inamorata, adds to the discomfiture of the baronet, who tries to justify his inconsistency by arguing that the cases are dissimilar, as, so far as their consequences are concerned, they undoubtedly are. Bill, however, is immovable, and the dramatic crisis is acute, when Freda, perceiving that her betrothed is actuated by a sense of honor only, not inspired by personal devotion, peremptorily refuses him, being supported by her sturdy father, who declares that he will have no "charity marriage" in his family. This clearly is a most lame and impotent ending, wholly unworthy of the apparent sincerity and indisputable freshness and vigor with which a commonplace story has been brought to a poignant climax. The whole play bears more evidence of radical bias than of sound or practical social philosophy, but is notable for the veracity of its types —there is not a personage in it who is not a living, breathing figure—and the fine quality of the dialogue, which is natural without being trivial or vulgar. As drama it is incomplete. It needs a sequel and Mr. Galsworthy ought to write one. Possibly he means to do so. He has already laid the foundations.

The "Hindle Wakes" of Stanley Houghton, presented in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is a much more juvenile and less skilful production, loosely made and loosely written, but is, nevertheless, a notable work, especially for a beginner. In respect of its logical dramatic conclusion, it has the advantage over "The Eldest Son," but in general workmanship it is far inferior, except in the opening scenes. Interest, excited in the beginning, is largely exhausted before it is partly revived by the final solution. Fanny Hawthorne, a wilful but hitherto respectable mill-hand, goes off on a week's end frolic with Alan Jeffcote, the son of her employer. When her parents discover the truth they appeal to old Jeffcote—strict in business as well as religion—who promptly ordains that Alan shall marry Fanny, on pain of disinheritance, and break his long-standing engagement with his betrothed Beatrice. The latter concurs in this verdict, while vowing that she loves Alan dearly. Wherefore Alan, threatened with loss of money as well as of a wife, submits, after long resistance, and agrees to take Fanny as his bride. But Fanny positively refuses to have anything more to do with him. She will not marry a man, she says, who has thrown over another woman at his father's command. Such a match could only end in mutual distrust and misery. Moreover, she does not love him, is not ashamed, prefers liberty, and is perfectly able to take care of herself. Here, at all events, is a definite and dramatic conclusion, with assigned reasons. But it is absurd to suppose that plays of this kind can have any general application, or even suggest a solution of the problem involved. Such independence as Fanny's, if generally adopted as a precedent, would lead to the most disastrous consequences. But "Hindle Wakes" deserves credit for sincerity of purpose, truthful characterization, and natural humor and pathos. The representation of it here is not so effective as it might be.

The London critics vie with each other in glowing appreciation of Granville Barker's production of "Twelfth Night" at the Savoy Theatre. One of them writes:

> As a picture it was even more charming than "The Winter's Tale," for all mere eccentricity had been discarded. As a delivery of the poet's text it was incomparably better.

The plot of "Les Flambeaux," by Henri Bataille, just produced at the Porte Saint Martin, deals with the career of a scientist and his wife, who, collaborating, are on the point of making an important discovery. Yet, despite his wife's help, he deceives her and, in a different way, another assistant of his labors. In the end he attempts to straighten out the muddle by introducing the thought of high ideals, which, like the spirit of science, should lift men above pettiness and banalities. These ideals are the "flambeaux," corresponding to the uplifting influence of the stars in the firmament.

Mrs. Joseph R. Grismer, better known on the stage as Phoebe Davies, died last week in Larchmont, N. Y. She retired from the stage two years ago, after playing for many years in "Way Down East," under her husband's management. She was born in Wales, in 1864, and came to America with her father, Capt. Daniel Davies. In her own line of character, she was a competent performer, and throughout her career she enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity.

The death in London of Joseph Arnold Cave, the veteran actor-manager, removes one of the last links with the days of the old concert-rooms and cellars that preceded the modern music-hall. Mr. Cave reached the age of eighty-nine on October 1, and his stage career dated back to eighty years ago, for he was only nine when he went on the stage, to appear as Tom Thumb in a burlesque at what was then the Pavilion in the Edgeware Road, London, but has since been the Marylebone Theatre and the West London Theatre. He became champion clog-dancer of England at the age of sixteen. Later he sang at some tea gardens which occupied the site of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge Terrace, Bayswater, and appeared in operatic revivals at the Apollo, in Marylebone, when the conductor was Love, afterwards conductor to Charles Kean, at the Princess' Theatre. At the Bower, in Lambeth, managed by Henrietta Hodson's grandfather, he was associated with Charles Calvert, James Fernandez, and other well-known players, and was a great favorite at the famous Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane. In 1858 he undertook the management of the Marylebone Theatre; Sadler's Wells was also at one time under his control, and at the Victoria (originally the Coburg), in the Waterloo Road, his company included Robert Soutar, Sam Emery, Marie Litton, and Nellie Farren. In 1905 Mr. Cave, through the influence of King Edward, was nominated a Brother of the Charterhouse.

Music

Selected Piano Composition: Franz Schubert. Edited by August Spanuth. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Forty Songs: Peter Iljitch Tchaikovsky. Edited by James Huneker. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

German, French, and Italian Song Classics. Edited by Horatio Parker. New York: John Church Co. $1.50.

Creature Songs. By Louise Ayre Garnett. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25 net.

"Back to Mozart!" is a cry often heard now from music-lovers who are tired of the complexities of contemporary music and long for a revival of the simple melodious style of the olden times. "Back to Schubert!" would be a better motto still, for as an original melodist Schubert is at least the equal of Mozart, and in other respects—in his harmonies, modulations, and color effects—he is far superior. In these things the composers of our day can learn much more from Schubert than from Mozart. Rubinstein placed Schubert above Mozart, and the time will come when this verdict will be generally accepted. It is only in the opera that Mozart excels—far excels—Schubert. His best symphonies and chamber works, on the other hand, are less inspired than Schubert's, and as for the songs and piano pieces, Mozart cannot be regarded as the equal of the composer of the "Doppelgänger," the "Erlking," the Musical Moments, and the Impromptus That Schubert stands above all other song writers is now universally conceded; but far too few know how fascinating are his piano pieces. Rubinstein regarded them as even more marvellous in their originality than the songs. Liszt, before him, had commented on the rare treasures to be found among them. Paderewski adores and often plays them. Dvorák always had a collection of them lying on his piano for the education and delectation of his children.

It was inevitable that a selection of these piano pieces should be incorporated in the admirable Musicians' Library published by the Oliver Ditson Company. The editor deplores the fact that many lovely pieces by Schubert are to this day virtually unknown outside of professional circles, and he blames the concert pianists for not doing their duty. They give their audiences too much of Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, and others of the day—writers whose eccentricities soon exhaust the interest of the hearers. No better contrast could be provided than the naïveté and spontaneity of Schubert. Mr. Spanuth's collection brings conveniently together eight Impromptus, six Musical Moments, some waltzes, a galop, an allegretto, the fantaisie in G minor, the andante from the B flat major sonata, and some other things. Only one of the sonatas is given complete, that in A minor, opus 42, which is most characteristic of the composer. We should have liked to see also at least the scherzo of the posthumous sonata in B flat major, the trio of which Dvorák particularly admired. Undeniably, all these sonatas are too long. Schubert never knew when to stop except when he set out specially to write a short piece, such as an Impromptu or a Musical Moment. In commenting on these short pieces, Mr. Spanuth hardly does justice to their originality of form, which is as great as that of the songs. Nor does he call attention to the great influence these groups of pieces had on the development of piano music. The G major Impromptu, for instance, is the root of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and no one can play these pieces, and particularly also the presto of C major Fantaisie, without a startling realization of how deep an influence they exerted on Chopin. Riemann maintains that Liszt, also, had his harmonious roots in Schubert. In going back to Schubert we should therefore have nothing to lose and much to gain. Mr. Spanuth's volume is timely, and must be commended, with its excellent introductory remarks, to pianists, professional as well as amateur. It will help along the renaissance of melody.

Mr. Huneker thinks that, except Schumann, no composer tells us so much of himself as Tchaikovsky. "Every piece of his is signed, and he does not hesitate to make the most astonishing confessions." "The tragedy of a life is penned behind the bars of his music." He wrote "with tears in his soul" "Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt" and other moving songs. To have forty of the best of these songs—there are a hundred altogether—in one volume is an advantage which will be widely appreciated, all the more as the editor's introduction is helpful, the choice judicious, and the English translations made with the same care that has been bestowed on the other volumes of the Musicians' Library. Not all of Tchaikovsky's songs are first-rate, by any means; some of them he dashed off for ready cash, and others were composed at moments when his melodic ideas were not so distinguished as usual. But concerning Goethe's "None but the Lonely Heart," Mr. Huneker is probably right in saying that not Schubert himself gave musical utterance to its woe as did the Russian. Nor does he say too much in praise of "Don Juan's Serenade," "Mignon's Song," and "Disappointment." It is to be hoped that these and others of the songs in the present collection will henceforth be included more frequently in American concert programmes to vary the monotony of the ever-present Brahms, Debussy, Wolf, and Strauss, for most of which the public does not care because they are not melodious.

German songs are, as a matter of course, most numerous in Professor Parker's collection of fifty "Song Classics." The *Lied* is so thoroughly a German creation that even the French have adopted the word. As for the Italians, they have always been too much interested in opera to cultivate the parlor song with piano. To include them worthily in his volume Professor Parker had to fall back on Caccini, Pergolesi, Scarlatti, and Lotti. The French give a better account of themselves. Although they also are chiefly interested in opera, they have composed a considerable number of songs that are worth while. Bizet, Faure, Gounod, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns are creditably represented here; but as a matter of course, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, and Wolf, with other Germans, make up the bulk of the book. The absence of Richard Strauss is doubtless due to copyright difficulties. Among the three songs of Grieg one is glad to see the wonderful "Vom Monte Pincio," which, for some unknown reason—perhaps because it is too difficult—is never sung in public. All the songs are printed with the original words as well as English versions.

Louise Ayre Garnett's book of songs, for which she wrote both words and music, is not a classic, but simply a holiday book for young folk, with a funny picture of animals or other things at the head of each song.

The vocal score of "The Firefly," which won such a decided success last week at the Lyric Theatre, has been published by G. Schirmer. The composer of the operetta is an Hungarian, Rudolf Frimi.

Julia Culp, who is to arrive here about the beginning of the New York season, seems to be unanimously regarded by European critics as one of the greatest singers of the time.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch began in Berlin on November 23 a series of recitals which will illustrate the development of the piano concerto from Bach through Mozart and Beethoven to the present day.

Eugen d'Albert, after several incursions into the realm of comic opera, which were not attended with happy results, has gone back to that field of music-drama in which he has thus far most forcibly appealed to the public taste. He has written a companion work to "Tiefland," which, under the title "Liebesketten" (Love's Fetters), was produced recently at the Vienna Volksoper (People's Opera). The subject, like that of "Tiefland," is taken from one of those lurid plays fashioned for the Spanish artist Guerero, the scene of action being laid in Brittany.

Prof. Otis Bardwell Boise, head of the department of composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, died in that city last week, at the age of sixty-eight. "Harmony Made Practical" and "Music and Its Masters" are among his published works.

Art

Mrs. M. S. Watts is about to publish the biography of her husband, George Frederic Watts, the painter. Doran will bring it out in this country.

It is proposed to create a memorial to Prof. George N. Olcott, who, until his death, was keenly interested in the development at Columbia University of a small but well-selected collection of antiquities to aid the work of the department in Roman archæology. At the time of his death there were temporarily included in the collection a number of objects, for the purchase of which no funds had as yet become available. If a sufficient amount shall be contributed, these objects will be acquired as a fitting memorial to Dr. Olcott's unwearied devotion. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Helen H. Tanzer, the Normal College, Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue, New York city.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts announces its one hundred and eighth annual exhibition, which will open to the public on Sunday, February 9, and close on Sunday, March 30. The jury of artists is composed of the following members: Painting—W. Sergeant Kendall, chairman; Emil Carlsen, William J. Edmondson, Johanna K. W. Hailman, Robert Henri, Elizabeth Sparhawk Jones, Gari Melchers, William M. Paxton, Joseph T. Pearson, jr., Henry R. Rittenberg, and Charles Morris Young. Sculpture—Herbert Adams, Karl Bitter, and Charles Grafly. The following are on the hanging committee: W. Sergeant Kendall, Joseph T. Pearson, jr., and Charles Grafly. Clement B. Newbold is chairman of the committee on exhibition.

The catalogue of contemporary German graphic art, upon which Mr. Martin Birmingham, of the Berlin Photographic Company, has long been at work, is at length complete. It mentions etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and original drawings to the number of 350, by eighty-three artists. The exhibition will be shown for a month in New York, and later in other cities.

We have received from V. G. Fischer an illustrated catalogue of old masters exhibited in his gallery opposite the Public Library. The pictures are some seventy. Of especial interest are a brilliant sketch by El Greco, and masterly portraits by Drouais and Goya. Among the Northern examples a grim masculine head by Cranach and Mabuse's jewel-like effigy of Eleanor of Austria are most notable. A Botticelli school piece, in which an exquisite landscape outlook seems to be by the master's hand, is of especial interest to minute connoisseurs. A romantic female portrait by Bacchiaca is familiar to visitors to this gallery. It may be noted that a very odd panel by Martin Schaffner, representing four kings working on a Romanesque church, undoubtedly represents the *Quatuor coronati*, the patron saints of the masons and sculptors. Who will may read their names on the panel itself or consult the "Golden Legend." Nothing in the collection is more charming than a fantastically alluring female portrait ascribed to a rather feeble Leonardesque painter, Giampedrino. Despite the high authority for the attribution, one would gladly see some more original master in so remarkable a work. Of the Dutch pictures the most remarkable are a small head of a laughing child by Frans Hals, and an admirable Musicale by Terburg.

F. Weitenkampf's writing on the graphic arts always has the qualities that befit a distinguished public official—sane conservatism in taste, accurate scholarship, and a kind of robust good sense. The latest book of the print curator of the Public Library, "American Graphic Art" (Holt), displays these familiar excellencies. The chronicle is divided topically under Etching, Line Engraving, Mezzotint and Stipple, Lithography, Woodcutting in black line and in white, Illustration, and Advertising. Mr. Weitenkampf has assembled under each head an extraordinary amount of information. Our only quarrel with him is that such encyclopædic fulness occasionally impairs the generally readable quality of his text. A better critical emphasis might have been obtained by omitting the obscurer draughtsmen. Possibly Keese's "The Poets of America, Illustrated by one of her Painters," 1841, might have been included as an early and rather creditable attempt at once to illustrate and decorate an imaginative text. Blake's decorations for Young's "Night Thoughts" seem to have been the model, and one of the designs is "Drawn by W. H. Croome." Mr. Weitenkampf's book contains about forty well-chosen illustrations.

The many beautiful illustrations from Salem and other Massachusetts North Shore towns would alone justify the publication of "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings" (Little, Brown), by Mary H. Northend. The author is known as an indefatigable collector of photographs of colonial architecture and its accessories. Her text impresses one as being written more or less round the pictures. It shows, nevertheless, evidences of determination to get the proper facts. The grouping of data is sometimes faulty, as in the chapter on old China, which, without reference to the distinction between porcelain and pottery, includes salt-glazed and Delft wares. The manner of philosophizing is exemplified by the following:

> Colonial is synonymous of the best, and objects created during its influence are always of a higher degree of perfection than the best of other periods. Looking about for a reason for this, we are confronted with the realization that the work of that time was carefully planned and carefully finished, craftsmen giving to their output the best their brains could devise, and allowing no reason, however urgent, to interfere with the completion of a certain object as they had originally planned it to be. Therein lies the real reason of the superiority of things colonial. Later-day artisans sacrificed quality to quantity.

G. F. Hill's "Portrait Medals of Italian Artists of the Renaissance" (Macmillan) is a thoroughgoing bit of special scholarship which seems to exhaust its field. It is as well an entirely readable book. Mr. Hill has collected and reproduced something like sixty medallic portraits beginning with Leon Battista Alberti and ending with Artemesia Gentileschi. The most famous portraits are those of the brothers Bellini, Pisanello, Michelangelo, Bramante, and Titian. The commentary presents all the information expected in a *catalogue raisonné*, and as well suggestive critical notes. The medals are clearly reproduced to scale, and the book is generally well made.

Books almost innumerable on house-building are being issued by publishers on both sides of the ocean. There is more or less trash, but also not a little good wheat in all this grist, and the average quality of the books of this class put forth by reputable houses has greatly improved of late years. The artistic possibilities of the country house of moderate size and cost are better understood among us than formerly, and there is an increasing demand for non-technical manuals and treatises by men of experience and sound taste. Such a book is Allen W. Jackson's "The Half-Timber House: its Origin, Design, Modern Plan and Construction, Illustrated with Photographs of old Examples and American Adaptations of the Style" (McBride, Nast). The style is familiar and not always dignified, but the general attitude and the critical estimates of the author are sound and discriminating. As a clever special plea for the general adoption in America of the English type of half-timber design and construction it is well done, and almost disposes of the many serious difficulties and objections which stand in the way of the naturalizing of this type of house architecture. The experienced builder and the architect will no doubt make the proper allowances for the enthusiasm of the advocate, but it might be well to warn the layman that of all the styles of house design and construction the English half-timber style is the most delicate and difficult to handle with success, both on the artistic and practical sides. That it is capable of the most charming results is, however, true, as the admirable illustrations of both English and American examples in this volume abundantly prove.

Jonathan Scott Hartley, sculptor, who was president of the Art Students' League from 1878 to 1880, and of the National Academy in 1891, died on Friday of last week in New York, at the age of sixty-seven. A marble-cutter when little more than a boy, he went to England to begin serious work at the Royal Academy, when he was but twenty-two. Later he studied in Germany, Paris, and Rome. His wife was a daughter of George Inness. Hartley's name is associated with ideal subjects in clay, one of which, entitled "The Whirlwind," was very favorably received in 1878. He did many busts of actors and actresses, including Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John Gilbert, and Ada Rehan. He was the sculptor of the Daguerre monument in Washington, the Ericsson monument in this city, the statue of Miles Morgan in Springfield, Mass., and statues of Alfred the

Great for the Appellate Court building, this city, and Thomas K. Beecher in Elmira. His latest work was a group of a boy and rabbits, the "Cradle of Pan," which will be exhibited at the coming exhibition of the Academy of Design.

Finance

THE BREAK IN THE STOCK MARKET.

A decline in prices, running within a week to losses of 5 to 10 points in the most active shares on the Stock Exchange, always attracts attention—not only from Wall Street itself, but from the outside business community. This present reaction is certainly not the less noteworthy in that it follows a three-month period marked by every indication of reviving American prosperity, and that it was not preceded by an attempt to "discount" such prosperity by excited speculation for the rise on the Stock Exchange. In the comment of experienced financial observers, two main explanations are offered of the violent decline in stocks.

Either cause, or both causes together, may be accepted with sufficient plausibility to account for the "December break." One of them is the Supreme Court's decision of last week, ordering dissolution of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific merger, and accompanied by such more or less unsettling incidents as the award of the railway wage arbitration board, the so-called "Money Trust" investigation, and the impending revision of the tariff. The other is the state of the money market.

The grounds for assuming the first-named set of influences as a cause for the break in prices are obvious enough. All of them create uncertainties and contain possibilities of deranging financial plans. All of them impress a good part of the financial community as phases of the day's "political unrest." It is therefore natural that, in Wall Street particularly, there should exist a tendency to assign to them the whole responsibility for the decline in stocks.

The money market situation, however, also stands by itself, and invites the inquiry as to whether, even without those other influences making for uncertainty, it would not have brought about a state of things somewhat resembling what has actually occurred on the Stock Exchange. The case is plain enough. The American market entered the autumn season with evidence that, in the sudden and nation-wide business revival, demands on the money market for legitimate trade purposes, and especially for the moving of the unprecedentedly large harvests, would be heavier than on any previous occasion in our history. Ordinarily, such a situation, with our export of agricultural produce at high-water mark, would be met through extensive import of gold from Europe, whereby New York banks might restore their cash reserves, depleted through shipments of currency to the West. But the Balkan war, the panicky state of Europe's markets, and the advance of discount rates at all the great foreign banks, abruptly checked the gold import movement which had just begun.

The New York bank position was thereafter chiefly sustained by the lending of money in Wall Street by interior banks, through which the New York institutions were enabled to cancel their own Wall Street loans and conserve their resources for the business borrower. But it turned out, a fortnight ago, that these inland banks, in their eagerness to take advantage of the higher Wall Street money rates, were increasing their own loan account too much, and had thereby impaired their own reserves at the very moment when demands of interior business borrowers were rising to a maximum. Sudden recall of their Wall Street loans ensued; the 20 per cent. call money market, and the deficit in reserves in the New York bank statement of November 30.

An effort to resume import of gold from London was at first successful, and, indeed, it was wholly justified by the rate of foreign exchange; but thereupon Lombard Street quietly warned New York that further withdrawals of the sort would result in the rise of the London bank rate to the abnormal figure of 6 per cent. There was therefore left—especially in view of the fact that home demands on the money market were sure to increase with the huge "year-end requirements" of finance and trade—only one recourse for relief. The line of least resistance, under such circumstances, is through Stock Exchange liquidation.

So that the break on the market might be assigned to the money market alone, as well as to the "merger decision" alone. The one sure fact in the situation is that the process of liquidation which is now being pursued is of itself relieving the strained and abnormal position on the money market. As for the real bearing of the Southern Pacific incident on financial values, we shall have to wait awhile to be sure of that. Judgment may at least partially be suspended until the practical possibilities of the Harriman disentanglement emerge from the present confusion. It should meantime be borne in mind, however, as wise people kept in mind during the Northern Securities and Tobacco dissolutions, and at the time when the Steel prosecution was begun, that the essential purpose of the action, even if successful, is nothing but restoration of the *status quo*, with such additional intrinsic value as may have been conferred on the properties, not by mergers and high finance, but by a series of years of great American prosperity.

It is high time that the stuff which was talked in the recent political campaign (and by at least one candidate for office) about the horrors of "driving American industry back to the methods of fifty years ago," should be treated according to its deserts. The hallmark on virtually every one of those dissolved combinations bore date either 1899 or 1901—the two years when speculative promotion shoved sober industrial achievement impatiently aside. Harriman, in his Southern Pacific combination, came nearest of any one to retaining the genuine constructive and progressive instincts, along with the speculative spirit of combination. But Harriman was a genius, and even so, his own history, after the Southern Pacific conquest, is eloquent witness to the longer results of the methods thus applied. The wild battle for Northern Pacific, with funds raised by Union Pacific in the open market, came immediately afterward. The attempt to buy up half a dozen other railways, in the same recklessly speculative way and on the basis of floating debt, was a later sequel. Both incidents were the inevitable outcome of the mischievous tendencies which it has been the office of our Supreme Court to arrest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, Israel. The Book of Delight, and Other Papers. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.

Allen, W. H. Modern Philanthropy. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.

Barstow, C. L. Famous Pictures. Century Co. 60 cents net.

Beerbohm, Max. A Christmas Garland. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Bickley, Francis. The Story of Marie Antoinette. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Birkbeck, Mrs. W. J. The Holy Life in the Holy Land. Longmans. $1.25 net.

Black's Guide to Ireland. Twenty-fifth edition. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Bland, J. O. P. Recent Events and Present Policies in China. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $4 net.

Blauvelt, M. T. Solitude Letters. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.30 net.

Burrell, D. de F. The Hermit's Christmas. American Tract Society. 15 cents net.

Bussell, F. W. A New Government for the British Empire. Longmans. $1.25 net.

Candee, H. C. The Tapestry Book. Stokes. $3.50 net.

Capers, W. B. The Soldier-Bishop, Ellison Capers. Neale Pub. Co. $3 net.

Carman, Bliss. Echoes from Vagabondia. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.

Carpenter, W. B. My Bible. Cassell.

Chavannes, Puvis de. Forty-eight plates, with notes by J. Laran, and biographical study by André Michel. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Chesterton, Cecil. The Story of Nell Gwyn. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Cooper, F. T. Some English Story Tellers: The Younger Novelists. Holt. $1.60 net.

Cooper, Lane. Ancient and Modern Letters: An Address Reprinted from the South Atlantic Quarterly.

Currie, B. W., and McHugh, A. Officer 666. H. K. Fly Co. $1.25 net.

Darling, E. B. Up in Alaska. (Poems.) California: Jos. M. Anderson. $1.

Davies, A., and Nirdlinger, C. The First Lady in the Land. H. K. Fly Co. $1.25 net.

Ditchfield, P. H. The Old English Country Squire. Doran. $3.50 net.
Drew, Reginald Anne Boleyn. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Eldert, I. K. Threads for the Soul's Garment Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Journals. Vols. VII and VIII. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net each.
Engel, Sigmund. The Elements of Child-Protection. Translated by Eden Paul Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Ewing, R., and Trott, J. The Book of the Beastie. Highland Park, Ill.: The Authors. 75 cents.
Fauley, W. F. Seeing Europe on Sixty Dollars. Desmond FitzGerald. 75 cents net.
Fillebrown, C. B. A Single Tax Handbook for 1913. Boston: The Author. 25 cents.
Friends' General Conference. Proceedings held at Chautauqua, 1912. Friends' Intelligencer Supplement.
Gallagher, J. T. The Leprechaun. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Garis, H. R. Uncle Wiggily's Adventures. Fenno & Co. 75 cents.
Greenleaf S. G. The Three Knaves. Fenno & Co. $1.25 net.
Guerrant, E. O. The Gospel of the Lilies. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Harold, Childe. The Complete Optimist. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vols. 64-8, 72-4; Vol. 67.
Headlam, Cecil. Provence and Languedoc. Doran. $3.50 net.
Hibbert, W. Magnets and Electric Ignition. Macmillan. 70 cents net.
Is Jesus God? An Argument by Graduates of Princeton Seminary. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.
King, F. H. Farmers of Forty Centuries, or Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea, and Japan. Madison, Wis.: Mrs. F. H. King. $2.50.
Kirtley, J. S. That Boy of Yours. Doran $1 net.
Lang, Andrew. Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown. Longmans. $3 net.
Loveman, Robert. On the Way to Willowdale. (Poems.) Dalton, Ga.: Showalter Co.
McConaughy, J. W. The Typhoon. H. K. Fly Co. $1.25 net.
Marvin, F. R. A Free Lance. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Meinertzhagen, Georgina. A Bremen Family. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Manet, Edouard. Forty-eight plates, with notes by J. Laran and G. Le Bas. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Merrick, Leonard. One Man's View. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.20 net.
Miles, H. K. Cragg's Roost. American Tract Society. $1 net.
Moorhouse, E. H. The Story of Lady Hamilton. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Moxom, P. S. Two Masters, Browning and Turgenieff. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
My Picture Puzzle Book. Verses by L. L. Weedon. Dutton. $2.
Nicoll, W. R. The Problem of "Edwin Drood." Doran. $1.25 net.
Nursery Rhyme Land. Dutton. 50 cents.
Nursery Toys and Rhymes: Painting Book. Dutton. 50 cents.
Olivier, Émile. The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes. Trans. from the French by G. B. Ives. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Parker, Gilbert. Works. Vols. III and IV. Scribner. ($2 each, in sets.)
Parkin, G. R. The Rhodes Scholarships. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Peabody, J. E., and Hunt, A. E. Elementary Biology, Animal and Human. Macmillan. $1 net.
Photograms of the Year, 1912: Annual Review of the World's Pictorial Photographic Work, edited by F. J. Mortimer. Tennant & Ward. $1.25.
Pickhardt, Emile. Lilt o' the Birds. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Pigou, A. C. Wealth and Welfare. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Prescott, F. C. Poetry and Dreams. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Price, M. P. Siberia. Doran. $2.50 net.
Pugh, Edwin. The Charles Dickens Originals. Scribner.
Reeve, F. C. Physical Laboratory Guide. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Rogers, E. W. The Journal of a Country Woman. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. Nimrod: A Drama. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Rosegger, Peter. The Forest Farm: Tales of the Austrian Tyrol. London: A. C. Fifield.
Schofield, W. H. Chivalry in English Literature. Harvard University. $1.50 net.
Shields, Frederic. Life and Letters, edited by E. Mills. Longmans. $3 net.
Stelzle, Charles. American Social and Religious Conditions. Revell. $1 net.
Stevenson, John. A Boy in the Country. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Stewart, H. L. Questions of the Day in Philosophy and Psychology. Longmans. $3 net.
Taylor, E. R. Into the Light Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Taylor, M. A. Delfina of the Dolphins. London: A. C. Fifield.
Titterington, S. B. The Voice of a Child. American Tract Society. 35 cents net.
Tyndale, Walter. An Artist in Egypt. Doran.
Underwood, F. M. United Italy. Doran. $3.50 net.
Van Deusen. A. H. The Van Deusen Family. 2 vols. Frank Allaben Genealogical Co.
Vaughan, Bernard. Socialism from the Christian Standpoint: Ten Conferences. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Work, E. W. By the Roadside. American Tract Society. 15 cents net.
Wynne, May. A Blot on the Escutcheon. Fenno & Co. $1.25 net.

American and English THE HOME 1580-1912
BOOK OF VERSE
Compiled by BURTON E. STEVENSON

3,842 *pages—India paper*—single column—good-sized type—3,120 poems—1,100 authors—1 volume. $3.75 net *cloth;* $12.50 net *half morocco.* (Circular free.)

"A body of poetry in a single volume that is unparalleled in the history of English anthologies."—*Boston Transcript.*

Henry Holt&Co., 34 W 33 St. New York

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. LII., No. 2. THE DISTRIBUTION OF INCOMES IN THE UNITED STATES

By FRANK HATCH STREIGHTOFF, M. A., Instructor in Economics, De Pauw University, Sometime University Fellow, Columbia University, Author of "The Standard of Living." 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50

Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE CAT
Edited By
AGNES REPPLIER

Prefixing this collection with a charming essay, Miss Repplier has here brought together her favorite passages in literature devoted to the cat. A dainty and attractive gift-book.

16*mo. Illustrated.* $1.00 *net.*

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
By JOHN FLEMING WILSON
Author of "The Land Claimers," etc.

The story of a young man spoiled by wealth and dissipation who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. How the prodigal "comes back," bringing the fatted calf with him, is what this tale tells.

12*mo. Illustrated.* 75c *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

The book has certainly great value for students of modern religion."
—Boston Transcript.

THE
Promise of the Christ-Age in Recent Literature
By William Eugene Mosher, Ph.D.
12*mo.* $1.25 *net; by mail,* $1.40.

An analysis and interpretation from the viewpoint of religious significance of ten recent works by authors of international standing. The representative character of such dramatists and novelists as Lagerlof, Hauptmann, Rostand, Kennedy, etc., together with the widespread popularity of the works treated, justifies the author in attributing to them symptomatic significance. In spite of widely divergent themes and methods of treatment, each writer either aims to present Christ in His own person or finds the virtue power for his chief character in the direct influence of Christ's personality and teaching.

Send for descriptive circular.

New York G. P. Putnam's Sons London

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

SAMPLE COPIES
OF
THE NATION
will be sent to any address for several weeks
WITHOUT CHARGE
The Nation, 20 Vesey St., N. Y.

The Nation

VOL. XCV—NO. 2477 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1912 Reg. U. Pat. Office RICE TEN CENTS

Free Library 450 26 Dec 12

WELLESLEY

NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL, Etc.

The Cottages and Village Life of Rural England

BY P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A.

With 52 Colored Plates and many line drawings

BY A. R. QUINTON

Mr. Ditchfield's book is the expression of the feeling that the peculiar beauty of the old cottages and the village life of rural England is slowly, but surely, vanishing. The new aspects evoked by the Spirit of Modern Progress may have a charm of their own, but it is well that some one should preserve, as author and artist have done here, the old-time flavor. One may see the children at their games, the gossips on the bridge, the lace-makers throwing their bobbins; or may enter the low door of the village-shop, and hear quaint histories of the generations gone. Altogether they have given us a book of unusual beauty. The treatment of Mr. Quinton's color-plates, giving the effect of dark frames on a tinted paper, is excellent. *Demy quarto, net,* $6.00

Karakoram and Western Himalaya
An account of the Expedition of the
Duke of the Abruzzi
to the highest altitudes yet reached by man. Related by Fillipo de Fillipi and superbly illustrated by Vittorio Sella. *In two vols., net* $15.00.

"After his splendid book describing Ruwenzori it seemed that nothing so fine in the history of exploration could be produced again, but this is even more fascinating."—*The Sun*, New York.

The Conquest of New Granada
By Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S.
The first history of the lost civilization of the Chibchas, by the well-known author of "The Incas of Peru," etc. With a map.
Small demy 8vo, $2.00 *net; postpaid,* $2.10.

The Surgeon's Log **By J. J. Abraham**
The day-by-day story of a young ship's doctor making his first voyage from gray Glasgow to the Far East; one of the most fascinating books of leisurely sea travel ever written.
Cloth, 8vo, $2.50 *net; postpaid,* $2.65.

Aspects of Algeria **By Roy Devereux**
A valuable account of the French attempt to colonize this picturesque Moslem land.
Illustrated, $3.50 *net; postpaid,* $3.67.

The Land That Is Desolate
By Sir Frederick Treves
Probably the most valuable account of modern Palestine yet written. The great surgeon's power of keen diagnosis is not blinded by his deep reverence for sacred associations, and the result is at once truthful and sympathetic. Illustrated from photographs by the author.
$3.00 *net; postpaid,* $3.20.

Dawn in Darkest Africa
By the Rev. John H. Harris
Introduction by Lord Cromer
The force of the book will be felt wherever men deal with a native population as a valuable asset of a country, instead of a burden. Lord Cromer's Preface and Mr. Harris's text should be read by every one interested in missions or in colonies. The illustrations of native customs, etc., from photographs by Mrs. Harris, are exceptionally vivid. $3.50 *net; postpaid,* $3.70.

Rambles in the Pyrenees
By F. Hamilton Jackson
Describes the romantic associations of the districts on the French slopes of the Pyrenees, Gascony, etc. 100 illustrations, chiefly by the author. *Cloth, 8vo,* $6.00 *net; postpaid,* $6.22.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, Publishers, 31 West 23d St., NEW YORK

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, *New York.*

Publication Office, 20 *Vesey Street.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 577

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Costs of Progress 580
Safety in Railway Travel 580
Mr. Reid and Journalism 581
"Rather Hard on Tom" 582
Humor of the Eye and Ear 583
The Joining Habit 584

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

The Western Economic Society 585
News for Bibliophiles 585

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Loeb Classics 586
Fancy and Imagination 586
The History of Art in Our Colleges.. 587

LITERATURE:

The Land of Lost Music and Other Poems.—A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems.—The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems—Poems and Sonnets—Of the Valley and the Sea and Other Verses.—Poems of Love and Death—The Inverted Torch and Other Poems.—Oxford Poems.—Idas and Marpessa.—The Everlasting Mercy and the Widow in Bye Street.—Fires.—The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson 587
The Financier 589
The Best of a Bad Job 590
The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne 590
A History of the Eastern Roman Empire 590
The Autobiography of an Individualist 591
Myths and Legends of Japan 592

NOTES 592

SCIENCE:

Alpine Studies 595

DRAMA AND MUSIC:

The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies 596

ART:

National Academy of Design 597

FINANCE:

The "Money Trust" 599

BOOKS OF THE WEEK........................ 599

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

CONNECTICUT

RIDGEFIELD SCHOOL, Ridgefield, Connecticut. A boarding-school for boys. Prepares for college or scientific school.
Rev. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph.D., Headmaster.

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to university work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation.*

JUST PUBLISHED

OUTLINES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY: Part II

By **James Harvey Robinson** and **Charles A. Beard,** Columbia University.

This new volume for high-school use is a characteristic and valuable addition to the Robinson and Beard Histories. It is an abridgment of the author's two-volume "Development of Modern Europe," and covers the period from the opening of the eighteenth century to the latest events previous to publication. The text is marked by the same fine judgment of historical values that distinguishes the other Robinson and Beard Histories.

PART I. (In preparation.)
PART II. *Outlines of European History.* 12mo, cloth, 555 pages, illustrated. $1.60.

GINN AND COMPANY,
Boston NewYork Chicago London
Atlanta Dallas Columbus San Francisco

DEUTSCHE HEIMAT

Edited by **Josefa Schrakamp.**
$0.80

Treats the various divisions of Germany in geographical sequence, and gives short descriptions of natural scenery, national and local customs, student life, important historical events, famous buildings, the traditions and tales associated with them, and numerous poems. Questions for use in conversation and a vocabulary are included.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago

Old English Riddles

EDITED BY **A. J. WYATT, M.A.,**
University of Cambridge, England.

This contains the text of the ninety-three riddles of the Exeter MS., with introduction, notes, and glossary.

Belles Lettres Series. xxxviii + 193 *pages.* 60 *cts.*
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS.
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

TYPEWRITING **For Authors, 40c. per 1,000 words**
Jack Liverpool, 7 BerwickPk., Boston

A most appropriate and refined
HOLIDAY GIFT
The artistic and well-known
Etchings of Famous Americans
JACQUES REICH, 105 West 40th Street
NEW YORK.

You can always find
At DUTTON'S
the latest books; the rare books; illustrated books of all kinds; cards, calendars and art novelties.
31 West 23d St.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA, PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS
OF
Wendell Phillips Garrison
Editor of The Nation 1865–1906

In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait.

During the forty-one years in which he edited the *Nation*, with a thoroughness, ability, and conscientious devotion unsurpassed in the records of American journalism, Mr. Garrison was an indefatigable correspondent, never employing an amanuensis, but writing tens of thousands of letters with his own hand to his contributors, who embraced practically all the leading American scholars and critics of the period. From a dozen groups of these, which have been kindly loaned by the recipients, a sufficient number of selections has been made to illustrate the relations between Mr. Garrison and his great corps of contributors, the frankness and tact which he exercised towards them, and the wide range of his interests, tastes, and sympathies. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, a dozen of his best poems, and several of his characteristic, editorials, reviews, and essays, besides a fine photogravure portrait.

Price, $1.50 net, postpaid.

Houghton Mifflin Company
BOSTON NEW YORK

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR

ART By Auguste Rodin

(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*

Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid* 55 *cents.* B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York.

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300

FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

The most important of recent books on the Near East. Mr. Woods carries the subject forward to a point hitherto unattained.
—New York Times.

THE DANGER ZONE OF EUROPE

Changes and Problems in the Near East

By H. CHARLES WOODS, F.R.G.S.

WITH 3 MAPS AND 52 ILLUSTRATIONS
8vo. 1911. 328 Pages. $3.50 net

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

Plays and Players in Modern Italy

Being a study of the Italian stage as affected by the political and social life, manners and character of to-day.

By ADDISON McLEOD

8vo, cloth, gilt top, with illustrations $2.75 *net*

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

"At McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT
A. C. McClurg & Co.
CHICAGO

THE FLOWING ROAD
Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America
By CASPAR WHITNEY
24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net.
Postpaid, $3.20.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Who Writes for The Nation?

These names are taken from a list of more than two hundred contributors:

Prof. Francis G. Allinson
Prof. C. W. Alvord
Prof. C. McL. Andrews
Prof. Irving Babbitt
Frederic Bancroft
C. William Beebe
Bernhard Berenson
Prof. Hiram Bingham
H. W. Boynton
Gamaliel Bradford, jr.
Prof. James H. Breasted
William Garrott Brown
Prof. J. Douglas Bruce
Prof. Chas. J. Bullock
Lawrence J. Burpee
Prof. W. H. Carpenter
Gen. W. H. Carter, U. S. A.
F. W. Coburn
Prof. Archibald Cary Coolidge
Prof. Lane Cooper
Kenyon Cox
John Cotton Dana
Prof. W. M. Daniels
Prof. W. M. Davis
Stoddard Dewey
Prof. A. V. Dicey
Prof. Frank H. Dixon
Prof. Ephraim Emerton
Mrs. A. von Ende
Prof. E. P. Evans
Prof. Sidney B. Fay
Prof. W. S. Ferguson
H. T. Finck
Prof. Warner Fite
Prof. George T. Flom
Prof. H. J. Ford
Worthington C. Ford
Prof. J. E. Frame
Prof. Kuno Francke
Fabian Franklin
Prof. P. H. Frye
Prof. John Fryer
H. Nelson Gay
Rev. Charles R. Gillett
Prof. G. L. Goodale
Prof. T. D. Goodell
Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U.S.N.
Prof. W. W. Goodwin
Prof. C. H. Grandgent
Ferris Greenslet
Rev. W. E. Griffis
Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin
Arthur S. Hardy
Prof. J. M. Hart
Prof. C. H. Haskins
Prof. George Hempl
Prof. F. Hirth
Prof. E. W. Hopkins
Prof. J. K. Hosmer
Prof. A. V. W. Jackson
Prof. Joseph Jacobs
Prof. T. A. Jaggar
Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr.
Prof. W. H. Johnson
Prof. A. G. Keller
Prof. Francis W. Kelsey
Prof. J. F. Kemp
Prof. C. J. Keyser
Arne Kildal
Prof. George W. Kirchwey
Prof. G. W. Knox
Prof. Chas. R. Lanman
L. S. Livingston
Prof. Gonzalez Lodge
Prof. A. O. Lovejoy
Prof. D. B. Macdonald
Prof. Wm. MacDonald
Prof. A. C. McGiffert
Prof. Allan Marquand
Henry Rutgers Marshall
Prof. Frank J. Mather, jr.
Albert Matthews
Prof. Elmer T. Merrill
Prof. R. B. Merriman
Prof. Lawrence H. Mills
Prof. George F. Moore
Prof. Louis T. More
Prof. T. H. Morgan
A. D. Noyes
Prof. G. R. Noyes
Rollo Ogden
Prof. H. F. Osborn
Countess Pardo-Bazán
Mrs. Joseph Pennell
Rev. John P. Peters
Gustav Pollak
Prof. James B. Pratt
Miss Ruth Putnam
Mrs. G. H. Putnam
Prof. E. K. Rand
Miss G. M. A. Richter
Prof. F. N. Robinson
Prof. James H. Robinson
Prof. J. Royce
Prof. W. H. Schofield
Prof. H. R. Seager
Prof. Stuart P. Sherman
Prof. Paul Shorey
Prof. J. T. Shotwell
Prof. J. E. Spingarn
Lindsay Swift
Wm. R. Thayer
Prof. Calvin Thomas
Pres. J. M. Thomas
Prof. C. H. Toy
Paget Toynbee
J. R. Towse
Prof. W. P. Trent
O. G. Villard
Luigi Villari
Dr. Joseph W. Warren
Prof. A. G. Webster
Horace White
Prof. Burt G. Wilder
Capt. C. deW. Willcox, U. S. A.
Prof. F. W. Williams
Dr. S. L. Wolff
Prof. F. J. E. Woodbridge
Gen. A. A. Woodhull
Prof. C. H. C. Wright

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE SEASON

POETRY

The MODERN READER'S CHAUCER

The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer rendered in modern English by JOHN S. P. TATLOCK and PERCY MACKAYE. Color plates by Warwick Goble.

"The handsomest book of the holiday season."—*The Bookman.* $5.00 *net.*

By JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE STORY OF A ROUND-HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS $1.30 *net.*

THE EVERLASTING MERCY AND THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET

"Incomparably the finest literature of the year." *Second Edition.* $1.25 *net.*

BELLES LETTRES

CARMEN SYLVA: SKETCHES FROM THE ORIENT

By PIERRE LOTI.

Author of "Disenchanted," etc.

"A book of which every page is a picture. Written with the delicate art and grace of the greatest literary impressionist of our times." $1.00 *net.*

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE $1.50 *net.*

THE GREEN HELMET AND OTHER POEMS $1.25 *net.*

New books which again reveal the distinguished Irish author as a poet and essayist of exceptional charm.

TRAVEL

SOUTH AMERICA: Observations and Impressions

By the Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE.

"The most comprehensive, clearest, sanest, and illuminating volume on South America." $2.50 *net.*

PANAMA

By ALBERT EDWARDS.

The fascinating story of Panama from early times to the present day. Illustrated. $1.50 *net.*

ART

MORNINGS with MASTERS OF ART

By H. H. POWERS, Ph.D.

The development of Christian art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo. Profusely illustrated. $2.00 *net.*

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE

By E. V. LUCAS.

Richly illustrated and written in the same happy vein as the companion volumes, Paris, London, Holland. $1.75 *net.*

SOCIAL BETTERMENT

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT

By Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J.

The broad facts of Socialism and their relation to Christianity. $1.50 *net.*

CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER

By Dr. WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

The new social awakening of moral and religious forces. $1.50 *net.*

HOME IMPROVEMENT

INCREASING HOME EFFICIENCY

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE and ROBERT W. BRUERE.

The management of the home from the practical standpoint. $1.50 *net.*

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM

By CHARLES E. WHITE, Jr.

An authoritative work on house-building for the house-owner. Over 400 illustrations. $2.00 *net.*

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE GOVERNMENT OF AMERICAN CITIES

By WILLIAM BENNET MUNRO, Ph.D., LL.B.

Author of "The Government of European Cities," etc.

A practical description of city government in the United States. $2.25 *net.*

THE ESSENTIALS OF INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC LAW

By AMOS S. HERSHEY, Ph.D.

A notable work based on modern up-to-date authorities. $3.00 *net.*

LABOR PROBLEMS

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

By IDA M. TARBELL.

Author of "The Tariff in Our Times," etc.

A powerful analysis of the effects of business life on woman's character. $1.25 *net.*

ORGANIZED LABOR: Its Problems and How to Meet Them

By A. J. PORTENAR.

"An intelligent summary of the labor problems of the day." $1.00 *net.*

Published at 64-66 5th Ave., N.Y. **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** On Sale at All Bookstores

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1912.

The Week

Events have swiftly belied the prediction made in these columns the other day that the Progressive party would be defined in the text-books of the future as a party with the Chicago habit. The national headquarters of the new party have now been removed to New York, and social justice can hereafter be promoted without excessive expenditures on railway fare. Chicago will remain, in all probability, the religious capital of the new movement, but the political seat will be located in immediate proximity to the Perkins war chest and the Munsey State Department, and at no great distance from the headquarters of the First Army Corps under General Flinn at Pittsburgh. All militant movements prefer to post themselves on the frontiers of the enemy's country. The proud distinction which New York State held for so many years in respect to Mr. Bryan it will now uphold as against the Colonel. Armageddon is thus definitely localized. The forces of evil may do their worst in the Supreme Courts of Idaho and points east; but their overthrow will be accomplished when New York's forty-five Presidential electors awaken to the light.

It is noted that Congress is getting far fewer petitions and memorials than usual. This is said by Washington experts to indicate that the people are "sick of politics." It may, however, merely prove that they are sick of petitions. Yet the persistence of that way of endeavoring to express public opinion and to influence legislation has been remarkable. In only the rarest instances could it be shown to have any direct effect, but it has been persevered in surprisingly. The *Congressional Record* has often been lumbered up with the mere enumeration of the petitions presented in House or Senate. The "right to petition" has thus been firmly upheld, even if it is futile in 99 cases out of 100. Doubtless, the flow of petitions to Congress will soon be resumed. But that again would not conclusively show that the people are tremendously interested in politics. Just at present, there is plainly a sort of lull or truce. One party is passing out of power and another is coming in. The country is waiting. Moreover, the generally prosperous state of industry and business has had the usual effect of diminishing active discontent and of busying people more about their private affairs than about saving the country. But no one need fear that the sway of politics will not in good time reassert itself.

Highly complicated issues were involved in the coal-road suits, decided by the Supreme Court on Monday, and it is somewhat difficult to understand the attitude of the judges towards all the matters argued before them. It has been hastily said, for example, that the decision makes waste paper of the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn law—the clause, that is, forbidding railways to transport coal from mines owned by themselves. But in reality the Court merely says that many of the acts complained of in the Government suit were committed before the passage of the Hepburn act. Its applicability to other like acts was dismissed without prejudice. That is to say, the Government is left free to bring other suits directly under the Hepburn law. Similar is the disposition of the matter of control of one coal road by a competitor, through stockholding devices. This, too, is left for the Department of Justice to deal with in the future as it sees fit. The Court held that on the general charge of an unlawful combination among the railways, the Government had not made out its case; but it had no hesitation in pronouncing illegal the contracts made by the roads with independent producers, and also found the defendant companies guilty of unlawfully combining, through the Temple Iron Company, to shut out competing lines and in other ways to restrain trade. We think that the more the decision is studied the more satisfactory it will be found. Plainly, the judges sought in this case, which was begun in the lower courts five years ago and which the Supreme Court has held under advisement for more than a year, to render a decision fully in line with that in the Standard Oil suit. They take pains now as then to show that the law does not strike at all trade agreements, however "normal," but only at those which are abnormal by being monopolistic and oppressive in their effect upon the public.

If one wishes to be strengthened in his conviction that the sooner the indirect election of United States Senators is done away with, the better, he has but to look at the Baltimore papers nowadays. The Governor has made an interim appointment for the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Rayner, but the Legislature of 1914 will have the filling of that vacancy to March 4, 1917, besides electing a Senator for the full term of six years from the expiration of Senator Smith's term, March 4, 1915. Consequently, the pot has been boiling with much fury, thirteen months prior to the assembling of the Legislature. There is, indeed, a system of Senatorial primaries in Maryland, but, quite apart from any criticism to which it may be open as a mode of determining a party's choice, it is impossible for mere primaries to attain the result which direct election by the people would procure. Voters at the general election will be compelled either to sacrifice their preference as to legislative candidates or their preference upon the Senatorships, whenever these two come into conflict. And it is plain that the professional politicians in Maryland are having just the kind of advantage in plying their trade that such a complication between unrelated things is calculated to give.

The immigration figures given in Secretary Nagel's report are decidedly interesting. The impression is widely current that the country receives, through immigration, an accession of about a million a year to its population. In point of fact, the net immigration into the United States—excess of aliens coming into the country over aliens going out of it—in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, was 544,000; in the year 1910 it was 818,000; in 1911 it was 512,000; and in the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1912, it was only 402,000. These figures have not the character that is often attributed to them. Of course, the immigration of the '50's bore a vastly higher ratio to the home population; but even the net immigration of the '80's, when the change from Northern and Western to Southern and Eastern Europe had already in a great measure taken effect, was probably much larger in proportion to the home population than that which we have been getting in the past few years.

Ohio's amendment of her Constitution encourages Tennessee to start the machinery for altering hers. The chief thing in question is the method of amending the instrument. At present, it is necessary for two-thirds of both houses of the Legislature to pass a proposed amendment at two successive sessions before it can be submitted to the people. The Tennessee Constitutional Convention League would enable 10 per cent. of the voters to obtain by petition the submission of any amendment. As in the case of Ohio, there will probably be a convention, not for the purpose of drawing up a new Constitution, but to submit a series of amendments which can be voted on separately. It is also proposed that delegates shall be chosen directly by the voters, the names of candidates to be placed on ballots by petition. All these arrangements, of course, must be endorsed by two successive Legislatures, so that at best a new Tennessee Constitution is hardly in sight.

The colored people of this country are to be heartily congratulated upon the great services rendered to them by the Honorable Cole Blease of South Carolina. As it was said of John Brown's execution that it made all men take sides on the question of slavery, whether for or against, so Gov. Blease's performances in Richmond have made every one in the South speak out for or against upholding the law. The other Southern Governors at Richmond were compelled by his very appearance to go on record against lynching with greater force and earnestness than ever before. If any one doubts how great is Gov. Blease's contribution to law and order, let him read the leading journals of the South, and particularly those of his own disgraced State. They make it plain that hereafter any one in the South or North who favors lynching, either directly or indirectly, degrades himself to the level of Cole Blease. No one can truthfully assert hereafter that Blease or his kind speaks for the sober sentiment or the chivalry of the South.

Readers of the article on "Rising Prices and the Public," by Prof. John Bauer, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December, will find several things that are well worth thinking about; all the more because they relate not to the causes, but to the effects, of the lowered purchasing power of the dollar. If your income, as measured in dollars, has advanced along with prices to such an extent that you can make the two ends meet just as you used to do, and also put by for a rainy day just as much as you used to put by, don't flatter yourself that you are doing as well as of old. On the supposition, for example, that prices have risen 50 per cent. all round, and that in former times you regarded $1,000 a year as the proper amount to save, or $10,000 life insurance as requisite for the protection of your family, these figures should now be raised to $1,500 and $15,000, respectively. As for the actual facts in the different classes of the population, Professor Bauer recites broadly what is generally recognized; especially emphasizing the fact—forecast by economists *à priori*, verified unpleasantly by thousands *à posteriori*—that, while wages have lagged somewhat behind prices, salaries have been vastly more inert than wages; Professor Bauer says they have "remained almost unchanged." There is some comfort—which Professor Bauer cruelly abstains from giving—to the salaried man in the belief that, when salaries *do* get revised upward to conform to the high prices, they will stay up a long time after the prices go down, for their inertia works both ways; and a similar reflection should somewhat dull the edge of self-reproach on the subject of savings. But, as nobody knows when, if ever, prices *will* go down, it will not do, after all, to set too much store by these considerations.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters may fairly be said to have weathered the storm of ridicule which faced it at the outset. The disclaimer of any intention to rob posterity of one of its most precious privileges by arrogating immortality to Academicians may be accepted without any quibble. Nor does the name "Academy," which seems to be a challenge to some democratic spirits, signify anything more than the difficulty of hitting upon a suitable title. Nevertheless, if those belonging to the Academy are content to leave the question of their own literary immortality to the future, they are bold in affirming their loyalty to the immortals of the past. In the present-day welter of vague Futurism and specific vulgarism, they dare to be orthodox. There must be many old-fashioned persons still who will welcome the sounding of this note. To them it will require no argument to prove that "the recognition of permanence and vitality in the ideals of arts and letters" is a highly proper aim; they will accept as axiomatic the statement that a body of persons interested in literature should stand for the discouraging of "the trampling of our noble English language with the hoofs of buffaloes," of the confusing of advertisement with criticism, of the mistaking of hysteria for originality, of the admission that the only way to be American is to be provincial, and in general of the notion that taste is an outworn test of art.

The architectural profession in this country and abroad will rejoice in the recognition which has come to William Rutherford Mead in the bestowal upon him last Friday of the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr. Mead's native modesty long kept him in the background, so far as the public was concerned, which knew well his brilliant partners, Charles F. McKim and Stanford White. It was known to some, also, that Mr. Mead was the balance-wheel of the firm, who attended to the business side and the practical details, and, remembering this, they overlooked too often the fact that in Mr. Mead there is a rare artist, a designer of first rank. The present award will help to let the public understand what the profession so well knows. Under Mr. Mead's leadership the name of McKim, Mead & White is still one to conjure with. The new forces within the office are living up to the finest traditions of the three founders, and are giving to the country many superb architectural monuments.

"To tax and to please is as impossible as to love and be wise." The truth of this saying of Burke's is now being brought home to the English protectionists. The Conservatives hope to return to power before long, and their programme calls for protective duties. These, to be consistent, must include duties on grain and meat, but on the question of such food-taxes the Conservative leaders are doing a sad amount of wriggling. First, they said that they would never levy a tax in such a way as to increase the cost of living. Driven from this absurdity, they said that higher wages and increased prosperity would more than make up for a slight rise in the price of food. This not being meekly accepted, they said that, anyhow, they would not levy a food-tax until after taking a referendum on the question. But now they are trying to wriggle away from this promise. Mr. Bonar Law explained on Monday that any scheme of food-taxes would be arranged only as a part of an Imperial preference plan agreed upon with the Colonies. But with what face could the English negotiators say that they must submit the agreement to the voters? Mr. Law's ingenious plea is that for the Conservatives to adhere to their pledge about the referendum would hamper them in high and mighty Imperial negotiations: hence the pledge must be torn up. Yet they say that the English are a plain, blunt people, and do not like statesmen who indulge in subtle refinements of reasoning!

M. Jaurès, leader of the Unified Socialists in the French Chamber, has at last brought forward the scheme of army reorganization which he has been challenged to produce whenever he has risen in Parliament to criticise the present army system. The Socialist leader does not share the anti-militarist views of M. Gustave Hervé. If anything, his proposal is to bring the military ideal into closer touch with the life of the nation by establishing a sort of citizen army. Instead of calling recruits to the colors for a continuous period of two years, all French male citizens between the ages of twenty and twenty-five are to undergo a six months' period of service supplemented by occasional periods of training. But the central point of the scheme is that which provides for a permanent officers' force of only one-third the number required on a war basis, the other two-thirds to be drawn, when the need arises, from civil life. That would do away with the "aristocratic" spirit which at present animates the commissioned ranks of the French army, in the opinion of the Socialists, whatever may be the opinion of foreigners regarding the extraordinarily democratic relations that prevail between French officers and privates. Coming at the present time of crisis, the proposal certainly argues the courage of the Socialist leader's convictions.

The death of the oldest living sovereign in Europe, the Prince Regent Luitpold, removes one of the few remaining figures historic in the founding of the German Empire. It was he who, in the Palace at Versailles, handed to King William of Prussia the letter inviting him to assume the Imperial crown. This he did after having induced his crazy nephew, King Ludwig II, to let Bavaria take the lead—a proposal to which Ludwig was at first violently opposed. But Luitpold's great popularity throughout Germany was founded on other things than this. He was a man of the simplest tastes and devoted to his people. They always remembered his kindly heart and many generous deeds. His love of hunting, which never forsook him—to it he yielded when in his ninetieth year—particularly appealed to the Bavarians. It was on these trips that he freely fraternized with his subjects of the mountains. Assuming the regency at sixty-five, he was then so fixed in his desire for a simple, unostentatious life, and so out of touch with things political, that it was not possible for him to become either a real statesman or a leader of the people. He was just a fine, rugged character, symbolic of the domestic virtues, and quite content to let the politicians and clericals fight out the country's future for themselves.

This they have done with the result that the Catholic Church is more firmly intrenched than ever, and sees in the rising tide of Socialism the one force that menaces its domination. This clerical control has not come about by any deliberate design of the Prince Regent. True, he looked on all Liberalism with suspicion, but even the Liberal newspapers, in reviewing his career at the celebration of his ninetieth birthday, admitted that his political shortcomings were due more to age and ignorance than to any other causes. From his successor not much more is to be expected. Prince Ludwig, whose extremely popular wife died but recently, is hardly the man to grapple vigorously with the problems confronting Bavaria. Grave issues there are which are not on the surface. But all the evils of a priest-ridden land lie underneath. Marriage is made difficult, with the result of an amazingly high percentage of illegitimacy; the lack of education is equally startling, and conditions among teachers really deplorable. Not merely conservatism but reaction is in the saddle, and the curse of the heavy beer-drinking rests on the land. It is useless to turn from this picture merely to say that Luitpold was a splendid patron of arts and sciences, that his charities were great, that under him Munich grew to be the wonderful and beautiful city it is, and that the aged Prince was, as the Kaiser declared, "the incarnation and model of all the princely virtues."

Germany's war on tuberculosis is, in the opinion of our Department of Commerce and Labor, entitled to the admiration of the entire civilized world as the first and most successful of its kind. From an average of 23 deaths per 10,000 of population from this cause in the quinquennium 1895 to 1899, the rate was reduced to 21 during the following five-year period, and to 18.45 during the one ending with 1909. The expenditures on account of tuberculous wage-earners have gone up steadily. Commencing with an annual amount of $240,000 in 1897, the figure rose to $1,400,000 in 1902 and to nearly $4,000,000 in 1909. The economic results of institutional treatment are carefully followed by means of a special inquiry for a period of five years subsequent to the patient's discharge. By "economic results" is meant restored wage-earning capacity to the extent of at least one-third of what it was originally. These results are somewhat better in the case of women than of men. The improvement in these results is measured by the advance from 68 per cent. of patients discharged with their earning capacity (in its legal sense) restored in 1897, to 83 per cent. so discharged in 1909. The whole story, in its general tenor and in its particulars, is a tale of the swift triumph of applied science in a field that preceding generations had not thought of entering.

THE COSTS OF PROGRESS.

Something more than emotionalism enters into the profound effect on the public conscience of the disclosures made before the State Factory Investigating Commission regarding the conditions that still obtain among women and children in industry. At least, it is not a crude, blind emotionalism of the moment. The heart will always respond definitely to the story of babes toiling beside their mothers in tenement bedrooms or in the chill and dirt of canneries. Symbols appeal to the feelings, and the three-year-old child nodding in weary sleep over her work is such a symbol. But, after all, that sleeping child is a symbol only. Our pity is not restricted to the three-year-olds. To-day we feel that it is not only a horrible thing that children of three should be caught in the industrial machine, but that it is wrong for children of four times three to work, or for children of any age to work under conditions which rob them of their heritage of the happiness of childhood and the right to grow up into healthy and efficient manhood. To-day we feel that it is wrong for women to be subjected to hours of labor which cripple them as individuals and as mothers. Our feeling is not merely indignation against a cruel system, but resentment against a stupid system. We do not say, "How sad this thing is," but, "How criminally foolish and wasteful this thing is." It is still emotionalism, but it is emotion conditioned by knowledge.

"If this provision becomes a law," argued counsel for certain manufacturers, in protest against a suggestion that all interior stairways in factories should be enclosed with non-combustible material, "most of the stairways in all of the factories of Utica would have to be rebuilt at great expense." This plea, familiar enough a few years ago, rings strange to-day. To-day we feel that the alternative to the expense of rebuilding staircases in factories is the possibility of another Triangle building catastrophe. Presumably, it will take some time yet to impress on the selfish manufacturer and his legal representatives the fact that the temper of the day will no longer tolerate the striking of a balance between human lives and profits. The new doctrine of scientific management here reinforces the ancient doctrine of "Thou shalt not kill." An industry that can be carried on only by exposing its workers to the daily peril of injury and death is an economic as well as a moral monstrosity. The manufacturer who pleads expense against the safeguarding of life will soon be regarded as a barbarous anachronism.

It is not necessary to view this particular factory owner as a Simon Legree wielding his lash over the backs of women and children. He may not be altogether selfish. He may not be altogether stupid. Consider him as being caught himself in the wheels of the industrial machine. Make all allowance for the helplessness of an individual in the face of a system. Yet our sympathy cannot go to the point of arguing that, because the duty which confronts the employer of labor is difficult, it is a duty which may be slighted. The pious wish that a better world may be brought about without causing anybody inconvenience leads us nowhere. The fact must simply be faced that if fire-trap factories are to be rendered safe for the workers, it will cost some one a good deal of money. If the exploitation of children is to cease, if humane conditions of labor are to be made universal for women workers, it means a possible cutting down of profits for some time to come. Some one has to pay the costs of progress until such a time as the costs are redistributed among the community at large. The factory-owner who protests that his interests will suffer is entitled to no more consideration than the lawyer who will suffer when the enactment of a workmen's compensation law deprives him of the principal source of his income in the form of accident and negligence cases. The judgment of the day has declared for a workmen's insurance, and the legal profession has to pay its part of the temporary costs of this forward step in social readjustment.

It is this plea of unjust discrimination that every sincere effort at reform, outside of industry as well as within, must encounter. Unjust discrimination cannot, of course, be defended as a simple matter of definition. But it cannot be admitted that discrimination in itself is by definition unjust. To admit that, is to tie one's hands forever. The advocates of child-labor regulation have had to contend with a vicious circle of opposition. Thus one State would welcome restrictive laws were it not for the fact that it would be put at a disadvantage with regard to another State, where such laws are not to be put into force. The advocates of tariff reform have met the same argument. This schedule cannot be touched because it will put a certain interest at a disadvantage with regard to another protected interest. To judge from the constant plaint against inequity of treatment, one might imagine that we are living in a world of perfectly adjusted privileges and rights, and that any attempt at change means the disturbance of a perfect equilibrium. Whereas the truth is that the social order is constantly changing, that society is always growing, and that the growing-pains of society cannot be eliminated. If child labor is to be done away with, if tariff oppression is to be reduced, a beginning must be made somewhere. The burden may fall a little more heavily on Smith than it does on Jones. Ultimately, the burden will be readjusted in fairness both to Jones and Smith.

The stirring of the social conscience with regard to the protection of the workers, and particularly of the woman and child workers, involves an industrial readjustment which calls up for comparison the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century from which the present movement is a reaction. The dislocations and rearrangements which followed the use of the factory system fell most heavily, for a time, on the workers. To those English anti-machinery rioters, the introduction of the machine seemed virtually the confiscation of their chances of earning a livelihood. The same kind of error is committed by the factory-owner of to-day who cries out that the application of a higher standard of conscience to industry means confiscation. It must be left to time to teach him that his best interests, like those of society, do not demand the waste of women's and children's lives.

SAFETY IN RAILWAY TRAVEL.

When Mr. J. O. Fagan writes on railway accidents as related to discipline and efficiency, what he says is pretty sure to make interesting reading. His letter to the New York *Times* in regard to the Westport wreck on the New Haven Road, and to the Interstate Commerce Commission's report upon it, is no exception to this rule. Taking up the Commission's statement that "the direct cause of this accident was a disregard by the engineman of the train, 'Second No. 53,' of signals and rules provided by the railroad company to prevent the occurrence of such accidents," Mr. Fagan declares, in effect, that the direct cause was not this particular disregard of rules, but the system under which such disregard is constantly tolerated and men habitually guilty of it are retained in the service. In support of this, he cites, in particular, the bad previous record of the engineman who was killed, along with many other victims of his carelessness, in the Westport disaster; but, as he says, and as every one who has read the Commission's report must now know if he did not know it before, the lack of real discipline exemplified in this particular case is not exceptional, but general. The peculiarity of Mr. Fagan's remarks on this head is that he goes behind the blame cast upon the railway managers for using pressure to procure speed while not using like pressure to insure safety. The Commission, he says, has investigated this matter, but it has failed to investigate the "far more important" allegation "that for years pressure of the most palpable nature has been brought to bear on managers to compel them to retain in the service the careless and indifferent workmen."

We are not prepared to say that Mr. Fagan's views concerning this matter are in all respects sound. For instance, he asserts that, as a necessary corollary of the supervision exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission over freight rates, equipment, train stops, etc., the Commission "should now go to work and both examine and license those employees who are directly concerned in the operating of the trains, in the same way as those who operate vessels on the sea are licensed." But there is no comparison between these two problems, in point of complexity and difficulty. Nevertheless, we are sure that in again directing attention to the part played by trade-unions in obstructing wholesome discipline, Mr. Fagan is doing a public service. The Interstate Commerce Commission will not have completed inquiry into the causes of the lack of safety on American railways until this question has been cleared up. How the same thing operates in England is illustrated by the railway strike caused by the dismissal of an engineman for intoxication when off duty. Let the Commission, says Mr. Fagan, investigate the pressure on American railway managements to keep the careless man in the service; and he declares that "it is absolutely useless to moralize the situation at the top if we allow it to be demoralized in this way at the bottom."

As we have said, the point made by Mr. Fagan is both sound and important. But, as is natural in a man possessed with a dominant idea, or charged with a special mission, the point is overstated. However serious may be the part played by trade-union dictation in the matter, it is by no means the only source of the evil, nor is it impossible for the railway managers to procure great improvement in safety without waiting for the suppression of trade-union interference. The report of the Commission on the Westport disaster furnishes convincing evidence to this effect. It is not an undiscriminating indictment of the management. In particular, it gives the New Haven Company a clean bill of health on one matter which has been a conspicuous part of the newspaper arraignment. "The roadway and track conditions in the vicinity of the accident are good," says the report, "and the construction of the cross-over was substantial. . . . At the cross-over practically all the ties were new and screw spikes were used, and the track conditions at this point were good." But its verdict in regard to the larger questions relating to safety is very severe, and fixes upon the management a kind of blame which cannot be shifted. The Bridgeport disaster of July 11, 1911, says the report, "was similar in all respects to the accident now under consideration"; yet the management of the road had ignored the recommendations of the Commission in regard to the increase of the length of the cross-overs, to the installation—or at least the serious investigation—of automatic devices for stopping trains, and to the introduction of a rule requiring fast trains to come to a full stop before taking the cross-over. And even in the enforcement of the existing rules, surely something more might have been done than has been done, without inviting any serious clash with the powers of trade-unionism.

As for the relation between the railways and the unions concerning this matter, we are inclined to think that much might be accomplished by a bold policy of frankness and publicity. If the companies are submitting to injurious pressure, which results in paralyzing their efforts to secure the lives of their passengers, we do not believe that they are helpless. The excuse for such submission has some resemblance to the excuse that so long was current among corporations generally for submitting to legislative blackmail. Bribery in our Legislatures could never have reached such dimensions, or been maintained through so many years, if corporations whose purposes were honest had refused to comply in secret with dishonest practices in order to effect those purposes. A little heroic resistance, an open appeal to the public, might have involved some inconvenience and temporary loss, but it would have resulted in emancipation for themselves and in immeasurable gain to the commonwealth. If the coercion of railway managements for the benefit of unfit employees is as bad as Mr. Fagan represents it—and we do not deny that it is—the railways are not compelled to wait for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission to disclose it. A plain statement of the case would quickly bring the influence of public sentiment to bear in favor of whatever disciplinary measures are necessary to make life and limb safe for travellers.

MR. REID AND JOURNALISM.

Despite the somewhat tragic circumstances of Whitelaw Reid's death, his life was one rounded out with the honors which he sought and prized. The troops of friends which he won are hastening to pay personal tributes to his memory. His public position as an Ambassador of long service has brought due acknowledgment of the loss caused by his death. But there must be still many to whom the chief interest and significance of his career lie in his years of labor as a newspaper man. The time during which he was a working journalist was one of great importance in the evolution of the American newspaper; and when its history comes to be written the part which Mr. Reid played in helping to change the tendencies and the spirit of the daily press in this country will require special treatment.

His rise in the newspaper world was not in the least factitious. It was the normal result of hard work and broadening ability. He was not one of our latter-day improvised journalists, with a great fortune enabling them to buy and exploit newspapers to the top of their bent. Mr. Reid came up from the ranks. As country editor, as indefatigable war correspondent, as a Washington writer on public men and politics, then as editorial writer, he displayed the qualities which naturally brought him promotion. And when, after Greeley's death, he came to be in control of the *Tribune*, his work in enlarging the news side of that paper, while retaining and procuring able and even brilliant men to collaborate in its special departments, showed that he knew what was demanded in the conductor of "a journal of civilization."

It is, however, the part played by the *Tribune* under Mr. Reid in the liberalizing movement which so powerfully influenced the American press in the years 1871 to 1877, or thereabouts, that perhaps stands out clearest in his journalistic career. This was the period when the politically independent newspaper first began to set up a new standard, and to show that it could not only live, but flourish. There had been, of course, a few instances of newspapers that refused to bow down in the house of Rimmon. The Springfield *Republican*, under the elder Bowles, had made a reputation for itself as a paper free to speak its mind about men and parties. But it was the Liberal Republican agitation of the years mentioned that brought in the large breath of the new freedom. For a long time previous our newspapers had been, as a rule, grievously hidebound politically. Each one had to be a party organ, and politicians, no matter what they did, could count upon the support of the papers on their own side as regularly as upon the coming in of the tide. But there was a great break-up in 1872, and later. Party leaders were aghast at the spectacle of influential newspapers shaking off party fetters and boldly saying the thing they honestly believed. The Chicago *Tribune* took this independent and defiant attitude along with the Springfield *Republican*, and they were joined by the Cincinnati *Commercial* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The editor of the last-named, Col. Watterson, has lately written for the *Century*, in his characteristic way, half-cynical and slap-dash, of the meetings and doings of the independent editors at the Convention of the Anti-Grant Republicans in 1872. Mr. Reid was there; primarily, of course, in Greeley's interest, but the *Tribune* was soon found kicking over the party traces with the rest of them. After the unhappy campaign was over, the *Tribune* maintained for a time its detached and critical attitude, and did excellent work in exposing the low moral tone which marked the second term of Grant. Later, as everybody knows, it went back and became a thick-and-thin party organ once more. But it had aided in showing the way to a new liberty; and the American press never forgot the taste of freedom which it had in those years. Since that period the growth of independent journalism has been marked. All can grow the flowers now, for all have got the seed; but the seed was largely supplied in that time of ferment when Mr. Reid became editor of the *Tribune*.

Since that day, American journalism has become much more impersonal than it then was. It is the newspaper, not the personality of the man who happens at the moment to be editor, that people speak of. The reasons for this are plain, apart from the lack of commanding figures, if one chooses to insist upon that. The larger organization requisite in the modern newspaper inevitably causes any individual connected with it to wither, in comparison, while the institution as such becomes more and more. In this, we suppose, lies the explanation of the fact often verified that the mixing of an editor in politics, with the inevitable result that he appears, at least, to conduct his paper as an annex to his personal fortunes in public life, is a bad thing for the paper. That the *Tribune* suffered in this way when Mr. Reid began to turn his thoughts to political advancement, is not denied. We seem, in truth, to be setting up a journalistic tradition in this country against editorial office-holding. Abandon hope of political preferment, ye who enter here, is the new motto written over the door of the editor's room. This was not the old American practice; it is not so strictly the rule in England to-day; in France the custom is quite the other way. But its advantages are obvious. It is a part of the price that has to be paid for editorial independence. And the drawbacks of the other plan were so clearly illustrated in Mr. Reid's experience, even with the great rewards and distinguished honors which he attained, that we may be pretty confident that such cases as his will hereafter be highly exceptional.

"RATHER HARD ON TOM."

Mr. J. M. Barrie was in the chair at the recent meeting of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature. It was a gathering partly in commemoration of authors deceased within the year, partly to hail a rising star. The Polignac prize for the best work of imaginative literature during the previous twelvemonth was conferred upon Mr. John Masefield, for his poem, "The Everlasting Mercy." Mr. Barrie had a few remarks to make upon the standards of style, which it was the duty of the Committee to attend to as far as possible. For it was style that mainly made the difference between one writer and another. It was not the subject of the picture, but the way it was painted. Except for this, there would be no difference between a Venus by Titian and a Venus by Tom Smith. To say this, Mr. Barrie admitted, was "rather hard on Tom."

It is, indeed, hard every way on the Toms who have no style. Even when they are conscious of this, and wish to find out how to acquire one, they are left very much in the dark. They can discover teachers to give them directions, but not to set them examples. Professors of rhetoric are not often successful practitioners. And the great practitioners either do not know how they got their style or will not tell. Mr. Barrie referred to a mysterious thing in connection with all this. He had been lately in the company of a distinguished writer at a club where they were always talking about style. Here was a confessed master of it, yet when he was pressed for information, could give them none at all. The only man in the room who had a style hadn't the faintest notion what it was or how he had come by it. This, too, it must be confessed, is rather hard on Tom.

The fact seems to be that good writing is as incommunicable as any other fine art. You can be taught what to avoid. Your blunders can be pointed out with a sure finger. On the other hand, the best models can be set before you. The great writers with whom you are to spend your days and nights may be put on a vest-pocket list. And incessant practice, self-criticism, the severest discipline at the desk, can be urged. But when all is done, the ultimate secret of style is not and, apparently, cannot be imparted. This is the reason why the efforts of literary artists to explain their art—most of all, to explain their rise—are usually so futile. Stevenson tells us how he played "the sedulous ape" to this and the other master, but it is all little but words to the uninitiate. Teachers and writers of literary confessions pluck off the petals of style, one by one, in their careful analysis, yet ordinarily leave the bewildered learner crying out at the end: "But where is the flower?"

Literary advice to Tom is something from which the well-advised would shrink. Yet an old English journalist recently gave a piece of it which is perhaps worth noting for its novelty alone. He was addressing chiefly newspaper writers, and those who have to keep steadily at writing tasks, year in and year out. Their frequent sense is one of weariness and of being in danger of going stale. In such a mood, the advice of this veteran editor was to read over some of their own writings of two or five years before. His point was this: in their blackest discouragement they could find an occasional gleam of hope from what they had done in the past. Either they would find something very bad in what they had written previously—something so much worse than their worst at present that they could at least thank their stars that they were no longer capable of *that*—or else some bit of good work which would cheer them with the belief that they had not always been idiotic and with the hope that they might again write in a way not to make them ashamed. Such an experiment has its obvious perils. As a rule, a man should preserve his old writings as he would his old love-letters—something to keep but not to read over. There is, to be sure, the example of Swift with his "My God, what a genius I had when I wrote that!" but we believe that this dates from the time when Swift's mind had begun to fail.

Whether style can or cannot be taught, the important thing for Tom and all the rest of us to fix in our minds is that it exists. Help may be given in attaining it, or writers may have to work out their own salvation in seeking it, but either way it is the pearl of great price in literature. It is not necessary to waste words, or to endeavor to invent new phrases, about this, for we all know that style is the distinctive thing in authorship—the thing that it is known by and remembered for. Mr. Barrie made a brief but feeling reference to his friend, the late Andrew Lang; and he said of him in all seriousness that all that he had left behind from the literary point of view was his style. Truly, it is "of the man himself"; and if Tom has got it in him, he may comfort himself with the thought that he may yet bring it out.

HUMOR OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Is the eye more easily tickled than the ear? Do funny pictures have an advantage over jokes conveyed by the printed word? In a sense it is the mind to which the appeal is made in both cases, and the eye, too, which first apprehends it. But as graphic humor must be looked at individually by every one who would appreciate it, whereas fun in print can be relished equally if it is heard read aloud, the distinction is sufficiently valid. It may be admitted at once that pictures have a fundamental advantage in the case of certain sorts of happenings. The mirth occasioned by seeing a person in the act of losing his balance, with coat-tails flying and hat askew, can be fully reproduced by a merely faithful picture of the thing. But narrate the incident to one who has not witnessed it, and you are apt to find that his first concern is to know whether any injury resulted. Grotesque details put in narrative form are presented too slowly. Here a very elementary kind of humor is involved, the success of which depends upon the suddenness of its attack. In a picture the eye gathers up the details almost as rapidly as in actual life. And having given way to the crude fun of the thing, one lingers over the artist's peculiar touches.

This in its lowest form is the humor of the comic supplement. Starting with the small boy's instinct to upset the next fellow's equilibrium, it seldom gets beyond such superficial embarrassments as grandpa wakened by a firecracker or grandma in search of her teeth. Its special field is "practical" jokes. In literature exact equivalents of the comic supplement are not numerous—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" go deeper—yet they do exist, and it is significant that several such books have come out within the past few months. The resemblance is so striking that one is tempted to believe that writers, aware of the success of "novelized" plays, have determined to make the comic supplement do similar duty. Here is a sample. A man at a house party looking for his morning bath opens by mistake the door of a room occupied by an old maid. She, in the act of putting on her toupée, is startled, knocks down the curtain pole, which upsets a Louis Seize clock, which falls upon her poodle, who jumps through a handsome Chinese screen. The toupée drops out of the window, through an opening in the conservatory, upon the head of the gardener. He brushes it off, and the next seen of it is months later when it is found entangled in the roots of a fancy tulip. Mistaken for a squirrel's nest, it is lodged as a great curiosity in a museum. Significantly enough, the one thing that saves this story from utter flatness is a pictured illustration of the toupée on the gardener's head. It is bound to provoke at least a smile, but it does at the same time drive home the lesson that certain things which the artist may use with some success, the writer would be wise to leave alone.

In the lower ranges of humor drawings can produce their effect quite cheaply. Many will recall how "Chip's" block-headed little dogs in *Punch* were enough in themselves to give him a vogue. The artist's individual style applied to an obvious situation—the special flirt he gives to a coat-tail or his particular way of perking a nose—enjoys a factitious value. It is possible, however, that the artist can be more poignant as well as more sweeping in his humor than the writer. These qualities are got by creating a suggestion of what cannot be indicated explicitly. Words become too precise for the occasion, while an indefinite tilt of the head may sometimes speak volumes. Every one knows how in a great political campaign it is usually the cartoonist who can best fasten attention upon the big issues. For the "Biglow Papers" and the best of Mr. Dooley's political satire there have been dozens of notable cartoons. Yet between high and low humor, in what may be called respectable every-day humor, graphic form is greatly limited Besides sharing with painting the power of dealing specially with only a particular moment of life, or, if symbolic, with only one or two broad reaches of thought, it has usually to confine itself to the fun of situation; in short, to the farcical. The very medium tends to turn all humor into one of situation. The play on words which when expressed in language is not visualized, when pictured becomes a definite spectacle, "programme drawing," as it were.

Humorous drawing, except for the matter of style, undoubtedly lacks the variety of verbal humor. What may be done in literature with one branch of humor is shown just now by the London set. Shaw, Chesterton, Belloc, Max Beerbohm, to go no farther, get their fun very largely out of what is technically known as "wit," or intellectual sharp practice. It is mainly formal logic applied to life. Touchstone knew the method. Says he to Corin: "Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, good shepherd." And the scandal of sheer logic by which the clown in "All's Well" essays to comfort the Countess, Shaw has virtually elaborated into "Man and Superman." With Shaw, situation grows, not out of human nature, but out of the dictates of logic, though logic worked with all its hidden tricks of ignoring the middle term. Chesterton's essays have the same inspiration, and Belloc and Beerbohm are different only in giving freer rein to the incidental rollicking farce which their logic precipitates. Here the variety among the four men is not so much a question of individual style—the point which so often distinguishes humorous drawings—as it is a matter of emphasis placed on this or that element among the several of which wit is composed.

This leads us back to the question whether the humor of the word, with its more varied possibilities, can ever degenerate to the level of the comic supplement and gain a large following. Yet until books of that kind are advertised as being among the best sellers, we withhold our protest, hoping in the meantime that they will receive from the public every bit of what they deserve.

THE JOINING HABIT.

The S. P. U. O. is, needless to say, the Society for the Prevention of Useless Organizations. It has been founded by a handful of desperate citizens as a means of combating the ravages wrought by the fatty degeneration of the social instincts. Its motto is "Disorganize!" Its emblem is a miniature portrait of John Hampden, the famous Englishman who first refused to pay dues. The charter members of the S. P. U. O. recognize the tremendous nature of the task that confronts them. It amounts to nothing less than waging war against a national habit which is older than the Constitution and will endure long after the referendum has been recalled. Hence the S. P. U. O. entertains no illusions as to the results it may obtain. Uprooting the joining habit is a hopeless enterprise. The Society simply wishes to save such individual feeling and thinking as still hold out above the rising tide of organization. In order to give vigorous expression to its ideals and its programme, the Society has adopted a Constitution in fifty-three articles and a complete set of by-laws. The Constitution provides for the usual officers and standing committees, and, in addition, a Committee on Press and Periodicals, a Committee on Pulpit and Peace Conferences, a Committee on Recent Tendencies Towards Decentralization, a Committee on Coöperative Efforts in Relation to the Cost of Living, and several others. The proceedings of the Society are to be conducted in accordance with Cushing's Manual.

In its prospectus the S. P. U. O., as we have already intimated, eschews all hostility to the principle of organization in itself. "We could not if we would," says this interesting document, "and we would not if we could, do away with the valuable psychological trait which impels half a dozen Americans, whenever they come together, to form an association, adopt an emblem and elect officers, and proceed to carry through their meetings with efficiency and dispatch by a firm suppression of the minority party." The prospectus goes on to say that, for the purpose of giving effect to a policy, a reform, or a revolution, organization is indispensable. It would be idle to deny that a vast amount of good is done every day in the year in the way of encouraging progress and alleviating human suffering by bringing the disjointed efforts of thousands of individuals into harmonious coöperation. But a distinction must be drawn between coöperation for the purpose of doing things, and coöperation for the purpose of seeing, enjoying, and believing things. A society for the suppression of tuberculosis needs no defence. But what shall be said of the mistaken social tendency which, revealing itself at first in comparatively harmless form in the organization of Browning Clubs, ultimately leads to the formation of a Society for the Appreciation of Late Autumn Sunsets, a League for Spiritual Relaxation, and an International Fraternity for the Development of the Individual?

The S. P. U. O. is encouraged to believe that it is not engaged in an altogether hopeless fight, when it considers that at present there is a distinct reaction in public opinion against the fetich of organization. It was seemingly only a day or two ago that all of us worshipped bigness and complexity. To-day we are wondering whether some of these elaborate machines of ours might not have a few thousand less wheels, gears, valves, belts, springs, and buttons, and do just as much good. There are heretics now who question the efficacy of organization as embodied in the Trusts. There are complaints heard to-day that the Church is over-organized. There are complaints that the schools and colleges are over-organized. There are complaints that our sports and vacations and holidays are over-organized. This does not mean that the tendency is all one way. The standardizing, organizing spirit is fighting back strenuously. There are still any number of people who want to organize the Home, who want to organize Child Life, Motherhood, Sleeping in the Open Air, Poetry, and the utilization of the ten minutes that are usually lost between going to bed and falling asleep. The organizing habit is still very strong in the land, but it is an enormous gain that it should be no longer accepted without question. To-day it is no longer held as self-evident that it is better to do a thing in two hours with the aid of a card catalogue than to do it in an hour and a half without one.

The S. P. U. O., at bottom, is anxious

to prove that there is something very desirable lost out of an emotion when it must be experienced in a quorum, and out of an idea when it must be approved by a majority vote. It fears the loss of the principle of individual salvation which it believes has been productive of a great deal of good. It fears the loss of the faculty and the desire to think for one's self, and with it the capacity and the desire to look into one's self for those spiritual resources which surely cannot be quite exhausted. To read quietly in one's corner and not as the member of a George Meredith Club, to walk at random across country on Sunday and not as the member of a walking club, to dream individually and not in conjunction with all the other members of the Karma Self-Absorption Society—such old-fashioned habits the S. P. U. O. thinks are well worth preserving. All persons in sympathy with this view should lose no time in communicating with the Society's Committee on Restoration of Individual Initiative.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

Chicago, December 11.

The Society chose Commercial and Industrial Education as the general topic for its fourth conference, held at Chicago on December 6 and 7. The two sections of the conference devoted their more special attention respectively to commercial instruction of collegiate or university grade, and to the problem of industrial training in public schools.

One group of speakers on the side of the public schools came to report the results of their actual experience. Among these may be mentioned James J. Sheppard, principal of the New York High School of Commerce; James E. Downey, head master of the Boston High School of Commerce; William J. Bogan, principal of the Lane Technical High School, Chicago, and Lorenzo D. Harvey, who spoke of the system of industrial education in Wisconsin. Miss H. Winifred Jevons brought word of the work of the Apprenticeship and Skilled Employment Association of London. But the interest of the audience centred particularly upon the prospect of widened opportunities of industrial training in the immediate future, and upon the question whether this training should be separately organized and administered or developed in the existing public schools under the direction of the present school boards. The most conspicuous advocate of separation was E. G. Cooley, who, under the auspices of the Commercial Club of Chicago, has embodied a proposal for separate industrial schools in a bill to be submitted to the Illinois Legislature. The opponents of such separation were represented by Prof. Ernest R. Dewsnup, of the University of Illinois; Prof. F. M. Leavitt, of the University of Chicago, and various spokesmen from the public schools; and by Frank Duffy, secretary-treasurer of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, in behalf of organized labor.

The after-dinner speaking at the banquet of the Society bore mostly upon the industrial education of persons of common-school age. Miss Jane Addams emphasized the social need of training and guidance for the boys and girls who now seem to be sustained only by the saving spirit of their youth in feeling their way from the surroundings of school children to the life of men and women in the working world. Prof. Charles Hubbard Judd, of the University of Chicago, in one of the most impressive addresses of the meeting, urged the importance and appropriateness of contacts with vocational life even in the primary schools. The German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, who was prevented by illness from being present, was to have spoken on the German system of commercial and industrial education.

On the topic of collegiate instruction in economic and commercial subjects Prof. L. C. Marshall, of the University of Chicago, provoked active discussion by his plan for the sequential arrangement and standardization of elementary and intermediate college courses. But perhaps the most fruitful feature of the whole conference was the bringing together of the deans of various university schools of commerce to compare their problems, their achievements, and their purposes. In this discussion the long-established undergraduate Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania was represented by Prof. Roswell C. McCrea; the new Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, by Prof. Edwin F. Gay; the Tuck School of Administration and Finance of Dartmouth College, by Prof. H. S. Person; the Schools of Commerce in Northwestern University, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Illinois, by Profs. W. E. Hotchkiss, W. A. Scott, and David Kinley, respectively. Prof. L. C. Marshall spoke for the College of Commerce and Administration of the University of Chicago; Prof. E. D. Jones, for the commerce courses in the University of Michigan; Prof. H. R. Hatfield, for the College of Commerce of the University of California. Whatever the other results of this interchange of experience may have been, it is certain that the auditors were impressed by what has already been accomplished in working out a scientific view of business, in winning the adherence of business men, and in progressing thus towards a freshened and vitalized interpretation of even the more academic phases of economics.

James A. Field.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The new issue in the Connoisseur's Library (Putnam) is Alfred W. Pollard's long looked-for volume, which is now published with the title "Fine Books," and which the author says "should have had the explanatory sub-title: 'A record of books valued for their printing, decoration, or illustration.'" If the book has, as Mr. Pollard states in his preface, been ten years "on the stocks," we may be sure that the reason of the long delay is because he has spent so much of his time in giving information and assistance to other people who were bringing out books of their own. Those who have received assistance from him at the British Museum know that, like our own Wilberforce Eames, when he can help another his own individual work can wait.

The history of printing and book illustration and their development is a large field to be covered in a single volume. To give the necessary facts and leave out the unnecessary ones, and still make the book readable, was no easy task, but Mr. Pollard has achieved even more: he has given us the facts, which perhaps might have been found elsewhere, but he has put life into them by his own explanations and remarks, and made the book one to be read with pleasure as well as for instruction. His chapters on block books and on the invention of printing contain the result of the latest investigations of the German specialists, but the ordinary book-lover will read Mr. Pollard's volume in preference to the publications of the Gutenberg Gesellschaft. The interest in the block books (books in which the entire printed matter, texts, and illustrations, were engraved upon wood blocks), he says, "sprang from an entirely reasonable, but probably incorrect, view of the part which they had played in the development of printing with movable types." They are not as old as they were formerly declared to be, and there is no evidence to suppose that the earliest extant examples were issued before 1450. Block books were volumes for which there was a large demand. Edition after edition could be printed from the same blocks, whereas in the early days types were never kept standing, but were reset for each new edition. So that block books may be said to have been the forerunners of stereotype plates. The few fragments of early and unidentified Holland printing, with a statement about Laurence Coster, told by one Cornelis, a bookbinder, "of great age but clear memory," are the basis of the view that printing from movable types was actually invented in Holland; but they are not of much value when opposed to the long statement in the Cologne "Chronicle" of 1499, and shorter statements in books of earlier date, that Mainz, on the Rhine, was the birthplace of printing.

In the account of the Donatus fragments of which the Costeriana is mainly composed, we find a word descriptive of some of them, "anopisthograpic," meaning "not printed on the back." Notwithstanding Mr.

Pollard, who calls this a "barbarous term," we shall put the word away and use it next time we are describing a single-sheet edition of the Declaration of Independence, or other broadside.

The four chapters on books printed before 1501 in the various countries of Europe "suffice to prove that the purely arbitrary date 1500 and the slang word incunabula [literally 'swaddling clothes,' from the Latin *cunæ*, cradle] used to invest all fifteenth-century impressions with a mystic value, are misleading nuisances." Whether a book was a real cradle infant in the development of bookmaking or a lusty youth is as much influenced by the place as by the date. In Mr. Pollard's words: "Any book which illustrates the relations of the early printers to the scribes, the difficulties which they experienced in their work, and the expedients by which they were surmounted, deserves, whatever its date or present price, to be reckoned as a real incunabula."

Fifteenth-century books, with woodcut illustrations, form the subject of three chapters, in all sixty-five pages. Mr. Pollard writes about these old woodcuts.

Then, after two chapters on foreign illustrated books of the sixteenth century, we come to Printing in England, and the work of Caxton and his successors. At the very beginning, Mr. Pollard favors us with a new surmise as to Caxton's first book, and his relations with Colard Mansion at Bruges. It has been generally supposed that Mansion had a going business there, though not long established, when Caxton joined him, and that two books in French were printed first, before Caxton's English translation of the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye." In his prologue to this book, Caxton says that by copying it for his friends: "My penne is worn, myn hand wery and not stedfast, myn eyen dimmed with ouermoche lokyng on the whit paper," and "Therefore I haue practysed & lerned at my grete charge and dispense to ordeyne this saide book in prynte."

Mr. Pollard thinks that this was the first book printed at Bruges, that the second, also in English, was "The Game and Pleye of the Chesse," and that, after these two books were printed, a new type was cut and with it the two men printed, in French, "Les Quatre Derennières Choses." Then, he thinks, Caxton set out for England, carrying with him the new type and leaving the old fount for Mansion, who printed with it two more books, heretofore reckoned the first books from the Bruges press, the "Recueil des histoires de Troye" and "Les Fais et prouesses du Jason." And, knowing that Caxton had learned the printing art for the express purpose of easily multiplying copies of his own translation, we may plausibly suppose that that translation, and not the original French text of the same book, would have been his first work. Later English printing down to 1580, the earliest printing in Scotland, and printing in America (a glance merely), are followed by an account of early English books with woodcut illustrations and a chapter on books with engraved plates. The volume closes with a short account of modern fine printing, from Baskerville to William Morris and his followers.

The first chapter in the volume, Collectors and Collecting, has been left unmentioned till the last, in order that we might reread and enjoy it again. In it there is more of Mr. Pollard and less of his bibliographical authorities. On that account our fellow-bibliophiles who collect books not merely to read them, as well as others who "collect old or beautiful china or silver not to be used for eating or drinking from," will find it the most enjoyable chapter of the book.

Correspondence

THE LOEB CLASSICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If it is not too late, I should like to join in the protest of Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. I had been looking forward with great hope to the forthcoming editions, expecting them to do me the same sort of service that Professor Norton's translations of Dante have done for me in Italian. I supposed, with Mr. Bradford, that the books were to be useful to those of us who had read our Greek years ago and partly forgotten it, or whose knowledge of Greek was too scanty to enable us to read without assistance, but who with the assistance of a literal translation would be able to understand and enjoy the original. That is precisely the kind of service that Norton's translation does for the reader of Dante. That service can never be done by a versified rendering of Æschylus or Sophocles.

B. Russell.

Halifax, N. S., December 7.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If you can still find space for discussion of the Loeb Classics, it may be worth while to say something about one of the latest translations and its use of verse. The offence against Euripides is repeated in the case of Sophocles. Most college graduates who, like myself, follow the study of literature, must take up Mr. F. Storr's volume with a sinking heart. If Dr. Way's old Euripides was a disagreeable surprise, and the new Sophocles is something of a shock, what will happen when Æschylus is led to the slaughter? Mr. Storr "has sought to be faithful," so he tells us, and it is a first principle with him that "a translation must be English; that is to say, it must be intelligible and enjoyable without a knowledge of the original." Mr. Loeb, too, aimed to make the translations "in themselves real pieces of literature, a thing to be read for the pure joy of it." I am unable to see that Mr. Storr's book attains to any one of the virtues claimed or desired for it. Note the "pure joy" of one or two specimens:

> Thou hast come to a steed-famed land for rest,
>   O stranger worn with toil,
> To a land of all lands the goodliest
>   Colonus' glistening soil.

This dental and sibilant horror renders the beginning of the Colonus ode! Again:

> Love, resistless in fight, all yield at a glance of
>   thine eyes.

Alas for Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν. Even the iambic trimeters often fare little better. Almost every page of Mr. Storr's work has lines that fail to be faithful or to be English, and contrive to be a pure pain to the ear. Read, for example, his rendering of the first hundred lines in "Œdipus Coloneus," or of the famous dialogue between the King and the herdsman in "Œdipus Tyrannus" (lines 1119-1185)—I have chosen passages nearly at random. The translation, throughout, has little for "the college graduates who wish to renew and enlarge their knowledge," it has nothing of the "pure joy" of form, and I fear it will not entice the Greekless reader "to gather an elementary knowledge" of the tongue.

Now, every one will agree with Mr. Storr that verse translations are difficult. He fails in good company. Further, every one would wish, with Professor Wade of Tufts College (*Nation*, December 5), to have translations possessing the quality of "plastic form." But no one will find this virtue in Mr. Storr's product. Where, indeed, can it be found in versions that are suitable for purposes of the Loeb Library? Mrs. Browning's "Prometheus" and Pollard's "Greek Odes," fine as they are, will obviously not do. Even Gilbert Murray's superb Euripides is too free. In fact, the value of the poetic form in such work is, as a rule, inversely proportional to its literal faithfulness. The problem of combining form and faithfulness in a translation is, of course, insoluble, as every one with a sense for language must feel. But, so far as it has been solved, the medium of transference has been prose not verse. For prose, too, has "plastic form," if that expression means anything. Witness the Homer of Butcher, Lang, Leaf, and Myers, in spite of Professor Wade's vain regrets; witness, too, the "Greek Anthology" of J. W. Mackail. And it is strange that Mr. Storr, Cambridge man as he is, finds no inspiration in the classic example of Jebb. Finally, an American scholar with a longing for "plastic form" should not have forgotten the charming rhythmical prose of Professor Palmer's "Odyssey" and "Antigone."

G. G. Sedgewick.

Cambridge, Mass., December 14.

[We print this letter without endorsing the specific criticism of Mr. Storr's work or in any way prejudging a book upon which our reviewer must pronounce. But we do agree with the general protest against the use of verse translations in this edition. The number of letters we have received on this and kindred questions shows a gratifying interest in Mr. Loeb's magnanimous project.—Ed. Nation.]

FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a complement to Mr. Edward Fulton's letter in the *Nation* of November 28, it is perhaps worth while to point out that, long before James Beattie's "Dissertations Moral and Critical," at least one distinguished English critic did not always use the terms *imagination* and *fancy* as synonyms. This was Glorious John. In the "Epistle Dedicatory of the Rival Ladies" (1664) Dryden wrote:

> That benefit which I consider most in it [rhyme], is, that it bounds and circumscribes the fancy. For imagination in a poet is a faculty so wild and lawless, that like an high-ranging spaniel, it must have clogs tied to it, lest it outrun the judgment.

The distinction between the words is made clearer by the following passage from the preface to "Annus Mirabilis" (1666):

> The first happiness of the poet's imagina-

tion is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, driving [*v. l.*, deriving], or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words; the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. B. S. M.

Ithaca, N. Y.

THE HISTORY OF ART IN OUR COLLEGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In the *Nation* for November 21 there was a very favorable notice of a monograph on "The Study of the History of Art in the Colleges and Universities of the United States," by E. Baldwin Smith. It is said that this is a register of all academic courses in the history of art offered in America, that it is a brief history of the subject, that only Harvard and Princeton offer reasonably full university facilities for research, etc. Since the prefatory note by Professor Marquand states that Mr. Smith will be grateful to be set straight, if the information is defective, and since the pamphlet purports to help students "choose the place where they can carry on their advanced study," it is only fair to state that the information in the pamphlet is so extremely defective as to render it useless, and that the study of art in our colleges is far more extensive than this pamphlet shows. It would be idle to tabulate all the omissions and errors, but, lest my criticism seem unfounded, I call attention to a few omissions for classical archæology alone, which I recall from memory or experience. The list could easily be greatly extended.

No mention at all is made of the archæological seminaries, which are the most important organ of training in graduate and research work. Seminaries on Cretan Antiquities, Numismatics, Vases, Sculpture, Roman Topography, etc., are held at Bryn Mawr. Every year at the Johns Hopkins University there is a seminary in Greek Archæology and another in Roman Archæology (the subject varying from year to year). Also at Brown, Chicago, California, and elsewhere there are archæological seminaries. For Bryn Mawr no mention is made of the European fellowships or of courses on Greek and Roman Life, on Pompeian Life and Art, or of the Journal Club, which in some years we have also at Johns Hopkins. For Columbia none of the many archæological courses given by Professors Egbert, Wheeler, Perry, Young, and others is noted. The same is true for Cornell and Pennsylvania, where the archæologists Andrews and Bates and their courses in ancient art are not even tabulated. As for Johns Hopkins, there is a professor of Greek Archæology and Epigraphy and a professor of Roman Archæology and Epigraphy, whereas at most universities there is only one professor (or assistant professor) for both, called a professor of Classical Archæology—so at California, Chicago, Yale, and Harvard. Columbia has a professor of Greek Archæology and Art. At Johns Hopkins, in addition to the six courses mentioned in this pamphlet, there are courses on the Mycenæan Age, Greek Sculpture, Greek and Roman Architecture, three different courses in Greek Epigraphy (I include these because, in the case of Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, and Syracuse, they are included), Greek Private Life, Topography of Athens, Topography of Greek Sites, Strabo, Pausanias, Coins and Gems, three courses in Roman Topography, three in Roman Epigraphy, Greek and Roman Painting, Roman Private Life. Seminaries have been given on Problems in Pausanias, Problems in Greek Vase-Painting, on Greek Inscriptions, on Roman Inscriptions, and Numismatics; and other subjects will be taken up in future years. For the University of Chicago the courses in Fourth Century Greek Sculpture, an introductory course in Classical Archæology, courses on Greek Topography, and on Olympia, Delphi, and Athens, on Gems, on Greek Vases, on Red-Figured Ware, on Greek Life as illustrated by the monuments, on Greek Epigraphy, Roman Private Life, Roman Topography, etc., are omitted. No mention is made of the fellowships and scholarships in Classical Archæology at Chicago, Johns Hopkins, and elsewhere, although this pamphlet states that Princeton offers two fellowships in Art and Archæology. Many omissions occur in the courses tabulated for Brown, California, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Yale, and others, and many mistakes occur even in the courses listed.

A circular was sent to some four hundred institutions, many of which failed to answer. But the circular called for information for the year 1912-13 *only*, and it was not stated that the information would be published in a pamphlet for those who contemplate further study, which would naturally mean graduate students, and which certainly must mean those who contemplate study after 1912-13. It is clear, then, that the pamphlet will not be of much use to "those who contemplate further work in the History of Art," enabling them to "choose the place where they will carry on their advanced study." It will not be of much use, because only for Princeton does it give the courses for the next few years. The publication of a single year's schedule gives no adequate notion of the work at any university, for most universities do not repeat or ought not to repeat the same courses in art every year, but have a cycle of courses extending over three or four years. Mr. Smith would have seen this in the case of Johns Hopkins, for example, if he had read carefully page 153 of our last Register, which he had at his disposal. He could have procured the information for other universities and colleges also by consulting their catalogues for several successive years, or by writing to the professors of art and archæology themselves.

Let us hope the pamphlet will be withdrawn, and the work done over again in a scientific and accurate manner. Mr. Smith has not only been inaccurate, but he has not given us what is needed. What is needed is a statement of the courses given in the present and planned for the future, not only at Princeton, but at other universities, or a tabulation of courses given during the last five years, which are likely to be the courses given during the next few years.

DAVID M. ROBINSON.

Johns Hopkins University, November 30.

[With reluctance the *Nation* gives space to the register of *errata* and *addenda*, many of slight importance and all of the sort which by courtesy and good academic usage are generally exchanged privately among colleagues. That seminary courses are not registered specifically as such seems to us an imaginary grievance. Whenever serious graduate instruction is undertaken in America the seminary method is in use. Some universities, while using the method, prefer not to use a pretentious name for small courses. Unquestionably, Mr. Smith's pamphlet would have been more useful if he had included prospective courses. But the tabulation was made in response to an emergency call from the International Congress of Art History. An apparently preferential treatment of Mr. Smith's own University, Princeton, is due to the fact that Princeton, both in departmental and general circulars, presents her whole art curriculum accessibly. In the cases of other universities who scatter their art courses under other departments, some regrettable oversights occurred. Very few of these, however, seem to affect the general usefulness of the pamphlet. Intending graduate students know enough not to imagine that graduate courses are annually repeated. In short, the alleged defects are very rarely of a sort to mislead interested persons. Among the few really grave omissions one is obviously deeply to be regretted—that of the Archæological Seminary at Bryn Mawr, which is conducted by Professor Robinson.—ED. NATION.]

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

The Land of Lost Music and Other Poems. By Robert Munger. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems. By Hilton R. Greer. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Poems and Sonnets. By F. C. Goldsborough. London: David Nutt.

Of the Valley and the Sea and Other Verses. By Fanny Purdy Palmer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Poems of Love and Death. By John Drinkwater. London: David Nutt.

The Inverted Torch and Other Poems. By Samuel John Alexander. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.

Oxford Poems. By H. W. Garrod. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Idas and Marpessa. By Howard V. Sutherland. New York: Desmond FitzGerald. 60 cents net.

The Everlasting Mercy and the Widow in Bye Street. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Fires. By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

It is significant that so many of the latest issues of verse are one-piece volumes. There are only a few of them which contain more than a single satisfactory poem, and many of these are remarkable by reason of some one poem so superior as to bear no comparison with the others. For this reason they offer little surface to the critic; they are happy not so much in their poetic character as in some occasional mood or suggestion. Indeed, many of them, like Mr. Munger's "Mood," frankly acknowledge their indebtedness to just this sort of inspiration:

"When this next Summer shall come in," I said,
"Nothing shall be as it hath been of yore,
Its scroll shall speak, its 'chanted, flowery floor
And azure Heaven; its wonder shall be wed
With magic answers long withheld before,
And in the flooding light it shall outpour
The dumb and stricken Darkness shall lie dead."

And now, when in the dusk the cricket sings,
And Night comes early and the waiting days
Gather in mist and hover on dull wings,
While yet one gleam of the vain vision stays,
Winter on this its old gaunt shadow flings,
The same quest still, the same known barren ways.

In their way such verses are a veritable *tour de force;* it is as impossible for the writer to repeat them as to recall the occasion which gave them birth. As in the case of Mr. Greer's "Poe," a second attempt would be a mere pastiche, a palpable artifice:

Meshed in midnight, misty-moonèd,
  In a realm of men unwist,
To a weird harp, tensely tunèd,
  Sings a mournful melodist—
And his harpstrings are the tresses
  Of a maid whom Death hath kist. . . .

Sweet—ah, deathly sweet!—the music,
  Welling from his lips of doom,
Velvet-soft as notes of vesper,
  Swooning in a haunted doom—
Strange as words young phantoms whisper
  In a hollow tomb.

Weird—unearthly weird—the echoes
  Of each quivering cadence fled,
Ghosts, foredoomed to sigh forever,
  Tremulous, unsilencèd,
Till Time falter, spent and breathless,
  And Death's self be dead.

But perhaps it is in the sonnet that anything like success apart from absolute genius or sustained training is rarest. And yet it is possible to pick out occasional sonnets of a very fair order of merit, due apparently to some momentary and impermanent exaltation of feeling. The following, entitled "After Long Life," by Miss Robinson, is an instance:

After long life if I should be bereft
Of this Earth's passion and its endless pain,
And then, if I could live my life again
As one by Death forgotten and Youth left,
I wonder would I long with all the deft
Desires of my own free, unshackled brain
To enter Life's arena? Would I gain—
No more 'twixt hope and mortal anguish cleft—
A disembodied view of soul and sense,
A swift solution of the mystery
Of Life's great pageant, and the poor pretence
Of Heaven's high-handed Inconsistency?
So visioned, would I still kneel unto God,
Or Yield obeisance to the soulless sod?

Nor are these two, the one to Death and the other to the Emperor Julian, by Mr. Goldsborough and Miss Palmer, unworthy of consideration:

There is no death. Not God himself can kill,
He can but change. Hunger and life are one—
And this is fate—to be and be undone,
And with what dubious baleful draughts to fill
The goblet of our being, ere the rill
Of time veers otherwhither, and what sun
Illumes the path of races yet unrun
By souls abandoning pale forms grown still!
Hence, when I pray for death, I know I pray
For what no fate can give—for what the years
Know not—nor which the swayed eternal spheres
Meet upon any paths of night or day.
Abidest thou beyond the scope of God?
Then seek me, Death, by ways thou ne'er hast trod.

In student's garb, a lithe accomplished lad
Unfriended—yet self-centred and calm-browed—
He dwelt, amid the disputations loud
Of an imperial court gone schism-mad,
Pledged to no cause, for that his fears forbade.
A scholar—first of all to learning vowed—
More, of ideals than of his birthright, proud—
Devout, heroic, chaste—like Galahad.
The boldest legions follow where he leads
Down that long River servile to his oar:
He lifts his faith above the clash of creeds;
And stakes his fate on the grim game of War.
Dead: while upon his life an era hung;
Perishing—with his gods—too rash; so young.

Mr. Drinkwater, too, while invariably writing with neatness and practice, seems at intervals, it must be confessed, very much superior to himself. His manner is never sombre; he has a way of touching a grave subject with reassuring lightness. But at times his seriousness, without becoming heavy, deepens—with great advantage to his style, as in the verses which he calls "An Epilogue for a Masque":

A little while they lived again, and lo!
Back to the quiet night the shadows go,
And the great folds of silence once again
Are over fools and kings and fighting-men.

A little while they went with stumbling feet,
With spears of hate, and love all flowery sweet,
With wondering hearts and bright adventurous wills,
And now their dust is on a thousand hills.

We dream of them, as men unborn shall dream
Of us, who strive a little with the stream,
Before we too go out beyond the day,
And are as much a memory as they.

And Death, so coming, shall not seem a thing
Of any fear, nor terrible his wing.
We too shall be a tale on earth, and time
Our pilgrimage shall shape into a rhyme.

Even Mr. Alexander, who moves through a wide range of mood to a variety of measures, is hardly master of them all. He has his distinctively better moments, which seem to coincide with an unusual gravity of feeling:

Oh, Face Divinely Human, grave and tender,
  Deep-lined whereon I trace
Sad thoughts, that mar the else ineffable splendour
  We might not dare to face;

Lord, Lord, I see the beauty of Thy Being,
  And of Thy Words that shine
Star-like across dim ages; but the seeing
  May never make me Thine.

The solemn, sacred service of Thy Preaching
  Lies patent to mine eyes.
Yet what my soul might gather of Thy Teaching
  My Pagan heart denies. . . .

Still must I hear in western woodlands ringing
  The Syrinx pipes of Pan;
Striking old chords of recollection, bringing
  My vales Arcadian.

Still must some Pagan Almond Flower of beauty
  To which my heart shall cling
Bloom from the barren Aaron's rod of duty
  In perfect blossoming.

On the whole it cannot fail to strike the reader of current verse that there is something a little fortuitous, a little factitious in much of the poetry that gets itself published nowadays. No wonder that so few writers produce a second volume. Even Mr. Viereck has threatened to leave the muse for the ticker. Apparently poetry is ceasing to be a vocation. And yet even as a diversion it is hardly to be flouted if it continue to produce such admirable *vers d'occasion* as Mr. Garrod's—for instance, his lines to J. L. S.:

To you at least these barren rhymes
  Will speak of all they do not say,
And bring from unforgotten times
  The things that cannot pass away:—

The Devon places and their breath,
  The open moor's untrammelled room,
The gold gorse shot with silver heath,
  The peat-stream and the quiet coombe,

The bridge that carried once the cars—
  Or so we deemed—of Celtic kings
Pursuing unremembered wars
  And dreaming of immortal things;

It may be as they went their way
  They paused to see the sunset stir
With purple of the dying day
  The green and gray of Bellever;

Or, if those old unfeeling kings
  Passed all that glory coldly by
And in their proud imaginings
  Went to do battle and to die:—

Their brows at least the moorland wind
  Washed; and their blood divinely beat;
And all that never touched the mind
  Gave lightness to their faring feet. . . .

I, dreaming in the dreaming hill,
  I, singing to the singing stream,
Woo vainly all they felt, and still
  Miss—or I cannot hold—the gleam.

There is some encouragement, too, for a continued belief in the genuineness of the poet's calling in the persistency of a few poets. Among others there is Mr. Sutherland, who continues his "Idylls of Greece" without apparent fatigue or discouragement. It is the tale of "Idas and Marpessa" that he handles this time. And while quotation is difficult in the nature of the case, the following description may serve to give some idea of his treatment:

And now the heights were silent. Cloud on cloud,
With fleecy shoulders leaning each to each,
Took for the night their stations, while the winds
Remain'd without and roam'd, disconsolate,
The starry highways. One by splendid one
The gods lay down to wait Aurora's call
To see the dayburst, note with ecstasy
The modest flower's unfolding, and delight
In that first note with which the happy bird
Heralds the day and all its promises.
Austerely silent, at the feet of Zeus
They fell asleep, or gazed through half-closed eyes
Upon the face that tower'd over them.
And once again, like huge and brooding birds,
The watchers of the tragedies of men
Lay couch'd amid the cloud-mass stillily;
Prepared to dream of flights against the sun,
Enormous circlings to the pleasant earth
Or swift descents through endless gulfs of space.

For some reason or other the tale or story in verse appears to be coming into vogue again. Though it is impossible to extract from them, two volumes of this kind, one by Mr. Masefield and one by Mr. Gibson, are unusual enough to require notice. While the latter is anecdotal and sketchy, they are both of them singularly reminiscent of Crabbe in subject and manner—though to be sure it is Crabbe modernized and even a little vulgarized. Still the inspiration is sufficiently remarkable.

Among recent collections the poems of the late Mrs. H. B. Marriott Watson is the most considerable. The greater number of the pieces have been published already; but a new series, "The Lamp and the Lute," which was to have appeared separately in the spring, is also included. It is from this addition that the following lines, entitled "Thalassa" and inscribed with the name of Walter Raleigh, are quoted:

By lonely outland coasts and strange isles set
Where vast green waters surge and great winds blow,
They say that sea-whelmed souls go sailing yet,
On swift white wings the drowned folk come and go.

So would I fare—O Thou who didst decree
The sea-mew's soul in this poor earth of mine,
Bidding my very sense and spirit to be
Deep tinctured with the sea-breeze and the brine.

Shall it not fall that when the last light fails,
The doors be opened and the long lease run,
My ghost may go perchance on silver sails
To wander 'twixt the sea-foam and the sun?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Financier. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Bros.

Turgenieff dismissed a pair who prospered on the fruits of iniquity with this observation: "Everything in the world, both good and bad, is bestowed upon a man, not in accordance with his merits, but as the result of some unknown but logical laws which I will not even take upon myself to indicate, although it sometimes seems to me that I dimly discern them." These laws Mr. Dreiser is prepared to declare unto us. Scanning the phenomena of success afforded by our national life, he selects a typical career to illustrate their workings—a perfect specimen of the American financier whom he represents as having lived in the Philadelphia of two generations ago.

Briefly to summarize the achievements of thirty-odd years, this genius of finance made a fortune in local speculation; saw it wiped out in the collapse of the market caused by the Chicago fire, and his share in the time-honored traffic in city funds thereby brought to light; paid the penalty of this exposure by a year in prison; and, a few months subsequently, having recouped himself to the extent of $100,000, carried his new-made fortune West. From the time when young Cowperwood took his first object-lesson from an aquarium tragedy, watching an unwilling squid appropriated bit by bit by a relentless lobster, to the day when in the fulness of his powers he migrates from his native habitat to a freer field of development, the study leaves little to be desired from a biological standpoint.

To our thinking, Mr. Dreiser is far and away the ablest humanologist at work in the American field. True, much that is fine slips through his net. But that in itself is no cause for dissatisfaction. Other novelists who have had anything like his power of analysis have been uniformly predisposed to confine themselves to what is choicest and most attenuated in our national life. We rejoice that Mr. Dreiser is not too dainty in his selection, especially since his grasp upon what he has apprehended is so stout. The collection of types in this case is remarkable, both for its representative completeness and for the consistent individuality of each character. Still more remarkable is the singleness of intention with which they are analyzed, and as it were, comparatively estimated. Who is fittest to survive amid the forces of man's own creating? The answer is, for this *milieu* as for the jungle, he who is most vigorous, most acute, and most intelligently selfish—in a word, Cowperwood. He is the standard. Other characters are measured thereby and their fates justified. Small pity is wasted on those who fall by their deficiencies, as Stener, the flabby-minded city treasurer, who paid the natural price of being other men's tool, and the temperamentally unresponsive wife of whom Cowperwood quietly rids himself. Whatever sympathy Mr. Dreiser permits himself is expended on those who fail by the superabundance of their endowment—a superfluous capacity for other motives than self-interest. The reader's cordial partiality is enlisted for Butler, the old Irish contractor and politician, whose daughter becomes Cowperwood's young mistress. He is vulnerable in his large, fatherly heart, and the retaliation which his strength renders so disastrous to Cowperwood is still more fatal to himself. Aileen herself, though we leave her in the ascendency of her youth legally established as Cowperwood's wife, shows doubly marked for later discard by the ineradicable crudity of her taste and the uncontrollable force of her affections.

It is in his *exposé* of character and relationships and his constructive feeling for human drama that Mr. Dreiser is distinguished. His literary imperfections are many and glaring. He only speaks right on—interminably, diffusely, redundantly, with no stylistic guide beyond a warm feeling for an apt phrase. His attempts to identify his story with a definite period in the past are strangely intermittent.

Even more exasperating are his rambling incursions into the field of ethical speculation. The ease with which he walks through the things he does not see is certainly extraordinary. But he is merely out for exercise—nothing so stern as pioneering. Those who accompany him most willingly will soonest perceive that they are coming back in the end to the point they started from. To the best of our discernment, the three essays in unconventional morality which he has already accomplished in "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," and "The Financier," have not yielded one conclusion that seems to him worth a whole-hearted defence. Obviously, until his own convictions have clarified, he can do little to inform our understanding of right and wrong.

The Best of a Bad Job. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

We are wont to pride ourselves on the fact that sentiment does not play its old bold part in our literature. Even half a century ago, English and American fiction was all awash with sensibility. Ladies still sighed, and drooped their lashes and fainted their way through the life of books, at least; bachelors still confessed to reveries; and the wide, wide world was a place of warm and somewhat self-conscious emotion. Nowadays our self-consciousness has taken another turn. Anglo-English reticence grows upon us. Colonel Newcome and Little Nell died in the best manner of the day: it is a manner now relegated to the shabby gentilities of literature. Broken hearts are no longer worn on sleeves, and scenes of overt pathos are left to those great repositories of unfashionable relics, the stage and the page of melodrama. We have grown a trifle cowardly withal. Fear of sentimentalism is in danger of producing a hardness and dryness of manner which do not really express our inmost feeling. There are moments when every one of us is at heart a sentimentalist—and the better for it, since they are only moments. There is even a season of the year when (thanks to the author of "Little Nell," they say) we agree to abandon our pretence of insensibility, and to play our joyous part in a Christendom of sentimentalists.

Mr. Duncan is one of the writers who ought to be approached in this mood, if at all. His is a gospel of sensibility. The Old Tom Tulk of the present story, the Skipper Tumm, who tells it, and his random audience of Labrador fishermen and traders who listen to it, all dwell within that zone of ardent and tremulous feeling which the traveller must enter with the eyes and ears of a child if it is to mean anything to him. Old Tom Tulk has known an ordinary lifetime of hardship on the Labrador seas, when his great sorrow comes in the loss of his young grandson. The boy is a cripple and a consumptive. His death is looked for, led up to by inches, and no drop of pathos is left unextracted from the final scene of parting. The boy has bequeathed Old Tom his gospel, "to make the best of a bad job"; and he buckles to the job of living again for the boy's sake. Thereafter no misfortune shakes him. He is presently cast away on the ice and becomes snow-blind. A "short allowance" of sight is restored to him, but it is chiefly by his cultivation of other faculties that he continues to captain his fishing vessel, caps his career with an amazing performance of pluck and skill, and fulfils his ambition to leave a tale to prove the truth of his gospel, "a tale t' be told in the forecastles o' the Labrador craft o' windy nights in harbour." So Old Tom Tulk passes, leaving as legacy the trick of steering by the echoes in foggy weather, and as epitaph his favorite motto: "My friend is Laughter from Get-Along-Somehow, an' my best bedfellow is called Grit."

The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Like "Mother," this is a pretty sermonette artfully designed to inculate wholesome sentiment in the women to whom it is addressed. The preacher has the secret of making common-sense palatable—if anything, *too* palatable, like the medicinal compound of which it is vaunted "children cry for it."

It is very pleasant to read how Santa Paloma, Cal., improved under the winsome example and wise precepts of this nice young widowed heroine—Santa Paloma has so perfectly the air of the modern California town, its "best set" is so like, in its follies and its friendliness, the young married folk we meet in other small towns, and each step of the betterment is accomplished before our eyes with such a cheerful wealth of lifelike circumstance. It is pleasant also to behold a deserving hero promptly delivered out of many difficulties by a brisk feminine hand. It is only after we have seen Santa Paloma well on the way to the millennium, and our hard-working, happy pair safe on the road to matrimony, that we begin to remember that the course of true reform seldom runs so smoothly, and that it was all so pleasant precisely because it was too good to be true.

BYZANTIUM.

A History of the Eastern Roman Empire, From the Fall of Irene to the Accession of Basil I (A. D. 802-867). By J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History and Fellow of King's College, in the University of Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.

Twenty-three years ago Mr. J. B. Bury, a recent graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, attracted favorable notice of the historical scholars of the world by a remarkable work in two volumes on the Later Roman Empire. The epoch included in this youthful attempt extended from the division of the realm of Theodosius the Great between his two weakling sons, Arcadius and Honorius, to the crowning of Charlemagne in the reign of Queen Irene (800 A. D.). It was treated in a leisurely narrative without much distinction of style or weight of reflection, but with abundance of knowledge and unusual breadth of vision. Clearly the young historian had gone to school to Freeman.

The promise of this striking beginning has been richly fulfilled in the past two decades. Professor Bury has now to his credit the standard brief history of Greece in the English language and the only authoritative life of Saint Patrick. His edition of Gibbon rightly takes precedence of all others, and the new "Cambridge Mediæval History" is being executed according to his plan. He has edited texts of the Nemean and Isthmian Odes of Pindar, published Harvard lectures on "The Ancient Greek Historians," and contributed many articles to the scientific journals.

His latest volume is in a way a continuation of his youthful venture. It deals, however, not with two centuries but with two generations only—the fateful sixty-five years of the so-called Amorian dynasty. The increase of the author's experience, power of judgment, and critical faculty, moreover, makes it really an independent work. It is, in our opinion, the most finished book which Professor Bury has yet written, and is perhaps the most important work on Byzantine history which has thus far appeared in the English language.

The author's theme and attitude are defined by himself near the beginning of his last chapter:

> The Amorian age [he says] is apt to be regarded as an inglorious interval between the rule of the Isaurians, who renovated the strength of the Empire, and the brilliant expansion under Basil I and his successors. The losses of Crete and Sicily have been taken as a proof of decline; the character and the régime of Theophilus have been viewed with antipathy or contempt; and the worthlessness of Michael III has prejudiced posterity against the generation which tolerated such a sovran. This unfavorable opinion is not confined to the learned slaves of the Papacy, who are unable to regard with impartial eyes the age of Theophilus the enemy of icons, and of Photius the enemy of the Pope. The deepest cause of the prevalent view has been the deliberate and malignant detraction with which the sovrans and servile chroniclers of the Basilian period pursued the memory and blackened the repute of the Amorian administration; for modern historians have not emancipated themselves completely from the bias of those prejudiced sources.

> In the foregoing pages we have seen that, while even detraction has not ventured to accuse the Amorian rulers of exceptional rigor in taxing their subjects, the Empire was wealthy and prosperous. We have seen that it maintained itself, with alternations of defeat and victory, but without losing ground, against the Caliphate, that peace was preserved on the Bulgarian frontier, and that the reduction of the Slavs in Greece was completed. Oversea dominions were lost, but against this we have to set the fact that the Amorian monarchs, by taking in hand the reconstruction of the naval establishment, which the Isaurians had neglected, prepared the way for the successes of Basil I in Italy. We have still to see what services they rendered to art, education, and learning. In these spheres we shall find a new pulse of movement, endeavor, revival, distinguishing the ninth century from the two hundred years which preceded it. We may, indeed, say that our period established the most fully developed and most pardonable self-complacent phase of Byzantinism.

The book opens with a detailed account of domestic policy and events. The narrative is styleless in the best sense. Truth is never sacrificed to an epigram nor precision to rhetorical effect. Artless the story certainly is not. Professor Bury has steeped himself in the Greek, Arabic, and Syrian sources. He views them critically, of course, and confronts them not only with one another where that is possible, but also with the archæological and epigraphical records, which under his skilful management are a formidable adversary of falsehood. At the same time, however, by a careful use of stories, anecdotes, and legends, culled from histories, chronicles, pamphlets, and hagiographies, he contrives to surround his actors and incidents with the atmosphere of mediæval Constantinople, an atmosphere of intrigue, piety, superstition, luxury, elegance, prurience, tolerance and intolerance, reverence for the sanctity of human life and atrocious cruelty—the strange blend of opposites which carries ninth-century Byzantium so far away from our modern experience.

Before proceeding to deal with foreign policy and events, Professor Bury interpolates two chapters, one, entitled Ignatius and Photius, in which the great ecclesiastical controversy of the age is formulated and interpreted with such force and clarity that it appears no longer trivial but almost worthy of its intense contemporary interest, and another on Byzantine finance and government which is at least a partial illumination of a very dark place. After the foreign relations have been considered in five chapters, the narrative ends with an effective characterization of art, education, and learning in the Amorian period.

The five chapters on foreign affairs cannot fail to command the attention of historians at large. For what student of history can afford to ignore a work in which the foundings of Venice, Baghdad, Kiev, Itil, and Pliska are described with the aid of new or inaccessible materials? In this part of his volume Professor Bury deals, not with an obscure epoch of Byzantine history, but with the history of the world from the Byzantine point of view. The political map of Europe from the Ural Mountains to the Baltic Sea ceases to be a bare patch and becomes animated with Patzinaks, Khazars, Magyars, Bulgarians, Russians, Servians, and other Slavic, Finnish, and Turkish peoples whose institutions are sketched and whose movements are interpreted with reference to Byzantine projects and impulses. Here Professor Bury's knowledge of the Semitic and Slavic languages has enabled him to use stores of information hitherto beyond the reach of the ordinary English and American student of history

The reader who demands that history shall give him the thrills which he gets from the novel may not relish even the first part of this "History of the Eastern Roman Empire"; but to the man who cares for the niceties of historical research and composition the book will give a rare pleasure. The specialist may find errors of omission and commission. Where the field is so broad they are unavoidable. But he is bound to envy the author his amazing control of the modern literature of the subject. What the general reader will miss most—intimate and truthful characterization of the chief men of affairs, and comprehensive description of the social and economic foundations of the state—Professor Bury denies that it is possible for any one to give him. He may be right, but we surmise that a Theodore Mommsen or an Eduard Meyer would have made the attempt.

The Autobiography of an Individualist. By James O. Fagan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

A reader unfamiliar with Mr. Fagan's earlier books might well be puzzled to understand how a man passing an obscure and uneventful existence in a railway switch tower at West Cambridge, Mass., should expect the American public to have any interest in his life. But many will recall the impression created by "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" and "Labor and the Railroads," and will not have forgotten the clear vision and the courage with which the weaknesses in the railway labor situation were exposed. Whether or not one is in agreement with Mr. Fagan's views, and a considerable number of close students of the problem are not, one must recognize his sincere and earnest purpose. That same spirit dominates his autobiography; his gospel of individualism as applied to railways is his sole thought; it explains and justifies his book.

His life in Scotland, in South America, and in South Africa was not eventful enough to be of any general interest, and has its significance only in the fact that in the author's belief incidents of that period profoundly affected his thinking and influenced the development of his philosophy. That philosophy applied to the railway industry is simply a plea for the restoration of the freedom of the individual—freedom from the red tape of officialdom, and from the tyranny of the labor union—and for a closer and more personal relation between the directing force of the railway and its employees.

Of particular interest is the portrayal of New England railways in the eighties, which describes a situation in some respects akin to that which the author wishes to see restored. He asserts, for example, that "with the same consecration to duty to-day as then, the modern accident problem would lose its significance."

One is involuntarily attracted to this quiet man, unique in these days. While working as night operator at East Deerfield at eight dollars a week, he received the offer occasionally of an increase in salary. "I told the authorities," he says, "not to bother about it, and they did not." He accepted a shift at the West Cambridge interlocking tower because it reduced his hours of duty from twelve to eight, brought him near the libraries, lectures, and churches of Boston, and gave him more time to devote to the study of social and industrial problems. After referring to "progressive people" who recognize no condition as sound in which one is not forever on the jump towards something better, he sums up his attitude towards life with the following delightful comment: "Such people have little appreciation for conditions and individuals in this world that wisely slow up or stand still for inspirational purposes."

Those of us who have many times marvelled at the attractiveness of style displayed by one whose pursuits have not led him along literary paths can now have our curiosity satisfied. At East Deerfield he carried an English dictionary in his pocket, which he consulted on his walks. He read the book through three or four times, and reinvestigated many of the words in larger dictionaries. At West Cambridge in the signal tower he devoted his spare time to the construction of sentences, and when he launched into narrative he rewrote his first story at least one hundred times. A thorough drilling in Latin and Greek in his youth came to his aid. He says, "As a simple practical equipment for life's journey, what may be called my classical foundation seems to me now to be worth all the other features of my school education put together."

Unfortunately, he is not infallible. After enjoying the pleasures of good English until the work is nearly ended, the reader suffers a painful shock when he comes upon this: "Out of a caldron of industrial and political interests and factions on the railroad, he must pluck by hook or by crook, in some way, the flower of satisfactory service."

Myths and Legends of Japan. By F. Hadland **Davis**. With thirty-two full-page illustrations by Evelyn Paul. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50 net.

Like some other recent writers on Japan, the author confesses his prime indebtedness to Lafcadio Hearn, "who first revealed to me the Land of the Gods." It is not therefore surprising to find that there is more of impressionism than of scholarly finish in his handling of Japanese matters. Yet he starts out in his preface with a long list of authorities from Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain and Dr. W. G. Aston to the late Rev. Arthur Lloyd. Hearn's pupils seem to copy his weaknesses rather than his virtues, and to distort in a blundering way the country they profess to elucidate.

Certainly no critic would have objected more strenuously to statements made in this book than the late Dr. Aston, whom Mr. Davis is so fond of quoting. "Shinto has taught her [Japan] to revere the mighty dead; . . . the very nature of Shintoism [is] associated with ancestor worship," declares Mr. Davis in his Introduction, at pages xii and xvi, without any discussion or apology. But this is not very courteous to Dr. Aston's "Shinto, the Way of the Gods," where the exact contrary is stated at page 36:

> An analysis of a list of "Greater Shrines" prepared in the tenth century yields the following results: Of the gods comprised in it, seventeen are nature deities, one is a sword, which probably represented a nature deity; two or more are more or less legendary deceased Mikados, one is the deified and supposed ancestor of a priestly corporation, one is the ancestor of an empress, and one is a deceased statesman. [Or again at page 177.] None of the *Dii Majores* of the more ancient Shinto are deified men.

In a work like the present, a wrong impression of the nature of Shinto will naturally go far to vitiate the whole treatment; and this is what actually happens. A consultation of the authorities quoted in the preface reveals the author's lack of anything but a superficial acquaintance with their works. The list is supplemented by an imposing bibliography at the close, extending to five pages. But why are Murdoch and Knox omitted, while the names of trivial writers of mere recent date find a place? Murdoch's "History of Japan," published two years ago, is a profound and thorough study, to which writers like Professor Chamberlain are very willing to acknowledge their indebtedness. Dr. G. W. Knox, who died but a few months ago, gives in "The Development of Religion in Japan" a masterly treatment of the very subjects that Dr. Davis blunders over.

In the Bibliography are found the names of Batchelor and B. H. Chamberlain, with Ainu treatises attached to them. Mr. Davis would have found in these treatises a discussion of the strange fact that Yoshitsune, to whose feats he devotes half-a-dozen pages, is to this day revered as a hero among the aborigines of Northern Japan. It is, indeed, the most interesting fact in Ainu mythology; yet Mr. Davis is silent about it, while devoting considerable space to Japanese gardens, which are not associated with Japanese myth or legend. Many of the stories which he gives, as, for instance, "The Burning of the Three Dwarf Trees," are real tales dealing with personages of interest to students of constitutional history. Moreover, this tale is not well told. The leading character, Tokiyori, was a capable Kamakura *shikken*, or regent, belonging to the noble Hojo family. The province he visited was not "Kodzuki," but Kodzuke, and he was not a "royal wanderer." The *samurai* Sano's second name was certainly not "Genzalmon."

Yet in many respects this handsome volume, with its attractive illustrations—Japanesque rather than Japanese—deserves commendation; and its defects may not be present to the ordinary reader, who may be led by it into a fairy world. But it invites awkward comparison with a masterpiece like "The Tales of Old Japan," which covers much the same ground, but was written by an author who knew his material perfectly, and whose English is impeccable.

Notes

Mr. T. M. Healy's "Stolen Waters: a Page from the Conquest of Ulster," which Longmans have in preparation, is based on unpublished manuscripts, state papers, etc., dealing with the title to two great fisheries in northern Ireland.

Sir Clements Markham's "The Conquest of New Grenada" is announced by E. P. Dutton.

The Putnams are issuing the following Cambridge books: "The Concept of Sin," by F. R. Tennant; "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans," edited with introduction and notes by R. St. John Parry; "The Second Epistle General of Peter and the General Epistle of Jude," edited with introduction and notes by Montague Rhodes James, and "Light on the Gospel from an Ancient Poet," by Edwin A. Abbott.

The Hawthorne Memorial Association has been incorporated for the purpose, in the words of its charter, "of the erection or establishment and maintenance of a memorial to Nathaniel Hawthorne in the city of Salem, Mass." In Salem, on Union Street, is the house in which Hawthorne was born. On Derby Street is the old Custom House, in which he acted as surveyor. On Mall Street, off the Common, is the house in which he wrote "The Scarlet Letter," etc. The city has quite enough associations with him to warrant a general interest in the memorial which is proposed. The Association has selected as its artists Bela L. Pratt, sculptor, and R. Clipston Sturgis, architect. The expense of the memorial is not to exceed $50,000. Those interested may get full information from Harlan P. Kelsey, secretary, Salem, Mass., and contributions should be made out to the Hawthorne Memorial Association, addressed to Mr. Kelsey.

We read in the *Cambridge Review:*

> After quite a little flutter of verse-loving fly-sheets, the changes in the Classical Tripos were carried in the Senate on Saturday by 55 to 44; and in 1915 and thereafter candidates will not necessarily lose anything if they do not offer Greek or Latin verse.

The economic evolution of Lorraine is the subject of most general interest treated in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. The industrial conditions at the time of the Franco-Prussian war are compared with those of the present day, showing a remarkable progress in these forty-two years, "through persevering work and methodic organization." On the other hand, in an article on Spanish emigration it is shown that "almost the whole of Spain is being drained of its peasantry, a grave economic condition [*malaise*] due largely to bad land ownership, heavy taxes, and the irregular climate." The other contents are geologic studies of the North Atlantic and English Channel sea-bottom, and the structure of the Titteri, one of the ranges of the Atlas Mountains.

The frontier region of Turkey and Servia is sketched by Major O. Kreutzbruck v. Lilienfels in the military department of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for November. The four principal routes which invading armies would take are described in detail, and there is an admirable map, in which is shown the location of the various fortifications. Among the other subjects treated is the temperature of the earth in its relation to the development of vegetation.

In our recent notice of Miss Helen Nicolay's "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln," reference was made to her opinion that not more than a hundred of the stories attributed to Lincoln were probably genuine. Mr. Anthony Gross, in "Lincoln's Own Stories" (Harper), has brought together about three times that number. While the collection includes anecdotes about Lincoln, as well as stories by him, and while such inclusions as the Union letter to Greeley and the Gettysburg Address are foreign to either category, the reader who likes to begin anywhere and stop at any time will probably find the volume both entertaining and instructive.

"Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal" (Lippincott) consist of a series of lithographs made by Mr. Pennell in the early months of this year, together with paragraphs of explanatory text. The spirit of the work is aptly conveyed by a sentence or two from the paragraph accompanying the picture of The Guard Gate, Gatun:

> The scale, the immensity of the whole may be judged by the size of the engines and figures. I have never seen such a magnificent arrangement of line, light, and mass, and yet those were the last things the engineers thought of. But great work is great art, and always was and will be. This is the Wonder of Work.

Mr. Pennell's book is indeed an extraordinary record of this Wonder of Work, much of which will be concealed when the canal is completed and filled with water.

Grace G. Montgomery has adopted a novel and very practical method, that of question and answer, in her "Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons" (Scribner). The salient features in her directions for playing the game do not differ materially from those given in other handbooks on the subject, and the chief value of the present volume is in its compression and convenient size, and in its clear arrangement. It should be of considerable assistance, both to beginners and to players of moderate skill who wish to improve their game.

Jeannette Marks has herself felt the spell of Wales, and endeavors in "Gallant Little Wales" (Houghton) to communicate her emotions to others. This little volume is conscientiously written, and in parts instructive, yet somehow it seems to miss just the impression which the author evidently wished to convey. There are many irritating repetitions and some anecdotes of personal experiences which, however thrilling to the subject of them, fail to intrigue the general reader, and there is a chapter devoted to Dr. Johnson's tour of North Wales which is rather perfunctory and quite unprofitable. On the other hand, the author is able to reflect a little of the spirit which animates the Eisteddfod, and in the chapter on Hill Top Churches she skirts a field which might repay fuller exploration. Perhaps it is the inevitable comparison with the absorbing Borrow, perhaps the recollection of treasured emotions of one's own, evoked by adventures in this romantic corner of Britain: whatever it be, the present volume somehow fails to set the pulse of enthusiasm beating.

Dr. J. Franklin Jameson has edited, with an appreciative biographical introduction, the late Gertrude S. Kimball's "Providence in Colonial Times" (Houghton Mifflin). The volume is only a section of an intended larger work, but the part now published, with the exception of a fragmentary final chapter on old Providence houses, was left in a completed state at the author's premature death in 1910. Few students knew more intimately than did Miss Kimball the early history of Providence and Rhode Island; while at the same time her previous publications, notably the "Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island" (1902-1903) and the "Correspondence of William Pitt" with colonial officials (1906), kept before her a clear view of the wider historical relations of the period. As a consequence the present work, while exhibiting an easy familiarity with local and personal details, rarely loses sight of the general historical background, and entitles the book to a high place in the scanty list of first-rate local histories. The checkered career of Roger Williams has nowhere been traced with a better mixture of sympathy and impartiality than in Miss Kimball's first three chapters; and the chapter on the early shipping trade of Providence, foreshadowed in part by the author's earlier paper on the East India trade of the town from 1787 to 1807, published in 1896, is a solid contribution. The forty-seven full-page illustrations are intelligently chosen and notably well executed.

The Lost Cause and causes that are hanging in the balance are brought into juxtaposition in the little volume of Roger A. Pryor's "Essays and Addresses" (Neale). The book opens with the author's speech on the independence of the South, delivered in the House of Representatives after the election of Lincoln; it closes with his argument in the case of the People of New York vs. the North River Sugar Refining Company, described as the first effort in any court in the land to break up a Trust. This was in 1890, but previous to the passage of the Sherman act, and the effort was successful. Between the two dates Pryor was a member of the first Confederate Congress, and, ultimately, a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. His style has the old-fashioned leisureliness, and the two addresses mentioned are the only ones of much interest. The book needs a few notes, particularly on the first speech, and more dates.

"New Trails in Mexico: An account of one year's exploration in Northwestern Senora, Mex., and southwestern Arizona, 1909-1910" (Scribner), by Carl Lumholtz, is not on the whole as interesting as the author's previous work, entitled "Unknown Mexico," which was published in 1902. The latter contained the record of five years' exploration and embraced territory more than five times the size of that which he now deals with. The method of treatment is much the same in both books. Perhaps the most valuable contributions in the present volume are the maps which cover an area hitherto little known, that of the extreme northwestern corner of Mexico. The romantic early history of this country together with that now included in the present State of Arizona is only slightly touched upon. "Original documents," the author writes in his Preface, "relating to the history of this region, are not always of easy access, and I have not had an opportunity of consulting them." The valuable collections of the Hispanic Society in New York seem to have been overlooked in this connection. This is one of many instances where a library, and especially this wonderful collection of Mr. Huntington's, is not without honor in its own city. Mr. Lumholtz's work is evidently a transcription directly from the notebook with little rearrangement of material, a fact which will often make it difficult for the specialist to separate from the mass of rather prolix description the material he is seeking, although a good index is furnished. It is to be regretted that the interesting flora and fauna were not considered by themselves with greater detail and accuracy, perhaps in appendices as has been done with the geology of the country. To the general reader the book should prove entertaining in its description of travel in an ill-watered country which is virtually unknown.

Mrs. John King van Rensselaer has written a book of 392 pages on "Prophetical, Educational, and Playing Cards" (Jacobs), with a few chapters on chess and fortune-telling. The interest in Mrs. van Rensselaer's book lies in her attempt to establish a relation between cards and the ancient mysteries of Toth-Hermes-Trismegistus. Ever since Ménestrier, in 1704, looking through the accounts of King Charles VI, discovered that in 1392 the Royal Treasurer had paid Jacquenin Gringonneur "58 sols Parisis pour trois jeux de cartes à or et diverses couleurs de plusieurs devises," the problem of the origin of cards has been a most intricate subject. Ménestrier himself believed that they had been invented in France. Heinecken, in 1771, and the Abbé Rive, in 1781, tried to prove Germany and Spain, respectively, as the original home of all cards. Then, in 1779 (and not in "about 1785," as we find on page 216 of Mrs. van Rensselaer's book), appeared a curious work by a certain Court de Gebelin, which devoted a chapter to cards. De Gebelin, who wrote one of those general histories much in vogue in the eighteenth century, but since forgotten, tried to prove that cards were nothing but the allegorical figures which represented the Book of Wisdom of the ancient Egyptians. He was not taken very seriously. The most valuable contribution appeared, however, in 1784. Johann Gottlob Brietkopf, one of the founders of the famous music-printing house of Leipzig, in his "Versuch, den Ursprung der Spielkarten, die Einführung des Leinenpapiers, und den Anfang der Holzschneidekunst in Europa zu erforschen," declared that cards were of Eastern, probably Indian, origin, and had been imported into Europe at the time of the Crusades via the Saracens, Sicily, and Central Italy. The further investigations of D'Ambly, Chatto, Lacroix, and Cicognara, but most especially those of Leber (1842) in the Archives of Viterbo, have all supported Breitkopf. Cards—playing cards as well as divining cards, which were adopted for their purposes by magicians and palmists as soon as the printing press and the wood cut brought them within reach of all—according to the best knowledge upon the subject, were first used in Northern India, and were, like the now forgotten four-handed chess, a war-game for the higher classes, gradually adopted by the mass of the people.

Cards, like cooking books and children's picture-books, are very easily destroyed. Only a few old packs are left to us. Their study is a difficult one, and full of pitfalls. It seems to us that Mrs. van Rensselaer has investigated the subject in a most haphazard way. She accepts the theory of De Gebelin without anything more, and buries it under a mass of ill-assorted and heterogeneous information. She adds a quantity of Assyrian-Babylonian-Hebrew-Greek-and-Egyptian occultism. We have read through the book with great care. We find, however, that to refute every single statement made by Mrs.

van Rensselaer would take a work of at least 600 pages. We can only hope that the controversial interest which her book may call forth will induce a more careful investigator to give us a readable and understandable volume on this fascinating subject.

The Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis has just published a translation of Dr. F. A. Wislizenus's "A Journey to the Rocky Moutains in the Year 1839." The author was one of those inhabitants of Germany who were driven by the authorities to our shores, on account of participation in revolutionary movements. In 1836 he established himself in St. Clair County, in Illinois, in a settlement of German refugees like himself, who, because of their superior education, were styled "Die Lateiner." The young German doctor was not satisfied by the quiet life, being seized, as he writes, by an "irresistible impulse for wandering," and at length made the journey to the Rocky Mountains. This he described in a little volume, now excessively scarce, which was published in St. Louis in 1840. The story of his adventures is told in a simple, straightforward way, which creates in the reader a feeling of confidence in his observations. The book is well printed, and is a great credit to the Society.

The Macmillan Company has issued a reprint of the autobiography of Bishop Henry B. Whipple of Minnesota, "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," which was first published in 1899. It is the story of one of the greatest and noblest American friends of the Indian, a man of unique and fascinating personality, whose more than forty years as Bishop of Minnesota form a most creditable chapter in the history of American religious effort. The narrative of his experiences is full of interest.

The *Nation* of April 25 called attention to Monsignor Ward's excellent history of the activities of the Roman Catholics in England in the early nineteenth century. The author has just published a third and final volume of his "Eve of Catholic Emancipation" (Longmans), covering the decade 1820 to 1830. At the beginning of this decade the Catholic Church in England was a house divided against itself—divided by personal antagonisms and political differences. Little progress had been made towards political emancipation. What had been done had been done mostly by Catholics in England. But in 1823 Daniel O'Connell came forward in Ireland, and by his Catholic Association began to give unity to the political movement. He also began to transfer the main source of Catholic political agitation from England to Ireland, where it has ever since remained. By the collection of "Catholic Rent," O'Connell's Association formed innumerable local centres for political discussion in Ireland, and in England enabled him to pay the expenses of agents and to influence the newspaper press. The Association became so powerful a factor that within two years the English Government felt that safety demanded its dissolution. By it, however, O'Connell had proved himself a man of originality and power in the eyes both of the English and of the Irish. When he conceived the bold and novel plan of standing for election as member of Parliament from County Clare, in spite of the fact that he could not take the oath required to confirm his seat in Parliament, he was elected, as Monsignor Ward describes, with unbounded enthusiasm, by the priests and by the people. By this act O'Connell forced the crisis which finally led the Government to concede Catholic Emancipation. Besides describing this political struggle, the author gives a good account of the restoration of the English Jesuits, of the payment of the claims for the destruction during the French Revolution of the Catholic property at Douay, and of the other activities of leading English Catholics during the third decade of the nineteenth century.

So long as much foreign philosophical literature of real importance remains untranslated, the appearance of English versions of works of minor consequence cannot be recorded with entirely unalloyed satisfaction. The collection of essays by Émile Boutroux, which F. Rothwell has done into English, under the title "Historical Studies in Philosophy" (Macmillan), was not a book of which the translation can be said to have been imperative. The French original appeared fifteen years ago. Exactly half the volume consists of two reprinted encyclopædia articles—those on Aristotle and Kant, from "La Grande Encyclopédie." Of this circumstance the English publishers, unlike the French, have neglected to make mention. These articles give brief biographies of the philosophers with whom they deal, and fairly clear and skilful *précis* of the philosophers' writings. But, except for a few interesting paragraphs on Aristotle's relation to modern thought, they contain no critical or constructive matter of consequence; and the article on Kant includes rather more than a reasonable number of historical errors. The freshest and most valuable portions of the book are those treating of Socrates and of Jacob Bœhme. The translator has inexplicably omitted from the English version the part of the original having a special interest for English readers—an historical discourse on the influence of Scottish upon French philosophy. The translation has the sole merit of being tolerably idiomatic; with the French tongue and with the terminology of philosophy it betrays no very intimate acquaintance. Elementary blunders are numerous—such as the conversion of the caterpillar (*chenille*) into "a snail"; the translation of *l'encyclopédie philosophique* (used as the name of a philosophical discipline) by "philosophical Encyclopedism"; and of *droit* invariably by "right." The most amusing instance of this last error is the undesigned irony of the sentence: "Kant regards penal right as based, not on utility, but on reward. He defends the death penalty against the sentimentality of Beccaria." Kant did not propose to "abolish learning" in order to "find room for belief"; he merely proposed to set aside the pretension to knowledge (of the supersensible). To say that Kant's "Critique" is *un des monuments de l'esprit humain* is not to say that it is "one of the pillars of human thought." On p. 164 the sense of an entire passage is reversed by the substitution of "impossible" for "possible." The volume is admirably printed, and is furnished with an index, which the French edition lacks.

"Letters of Ulysses S. Grant" (Putnam), edited by Jesse Grant Cramer, is a small collection of letters written by the General to his father and sister between the years 1857 and 1878. Their historical value is very slight. One learns how the secession movement was received in Illinois around Galena; there is a hint of the "pulling and hauling" for appointments in the army at the opening of the war; and something about the carping criticism indulged in by Northern newspapers with respect to military operations. But the letters are mainly concerned with personal and family affairs. Even about the General himself they tell us little that is new. The early letters have something about his experience as a farmer; the later something about his travels. And certainly no one would read these letters for the letters' sake. Gen. Grant was not of those who, like Horace Walpole, write interesting letters even when they have nothing to say. "I have nothing particular to write about," he says rather helplessly. "We are all very well. Julia contemplates visiting St. Charles next Saturday." Yet, give him something tangible, and he writes well enough, with that direct simplicity, that homely phraseology, that precision and economy of words, which, in the Memoirs, won the praise of so fastidious a critic as Matthew Arnold. Here, certainly, the style is the man; and the chief, and almost the only, interest which the letters have, is in revealing that elemental simplicity of mind and heart which made Gen. Grant a great man. He had, in the highest degree, the common man's common sense, his capacity for hitting the mark by instinct without resorting to logical processes of thought. "Whatever may have been my political opinions before, I have but one sentiment now. That is, we have a government, and laws, and a flag, and they must all be sustained." Now, if you boil down all the volumes of argument employed to sustain the Northern position, this is precisely what they come to. This was exactly the position of Lincoln. But what with Lincoln was a reasoned conclusion with Grant was an instinctive sentiment.

Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James's, died at Dorchester House, London, on Sunday. He was born in Xenia, O., in 1837, and in 1856 graduated from Miami University (Oxford, O.). In 1858-9 he edited the Xenia *News*. After experience as legislative correspondent, as war correspondent, and as librarian of the House of Representatives, he became attached, in 1868, to the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*, of which paper he was editor-in-chief and chief proprietor from 1872 to 1905. In the latter year he was appointed by Mr. Roosevelt Ambassador to England. Previously he had been Minister to France, under President Harrison. Several colleges, including his own, conferred honorary degrees upon him. Princeton, Yale, Cambridge, St. Andrew's, and Manchester gave him the LL.D., and from Oxford he received the D.C.L. Mr. Reid was the author of numerous publications, among them: "After the War, a Southern Tour," "Ohio in the War," "Schools of Journalism," "Some Consequences of the Last Treaty of Paris," "Our New Interests," "Problems of Expansion," and "How America Faced Its Educational Problem."

The death, at the age of seventy-nine, is reported from Cannes, France, of the Rev. Thomas Augustus Jaggar, D.D., a bishop in the Episcopal Church, who in 1908 was appointed bishop in charge of American churches in Europe. He was the author of the "Bohlen Lectures" for 1900, and various essays.

The Rev. John Donnan Countermine, D.D., a Presbyterian minister, whose death, at the age of sixty-two, was reported last week from Philadelphia, was the author of several books, including "The Religious Beliefs of Shakespeare," "Joseph Addison, the Man and Author," and "Daybreak Everywhere."

Another clergyman author who died last week is Henry B. Pratt, aged eighty, a graduate of the Princeton Theological Seminary. At the time of his death he was engaged on a revision of his work on the Spanish Bible for the American Bible Society. Among his other works is "The Buried Nations of the Infant Dead."

Dr. William Hand Browne, writer, and for many years librarian of the Johns Hopkins University, died on Friday in Baltimore. He was born in that city in 1828, and graduated in medicine from the University of Maryland in 1850. Since 1891 he had been professor of English literature in Johns Hopkins. He was the author of "Maryland, the History of a Palatinate," "George Calvert and Cecilius Calvert, Barons Baltimore," and collaborated with Col. R. M. Johnston on the "Life of Alexander H. Stephens." As compiler he is remembered for his "Clarendon Dictionary of the English Language" and "Selections from the Early Scottish Poets." He also translated Von Falke's "Greece and Rome" a other works.

Science

Alpine Studies. By W. A. R. Coolidge, M.A. With sixteen illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

In this book Mr. Coolidge (who is, we believe, of American birth) gives us a number of short essays and sketches, most of them describing excursions in the Alps, some few dealing with questions of Alpine topography and nomenclature. The latter will have a special interest for those who know the author's name as being that of the man who is credited with a larger knowledge than probably any other American or Englishman possesses of the history of Alpine exploration and Alpine geography. His many papers upon these subjects, and the library of books and maps throwing light upon them which he has formed, have given him a well-earned distinction not only in Switzerland, where he has (as we are informed) resided for many years, but among European students generally. The volume, which is illustrated by good photographs of rock and snow scenery, contains twelve chapters describing expeditions in the High Alps, four chapters on the history and nomenclature of the mountain region round Monte Rosa, and four "subalpine" chapters on scenes in the lower parts of Switzerland. Of these three sections, the second has the most novelty, and, accordingly, it is to it that what we have to say of the volume will be chiefly directed.

Mr. Coolidge truly observes that the names of high mountains were generally used vaguely and loosely, not only by early travellers, but also by the people who dwelt near them before the days in which scientific explorers appeared and regular surveys began to be undertaken. This was especially the case with lofty snow summits like those of the Pennine Alps, because the dwellers in the valleys had little to do with them, and because their forms appear quite different as seen in different valleys, especially when the valleys lie on opposite sides of the great watershed dividing the Swiss Valais from Italy. One may, indeed, go so far as to say that the local nomenclature of mountains is minute and accurate only in countries where the inhabitants are, by their daily life, in actual touch with the ridges and peaks, as happens in countries like Scotland, where the herdsman drives his sheep or cattle over the hill pastures. Mr. Coolidge further remarks—and this is also a general truth—that the names of passes are apt to be fixed sooner than the names of peaks, and that there is often a confusion between the name of the pass and that of the peak. A century ago people still talked of Mount St. Bernard or Mount St. Gothard, and the ordinary reader used to suppose that these names denoted peaks, whereas they only expressed the fact that the traveller had to climb a great height to cross the pass.

Starting from these general propositions, he examines with great care and a copious citation of authorities from many writers, from the middle of the sixteenth century (a few even earlier), the origin of the names of the great summits which we now call Monte Rosa and Matterhorn, and of the pass, lying between the Matterhorn on the west and the Breithorn on the east, which we call the Col de St. Théodule. It would take too long to set forth the details of the investigation by which Mr. Coolidge shows that the name Rosa has nothing to do either with any Celtic word for mountain nor with the rosy light which irradiates the snows at morn and evening, but comes from the word *ruez* or *roise* or *röesa*, which is the local name for a glacier. The ultimate etymology he does not attempt to trace, content with showing that this is a word native to the region. Thus just as Kinchinjanga means the "icy mass," so "Rosa" is the "ice." Originally applied to the whole mass of summits and connecting ridges which stretches from the Monte Moro above Macugnaga to Arolla, it has at last been confined to one small group of peaks at the head of Val Sesia, the highest of which is now usually called by the name of Dufour Spitze. The Théodule pass is shown to have been known and used from very early times, certainly as far back as the seventh century A. D., but the older writers speak of it as "the Glacier" (Gletscher), or Mons Sylvius (a name afterwards applied to the Matterhorn), or Mons Cervin, or Mons Matter, and the name St. Théodule does not appear before 1688, though, as there already existed on the top an old wooden statue of the Saint (who is the patron of Valais), the pass was doubtless called after him before that date.

Among the descriptions of mountain excursions which occupy the rest of the volume, climbers will probably read with most interest those relating to the Maritime and Cottian Alps, for these regions are even to-day, when Alpine climbing has been fashionable for nearly sixty years, much less visited than are the Swiss or Tyrolese Alps, where the heights are greater, the glaciers longer, and the accommodation far better. Dauphiné, which has a lofty and striking group of peaks, is even to-day poorly supplied with mountain inns, when compared with the other parts of the great chain.

"The Theory of Evolution," by the Rev. Karl Frank, S. J., with a chapter on "Ant Guests and Termite Guests," by Father Erich Warmann, S. J., has been translated from the German by Charles T. Druery. It will be brought out shortly by Kegan Paul & Co.

"Herbals—Their Origin and Evolution," by Agnes Arber, is a Cambridge manual which the Putnams are bringing out.

Bird-Lore for November-December contains the annual report of the National Association of Audubon Societies for 1912. This includes the reports of the secretary, the eight field agents, and twenty-two State societies. There is also a description, with two photographs, of a killdeer's nest on the rock ballast of a railway just three and one-half feet from the inner rail of the south-bound track. From observations it appeared that the bird would stay on the nest "until an approaching train was about ten feet distant and would then rise" and fly away, returning to the nest as soon as the train had passed.

"A Stitch in Time" (Putnam), prepared by a "graduate nurse" and a "grateful patient," not otherwise named, is a little book of seventy-five pages likely to be useful to intelligent readers in time of trouble. It deals, not with surgical stitching, but with simple procedures in domestic emergencies apparently too trivial to require professional care, or when such help is not readily to be had. There are also many good "receipts" for feeding the sick and some incidental good advice for the sick and the well, notably a rational suggestion on overdoing the cold bath. As to treatment, the directions are generally well suited to the purpose, but there seems to be some slip in the matter of poisoning by strychnine (page 53), where, apparently, the authors had opium in mind. The dose of mustard as an emetic is rather more liberal than we should care to give or take. Many readers will need to have the meaning of a divided dose of calomel explained, and all would find that mere sealing cannot be trusted to stop further digestion in peptonized milk; only cooling or heating will do that.

Drama and Music

The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies. By W. J. Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

In the very active discussion concerning the construction and usages of the Elizabethan stage which has been in progress during the last ten years or so, the author of the present work has taken a prominent part, and students of the drama will welcome this ingathering of his most important contributions to this thorny subject. The first article is the best summary yet published of our information in regard to the stage conditions of the time; the remaining articles deal with special questions, as appears from their titles: "The Situation of the Lords' Room," "Title and Locality Boards on the Pre-Restoration Stage," "Music and Song in the Elizabethan Theatre," etc. The chronological list of Elizabethan playhouses at the end of the first article was printed before the announcement of Professor Feuillerat's discoveries in the Loseley MSS., and accordingly requires correction in regard to Blackfriars, which, under its earliest management, we now know to have been the third in date of the Elizabethan theatres. Fortunately, before the volume was off the press, Professor Feuillerat had published in the *Daily Chronicle* a preliminary communication embracing the main points of his discoveries, so that at the end of his work Mr. Lawrence has been able to give us a discussion of these matters. In this final article we note especially the proof of the occasional employment of multiple setting (in certain dramas of Lyly's) on the Blackfriars stage; also a suggested explanation as to the origin of the puzzling term "private" which came to be applied to that theatre, as to some other Elizabethan theatres. According to this view, Farrant, who was the first to give dramatic performances in the old monastic building of Blackfriars (in 1577), evaded the "Act of Common Council" for the regulation of acting within the city by living himself on the premises and avoiding the collection of money at the theatre itself. By pursuing this course, he could call these performances "private" and so escape the penalties of the above-mentioned act. Hunnis, the next manager, was able to throw off the mask, but the old designation of a "private house" stuck to the place, and was later on applied to still other theatres whose stage conditions and terms of admission were similar. In connection with these Blackfriars matters, one is surprised to find Mr. Lawrence, earlier in the volume, accepting without question Professor Wallace's theory that this theatre in the period of its greatest importance—under the management of Evans—was subsidized by the Queen.

As regards the author's general views concerning the Elizabethan stage, one may say that he is altogether uninfluenced by recent writers who are inclined to claim for Elizabethan staging a larger element of pictorial illusion than was once thought possible, and who in other respects minimize to a certain extent the archaic features of the stage of the period. So far as the public theatres are concerned, we have no doubt that Mr. Lawrence is right. The stage in such theatres was essentially a platform stage and so afforded little opportunity for pictorial effects. To be sure, there was a rear stage, but, as Prof. G. F. Reynolds has justly argued, every consideration of convenience would require that where there were two stages (to say nothing of the third one aloft), the acting should be mainly on the front stage, which fact excludes pictorial illusion as an element of any importance. It seems to us, however, different with the so-called private theatres, from which, and not from the public theatres, the modern theatre is undoubtedly descended. In these cases the stage did not project out into the middle of the audience, and the conditions from the first invited more elaborate furnishings and to a certain degree scenic illusion. Neither Lawrence nor Reynolds appears to consider the possible influence of court performances on the staging of the private theatres, at least. The documents relating to the Office of Revels, published some years ago by Feuillerat, show that the staging in court plays was as elaborate as anything known to our modern Shakespeare "revivals," and hence it is natural that this same French scholar, in his more recent treatise, "Le Bureau des Menus-Plaisirs et la mise en scène à la cour d'Elizabeth" (1910), should ask whether Shakespeare, after having seen one of his plays, *e. g.*, "Love's Labor's Lost," acted in this manner, would not be likely to seek an improvement of his own stage in the same direction, as far as the resources of his company permitted.

Among the conclusions relating to the Elizabethan stage which the author arrives at in this volume, we note the following: That the title of the play of the day was commonly announced on a board set up in sight of the audience, but that boards indicating the locality of the scene were only sparingly used. Indeed, the Elizabethans did not shrink from wholly unlocated scenes. Furthermore, there were normally intervals between acts, though brief; inter-act song, dance, and even music seem confined, however, to the private theatres—only in regard to music were there occasional exceptions. Mr. Lawrence lays stress, moreover, on the multiple or simultaneous setting, which was common on the court stage of Elizabeth's day, as it had been in the Middle Ages. Feuillerat had already recognized this principle, but by neglecting it, R. Warwick Bond, the editor of Lyly, has seriously misrepresented the staging of that writer's plays.

We have only touched on the more important articles in the work before us, but there are a number of others, like that on the mounting of masques in the reign of Charles I, the early history of French players in England, which deserve attention. The volume is beautifully printed, and its value is enhanced by a series of admirable illustrations.

Israel Zangwill's play, "The Next Religion," which was treated with a good deal of deference by the English critics when it was produced in London some months ago, now appears in book form (Macmillan), but is not likely to prove more impressive in print than it did upon the stage. It contains much witty and satirical writing, several effective situations of a dramatic and pathetic kind, some vigorous assaults upon dogmatic theology, but is strangely deficient in the two qualities, clearness of conviction and evident sincerity of purpose, without which a work of this kind can have no substantial value. That it should offer nothing new in the way of argument on one side or the other is not particularly surprising, for the themes chosen for discussion have been debated along almost every imaginable line, but the fact that it might have been written by an agnostic, a Hebrew, or a professing Christian constitutes a serious dramatic and artistic defect.

Mr. Zangwill's hero is a liberal-minded clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church—the story, though ingenious, calls for no detailed analysis—who has lost all faith in his professional creed, and even in the possibility of a future existence. Being honest, he refuses to cherish his flock upon fond delusions, resigns his post, and starts out as the prophet of a new religion, based on the facts of science and aiming at the establishment of a heaven upon earth through the agency of brotherly love and universal altruistic endeavor. By the aid of an agnostical millionaire, he is enabled to found a magnificent cathedral, with a sumptuous ritual of his own invention, which attracts crowds. He is encouraged to believe that his most comprehensive ideals are about to be realized, when his only son, whom he had trained to be his successor, is murdered by a crazy fanatic. His stoical faith in his own convictions is proof even against this blow, but his wife, a religious devotee, who has followed his fortunes with self-sacrificing fidelity, rebels when he denies to his dead son the hope of resurrection, and, although he remains steadfast, the play ends upon a note of triumphant evangelical inspiration. In her case, at least—and from first to last she is the theatrical antidote to her husband's chill philosophy—the next religion is a hollow fallacy.

Possibly Mr. Zangwill meant to imply that woman's faith is less intellectual and more emotional than man's, or that superstition is proof against the light of reason, or that the craving after immortality is deeply rooted in human nature. Or, again, he may have wished to demonstrate the superiority of pure reason to all emotional weakness. A fable capable of so many interpretations is of small account in the theatre. Moreover, the play, with all its cleverness and occasional eloquence, is often shallow, tricky, and theatrical, and in places ill-informed. Some of the dogmas ascribed to modern Episcopalianism are utterly fantastic. Mr. Zangwill evidently knows little of the elasticity of the later theology. Even the arguments of his skeptics are sadly old-fashioned. *Ne sutor supra crepidam* is a proverb of which a scholar should be heedful, and even in the heat of argument the skilful disputant will hesitate to wound the religious susceptibilities of his opponent. Some of Mr. Zangwill's utterances may or may not be pertinent, but they are in execrable taste. Such raw crudity defeats its own object.

One of the most flagrant sins recently committed in the way of dramatic adaptation is Porter Emerson Browne's transformation of the "Chains" of Elizabeth Baker, produced in the Criterion Theatre. The original piece attracted much attention in London, as a study of the hopeless condition of millions of the lower middle classes. The hero, clerk to a big corporation, feels that he is doomed to lifelong servitude, without any hope of independence, and longs to emigrate to some newer country where his energies may have wider scope. But his wife, whom he cannot afford to take with him, and all her relatives oppose his desire bitterly. Finally he decides to get away secretly, but he learns that his wife will soon be a mother, and he, therefore, abandons all idea of escape and resigns himself to a life-time of dreary routine. These domestic and social responsibilities are the chains, according to Miss Baker, which bind men to slavery. Mr. Browne's comedy, purporting to be founded upon Miss Baker's, is a clumsy travesty of it, with an inverted moral. The conversion of the characters into Americans, with a corresponding change of scene, inevitably plays havoc with the quality and design of a piece dealing exclusively with British conditions, but the climax of Mr. Browne's artistic offence is that, for the sake of a happy ending, he has made nonsense of the whole, by making the impending birth the beginning of a new era of happiness, instead of—as the author intended—a crowning calamity. Moreover, he has vulgarized a serious work by much trite and foolish humor. The philosophy of Miss Baker's play is not, perhaps, impregnable, but that is no reason why it should be exposed to such utter misrepresentation.

Next season Mabel Taliaferro and her sister, Edith Taliaferro, will be joint stars under the management of Joseph Brooks. They will be seen early in September in New York in a drama now being written for them.

According to a statistician, there have been since 1875 no fewer than 171 women composers in the larger forms. The number of women who compose songs and piano pieces is not given.

The number of pianos imported last year into the United Kingdom was 18,508, valued at $2,733,712. A preponderant proportion of these were imported from Germany, the German piano being very popular and entering into successful competition with those made in England. Comparatively few of this number were products of the United States. It is said that to produce these 18,508 pianos in England would have required the labor of 3,000 workmen in twenty factories, working on full time, with wages at $9.73 per week, a total of $1,459,950 for labor.

At the conclusion of the London Philharmonic Society's last concert, in the course of which Mr. Harold Bauer played the solo part of Beethoven's concerto in G major and subsequently Brahms's "Walzer" (op. 39), the artist was presented, at a gathering of the members of the Society, with the Beethoven gold medal. Mr. J. C. Ames made the presentation on behalf of the committee, and Mr. Bauer, in returning thanks, told how deeply he was moved by having attained the ambition of his boyhood. The only other living pianists upon whom the distinction has been conferred are Paderewski and Sauer.

It is rumored that Sir Hubert Parry has been contemplating the foundation of a chamber-music club, at which members will be assured of finding the ingredients of a trio or a quartet.

The orchestral parts in Richard Strauss's operas are reckoned the most difficult ever written. To make them conveniently accessible to students who want to improve their technique, the Berlin publisher, Adolph Fürstner, has printed the parts in separate volumes at three marks each, so that every violinist, 'cellist, flute, or clarinet player, trumpeter, and so on, may have what concerns him. Even the kettledrum, glockenspiel, and xylophone players have a volume all to themselves.

Teresa Carreño continues to arouse enthusiasm by her playing in various European countries, and she nearly always puts on her programme a piece by her pupil, Edward MacDowell.

Madrid seems to be kind to musicians, foreign as well as domestic. The pianist, Edouard Risler, for example, is giving no fewer than eight recitals there this season, while the famous Rosen Quartet will give six concerts next February, at which all of Beethoven's quartets will be played. The Madrid Orchestra is a popular institution, and it is said that when it plays at San Sebastian in summer the gambling rooms are always emptied during the concert hours. The conductor of this orchestra has decided to take it for a visit to Paris.

Art

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The opening of the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy in the same week in which the long-heralded Scandinavian pictures were exhibited suggests comparison. If nothing more, it brings up in passing the old question concerning the verity of the art of our countrymen as a national product.

A radical readjustment of the artistic point of view is necessary in order to take pleasure in both the Scandinavian Exhibition, dominated as it is by new and restricting conventions, and the National Academy, where that phase of art which makes for serenity and charm and adheres to the beauty of line and surface is still much in evidence. The Academy is not rife with restless experimentation just now, but a positive answer to the question as to the American quality of American art comes clear and unmistakable in many different notes.

An obvious indication of this national spirit is manifest in the growing attention bestowed on the interpretation of Western scenery; but, in truth, larger indications of the same spirit are not wanting. The very atmosphere of the landscapes in general—thin, bright, and clear—and their strongly decorative character expressed through this rarefied atmospheric medium, are of this country as of no other. And in the figures—particularly the portraits, of course—the national types are marked.

In this latest Academy Exhibition, as in almost all miscellaneous collections, even the wayfarer may distinguish, without need of catalogue confirmation, the work of well-known artists. John W. Alexander's contribution is thus readily discovered. It is called A Meadow Flower, and is the portrait of a young girl, painted with a subtly woven color harmony of great delicacy and beauty. Another easily recognizable picture is William Chase's gorgeous still life, impeccable in its glitter of fish scales, its splendidly placed lobster, and dark, rich gleam of copper. It is not so easy to attribute to him, off-hand, the ponderous elegance and faultless technique of the portrait with which he has won the Proctor prize, but once the fact is known, it seems inevitable that he should have painted the picture. Colin Campbell Cooper does not disguise his style by shifting from aspiring cathedrals and skyscrapers, enveloped in smoke and steam, to the low, broad arches and strong horizontal lines of the Ponte Vecchio, with the soft romantic richness of an Italian sky. It is a joy to see again Wilton Lockwood's Peonies, delicately pink and white and perfect.

E. Irving Couse's Indians are easy to recognize when once their acquaintance is made. It is a happy thought thus to give us pictorial reminders of the better aspects of a weakened and fast-vanishing race. But the Indians of Mr. Couse's pictures are so archæologically correct, so well-placed for the best effect on the canvas, that one may be pardoned a backward thought of Sir Frederick Leighton's immaculate and impressive forms and compositions. This is not to deny warmth and life to Mr. Couse's figures. Gardner Symons's identity with his picture is more difficult to guess. The Bridge and Winter Sunshine might be Symons's or it might be Redfield's, but the sunshine is wonderful, the icy stream and violet snow shadows remarkable, and the carrying quality unexcelled in the Exhibition. It is a sort of *tour de force* in technique, and interesting as such.

Across the room John Carlson's Gray Woods gives a quieter, more restful aspect of the snow crossed by the brown trunks and bare branches of the forest trees. It speaks rather of nature than of the vision of the artist, though the latter is unaggressively there. Two other landscapes, not far away, by William Wendt and Daniel Garber, are noticeable for the poetry of the painter's interpretation of nature, with their dark green pattern of trees in the foreground, the golden middle distance, and the water that, in its reflections, makes the sky justly an integral part of the picture. On the line above Mr. Garber's landscape is a quiet little interior by Louis Berneker, reminiscent of Dewing, if you like, but with much charm and faithful rendering in tone and composition.

There are a number of pictures that are interesting as types of girlhood as well as for the artist's methods.

Joseph Trotta's Tessie and Alvira have something sensitive and unusual in the cast of countenance, something Venetian in the warmly harmonious color, and something quite the artist's own in the simple, certain, and adequate modelling.

Helen Turner's Pauline is a sturdy American type of girl, painted with intelligent simplification and arrangement that make a pleasing and effective decorative composition. The vertical lines of the pose, the dress trimming, and the bird-cage wires, the subdued figures giving a note of color to the background, leading up to the more intense color of the birds in the cage, all serve to make a setting of distinction for Pauline's vivid gypsy-like beauty.

Charles W. Hawthorne's The Rose recalls the great days of English portraiture, in the color composition and in the character of the face, not to mention the artist's methods with his paint, which put him always with the masters of his craft.

In the Girl in Green, M. Jean McLane has successfully achieved a difficult shadow effect and an English feeling of out-of-doors. Hubbell's English pre-Raphaelite children ought to awaken keener interest than they do, for there is good work in them, and the same thing is true, in a different way, of Barse's pink girl called Youth, and of John Johansen's Village Rider. They do not justify their size.

Frieseke's picture called Youth gives evidence of much skill in painting, in a high key, the whites of drapery and flesh, but the rococo effect of twisted lines and many unrelated things mars, with a feeling of unrest, the pleasure it should give.

Blumenschein, in the picture that takes the Isador prize for figure composition, has given an original, decidedly American yet classically dignified rendering of the subject, Three Ages of Man, which he calls, however, Wise Man, Warrior, and Youth.

Annie Traquair Lang's Gray Kimono is extremely well painted as to textures, flesh, and tone. The interest of the picture is heightened by the American type of woman—nervous and anxious—that wears the Japanese garb.

In Marines, Paul Dougherty has outrivalled himself in his granite shore and quiet water that speaks the calm before the storm.

Henry Snell and Frederick Waugh have delicate color effects of water in contrast with the chalk cliffs of England, and the flat wave-worn rocks of the Maine coast. John Benson expresses the resistless power of the waves and William Ritschel their softer aspects on the Monterey coast.

In the many landscapes there is great cleverness; much technical knowledge is displayed and usually a definitely decorative design is apparent. Sometimes this is attained by taking nature as the artist finds it, sometimes by selection and arrangement, and by one or another of these means many moods and phases of feeling are vividly intensified for the ordinary observer. In spite of the disadvantage of crowded walls, and the many impressions that succeed one another too rapidly for real æsthetic pleasure, the excellence and variety of the landscape part of the Exhibition are very noticeable. Leonard Ochtman and Charles Rosen have delicate tones with feeling for nature's quiet moods of Spring and Winter. Ernest Lawson's Palisades is full of the poetry of evening. Charles Eaton Warren's Among the Dunes gives a gray day's dreariness with interest. Granville-Smith's The Old Stone Bridge shows color organization and unity. A little timidity in handling does not keep the picture from having much merit. De Witt Parshall's Abyss of Shadows gives the ghostly rock formations of the mighty Canyon of the Colorado with the shadows of night around them. He expresses by a suggestive glimpse more successfully than most, something of the awe which that restless, illusive depth inspires in the mind of man.

L. E. S.

To the attractive "Little Books on Art," published by McClurg, are added "Benvenuto Cellini," by Robert H. Hobart Cust, and "Rodin," by Muriel Ciolkowska. Both are illustrated. Mr. Cust's task reduces itself to the obvious and not quite grateful one of condensing the incomparable autobiography. This version may be useful to those who are unable to bear the moral shock of reading the original. Otherwise its utility is not apparent. The book on Rodin is written in a spirit of unqualified adoration, is clear and fairly complete—an excellent short cut to the voluminous writing that gathers about the master of Meudon. It was perhaps hardly to be expected that an enthusiast should admit or even perceive the serious falling off in Rodin's work in recent years. It still remains for criticism fairly to estimate this great and baffling personality in whom supreme sanity and soundest workmanship often lapse into the merely capricious or positively morbid. Posterity may well date this decadence from the Balzac. Unquestionably a work of genius, it represents genius that has strangely lost its bearings. This is an informing and well constructed little book.

Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Constable, Landseer, and Watts are the themes of F. J. Rowbotham's "Story Lives of Our Great Artists" (Stokes). Here is a fluent and sufficiently agreeable compilation of an anecdotal sort. Why Landseer is in and Hogarth, surely the greatest of British artists, out, does not appear. It is a book for such as must take their art plentifully sugar-coated with obvious human interest.

"The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and its Neighborhood" (Lippincott), by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott, will naturally appeal most strongly to Philadelphians, but the general reader, too, will find it a book of great charm. The sketches are arranged geographically without any special effort to carry a connecting thread of narrative, or, to apply the remark of a Quaker, "They begin with Front Street and end with Laurel Hill, as all good Philadelphians should." In Colonial days the built-up portion of the city extended no further west than Seventh Street, and it is in this small section one must look for the city houses dating from that period. In view of the many years this region has been deserted by fashion and given over to offices, it is remarkable how many charming Colonial homes have remained. But they are gradually being cut into, and in a few years they will have disappeared. The old Cadwallader house, at Fourth and Locust Streets, has been purchased by an insurance company, in the few brief months since the authors have completed their work. Their book will soon therefore be most valuable as a record. The revival of Colonial architecture will give it special interest to many, as the views, particularly the interiors, represent the purest and best types.

Equally truthful are the descriptions of the social life in old Philadelphia in Revolutionary times. Dining in those days was a formidable function in Philadelphia. Three o'clock in the afternoon was the usual hour selected, and the list of viands might well account for the considerable prevalence of the gout among present-day descendants. Here is an entry from the diary of John Adams, made while he was stopping in that city: "Sept. 8th—Dined at Mr. Powel's . . . a most sinful feast again! Everything which could delight the eye or allure the taste." Philadelphia was a solid, peace-loving, feast-loving Quaker society. If the city life lacked something of the spirituality and idealism of the Colonial New England cities, the country life, which grew up on the banks of the rivers and creeks near by, had a charm peculiarly its own. Even the Hudson could scarcely excel the charm of the Schuylkill, lined from Bartram's Garden to Laurel Hill with delightful country seats. Nor were these merely stately homes. Almost without exception they housed men famous in the life of the nation. Such names as John Bartram, Judge Peters, Benedict Arnold, and John Penn (the poet) have a truly national importance. Nearly all of these Colonial seats have been purchased by the city and preserved with utmost fidelity to the past. The writers' style is admirably adapted to their theme, but it is perhaps to be regretted that they impaired the continuity of their narrative by the genealogical information scattered through the text, which adds nothing to the value of the book for the general public. There were many picturesque characters in those days, and amusing anecdotes could have been introduced in its stead.

Mary Elizabeth Tillinghast, artist in stained glass and designer of many well-known windows, died on Sunday. Miss Tillinghast was born in New York and studied art in Paris under Carolus Duran and Henner. Since 1882 she had been an artist in stained glass, and at one time was associated with John La Farge. She received a gold medal at the Chicago Exposition in 1893. Among her most important works are a stained-glass portrait of Mrs. James Brown Potter as Charlotte Corday; the Gould window, presented by Mrs. Russell Sage to the Home for Friendless Children in honor of the work of Miss Helen Gould; the Hutton window in Grace Church; the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the New York Historical Society's building; an astronomical and classical window, Urania, in the new Allegheny Observatory, and mural decorations in the café of the Hotel Savoy.

Finance

THE "MONEY TRUST."

The declining prices and the atmosphere of despondency, which for a fortnight past have prevailed on both home and foreign stock exchanges, are primarily to be ascribed to the prevalent world-wide money stringency. It might perhaps be doubted whether Wall Street and Europe would accept that explanation as complete. They would point to the Balkan dispute, the Supreme Court's Southern Pacific decision, the coming tariff readjustment. But the point to observe is, that even such incidents as these are judged very largely in the light of the stock market's actual condition, and a market's condition is bound to be in the main unfavorable when money is hard to borrow.

Just now, all the European banks are guarding their reserves with a view to the large external demand for gold—a consequence both of the recent war disturbance and of the prosperous trade throughout the world. Our own market, straitened by the demands of the prosperous interior at this month's climax of trade activity, cannot resort to Europe for relief. This hampers the interests, large and small, which buy stocks on the market, but it does not restrain the sellers. That very largely explains the violence of the recent declines, on news which, in a normal money market, would have been taken with equanimity.

On such occasions, something always happens to give special ground for a market's apprehensions and misgivings, and in the present instance, quite apart from Balkan disputes and Supreme Court decisions, it is undeniable that the financial atmosphere, so far as regards Wall Street itself, has been further obscured by the proceedings in the "Money Trust" investigation.

It must frankly be admitted that at least a part of such apprehension as may actually have existed over that inquiry was due to the fact that some unpleasant truths were publicly brought out this week. Wall Street itself has certainly not been unobservant of the tendency in the matter of progressive consolidation of banking resources in this city. That movement, in a sense, stood by itself. But Wall Street has also chafed under the programme of stock-market manipulation on a prodigious scale, conducted with utter disregard of all ulterior consequences except the manipulators' personal winnings. It has seen even the Bank of England publicly oppose the indirect placing of English capital at the service of such undertakings. It has indulged in a good deal of angry muttering, when some of the most offensively notorious of these manipulations were known to have been conducted by an individual placed in an office of high trust and responsibility in the banking and credit field.

These considerations were so well known that most of the Washington testimony was to Wall Street nothing more than a thrice-told tale. Sooner or later, every serious-minded man knew that there must be a reform which would at least abate the worst of these financial abuses. But the particular uneasiness with which this week's public evidence was received arose from the circumstances under which it was this time told.

It was elicited when the public mind had been so inflamed, by a long series of sweeping and irresponsible declamations in the yellow newspapers and the cheap magazines, that the people at large had seemingly become unable to distinguish between real evils which can be and ought to be abated, and imaginary dangers which do not exist, and for which there is therefore no cure. The outgivings of the La Follettes, the Lindberghs, and the Henrys, on their conceptions of the "Money Trust," have been so wildly extravagant that the simplest and plainest incidents of finance, wholly isolated in character from the abuses above referred to, have been instantly ascribed to gigantic conspiracy.

A policy of very doubtful wisdom for imposing compulsory charges on collection of out-of-town checks; the practice of disciplining ill-managed banks through clearing-house supervision; the exercise of necessary powers by the Stock Exchange in refusing quotations to securities; the use of Government deposits to relieve a highly dangerous money crisis on the stock market as well as in the general field of credit—all of these things, which were perfectly ordinary incidents of banking, were imputed to unprincipled and wicked motives. Unhappily, the nature of the committee's earlier cross-examinations was such as to add its own constant insinuation to that effect. All these occurrences were made to bear the mark of the Beast, precisely as, in last spring's Congressional debates, the fall in cotton and the rise in wheat were the work of the malign Money Trust, and precisely as, in the Populist party's day of the early nineties, the Money Power was declared to be supporting the gold standard of currency merely to enslave the world.

The general result of this investigation, therefore, is a mixed bundle of inferences, many true and many entirely fallacious, which hardly fit either committee or Congress or the public to approach the general question properly to-day. Yet, of all problems in the world, the problem of dealing with the banking, credit, and Stock Exchange machinery of the nation is the most delicate, and calls for the largest experience and practical wisdom, if we are not to walk the path of futility and blunder. This being so, it is fortunate that the political situation, in the last weeks of an expiring Congress, is such that no one expects a serious effort to take the matter up now for legislation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, F. G. Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert. Putnam.

American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. Seventeenth Annual Report to the Legislature, State of New York. (No. 154 Nassau Street, New York.)

Barrett, Michael. Up in Ardmuirland. Benziger Bros. $1.25 net.

Birdsall, Ralph. Sermons in Summer. Cooperstown, N. Y.: Arthur H. Crist Co. $1.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XV, Tourn-Zwirner. Errata. R. Appleton.

Charles, R. H. Fragments of a Zadokite Work. Trans. from the Cambridge Hebrew text. Frowde.

Clarke, H. A. Browning and His Century. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Clay, A. T. Personal Names from Cuneiform Inscriptions of the Cassite Period. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

Cramp, W. S. The Two Gods. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

Dawson, G. E. The Right of the Child to Be Well Born. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.

Diggs, A. L. Bedrock. Detroit, Mich.: Social Center Pub. Co.

Duncan, W. B. Immortality and Modern Thought. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Earle, Ferdinand. The Lyric Year: One Hundred Poems, edited. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.

Edgar, Lady. A Colonial Governor in Maryland: Horatio Sharpe and His Times, 1753-1773. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Elwell, J. B. Auction Bridge. New edition, enlarged. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Francis, M. E. The Book of Grasses. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

Goodwin, G. D. Horizon Songs. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Graves, J. A. Out of Doors, California and Oregon. Los Angeles: Grafton Pub. .Co.

Hardy, S.-P. Mes Loisirs. Paris: Librairie A. Picard.

Harley, J. H. Syndicalism. Dodge Publishing Co. 20 cents net.

Harris, Frank. The Women of Shakespeare. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.

Hill, J. McK. Practical Cooking and Serving. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Holt, Winifred. A Short Life of Henry Fawcett, the Blind Postmaster-General of England: For Children. New York Association for the Blind. 25 cents net.

Hulbert, J. R. Chaucer's Official Life. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Pub. Co.

Irwin, Florence. The Development of Auction Bridge under the New Count. Putnam. $1 net.

Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol XIX, 1781. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Key, Ellen. The Woman Movement. Putnam.

La Farge, John. Reminiscences of the South Seas. Doubleday, Page

Lamborn, E. T. Edith's Silver Comb, and Other Stories for Children. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. 75 cents net.

Lindsey, F. B. The Spirit Prospero, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

McLaren, W. D. Our Growing Creed. Scribner.

Mead, L. A. Swords and Ploughshares. Foreword by Baroness von Suttner. Putnam.

Moritzen, Julius. The Peace Movement of America. Putnam.

Narratives of Captivity Among the Indians of North America: A List of Books and Manuscripts in the E. E. Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

Nevinson, H. W. The Growth of Freedom. Dodge Publishing Co. 20 cents net.

Owen, W. B. The Humanities in the Education of the Future. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Peeke, G. H. The Spiritual Body in Relation to the Divine Law of Life. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Phillips, F. F. Idylls Beside the Strand. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Railton, G. S. The Authoritative Life of Gen. William Booth. Doran. $1 net.

Richardson, H. H. Maurice Guest: Roman. Zwei bände. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

Robbins, Tod. The Spirit of the Town. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. $1.

Russell, B. L. The Gold. (Poems.) Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Sidney, P., and Languet, H. Correspondence, edited by W. A. Bradley. Boston: The Merrymount Press.

Simpson, E. B. The Robert Louis Stevenson Originals. Scribner.

Sleight, M. B. At the Manor. Fenno & Co. $1.25.

Sombart, Werner, Krieg und Kapitalismus; Luxus und Kapitalismus. München: Duncker & Humblot.

Strong, Rowland. Sensations of Paris. McBride, Nast. $2.50 net.

Trine, R. W. The Winning of the Best. Dodge Publishing Co. 75 cents net.

Wetmore, M. N. Index Verborum Catullianus. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2 net.

Whicher, G. M. and G. F. On the Tibur Road. Revised edition. Princeton University Press. $1.

Winternitz, M. Geschichte der Indischen Litteratur. Zweiter Band, Erst Hälfte. Leipzig: C. F. Amelangs Verlag.

COOLEY'S

Principles of Science

By WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY, Instructor in Philosophy in Columbia University. *v*+245 *pp.* 12*mo.* $1.25.

This textbook for college courses in introduction to philosophy has grown out of the second half-year's work in the course at Columbia, the first semester of which is devoted to logic. It should appeal especially to scientific students. It carries on the student's study of logic and, assuming only such knowledge of science in general as he may properly be expected to have, it directs his inquiry along the lines of the principles of science to the fundamental problems of philosophy. The opening discussion of the basic intellectual methods of science is fresh and illuminating.

The value of the book as a class text is greatly increased by the provision of a number of exercises at the end of each chapter, devised to stimulate originality in the student by application of the principles just discussed.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown

By ANDREW LANG. With 8 full-page Plates. 8vo. $3.00 *net.* (*Postage* 16 *cents.*)

CONTENTS: The Baconian and Anti-William Positions—The "Silence" about Shakespeare—That Impossible He—The Schooling of Shakespeare—Mr. Churton Collins on Shakespeare's Learning—Shakespeare, Genius, and Society—The Courtly Plays: "Love's Labour's Lost"—Contemporary Recognition of Will as Author—"The Silence of Philip Henslowe"—The Later Life of Shakespeare—His Monument and Portraits—"The Traditional Shakspere"—The First Folio—Ben Jonson and Shakespeare—The Preoccupations of Bacon—Appendix I., "Troilus and Cressida"—Appendix II., Chettle's Supposed Allusion to Will Shakspere. Index.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE CAT

Edited By

AGNES REPPLIER

Prefixing this collection with a charming essay, Miss Repplier has here brought together her favorite passages in literature devoted to the cat. A dainty and attractive gift-book.

16*mo. Illustrated.* $1.00 *net.*

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

Author of "The Land Claimers," etc.

The story of a young man spoiled by wealth and dissipation who "strikes bottom" in a Shanghai slum. How the prodigal "comes back," bringing the fatted calf with him, is what this tale tells.

12*mo. Illustrated.* 75c *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**

Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.

Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.

For sale everywhere.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

Autograph Letters of Celebrities Bought and Sold. Send for price lists.

Walter R. Benjamin, 225 5th Av., N.Y.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

Pub. "THE COLLECTOR." $1 a yr.

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

DE ORBE NOVO

THE EIGHT DECADES OF PETER MARTYR D'ANGHIERA

Translated from the Latin with Notes and Introduction by **Francis Agustus MacNutt**, Author of "Bartholomew de las Cases," "Fernando Cortes and the Conquest of Mexico," etc.

Letterpress Edition. Limited to 350 *numbered sets.* 2 *vols. 8vo. Illustrated.* $12.50 *net; carriage* 50 *cents.*

A typical Italian of the most brilliant period of the Renaissance, Peter Martyr was a learned, classical scholar, an acute observer and philosophical commentator, and an accomplished courtier. Mr. MacNutt has ably rendered the original text into fluent and readable English. Briefly, graphically, and impressively he introduces to us the man behind the author.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK LONDON

SAMPLE COPIES

OF

THE NATION

will be sent to any address for several weeks

WITHOUT CHARGE

ADDRESS

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street New York City

The Nation

Free Library Dec 26 12

WELLESLEY FREE LIBRARY

VOL. XCV—NO. 2478 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1912 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office PRICE TEN CENTS

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

for JANUARY

[On News-stands December 27]

What Is Socialism?	A. Maurice Low
Cabinet Officers in Congress	Perry Belmont
St. John Hankin's Plays	P. P Howe
Bergson Method Confirmed	J. W. T. Mason
What Is Life on Mars Like?	Edmund Ferrier
A Concerted Movement of the Railways	Logan C. McPherson

THE COMING YEAR

The necessary timeliness of the articles in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW precludes any definite announcement of what is to come. But the REVIEW'S high standard is known—and has been known for nearly a century. The articles the coming year will be from the pens of writers who, like the following, have contributed to its pages:

A. T. MAHAN, Rear-Admiral U. S. N.
W. D. HOWELLS
ARTHUR C. BENSON
ALFRED NOYES
THOMAS NELSON PAGE
GAMALIEL BRADFORD, Jr.
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND
Chief Justice EDWARD D. WHITE
PERCY MacKAYE
WOODROW WILSON
GABRIEL HANOTAUX
HENRY CABOT LODGE
JOHN BURROUGHS
HENRY JAMES
HUGO MUNSTERBERG
ROBERT HUGH BENSON

$4.00 the Year *35 cents the copy*

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO SEND THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THREE MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR

The North American Review Publishing Co.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, *and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union* $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 601

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Leaders in a Democracy............ 604
Finance and Human Nature.......... 604
Vice and Government............... 605
A Mathematical Centenary.......... 606
An Insatiate Naval Policy 607

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

John Synge 608
News for Bibliophiles 611

CORRESPONDENCE:

What Cuba Needs 612
Thoroughness 612
The Loeb Classics 613

LITERATURE:

The Meaning of God in Human Experience 613
Mrs. Ames.—A Bachelor Comedy.—A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill 614
George Helm 615
The Honourable Mrs. Garry 615
The Union of South Africa.......... 615
Men, Women, and Minxes 616
Americans and Others 616
Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813 617

NOTES 617

SCIENCE:

How to Cook in Casserole Dishes.—Soyer's Standard Cookery.—The Helping Hand Cook Book.—Recipes from East and West.—The Expert Waitress 620

DRAMA AND MUSIC 621

ART:

Homer Martin 622

FINANCE:

The "Turn of the Year"............. 623

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 623

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

COLORADO

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER
Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2A Park St., Boston — 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Av., New York — 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago — 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk Bd., Denver — 345 Wright Blk., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PROFESSORSHIP—A gentleman, for several years professor of chemistry at a State university and who has since had experience in chemical industries, desires to return to university work as professor of pure or applied chemistry. Abundant evidence as to qualifications, professional standing and exceptional teaching ability can be produced. Graduate of leading universities at home and abroad. Address: "Spectemur," care *The Nation*.

JUST PUBLISHED
HISTORY OF MODERN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION
By **Samuel Chester Parker**, Dean of the College of Education, The University of Chicago.
8vo, cloth, xxiv+505 pages, illustrated.
$1.50

This carefully prepared "History of Modern Elementary Education" deals primarily with institutional development. It emphasizes typical movements, institutions and individuals, thus showing the student elementary school problems from the Middle Ages to the present time.

Enough material for one hundred hours of class work is provided in this book. If a longer course is desired, the text may be supplemented with Rousseau's "Emile," Pestalozzi's "Leonard and Gertrude," and Spencer's "Education."

The publishers present this book with the firm belief that it is the best one that has yet been written for the student of education and the prospective teacher.

GINN AND COMPANY
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Boston — Chicago — London
Atlanta — Dallas — Columbus — San Francisco

CIVICS FOR FOREIGNERS
By A. A. PLASS
This book gives the essential facts concerning our government, together with explicit directions for the procuring of naturalization papers; contains vocabulary for Italian, German, Swedish, French, Polish, Greek, and Yiddish.
Cloth. 192 pages. Illustrations and maps. 50 cents
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

LIBRARIES AND BOOKS PURCHASED
TO ANY AMOUNT
OUR SPECIALTIES: AMERICANA.
PRINTED AND MANUSCRIPT
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND

THE FLOWING ROAD
Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America
By CASPAR WHITNEY
24 inserts and maps. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00 net. Postpaid, $3.20.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Translation

Translation from **French** and **German**. Highest references. Miss Julia Franklin, care *The Nation*

Just Published
THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR
AND ITS HIDDEN CAUSES
By EMILE OLLIVIER
Translated with introduction and notes by George Burnham Ives.

The real causes of the Franco-Prussian War as set forth by the head of Louis Napoleon's so-called Liberal ministry. *With 8 portraits. xxxvii+520 pp. $2.50 net; by mail $2.65.*

Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston

THE GREAT ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE YEAR
ART By Auguste Rodin
(Translated from the French of Paul Gsell by Mrs. Romilly Fedden.) With over 100 illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Buckram, $7.50 net; three-quarter levant, $15.00 net; carriage additional. A book which takes its place at once as the most important art book in years. It covers practically the whole range of art, and abounds in memorable analyses of the works of the masters of painting and sculpture, ancient and modern. *Send for descriptive circular.*
Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, **Boston**

Books by **WOODROW WILSON**
Congressional Government. A Study in American Politics. $1.25.
Mere Literature, and Other Essays. $1.50.
For sale everywhere.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., 4 Park St., Boston

You can always find
At DUTTON'S
the latest books; the rare books; illustrated books of all kinds; cards, calendars and art novelties.
31 West 23d St.

"I have read your last book with solid satisfaction and it shall be one of my pleasures to make as many people read it as I can reach. It is full ripeness and mellowness—worth tons of ordinary socialist prattle on that subject," writes John Graham Brooks to Charles F. Dole, author of "The Burden of Poverty." *Postpaid 55 cents.* B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth ave., New York.

READ
MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK
CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA
By the author of
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.
Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold.
Net $1.25. Postpaid $1.40

10 WEEKS IN EUROPE FOR $300
FOR BOOK ABOUT IT, WRITE
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

Founders of Modern Psychology
A New Book by Dr. G. STANLEY HALL
D. APPLETON & COMPANY - NEW YORK

A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y. A new catalogue of second-hand Americana, now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Reading Case for the Nation,
To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with *The Nation* stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.
THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., N. Y. City

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1912.

The Week

The message which President Taft had such difficulty in getting to Congress last week contained one important section which was printed in full only in the *Congressional Record.* This contained the recommendation that the law should be changed so as to allow members of the Cabinet to have seats, though not votes, in both Senate and House. The President gives succinctly the arguments in favor of the proposal. It should lessen misunderstandings between the executive and legislative branches of the Government, by bringing them into contact. Time would be saved, through direct question and answer on the floor of Congress, which is now wasted in roundabout inquiry. Moreover, a Secretary who knew that he might any day be called upon in Congress for information concerning his Department would be prompted thereby to new zeal in keeping informed on all that went on in it. President Taft does not mention another consideration, though it is really weighty. We mean the heightened interest which the public would be certain to take in Congressional proceedings, when the Cabinet had a voice in them, to answer questions or defend policies. It is obvious also that this would be a means of getting quickly before the country a great deal of information which now comes to the light but slowly and in fragments.

There is no need to exaggerate the evils of the present arrangement. The case is not so black as it is often painted. Those who hold that every government has in its machinery something roughly equivalent to the devices to be found elsewhere could justify themselves by pointing to many ways in which our Cabinet does, in fact, get its views before Congress. There seems, nevertheless, to be a growing belief that the experiment now definitely proposed by Mr. Taft is one of which we are bound, sooner or later, to make trial. It is well-nigh the universal practice in other countries. It has long been urged here, from the time of Judge Story down. It is safe to say that every solid objection that could now be made has been anticipated in previous discussions. If it be said, for example, that Cabinet officers would fritter away their time and bore themselves to death by constantly attending the sessions of Congress, the answer is that nothing of the kind is contemplated. There would be stated times for the appearance of the Secretaries. Something like the English "question hour" would be established. Moreover, the more important questions would be answered only after notice given. All these things are matters of detail which could easily be provided for if once Congress were minded to undertake the central change.

President Taft's appointments to the new Commission on Industrial Relations will not, as a whole, give much satisfaction to those who had hoped that out of the investigations of this joint body of capitalists and workingmen there might come data and recommendations of value. Several names stand out, of course, as eminently fit—like those of Adolph Lewisohn, Frederick A. Delano, and F. C. Schwedtman, representing capital. On the side of labor Mr. Taft has selected Austin B. Garretson, the head of the Railway Conductors, a worthy choice. But the other two are leaders of the American Federation of Labor, now under such a cloud because of the McNamara revelations. Thus there is not a single representative of the great bulk of American labor—the millions who are not in unions, and many of whom could not be persuaded to enter unions under any consideration. Again, there are six millions of women engaged in gainful occupations, and Mr. Taft has not thought it worth while to appoint a single woman to represent this vast army of workers. Finally, it is noteworthy that not a single teacher of economics appears upon the Commission.

Gov. Bass is another of the weak-kneed who have returned from Armageddon with a disposition to make "deals" and to "dicker" with the enemy. The Progressives hold the balance of power in the New Hampshire Legislature. Yet the Governor says: "I want to see the New Hampshire Progressives stand by men who have demonstrated their belief in progress by their votes in the Legislature and other public acts. We can fritter away our work of years by refusing to lend a helping hand to a Progressive outside our own party, or standing idly by and seeing some standpat Democrat or Republican carry off the honors." He even declares that if the Progressives follow such a policy they will not deserve success in the future. "We have the balance of power in the next Legislature," he concludes, "and I want to see the Progressives use it properly and for the benefit of the whole people." All this has a fine sound, and a very practical sound, too, but what is a plain private in the army of the Lord to think of it? What does Gov. Bass mean by talking about Progressives "outside our own party"? Is not such a being impossible, by hypothesis? As for standing by men who believe in progress, is it not the duty of such men, no matter how much more numerous they may be than the real Progressives, to rally to the standard of the latter? Gov. Bass talks like a man who would put country above party. He should be court-martialled.

Those who are in the habit of regarding a strong central government as the only possible instrumentality for procuring humane reforms in State conditions may get some instruction from the annual report of South Carolina's Commissioner of Labor on the textile industries of that State. He points to the decrease in child labor. Since the new law cutting out all exemptions has come into effect this year, "there is not a single child under twelve years of age employed, as far as we are able to find through inspection"; and the number of children under sixteen years of age in the mills has fallen from 8,432 in 1910 to 8,312 in 1911 and 7,490 in 1912. This diminution has taken place in the face of a marked increase in the whole number of workers, the number above sixteen years of age having increased by 2,637 in the past year.

In States like South Carolina the temptation is strongest to refrain from imposing restrictions upon the exploitation of child labor, on the ground that it is necessary for the development of new industries in the face of the competition of wealthier States; yet we see not only progress in such legislation, but also an earnest spirit in the enforcement of it, and hearty satisfaction in its results. "I am gratified, too," says the Commissioner, "that without the use of extensive child labor the textiles are this year able to pay nearly $2,000,000 more to the employees in wages and show an increase in the value of their annual product of over $2,500,000." Whether more rapid progress could, in actual practice, be attained by Federal compulsion, may be doubted; and certainly the moral effect of local self-improvement, and the absence of a vast machinery of Federal inspection and control, are factors in the question which only the thoughtless can belittle.

One of the strange inconsistencies in the Southern treatment of the negro is revealed by the appearance before Gov. Brown of Georgia of white men to protest against the driving of the negroes out of six counties in that State. It seems that there is a sort of Ku Klux at work, posting notices at night which warn all the colored people to leave under threat of terrible punishments. As a result, many of them are going, and one of the men who called on the Governor—but dared not give his name—thus described the consequences of the flight: "If something is not done to check this exodus . . . our wives and daughters will soon be put to the necessity of doing the cooking, washing, and performing other menial labor. In addition, the farmers will suffer greatly, for they will be deprived of field hands." Not one word, of course, about the victims of the outrage, of their loss and suffering in having to abandon homes and property and flee for safety. The sole consideration of importance is that the wives and daughters of prosperous whites may be without servants and the farmers without farm hands. Now, we all know that the negro is the worst possible servant and farm-hand, that he is the curse of the South because of his criminal nature and general worthlessness. Ought he, then, not to be driven out at once, in order that Georgia may surely be a white man's country and the way be cleared for foreign immigration?

One more swindling agency for the sale of worthless securities has been run down by the Post Office authorities. This comes at the very time when the methods of two other concerns of the kind are being ventilated in a criminal trial. In all this exposure, many will doubtless see a powerful new argument for government protection of investors. We have nothing to say against a proper regulation by law, such as exists in Massachusetts, of the issue of stocks and bonds by any corporation, but we would ask what possible statute could safeguard the greedy and gullible people who were caught by these swindlers? On the face of the enterprises, they were fraudulent. They promised impossible returns. Yet clergymen and college professors were found in abundance ready to snap at the get-rich-quick bait. Now, the most paternal of governments cannot protect its idiotic children. Unless it locks them up, it cannot prevent them from being taken in, when they go about fairly begging to be taken in. See to it that the venders of bogus mining stock or of securities of a company to manufacture diamonds cannot get at them, and they will immediately begin to buy gold bricks and invest in corner lots in the moon.

The replies received by the New York *World* from college and university presidents in response to its telegraphic inquiry asking for their opinion on the Panama tolls question show an intensity of conviction on this subject. Many of the replies, while clearly expressing the writer's own opinion that the discrimination in the present law is in violation of our treaty obligations, put still greater emphasis on the nation's honorable obligation, which ought to be felt as binding even by those of a contrary opinion, to submit the question to arbitration in case we do not voluntarily repeal the discrimination. "One of the two things must certainly be done," says President Wheeler of the University of California, adding: "I should prefer, however, in the interest of the national pride, to have the act amended."

The strongest statement is that made by President Butler, of Columbia, who pronounces the discrimination not only a violation of "our legal and moral international obligations," but also a defiance of sound public policy through the "subsidizing of a monopoly." President Judson, of the University of Chicago, stands alone in expressing the opinion that it is "merely a domestic question, which could not, therefore, concern the Hague Tribunal"; but it would be interesting to know how he thinks the very question can best be decided, whether a disputed point involved in the interpretation of a treaty is or is not a "merely domestic" point. Is it for the judgment of one party to the treaty or for the decision of a tribunal of arbitration? As for the subsidy feature of the matter, now that this has been admitted, and admitted to be unjustifiable, by Mr. Taft's own Secretary of War, it ought to be possible to rally enough men out of both parties in Congress to obtain the outright repeal of the discrimination.

In his annual report the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology discusses the future relations of the Institute and Harvard. The time for a close physical and administrative union passed with the purchase of the new site for the Institute, if, indeed, it had not passed before. But now that these two great institutions are soon to be within a few minutes' ride of each other, the question of an exchange of facilities and of the use of special equipment possessed by the one or the other is thrust to the front. Mr. Maclaurin discusses it with admirable good sense, suggesting that there is no reason whatever why Technology students should not profit by the inspiration of exceptionally able teachers at Harvard, and vice-versa. The beginning of such relations, he thinks, should first be through the interchange of graduate students. In the matter of physical equipment, the case is still plainer. President Maclaurin points out that the Institute may soon build an experimental tank for its department of naval architecture. Why should not Harvard have the use of it? It would surely be a great waste for Harvard to build such a tank, but ten minutes away. Again, the Technology is to have the best mining and metallurgical laboratories in existence. Harvard ought to profit by them precisely as the Technology should be able to use, under proper restrictions, those great university museums at Harvard which could only be duplicated, if at all, by tremendous expenditure. Harvard, we are sure, will be ready to meet the Technology half-way; and this friendly coöperation ought to be a valuable example to the whole college world.

What a tangled web we get into when we set out to find what a word really means. The Manchester *Guardian* relates the story of two men who made a wager regarding the meaning of "lurid." One of them had used the word as descriptive of the glare of a night fire which had made the sky intensely red. The other pulled him up with the information that the word meant "pale" and not "deep red." As several dictionaries agreed, in a manner not customary among doctors, in defining the word as "pale, wan, ghastly pale," and only books and newspapers could be found as authorities for using it in the other sense, the first man reluctantly paid the bet. The *Guardian*, however, points out that "the latest and greatest English dictionary" gives this definition of "lurid":

> Shining with a red glow or glare amid darkness (said of lightning flashes across dark clouds or flame mingled with smoke).

And it apparently clinches the matter by a quotation from Wordsworth:

> Save that above a single height
> Is to be seen a lurid light
> Above Helm crag—a streak half-dead,
> A burning of portentous red.

"Apparently clinches," however, only, for the learned writer proceeds to demonstrate that Wordsworth had no philological right to use the word in that way. "Lurid," we are told, began life as a Latin adjective, meaning "pale yellow," and used chiefly of the complexion. The nearest English word for it is "sallow." From that, it came to mean something like "ghastly." But as for signifying "glaring red through smoke," as the English poets compel it to do, there is no authority—except, of course, the English poets. And so the puzzle remains; may any one who is not an English poet use "lurid" in any sense but that of "pale"?

That the English plans for celebrating the hundred years of peace with the United States should include the placing of a statue of George Washington either in the Abbey or in Westminster Hall shows again what time can do to efface ancient animosities. All intelligent Englishmen have to-day an admiration for Washington's character and abilities. The man whom their ancestors would have hanged as a traitor, they themselves recognize as one who was in America simply fighting the general English battle for constitutional liberty. Certainly, Washington's statue in Westminster Hall would not seem so much of a misfit as Cromwell's in Parliament Yard. Washington resisted the House of Commons, but he did not turn it ignominiously out of doors. If there is any objection to placing an effigy of Washington in Westminster Abbey, it will be artistic rather than patriotic. The authorities might well resolve not to add another to the medley of inharmonious statues that deface the Abbey.

The "calculated indiscretion" still plays its part in high affairs of state. Readers will recall the excitement caused, just about a month ago, by a misinterpreted telegraphic order from the French War Office, as a result of which the reserves in several French communes on the northeastern frontier were summoned to the standards. It was immediately explained that the blunder rested with a subordinate officer, who should be promptly punished for setting the mobilization machine into motion and Europe's nerves on edge. A recent editorial in the Paris *Temps* pointed out, however, that the incident was not without its bright side. The alacrity with which the reserves responded to the call—the *Temps* speaks of them as marching to the barracks with cheers and chanting patriotic songs—has removed the painful doubts which have been created by the anti-militarist and anti-patriotic agitators of the school of Gustave Hervé. Now we have the following news item in the London *Times:*

> The French Government has addressed a letter to the Prefect of the Department of Meurthe-et-Meuse asking him to convey to the Mayors of the nine communes of the district of Arracourt the Government's appreciation of the rapidity with which the local mobilization at Arracourt was carried out. This mobilization, which took place owing to a telegraphic error, was ordered by Brigadier Blion, who has himself been complimented by Gen. Goetschy, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps, on the promptitude with which he acted.

No mention is made of the telegrapher who made the regrettable error; but it is not impossible that his name will appear in the New Year appointments to the Legion of Honor.

Prince Taro Katsura has now attained the Japanese Premiership for the third time. Japanese political parties are not easy to distinguish, but, broadly speaking, in the person of Katsura the conservative and militarist element in Japan once more comes to the front. The new Premier is certainly to-day the most powerful figure in Japanese public life. He enjoys the prestige of having guided the country through the war with Japan. He made way in January, 1906, for a Ministry headed by Marquis Saionji, yielding to the inevitable unpopularity that comes with the settlement of the difficult financial problems after a great war. He replaced Saionji at the head of affairs in July, 1908, made way for him once more in August of last year, and again succeeds the statesman who may be regarded as the exponent of Liberal policies in Japan.

Marquis Saionji's Cabinet went to pieces on the rock of militarist opposition. He was pledged to financial reforms which could not be carried out without serious retrenchment in the army and navy budgets. At the same time, he found the military elements solidly arrayed in behalf of an increase in the army and navy programme. Count Terauchi, who as Governor-General of Korea has pursued a forceful and effective policy of pacification in that country, precipitated the fall of the Saionji Cabinet by threatening to resign his post in Korea. If Katsura, instead of Terauchi, has been called upon to form a new Cabinet, it was probably because of a desire not to accentuate the triumph of the militarist party. The new Premier's position is all the more powerful because he combines in himself the official authority of President of the Cabinet with the unofficial, but still higher, authority exercised as a member of the group of Elder Statesmen. As Grand Chamberlain to the new Mikado and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, he is chief counsellor of the young Emperor, his only rival being the aged Prince Yamagata. His foreign policy has been described as one of firmness towards China and this country, and of friendliness to Russia and Great Britain.

LEADERS IN A DEMOCRACY.

Gov. Wilson spoke last week with emphasis of his determination to carry into execution the policies to which he stands committed, yet in the same breath announced his purpose of continually going to the people to ask what they want done. He has more than once said that he aspired to be the "spokesman"—and, presumably, the efficient agent—of the popular will. If he has any quality of vigorous leadership, he prefers to think of it as merely responding to direction by the people. It would be obviously easy, for those so minded, to see in this something very like a contradiction in terms. The true leader cannot so completely lose his identity in the follower. That would be to go over to the famous dictum of the French politician, shame-facedly trailing after a mob of his constituents: "I must follow them, for I am their leader." But Gov. Wilson's utterance is doubtless not to be taken too literally. It is partly a piece of left-over campaign rhetoric. Partly, we presume, it is the seeming self-effacement of a masterful man who knows what he means to do, but desires to base his action upon the semblance of a strong popular demand. It would not be a bad definition of a successful leader in a democracy that he is a man of abundant initiative and resolute will who appears to be doing only what the people desire him to do.

As regards Gov. Wilson, the surest guide to his future conduct is furnished by his official course in New Jersey. In certain important matters, he did not hesitate to assume and avow leadership. One of his explicit and daring deliverances, in his campaign for the Governorship, was that, if elected, he himself, and no other man, should be the leader of his party in the State. This, of course, had a specific occasion and a definite reference. It was in answer to Mr. Record, who publicly questioned Wilson about the Democratic machine and its former operator, "Jim" Smith: what would the new Governor's attitude be towards the old boss? Mr. Wilson answered squarely. He would lead, not Smith. That was flat. It proved also to be absolutely true, as everybody knows. And the tremor that ran through all bossdom at Mr. Wilson's bold promise and complete fulfilment has not yet subsided. In this respect, at least, he is certain to be a leader in the Presidency. No boss can dictate to him. No threat of punishment at the polls will terrify him. He will be his own master.

But this attitude towards his party organization is only one part of the work of a real leader. If he is such, he cannot neglect the devising and advocacy of party policies. How will he set about that? Is he to look into his own heart alone? Or is he to have no thought or will except what is conveyed to him as he places his ear to the ground? The whole question is confessedly intricate. It goes close to the centre of successful statesmanship. Lord Rosebery has written of the mysterious relations of a political leader to his party. He both gets and gives. Rosebery thinks that he gets more than he gives. But that depends upon the man. Gladstone did not come out for Irish Home Rule because the brains and mass of the Liberals demanded it. He rather imposed that policy upon his party. Joseph Chamberlain was not a puppet, moved by party wire-pullers, when he startled England by advocating a return to protective tariffs. He furnished an instance of a vigorous statesman scoring off his own bat, and forcing a reluctant party to fall into line behind him.

It would be foolish to say that this can often be done, or should always be attempted. A Prime Minister or a President has frequently to be an opportunist. That word has a good sense as well as a bad. It may signify the public man who, to be sure, has plans which he cherishes and hopes which he keeps alive, but who knows that he must wait for the ripening of the time. Never failing to urge his policy on fitting occasions, he yet has the patience of a Lincoln to abide the slow result. Lord Cromer describes the responsible statesman in a democracy as very much in the position of a man in a boat off the mouth of a tidal river. He long has to strive against wind and current until finally a favorable conjunction of weather and tide forms a wave upon which he rides safely into the harbor. There is an essential truth in this which no man attempting to play the part of leader in a democracy can forget except at his peril. Government by public opinion is bound to get a sufficient body of public opinion on its side.

But withal it is manifestly the duty of a leader to help form a just public opinion. He must dare to be temporarily unpopular, if only in that way can he get a hearing for the truths which the people ought to have presented to them. He is to execute the popular will, but he is not to neglect shaping it. It is his duty to be properly receptive, but his main striving ought to be that virtue should go out of him to touch and quicken the masses of his citizens. If their minds and imaginations are played upon with sufficient persistence and sufficient skill, they will give him back his own ideas with enthusiasm. A man who throws a ball against a wall gets it back again as if hurled by the dead brick and mortar; but the original impulse is in his own muscle. So a democratic leader may say, if he chooses, that he takes only what is pressed upon him by the people; but his function often is first to press it upon them.

Without something of this personal initiative and vigor, it is certain that there can be no true leadership. The theory of a ruler always listening for the word of command from the crowd breaks down in a dozen ways. Gladstone said that the orator got as vapor from his audience what he returned as shower. But if a would-be leader collects only the dust that blows through the streets and across the fields, what can he give back but mud? No: the ideal democracy is a led democracy, and is always looking about for men of force to show it where to go. If they fail it, it is in constant peril of attempting to proceed where there is no thoroughfare. And no quality is more necessary in them than courage to stand up and tell the people when they are wrong. They may strike a President, but they are bound to hear him. He has, as Mr. Wilson has said, the one voice that carries through the entire nation; and unless he seizes the opportunity to put into it both the exhortation and the warning which the times need, he is falling short as a leader.

FINANCE AND HUMAN NATURE.

The report of Mr. Morgan's testimony before the Pujo Committee made fascinating reading. For, in addition to the technically financial contents of Mr. Morgan's examination, it yielded matter of immense social and personal interest. That Mr. Morgan was in many ways an excellent witness does not need to be argued. His mind moves with great directness. He brushes away encumbering details to go swiftly to the core of the business. When he does not know, he says so without hesitation. If his opinion is asked, he gives it squarely. Without fencing or hedging, he answered question after question, even when they went deep into matters of his policy and motive. Distinctly, he made the impression of uncommon ability uncommonly frank. This is the reason, taken in connection with his great position in the financial world, why thousands who know nothing of banks and stocks and interlocking directorates and voting trusts followed his testimony like men absorbed. It was to them not so much a financial revelation as a big human phenomenon unveiling itself.

Now, we freely admit that when the natural instincts are allowed to play freely upon matters of special knowledge and exceptional activities, there is danger of blundering. The man in the street is not able to stand as a judge over everything. When it is said that common sense is good enough to apply to matters about which the ordinary man is uninstructed, we have to be on our guard lest what we apply be really common ignorance. And there are many aspects of the affairs on which Mr. Morgan was examined upon which it would be rash for any but experts to attempt to pronounce. The unknown is not always held to be the magnificent; it is often regarded as the suspicious. And we doubt not that some things in Mr. Morgan's testimony will be unjustly suspected by the man who boasts of his horse sense because he does not understand them. It does not necessarily follow, though some hasten to assert it, that every corporation or life insurance company on which there is a Morgan director is under Mr. Morgan's thumb. Men may easily get into an unduly suspicious and skeptical frame of mind about all these methods of high finance, and so do wrong to those who practice them. This must be confessed at the start and is always to be borne in mind. But our present point is that a great deal was brought out in Mr. Morgan's testimony which was not in the least technical or professional, and upon which any sensible man may express his opinion. When human nature is involved in finance, those who know anything about human nature have as good a right to be heard as the greatest financier. And a few of the positions which Mr. Morgan took, with his admirable frankness, may well be challenged as contrary to all that is settled in regard to the nature of man.

Mr. Morgan made no bones of admitting that he and his associates might, if they chose, wield their great financial power harmfully. With their control of banking facilities, their large influence in the extension of credit, they could, if they so willed, discriminate against this corporation and in favor of the other, set one man up and knock another down. That anything of the kind was done, Mr. Morgan naturally denied. But he conceded that it might be done; yet, when asked if the vesting of such enormous power in one man, or group of men, was not dangerous, and whether it would not be wise to have some check upon it, he gave his opinion strongly in the negative. The vast potential power he did not question; but he maintained that it would be used wisely and fairly. Now, this is a question, not purely of finance, but of human nature. The insatiate love of power and the peril that lies in unlimited power have been the theme of moralists and writers on government from the beginning of civilization. Mr. Morgan is confident, and so are many, that he would not use a giant's strength tyrannously. But would he trust it to Jay Gould or John W. Gates or Lawson or Keene? It will never do to say that unchecked power is a good thing because it is in the hands of good men. The better the men are the readier will they be to confess the need of putting limitations on any such heaped-up and perilous power over the lives and fortunes of their fellows. That even good men grow drunk with power, and need to be protected from its excesses, is one of the oldest teachings of human experience. Modern finance cannot brusquely set it aside.

Human nature, we have said, may too much suspect finance; but finance may expect too much of human nature. It certainly did so in the person of Mr. Morgan, when it asked us to believe that a man may have absolute control of another, yet leave the latter entirely independent. The question arose in connection with the workings of a voting trust. In the case of a given railway, for example, it appoints all the directors; those directors are invited to have financial dealings with the firm or voting trust upon which their official lives depend; and the question was put to Mr. Morgan whether he did not regard such a relation as unfortunate. Could the directors really exercise an independent judgment? Would they dare refuse a plan advantageous to the men who held them in the hollow of their hands? Mr. Morgan coolly maintained that they could and would. He affirmed that directors of such precarious tenure—whose official heads might be cut off at the end of the year—are in the habit of acting as if they were entirely their own masters. But this again is not a mystery of finance; it has to do with the plain facts of human nature; and what man in his senses is able to believe that the subtle play of motive in such cases can possibly be what Mr. Morgan would have us think it? He promptly and boldly gave his opinion, on this as on other matters, but we are bound to say that, in this particular affair, he drew a picture of human nature which the mind instantly rejects as incredible.

VICE AND GOVERNMENT.

That New York compares favorably with any great city in the world in the matter of vice, we have been repeatedly and emphatically assured on the highest official authority. Whether this be true or not, so far as regards the actual extent of "the social evil" taken in itself, we shall not undertake to judge. Government, in any event, is only one of the factors that enter into the case; economic conditions, the prevailing moral standards of the community, and other elements of pervasive importance and influence, go to the shaping of the situation. There may be other cities in which there is more vice, or in which its manifestations are more revolting, than in our own. But there is another aspect of the vice question no less serious than this. How the city government affects vice is one thing; how vice affects the city government is another. And in this regard New York has an ignoble preeminence over all the great cities of the world which, so far as we have observed, neither Mayor Gaynor nor any one else has attempted to dispute.

This should have been on the mind and heart of every citizen of New York when he read such a story as that which Sipp, the keeper of a disreputable hotel, gave to the Curran Committee the other day. For what that witness disclosed was something very different from the knavery of a patrolman or two, or even the venality of so high an officer as an inspector of police. The note that ran through his whole story was the note of Tammany. It was Tammany that had to be appeased; it was Tammany that held Sipp safe if he satisfied the desires of its henchmen, and that cut off the means of his disgraceful livelihood when those desires were crossed. Nor were the allegations vague or general. Names were named; names of men in the police service and out of it; above all, names of men strong in the organization, and especially the name of one man who is known as among the closest friends of Murphy, a man of high standing in Tammany. Now, we do not know that this particular story is true, and the person accused has branded it as an invention. But we do know that nobody was in the least surprised by it, that no indignant denial by Murphy was forthcoming, that everybody feels sure that the only thing novel about Sipp's story is its actual production in public. So perfectly is the situation understood as a matter of "common knowledge" that everybody regards the story as merely a sample of what a hundred Sipps could tell, and tell truthfully, any day in the year.

Can this situation be matched in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Frankfort, or Glasgow? Is there, in any of these cities, a great depository of governmental power which stands in any such relation to the commercial exploitation of vice? Is there, in any of them, a man with whom the whole people have to reckon as coördinate in strength with the community itself, and whose friends and friends' friends systematically profit by blackmail levied on the keepers of brothels and disreputable hotels, or by being in that trade themselves? That is the real issue between the people of the city of New York and Tammany Hall, between the people of the city of New York and Murphy. Over this filthy morass of prostitution and bribery and blackmail the structure of Tammany's power is built; this connection between their government and the traffic in vice the people of New York have been tolerating. And the man at the centre of this system they have allowed to get such a hold on public power as to overshadow the State Legislature, to paralyze the Governor, and to come dangerously near to wrecking a great political party in the nation.

At this particular time, indeed, Tammany is not in absolute possession. Thanks partly to Mayor Gaynor's independence and force, but above all to the success of the Fusion movement in electing a remarkably strong group of anti-Tammany men to the high places in the government other than the Mayoralty, the grip of the Murphy machine on New York City has, in the past three years, been far less than it has been in former times. But so deep down are the sources of its strength that even when it seems to be thrown out altogether its malign influence is powerfully exerted in a thousand ways; and always we have to reckon with the menace of the complete restoration of its domination. The disclosures that have come thick and fast ever since the murder of Rosenthal open up questions with which the best thought of the wisest and bravest men will hardly suffice to grapple; but they challenge in quite another way the manhood and the civic pride of the people at large. It may be impossible to solve those problems of vice and crime the struggle with which is as old as civilization; but this is no excuse for tolerating that shameful identification of political power with vice and crime which is the peculiar disgrace of the American boss-ridden city, the disgrace which stamps the name of New York with a brand known throughout the civilized world. Whatever else may come of the Becker case and the Curran Committee revelations, there should be no doubt of its breeding such determination to crush the Tammany monster as this city has not experienced since the days of Tweed.

A MATHEMATICAL CENTENARY.

To be an illustrious mathematician is to have attained as high and shining a reward as any that comes to genius. In no department of thought is a great intellectual conquest the source of more unquestionable satisfaction to the man who has achieved it; in none is it rewarded by more enthusiastic homage in the charmed circle of his peers. But it is far different as regards the outside world. Of those mathematicians whose names "on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever," so as to be visible to the multitude, the list is extremely short. Ask the first man of culture you meet to name the great mathematicians of our own time and of past ages, and he will hardly get beyond Archimedes and Euclid for the ancients, and Newton and perhaps Laplace for the moderns. He may think of Descartes or Pascal or Leibnitz, but this will probably be because he happens to know that, besides being philosophers or controversialists, they had also done something in mathematics. Even the four names first mentioned owe their prominence in the general mind mainly to something other than their distinctive achievements in pure mathematics. Euclid's name is a familiar sound to every schoolboy for obvious reasons. Archimedes is known rather for the principle of the lever and the "eureka" story than for his fathership of the method of infinitesimals. Newton is, by general acknowledgment, the most majestic name in the history of science; and the mathematical triumphs of Laplace would not have sufficed to place him in the list of the universally known had they not been connected with the more palpable interest attaching to astronomy. Of the splendid array of commanding minds whose conquests make up so wonderful a record of intellectual achievement, the world of non-mathematicians is, with a few chance exceptions, wholly unaware.

Scotland cannot boast of any great share in this story; but she is fortunate in being able to claim one mathematician who stamped his name on the pages of history by a single achievement of picturesque character, of great practical importance, and of such a nature as to have made his name more familiar to the world in general than that of any but the little group we have indicated. The announcement was made a few days ago that the Royal Society of Edinburgh was preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of the invention of logarithms by Napier of Merchiston, whose "Mirifici Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio" was published in 1614. Of the merit of this achievement as well as its originality, there is no doubt, though tables of a somewhat similar nature had been constructed (but not published) by a Swiss mathematician, Bürgi, a few years before; a coincidence which, as is usually true in such cases, is to be explained on the ground that the time had arrived when the need of some such invention had become acute. The calculations demanded by the grand development of astronomy in the hands of Tycho Brahe and Kepler were stupendously laborious; and Napier deliberately set himself the task of finding a means of substituting addition for multiplication, and subtraction for division. This, and much more, his invention of logarithms effected; and its effect, as has been said, was to double the astronomer's life by halving his labor. It was rapidly adopted, not only by astronomers, but by navigators; and as a mere delight and fillip to mathematicians, it cannot have failed to act as a powerful stimulus to the advancement of mathematical science in general.

We do not know what form the celebration at Edinburgh will take. But one might imagine a celebration in which the chief feature should be some kind of bird's-eye view of what has happened to mathematics since Napier's time. Between the science of the day when Napier's "Canon Mirificus" stirred the geometers and astronomers with a fresh delight, and that of our time, there is a contrast no less impressive than that presented by our power-mills and dynamos and skyscrapers, as compared with the primitive achievements of three hundred years ago. Story has been piled upon story, and mine has been bored under mine, until the whole structure is awe-inspiring—or appalling, as we may choose to view it—in a degree that Napier's contemporaries could not have dreamed of. Perhaps nothing can bring the contrast more vividly to mind than the fact that the simple device of exponents to denote the powers of a quantity had not come into use in Napier's time. Indeed, what made his merit so signal is that he should have evolved the idea of the logarithm without having as a starting point the idea of the exponent. The logarithm of a number soon came to be regarded as the exponent of the power to which a fixed base must be raised to produce the number; to Napier, his logarithms were simply a series of numbers which form an arithmetical progression, while the natural numbers to which they correspond form a geometrical progression.

We may point here to a curiosity of history. Among the intellectual events of British history there are not many that stand out with more spectacular distinctness than the publication of Napier's "Canon Mirificus," of Malthus's "Essay on Population," and of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Between the work of Malthus and that of Darwin there was, as is well known, a distinct causal connection. Of course, nothing of the kind is true between Napier and Malthus; nevertheless, it is interesting to note that they had in common the juxtaposition of an arithmetical and a geometrical progression. That this was of the essence of Napier's work is simple matter of fact; but, in spite of the patronizing indulgence or complacent contempt with which Malthus's use of the comparison between the geometrical and the arithmetical progression has sometimes been treated, it was truly this that gave backbone to his doctrine, both by its effect upon his own mind and by its inherent appropriateness. The circumstance has no mystic significance, nor would we abuse the opportunity to infer from it anything about the characteristics of the British mind; but as an example of singular fertility in consequences issuing from the contemplation of a simple mathematical idea in fields as wide asunder as possible, the fact is worthy of passing mention.

AN INSATIATE NAVAL POLICY.

We have now at hand the full text of the speech which Premier Borden made to the Canadian House of Commons, at the time of proposing to build for the British navy "three of the largest and strongest ships of war that science can build or money supply." The money, in this case, will be $35,000,000, which the Canadians are asked to contribute in order to show that they are prepared to "defend on sea as well as on land our flag, our honor, and our heritage." Mr. Borden spoke as both a Canadian patriot and a British Imperialist. Some of the things which he said in the latter guise may, we should think, make Englishmen wince a little. They could scarcely like to hear that "irreparable disaster" might overtake the British fleet if Canada should neglect to do her duty. But this was largely rhetorical. The Canadian Prime Minister was more matter-of-fact when he undertook to explain the Imperial naval policy, and to show just what was the present status of the British navy. Some of his statements sound rather alarmist and might be thought indiscreet. But Mr. Borden was speaking by the card. For he made public a special memorandum prepared by the British Admiralty which was in many ways more significant than even the Premier's speech or the proposed gift of ships by Canada.

The Admiralty expressly disclaimed any thought of influence on Canadian action. Aid from Canada would be gratefully accepted, but the Admiralty wished to leave no doubt of England's ability to cope with her naval problems alone. The intention of the memorandum was merely to set forth the actual strength of the British navy at present, together with the building programme which is necessary, in the opinion of the Admiralty. And here we get a glimpse of the absolutely limitless demands of the big-navy men. For the Admiralty, after showing how England, by great exertions and enormous expenditures, has made arrangements to keep well ahead of the German navy, coolly lets it be known that this is only a beginning. It points out "the simultaneous building by many Powers of great modern ships of war." Then it makes the following ominous statement:

> Whereas, in the present year, Great Britain possesses eighteen battleships and battle-cruisers of the Dreadnought class, against nineteen of that class possessed by the other Powers of Europe, and will possess in 1913 twenty-four to twenty-one, the figures in 1914 will be thirty-one to thirty-three, and in the year 1915 thirty-five to fifty-one.

Talk about the daughters of the horseleech! They never cried "Give," "Give," with anything like the insatiate urgency of our modern naval authorities. It is impossible to get from them a fixed policy. All their estimates of strain and cost are wholly provisional. What they tell us to-day will make us "safe" or "invincible," to-morrow they will declare to be entirely inadequate. There is a world of sinister meaning in this memorandum of the British Admiralty. Ever since 1906 the one cry of the alarmed big-navy champions in England has been that on no account must Germany be allowed to get ahead. In order to make sure that the country would remain unmolested, it was needful to enlarge the British shipbuilding plans so as surely to outstrip the German. This has now been done. In Dreadnoughts the British navy is already superior to Germany's strength. By 1915, the Admiralty admits, England will have, in her home waters alone, twenty-five Dreadnoughts to seventeen in the German navy. But are the English taxpayers now to be allowed to take heart, in the hope that the worst of the pressure is over, and that a "margin of safety" has at last been assured? Not for a moment. The Admiralty is ready with endless reasons why battleships must be provided without end. There is the need of replacing worn-out and obsolete vessels. There is always the danger that Germany will launch more Dreadnoughts. And, finally, it is necessary to consider what Austria and Italy and Russia and France and even Spain are doing to strengthen their naval power. All this affects the "possibility of adverse combinations being suddenly formed" against the British navy, and plainly points to the need of "larger margins of superiority." Thus is the nation—all nations—asked to enter upon the vicious circle. It is vitally necessary that you must have more ships, but the minute you get them the necessity of having still more is equally vital. To say that this must go on is to confess the bankruptcy of statesmanship.

In Canada, Mr. Borden's proposal was widely acclaimed. Even his political opponents approve the general scheme. To fail to do so would not be "patriotic." The Opposition party is always expected enthusiastically to "stand behind" the Executive when it is a question of large outlay for war purposes. But the Canadian Liberals who are standing behind Mr. Borden are doing so with knives in their hands. They applaud the main plan, but angrily find fault with some of its details. The ships are to be given outright to England and incorporated in the British navy. What then becomes of the Canadian navy? To establish one was supposed to be a settled national policy, but here is a Conservative Government kicking it over. Moreover, the ships are to be manned and officered, not by Canadians—apparently, they are considered not good enough—but by Englishmen. Then what a hollow kind of generosity it is to give the ships to England, so as to relieve the over-burdened taxpayer, and thereupon compel him to pay the entire bill for operation, upkeep, and repairs. These are but a few of the points which the Liberal leaders and newspapers in Canada are making against Mr. Borden's proposal as it stands. Politically, it seems to be a shrewd stroke by the new Government. The organ of Bourassa, *Le Devoir*, speaks of Borden playing his "trump card." But as there is political motive on the one side, so there will be on the other; and there will be long and stirring debates in the Canadian Parliament before the measure is accepted.

JOHN SYNGE.[*]

John Synge was so skilful in eluding biographers that he was dead before it was generally known in this country that he had existed. Within the last year or two he has become one of the most conspicuous figures in the literary world. Yet current discussion has proceeded for the most part in ignorance of the facts of his life and has confined itself mainly to one or two of the plays. Even among the better informed there still remain the widest differences of opinion regarding his character, his relation to the so-called Irish Renaissance, and his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. And in consequence of various non-literary forces, the division has been rather partisan than critical. It is darkly hinted in one quarter that he owes everything to the French decadents. On the other hand, Mr. Yeats would have us believe that his work came straight from the heart of Erin. On the one hand it is argued that he is only a clever craftsman. But Mr. Howe holds that he stands by his absolute achievement only a little lower than Shakespeare. "If he had lived," says Mr. Howe, "he could not but have added to the number of his plays; and yet in the six plays he has left us, what that is essential in life has he failed to include?" This is the question one asks of the supreme geniuses; this is the question one asks of Shakespeare. With the collected works of Synge now before us and with eager advocates and jealous disparagers on each side of us, it may be worth while to inquire in an entirely dispassionate way what manner of man this was.

I.

Synge was for a considerable portion of his life practically as well as theoretically a tramp. We know that he was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, in 1871, and that he passed through Trinity College. Then the door is almost closed upon his occupations till 1898-9, when he was called from abroad to take part in the new movement in Ireland. Yet we are permitted to catch one significant glimpse of a poverty-stricken, silent, rather morose young man in ill health, who has left his native land and is apparently seeking to escape from his memories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. "Before I met him," says Mr. Yeats, "he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an æsthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and *cared nothing for the wrongs* of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle."

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career—only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a "critic of French literature from the French point of view." At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticisms of Lemaître and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge?—that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge "full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature." Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter—the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

---

[*] *The Works of John M. Synge.* Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 4 vols.

The Cutting of an Agate. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. In this are gathered up Mr. Yeats's principal articles on Synge; also articles on Lady Gregory, John Shaw-Taylor, Spenser, and miscellaneous thoughts on poetry and drama.

J. M. Synge. A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism—no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers—Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, "no obvious ideal"; he seemed "unfitted to think a political thought"; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; "so far as casual eye could see," he had "little personal will." This description of moral and volitional prostration could be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the "Aran Islands," to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, "Under Ether," there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

II.

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters—to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, "To the Oaks of Glencree," to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are round you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights and green
Shadows are on your bark.
There'll come a season when you'll stretch
Black boards to cover me;
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half-a-dozen other cultivators of old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

> Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you'd be sitting down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.
>
> May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you'd pass that day.
>
> Then I'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.
>
> There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself—the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's "Silva." We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater—wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence in the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

III.

The orthodox method of "explaining" Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there—we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris—wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the "germ" of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings on folk story and belief. Now, this is a delightfully simple recipe for making a genius. If this were the whole truth, one might agree without reservation with one of the reviewers who declares that the "Aran Islands" is of "vast importance as throwing light on this curious development," and who adds that it "is like no other book we have ever read."

When I first read the "Aran Islands," I thought of that much-experienced vagabond and subtle exploiter of exotic and primitive cultures, Pierre Loti; and I have learned recently with some satisfaction, from a foot-note in Mr. Howe's book, that "Synge thought Pierre Loti 'the best living writer of prose.'" And when I found Synge comparing conditions in the Aran Islands to a disadvantage with what he had seen in his rambles in Brittany, I thought of Anatole le Braz and all his charming studies of the songs and superstitions and customs and characters of that other Celtic people.* And then there drifted into my remembrance the pensive face of another wanderer and exile, half-Irish and half-Greek, known in the Orient as Koizumi Yakumo, and in the Western world as Lafcadio Hearn. As I turned once more the pages of his book on Japan and ran through the "Life and Letters," glancing at his Eastern costume and at the almond eyes of his sons, I reflected that he, at any rate, had possessed the courage to realize the dreams of his favorite author, Théophile Gautier, and the Oriental reveries of Victor Hugo. Finally, I opened the book of Chateaubriand, great father of them all, and read: "When he arrived among the Natchez, René had been obliged, in order to conform to the customs of the Indians, to take a wife, but he did not live with her. A melancholy disposition drew him to the depths of the forest; there he passed whole days alone, and seemed a savage among the savages."

The attitude, the point of view—that is the question about this Irishman and his book on the Aran Islands. Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère? Now, it is an essential error to imagine that when Synge passed from the Latin Quarter to the Aran Islands he was returning to his own people. He never desired to return to his own people. He went to this group of islands, and then to the most remote and backward of them, because he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment.

The peculiar charm of the "Aran Islands" and other books of its class consists not in the identification of the narrator with the life of the people whom he describes, but rather in accentuating the contrast between the sophisticated son of the cities and the simple barbarian. It is the æsthetic charm of looking upon illusions through the eyes of the disillusioned. In the earlier examples of this *genre* the sense of the sundering gulf is emphasized by bringing the weary heir of all the ages into sentimental relations with a "noble" female savage—an unspoiled daughter of the wilderness. But the sentiment now smacks of the romanticism of the old school. In the various books in which Pierre Loti pictures his exotic amours, you may trace the declension of the lovely and beloved barbarian into a mere transitory symbol of the "soul" of the land in which she is found. In the "Mariage de Loti," for example, there is still a breath of strange passion for the poor Samoan girl, yet the lover comments as follows: "In truth, we were children of two natures, widely sundered and diverse, and the union of our souls could be only transitory, incomplete, and troubled." But in that most heartlessly beautiful book in contemporary literature, "Madame Chrysanthème," the breath of passion has given way to sheer nervous disgust. With the little yellow poupée, Loti has nothing in common, not even an emotion. As he takes pains to point out in the dedication to the Duchess de Richelieu, though Madame Chrysanthème seems to have the longest rôle, it is certain that the three principal personages are: "*Moi, le Japon* et *l'Effet* que ce pays m'a produit," "Myself, Japan, and the Effect which that country produces in me"—the bitter perfume which a crushed chrysanthemum of Nagasaki exhales for the nostrils of a disillusioned Academician.

Essentially Synge was seeking the same thing—the perfume which the Aran Islands could yield to a disillusioned Irish-Parisian. He, too, has transferred the sentiment, which was formerly attached to the fair savage, to the land itself. Despite his apparent solicitude for realistic detail, it is the subjective soul of the islands that he is striving to capture. His book, like Loti's, is pieced together of short impressionistic sketches which are related to one another only through the mood of the author. "It is only in the intonation of a few sentences," he writes, "or some fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk of the tides and fish, and of the price of kelp in Connemara." The traditional lovely savage has here suffered a further declension into a peasant girl in her teens towards whom only a friendly attachment exists. Yet this girl, like her famous predecessors, becomes the symbol of what he has come to seek: "At one moment she is a simple peasant, at another she seems to be looking out at the world with a sense of prehistoric disillusion and to sum up in the expression of her gray-blue eyes the whole external despondency of the clouds and sea." And after he has talked to her of the "men who live alone in Paris," he notes that "below the sympathy we feel there is still a chasm between us." I do not wish to push this parallelism farther than it goes. In the "Aran Islands" the *Moi*, as well as the maiden, is subdued almost beyond comparison. But both men, like all the children of Chateaubriand, avail themselves of picturesque exotic scenes as a kind of sounding chamber to enlarge and reverberate the lyric cry of their own weariness in civilized life and their loneliness out of it.

IV.

Synge's dramas are all sad, tragedies and comedies alike, because they are all based upon a radical and hopeless disillusion. In them the native lyrical impulse, which in the poems we found checked by the cynicism of Villon, and which in the Aran Islands expanded under the influence of Loti, is again checked and controlled by the irony of Anatole France. This is no doubt a bald and over-emphatic way of putting the case, but it may serve to indicate the general modes in which foreign forces determined his talent. Synge has been praised by many critics on the ground that he has reconciled poetry with life. In the sense that he has broken through the old "poetic diction" and invented a new poetic dialect with a fresh savor of earth in it, this is doubtless true. But in a profounder sense it is nearer the truth to say that he has widened the rift that was between them. For the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of a lawless imagination. In one of the longest of his plays, "The Well of the Saints," this idea becomes perfectly explicit. Two blind beggars who have long pleased themselves with thinking of each other's beauty are, through a miracle, restored to sight. But the vision of "things as they are" is so hideous that they fall into a violent hatred of each other. And they are both so thankful when they go blind again that they reject with scorn the holy man's offer to repeat the miracle. This is perhaps the most elaborate expression of an idea in all Synge's works, and one is not surprised to learn that four years before the "Well of the Saints" there was performed and printed in Paris a "Chinese" play by M. George Clemenceau, called the "Voile du Bonheur," which contains identically the same idea, and which, as Mr. Howe concedes, it is "perfectly probable" that Synge knew.

For us the "Well of the Saints" is significant only as illustrating with especial clearness that profound sense of disillusion which underlies all Synge's eccentric comedies and constitutes, as I have said, his point of contact with Anatole France. The most France-like comedy that he ever conceived was never written, but the scenario is reported to us by Mr. Yeats. "Two women, a Protestant and a Catholic, take refuge in a cave, and there quarrel about religion, abusing the Pope or Henry VIII, but in low voices, for the one fears to be ravished by the soldiers, the other by the rebels. At last one woman goes out because she would sooner any fate than such wicked company." Now it is just this homeless elfishness of his mirth that distinguishes Synge from Jonson and Molière and Congreve, with whose names his has been so fearlessly coupled. In all the classical comedy of the world one is made aware of the seat whence the laughing spirit sallies forth to scourge the vices or sport with the follies and affectations of men. When the play is over, something has been accomplished towards the clarification of one's feelings and ideas; after the comic catharsis, illusions dissolve and give way to a fresh vision of what is true and permanent and reasonable. Synge's comedies end in a kind of ironical bewilderment. His, indeed, is outlaw comedy with gypsy laughter coming from somewhere in the shrubbery by the roadside, pealing out against church and state, and man and wife, and all the ordinances of civil life.

It is not that many of the *dramatis personæ* are vagrants, but that the dramatist himself is in secret heart a vagrant, and his inmost vision of felicity is a purposeless vagabondage. What are the passages in these plays that all the critics delight to quote, and that the playgoer carries home from the theatre—fragments of them—singing in his memory? They are the passages in which some queen or beggar, touched with lyric ecstasy, expresses a longing to go roaming down the open road or into the wilderness. You will find this gypsy call in every one of Synge's dramas except the "Riders to the Sea." Even to that piece built of the heroic stuff of the bards, "Deirdre of the Sorrows," he gives the same turn: here it is a wondrously fair woman scorning a share in sovereignty and the high king of Ulster to go salmon-spearing and vagabonding with the sons of Naisi. To this man in whose vision of joy we are invited to participate, life presents itself in its comic aspects as a juxtaposition and irreconcilable opposition of hideous realities and hopeless dreams, dreams like the glens of Neifin in the dews of night, realities like Old Mahon in the potato field—"He was a dirty man, God forgive him."

What, then, shall we say of his tragedy? Those who are sealed of the tribe of Synge speak high praise of the "Riders to the Sea," that picture of the drear old woman who has lost all her sons. As Mr. Edward O'Brien declares in the preface printed in the collective edition, this drama is set in the atmosphere of universal action; it holds the "timeless peace" that passeth all understanding. This were vision, indeed. It is a noble phrase, this "timeless peace." It connotes in my imagination the serene enduring forever of victorious heroes and saints who have passed out of tribulation. It is not, at any rate, an empty euphemism for annihilation, but a state in which those of the living dwell who, like the Stoic emperor, have caught a vision of the central beauty and abiding harmony in all the works of God. It is the mood in which all high tragedy leaves us; the still elation into which we rise when blind Œdipus answers the call of the god; the "calm of mind, all passion spent" with which we are dismissed by that superb last chorus in "Samson Agonistes," beginning,

> All is best, though oft we doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Of Highest Wisdom brings about.

Such, they tell us, is the atmosphere of "Riders to the Sea." It is like "Lear," it is like Greek tragedy; it is not, as they hasten with somewhat suspicious eagerness to say—it is not like Maeterlinck's "Home" or "The Intruder." Synge certainly does differ from Maeterlinck in two striking respects. While the Belgian "mystic" deprives his persons of personality and locality and confers a kind of demonic personality upon death, the naturalistic Irishman steeps his lines in personality and the reek of the gray sky and the smell of the sea, and he represents death, in spite of the premonitions of Maurya, as only the old dark way of nature. But so far as what the Germans call the "inner form" is concerned, Synge gives us simply an Irish transposition of Maeterlinck. Strictly speaking, "Riders to the Sea" is not a tragedy at all, because it is not a drama. It might with more propriety be called a tragic idyl—a sombre picture, impressive enough in its kind, with the fearful whispering of the young girls, whose necks have not yet bowed beneath the ancient burden, and the gray broken old mother, who looks before and after and has passed through all illusions, sitting there patiently, passively, receiving the tidings of disaster. Protagonist in the proper sense of the word there is none; no act of the will turning against destiny as a token of human participation in that divine energy into which death resumes us all. It is this turning of the will that makes just the difference between what is drama and what is not; and between the mood with which Samson in Gaza affects us when he says, "And I shall shortly be with them that rest," and the mood with which Maurya affects us when she says, "No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied." It is the difference between Milton looking into the timeless peace and Synge looking into the noisome grave. We heard him before crying aloud under the golden lights of the oaks of Glencree that in the end black boards would cover him and he should lie with worms eternally. Just that is the tragic vision and significance of "The Riders to the Sea."

STUART P. SHERMAN.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

All the writings of Robert Curzon are of interest and most of them are very rare. He was born in London in 1810, educated at Oxford, and in 1831 was elected M. P. for Clitheroe—a borough which was disenfranchised by the Reform bill the very next year. It is not likely that the House of Commons would have been a congenial sphere for him. He travelled in the Orient, and his "Visits to the Monasteries in the East," which appeared in 1849, earned a well-merited popularity. Curzon set other travellers on the track of the manuscript treasures belonging to the Eastern monasteries. He was for a time an attaché under the fateful embassy of Stratford de Redcliffe, at Constantinople, and served on the commission for settling the boundaries of Armenia and Persia. Apparently he gave satisfaction to both sides, for Sultan and Shah alike decorated him. He wrote an excellent book on Armenia. The collection he made of MSS. to illustrate the history of writing was remarkable and rendered his seat of Parham famous among scholars. The "Catalogue" is a thin folio of which only fifty copies were printed. The Philobiblon Society in 1854 printed in a restricted edition his "Short Account of Some of the Most Celebrated Libraries of Italy." His life of scholarly research ended in 1873. He succeeded his mother in the barony of De la Zouche, of Harringworth, a peerage created as far back as 1308, and, like some other of the older hereditary honors, not limited to heirs male.

The rarest of all Curzon's writings is:

THE LAY
OF
THE PURPLE FALCON;
A METRICAL ROMANCE,
NOW FIRST PRINTED
FROM
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HON. ROBERT CURZON.
London:
Printed by William Nicol. Shakespeare Press, Pall Mall.
1847.

It is a quarto volume of thirty-six pages, and, as originally issued, bound in purple cloth with the title on the outside in gilt lettering. It is handsomely printed and on excellent paper. There is the autograph certificate of the printer that only thirty copies were printed. One was printed on vellum. The learned preface is in Roman characters, but the lay is printed in black-letter, and is ornamented by four outline illustrations engraved on wood. In the preface we are told that "the ancient spelling has not been completely followed, as that has been considerably altered and modernised, in the copy from which the legend has been printed." A note at the end of the MS. relates that it was the work of two persons; "the first canto and, I imagine, the beginning of the second, were originally written by Reginaldus Episcopus C——, in partibus infidelium." The rest was composed by one Robert the Rhymer, a "conynge Clerke," of whom no further account is given. If the reader will remember that Reginald Heber was Bishop of Calcutta, he will have a clue to the facts of the case. For the "Lay of the Purple Falcon" is a clever modern antique—not a forgery, but a parody of the extravagances of the old metrical romances. No one who was at all familiar with early literature would take seriously the claim made by its "editor" that it was printed from a modernized copy of an ancient MS. It is, in fact, the work of Reginald Heber and Robert Curzon. Heber, who was a very facile rhymer, composed his part of the "Lay" in 1807, whilst enjoying a moonlight walk with a friend, whose account of the incident may be read in Mrs. Heber's biography of her husband.

From the "Lay" we learn that Syr Claudyus Pantagruelle was Soldan of Surrye, of Oestrich and of Cappadocie, of Cathale, and of "Böchman londe." He had seventy dukes in his train, and every morning he ate a man-child for breakfast. He was in love with "Cycelee," who declined to have anything to do with him unless he brought her a purple falcon. So he clad himself in his armor, beginning with his helmet, which was named "Alphabette," just as Charlemagne's sword was called "Joyeuse." Thus arrayed, he began a miscellaneous tour which included Naples, Picardy, Babylon, Scotland, and Italy, in that order of sequence. Reaching an enchanted forest where

> . . . that cunning snake he found
> That putteth one ear to the ground,
> And in the other without fail
> He sticketh the end of his tail,
> And so he heareth not the charm
> That wizards shouten to his harm,
> And though he is not really deaf
> He heeds not what that wizard saith.

(I have not preserved the sham antique spelling.)

The Soldan, quite worn out, sits down upon a stone and prays to Mahound, Abadone, and Termagaunt, who reply by turning the stone into a soft cushion for his benefit. Curzon found this "miracle" in the life of St. Fiacre, as told in Caxton's "Golden Legend." That saint's day is August 30. Having rested, the Soldan pursues his way, and sees sitting beside a pool a boy of seven on whose wrist there perches a purple falcon. The King decides to take the bird and to eat the child, but the boy, with all the unreasonableness of his age and sex, objects, and, tossing the falcon into the air, seizes a bulrush and bids the knight "Come on." He adds that he is Virgil, the enchanter. They fight, and the "child of evil" disappears in a vapor as dense as a London fog, leaving behind him an odor of which the badness is minutely described:

> And in the Cappadocie tongue,
> The good King to the falcon sung,
> Ah vilaine bete te rotirai,
> Meaning, sweet bird come down, I pray.
>
> Now what he sung that falcon knew,
> And straightway downwards he flew,
> So turning with a certain twist,
> He perched upon the good King's wrist.

The "good King" thereupon wrung the neck of the bird and stuffed the dead body into a convenient pocket, and so returned home to marry Cicely. At the marriage feast,

> The tables with their burthens groaned,
> And as the tankard passed around,
> First was the heathen proverb heard,
> That, Virtue is its own reward.

So ends the "Lay of the Purple Falcon," the clever pastiche of two clever men who were not afraid of a little harmless nonsense. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

WHAT CUBA NEEDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To judge by the New York papers, last month's elections in Cuba appear to have been regarded by the American people with a surprise bordering on amazement. They passed off in an almost Sabbatical calm; the issue has been accepted by the defeated party, not, indeed, without much grumbling and protestations, but still without any overt acts of rebellion; and the President-elect is a gentleman who, in character and position and training, stands as far above the ordinary run of Cuban politicians as Mr. Woodrow Wilson is above the ordinary run of American politicians.

But mingling with their very just bewilderment there is also, I should judge, a sincere satisfaction among Americans that Cuba has emerged so well from its ordeal, that the republic has received a new lease of life, and that a President has been elected, with every promise of conducting a strong, honest, and economical administration. In all the comments I have read in the American papers I have encountered nothing but a spirit of warm and deserved friendliness to Gen. Menocal personally, and of confidence in the character and success of his approaching Presidency.

Looking at the question merely as a detached Englishman, who knows America, and has twice visited Cuba, it seems to me that Cuban-American relations need something more tangible than mere expressions of good-will and an indefinite though valuable atmosphere of benevolence. If they are ever to be put on a really satisfactory footing, it is essential, so far as I can see, that the interpretation to be placed upon the Platt amendment, as well as the administrative arrangements at Washington for dealing with Cuban questions, should receive a permanent form.

I doubt whether many Americans realize the extreme incoherency of the present state of affairs. Under the Platt amendment, the United States retains the right to intervene for the purpose, to put it broadly, of warding off two calamities—anarchy and bankruptcy. But any one who has been at all behind the scenes of Cuban politics and administration knows perfectly well that the supervision actually exercised goes far beyond the terms of the formal compact between the island and the United States and is frequently enforced in matters that exclusively concern the Cubans themselves. In this way the Cuban Administration is largely deprived of the moral authority that every Government ought to possess, and the political inexperience which it is the sincere wish, I believe, of the American people to remove, is really perpetuated.

The fact is, the Cubans never quite know where they are, or with whom they are dealing. One day the American Minister at Havana receives instructions from the State Department; the next day he may receive contradictory instructions from the War Department or the President or the Insular Bureau; and on the day following he may have all the appearance of acting simply on his own impulses. A habit of meddling with the details of Cuban Administration and of hampering and hauling up Cuban Cabinet Ministers in the discharge of the ordinary functions of government, has thus grown up, greatly to the resentment of the rulers of the island and to the serious impairment of whatever sense of responsibility they may possess.

The Cubans believe that this prying and inquisitorial form of supervision has become customary, without the knowledge either of the American nation or of the American Congress. Being naturally a suspicious people, they look upon it as the forerunner of intervention, or, at any rate, of a concerted attempt to govern Cuba without the bother and expense of a formal occupation of the island. They have persuaded themselves that there are certain officials in the Washington departments and certain surreptitious "interests" that are conspiring against their independence; and they point out, as they well may, that Senator Root, when he was Secretary of War, expressly and officially declared that the Platt amendment was "not synonymous with intermeddling or interference with the affairs of the Cuban Government, but the formal action of the Government of the United States, based upon just and substantial grounds."

There is another aspect of this question that well deserves attention. The highly elastic interpretation placed by the authorities at Washington upon the Platt amendment encourages every concession-hunter who has been disappointed of his prize, every contractor whose bills are disputed at Havana, every promoter or financier who has any sort of grievance against the Cuban Government, to appeal to the United States for the exercise of diplomatic pressure on his behalf. I read only yesterday in the London *Times* of an extraordinary instance of this character, an instance in which an English railway company operating in Cuba has induced the British Foreign Office to protest at Washington against a railway concession granted by the Cuban Government to an American company, and has invoked the Platt amendment to justify its protest.

With things as they are, it is the merest gallantry to speak of the Cubans as a self-governing people. There is no degree of interference with their domestic concerns, which the Platt amendment cannot be, and has not been, stretched to cover—and, to the best of my judgment, illegitimately stretched; and, in the absence of any great or well-informed public or Congressional interest in Cuba, it is, I think, an undoubted fact that subordinate officials at Washington have at times been more zealous than discreet in their dealings with the Cuban Government, and that notes, warnings, remonstrances, have rained upon the authorities in Havana with excessive and exasperating prodigality.

All this is obviously unsatisfactory. To an outsider, it looks as though the Republicans had fallen into a careless and mechanical way of dealing with Cuban affairs. But, with the advent of a new President in the United States, of a broader and more statesmanlike vision, and with an unfettered way of looking at things, and with the simultaneous election in Cuba of a President of high character and intent on furnishing an orderly and economical Administration, there seems no reason why Cuban-American relations should not be placed on a far more definite and wholesome basis. SYDNEY BROOKS.

London, December 6.

THOROUGHNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "Thoroughness in College" (December 12) reminds me that when I was a student, nearly fifty years ago, the seniors, before receiving a certificate of qualification for graduation, were examined on all the subjects pursued during the preceding three and a half years. It was probably the general custom throughout the country at that time. Some of the "fellows" found a good deal of fault with the way the examinations were conducted by one or two of the professors, but I do not recall that anybody objected to the examinations *per se*. For instance, our class was almost unanimous in declaring that we ought not to be expected to give *verbatim* the arguments at the head of the chapters in Paley's "Evidences" and in Butler's "Analogy." I am however, quite sure that some of the members were able to do so.

Why should a student who has been reading Latin and Greek and mathematics almost uninterruptedly for three or four years demur to an examination in these branches? If he has read two or three dramas of Sophocles or of Euripides, he ought to be able to make a fair showing even on an unconned selection from the same author, barring, of course, the choruses. Such an examination would be a terror only to the student who had got his lessons merely for the sake of the recitation, and not for the purpose of acquiring a permanent mental possession. Some of our "boys" resorted to all manner of devices to get through; but a considerable proportion met the test squarely. Perhaps it will be found, after all, that there were some features of the college curriculum of former days which should not have been discarded.

Although I always keep in mind the injunction: "Say thou not, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this," I am constrained to believe, when comparing the impression my fellow students have left upon my mind with my later observations, that they were better educated than their successors of the twentieth century, though they were probably not in possession of so much miscellaneous information.

As a codicil to the above communication I will add some German statistics recently published, bearing on the cost of going to college. They will be interesting for comparison with those upon which you offer some comments. The ordinary expenses of the Prussian universities from 1868 to 1911 increased from 3,935,449 marks to 21,009,488 marks. The extraordinary expenses, of course, varied a good deal from year to year, but the total for this period amounted to nearly 119,000,000 marks. In the same period, the number of students increased from 7,338 to 27,913. In 1868 the expenses of the individual student were 536 marks. By 1896 they had risen to 872 marks. They then fell to 802 marks in 1905. In 1908 they were 785 marks, and in 1911, 755 marks.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., December 16.

THE LOEB CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Bradford's letter this week to the *Nation* in regard to the Loeb Classical Library there are two assumptions: First, that these translations are intended only for those who have fortunately retained a reading knowledge of the classics. On the contrary, as Mr. Loeb expressly says in his introduction, they are also for "those who know neither Greek nor Latin, and yet desire to reap the fruits of ancient genius and wisdom." For this latter class, and, in my opinion, for all readers, it is incumbent upon the translators to reflect, as far as is consistent with idiomatic English, both the style and the flavor of antiquity.

Mr. Bradford further assumes that all verse translation "necessarily distorts the literal meaning to an extreme degree." This, I submit, is not necessarily the case. Some verse translations are as close to the original as the most painfully literal prose. Others, like the greater part of B. B. Rogers's admirable translations of Aristophanes, approximate very nearly. Certainly in the dialogue parts, at least, and often elsewhere, Mr. Rogers gives, as a net result, to the English reader a far truer conception of the sparkling original than has yet been conveyed by bald word-for-word translations. A fine prose translation of Aristophanes is still a desideratum, and this the editors of the series, following their policy of issuing translations either in prose or verse, according to specific circumstances, will probably give to the public in due time.

Mr. Gilbert Murray's beautiful English poetry, built up on Euripides, is openly a paraphrase. Each avowed translation, whether in prose or in verse, should be judged on its own merits of accuracy and of style in reference to its original.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, December 11.

Literature

THE HEART OF RELIGION.

The Meaning of God in Human Experience. By William Ernest Hocking. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3 net.

On finishing this book one feels in so many different ways about it at the same time that it is difficult to make any of them articulate. The most marked impression left by the book is, perhaps, its massiveness. Not only does it contain 578 large pages, but every page bears evidence of years of patient study and thought, and every chapter brings one face to face with some of the great problems of psychology, philosophy, or theology. Even the style has a certain massive quality; with its occasional omission of verb or subject reminding one of Carlyle, and possessing much of his force—and at times much of his obscurity. The book is both very interesting and somewhat disappointing. By demonstrating very clearly and admirably the failure of most other philosophies of religion, it seems to promise—and evidently means to promise—a really satisfactory solution of the great questions of theology. Thus it keeps one almost to the end in a state of expectancy. And the strange part of it is that the author evidently feels he has kept all his promises, whereas the reader on closing the book finds that he has to return to about the same old world from which he started.

After an introductory section on the nature of religion, we come upon an admirable discussion of feeling and thought, which occupies all the ten chapters of part ii, and includes some admirable criticism of Bergson, James Höffding, and other contemporary writers. Our author fully recognizes the importance of feeling in religion, but points out that feeling is essentially unstable and is ever seeking rest and completion and guidance in some idea. Religion, indeed, is not theology, but it *means to be true*, and without this serious idea-content which is literally meant, all its feeling-content and everything else about it would vanish away.

Ideas, then (in religion and elsewhere), have a certain independence and a certain value of their own. "The child, the savage, and no doubt also the cray-fish, the sponge, the polyp, if they are idea-builders at all, have an interest in their world which we must call 'purely theoretical.'" And it is this purely theoretical interest in reality-as-such that is at the root of most of our interest in things. This interest or "apperceptive mass," this idea of the real-in-general with which one meets and values each new experience, our author calls one's "whole-idea." And "all valuing (and so all feeling) is a way of knowing objects with one's whole-idea. In some way, in valuing, appreciating, enjoying, we are using this idea-mass." "Of all ideas the idea of reality is most of all thought with. . . . With our reality-idea we think not only reality itself, but also, so far as we are able, every particular object of experience." Thus, both in our feeling and in our thinking and even in our perception, there is forever involved the thought of the real as such, or as a whole.

What is this ultimate reality which is involved in all our experience? Is it perhaps the Absolute or God? Before coming to close quarters with this question our author asks us what sort of a world we should like if we could have it for the asking. This question he discusses in three chapters, of which the third, on The Need of a God, is particularly interesting. What we most need is some way of transmuting our evil into some kind of good. The only thing that ever does that in this world is companionship. But human companionship transmutes our evil only in so far as we give a pledge to Fortune; and through the loss of the loved one still deeper sorrow may result than that from which his comradeship had raised us. Hence only something outside the field of human association can afford sufficient armor against these greatest evils:

> It must be another than any finite self, something which reflects upon and in its reflection includes all finite selves and their circumstances, something, nevertheless, with which any finite self may become associated in some infallible manner. This seems to me the point in which a God becomes necessary. In God we have the notion of an Other-than-all-men, and an Other whose relation to me is not subject to evil through its own defect; one from whom, therefore, I can anticipate no pain that must refer me to still another for its transmuting. It is not the power of God; it is not God as miracle-worker; it is not even God as vindi-

> ator, it is, rather, God as intimate, infallible associate, present in all experience as that by which I, too, may firmly conceive that experience from the outside. It is God in this personal relation that alone is capable of establishing human peace of mind, and thereby human happiness.

We come now upon the core of the whole argument, namely, in part iv, How Men Know God. "The original source of the knowledge of God is an experience which might be described as an experience of not being alone in knowing the world, and especially the world of Nature." Nature, or the physical world, we experience as other than ourselves and as being the common object of us and of our social fellows. We are directly conscious of our social fellows, but conscious of them only because we have this common object. In fact, it is in physical objects that we see our fellows; selves are manifested to us only through such objects. Physical nature, as a whole, moreover, has a certain independence of all of us and, in fact, is creative of us and of our thought. And "my dependence upon Nature, my momentary submission to this independent, obstinate, objective decision of what Fact and Truth shall be, both in principle and in detail—is not this a finding of my own mind? It is here, in this momentary (as well as permanent) creation of my Self that I begin, I say, to find Nature taking on the aspect of an Other Mind. For if the full-fledged otherness of that which is thus over against me cannot be doubted, neither can it be doubted that this which so immediately becomes Self, makes Self, is already a Self even in its otherness—namely, an Other Self."

There is something in this proof of God's existence calculated to take away one's breath. The reader feels that the most important part of the performance must have gone on behind the scenes. One thought one was confronted with physical nature, and lo! suddenly God is present. And the rather provoking part of it is that the author writes as if his readers had been behind the scenes with him and had understood as well as he does how it all was done. Not that he is really inconsiderate in the matter. In the two following chapters he goes back and expounds his proof at length. His method of demonstration is a serious attempt to revive the ontological argument, which he regards as the only trustworthy proof of God's existence. But in spite of the new terms in which he puts it, most of his readers will feel but little more convinced than after listening to St. Anselm or Descartes.

The last two parts of the book deal with mysticism and worship, revelation and inspiration. Professor Hocking has studied the mystics not only with care, but with great sympathy, and his treatment of worship is particularly helpful. The student of the psychology of religion will find much of value in these last sections.

But the book is meant not for the psychologist chiefly, but for the human being, in a large sense, who is reflecting seriously over the problems of nature and destiny. And though such a reader may not be convinced of the tenability of our author's proof of the existence of God, he will find a large and noble conception of religion, its place in human life, and the validity of its various expressions, which will make the book of real philosophical and human worth.

CURRENT FICTION.

[PROVINCIAL COMEDY.]

Mrs. Ames. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Bachelor Comedy. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H Doran Co.

A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Benson has won his share of applause in the past by the exercise of a mildly satirical humor. In one or two of the later stories his nonchalance of the expert entertainer has approached the point of insolence. He has appeared to think it hardly worth while to exert himself beyond the minimum, and some of his readers, who have paid him the compliment of expecting his best, may have feared that it was all over with him. But in "Mrs. Ames" he has actually done what we expected of him. It is more spontaneous, richer in humor, more finished, than any of its predecessors. Its setting is that of the majority of novels now being written by Londoners, the provincial or suburban town. Suburban is the better word for Mr. Benson's "Riseborough": its point of view and its manners are considerably more aware of the urban standard than those of, say, the Five Towns. But the urbanity of your suburbs is only skin-deep; in its real being it is often more provincial than the provinces. Our Mrs. Ames is the wife of a retired major, and her right to queen it over Riseborough society is the right of a gentlewoman who would not find herself abashed in the presence of any sort of royalty. But her realm is a narrow one, and is therefore the more readily to be focused under a ray of humor. Major Ames himself has his club, not without its comforts and elegances, where with other worthy gentlemen (chiefly retired also) he is at liberty to do what city clubmen do. But the group is small, and the same ten men in the same ten chairs will be hard put to it, in time, for objects of interest. The ladies of Mrs. Ames's court are similarly restricted, and for men and women alike the one unfailing and inexhaustible amusement is gossip. Mrs. Ames and her major are above the more pusillanimous moves of the game. The real experts are the Althams, an inimitable pair, who play the part of chorus in the little drama.

"A Bachelor's Comedy" is not an improvement on "Down Our Street," or even on "Love in a Little Town." No Mrs. Bean adorns the pages of this narrative; there are comic figures as broad, but not even approximately as deep. This is romance rather than comedy, and romance in attenuated form. The bachelor is a young parson, promoted from a London curacy to a country living. With the heart of an undergraduate, he aspires to the dignity of a bishop. He finds his hands full at Gaythorpe-on-the-Marsh, not so much of clerical duties as of personal problems, prominent among which is the duty of subduing his curls and other secular attributes to the requirements of the cloth. There is a friendly county family in the neighborhood, and in it a fair Miss Elizabeth, whose destiny is clear from the moment of her appearance on page 32. Now, of course, true love cannot be permitted to have everything its own way, but it does seem as if, in this year of grace, certain ancient obstacles which are still permitted to moulder in true love's path might be cleared out of the way. Such is the obstacle here. The parson loves Elizabeth and knows that Elizabeth loves him. In fact, he has half-proposed to her. But he promises his rival, if he will give up drink, not to say anything more till a certain date. The rival also is to keep silence; but, of course, he doesn't, and of course the girl accepts him to please her family, and fails to marry him (though she is not left ignorant of the parson's feeling) only through an accident. The theory is that the parson is noble for deserting his Elizabeth in order to reform the rival, and that she is noble because she is ready to marry one man when she loves another.

The plot of Mrs. Rice's new story hinges upon a similar device. Miss Lady (who is much like Mrs. Buckrose's Elizabeth, who is strikingly like all other heroines of this type of romantic comedy) has exchanged vows, or their equivalent, with Don Morley, a young scapegrace who promises to reform for her sake. That night fate and Mrs. Rice involve him in a tavern brawl. A man is shot, and Morley, for reasons nowhere explained, disappears. Suspicion naturally falls upon him. Miss Lady doesn't believe him guilty, but her father does, and she promises him, as he sets out on a few days' journey, that she will not see Morley or read his letters till the father's return. The father is killed in a railway accident on his way back. Therefore he does not return; therefore, when a letter presently comes from Morley, Miss Lady burns it unread, and marries a stage professor twice her age, who thinks of nothing but his books, but is fortunately delicate, and thus ready for elimination at the moment when Morley's legal acquittal and début as a "best-seller" leave him and Miss Lady free to enjoy life together according to the original plan. What procures his acquittal is the timely curing of a dumb boy who has witnessed the crime! There are humorous figures in the story, and if no Mrs. Wiggs, at least a Myrtella who is not unworthy to move in the Wiggsian circle. But why all this melodrama?

George Helm. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is another posthumous story of a writer whose industry kept him always years ahead of the press; and it is much better than most of the stories by Mr. Phillips which have been printed since his death—a very fair example of his work. It reveals his habitual reverence for the uncouth strong man of the people, and his habitual, uneasy contempt for "society" in all its manifestations. Of course, the uncouth strong man marries the spoiled child of society, and reforms her.

George Helm is a tall, awkward young man who makes his way from a farm to an Ohio town, equipped with a Prince Albert coat and a red beard. He becomes a town butt, and his beard brings about a facetious nomination for circuit judge. The day after his nomination he shaves off the beard and reveals a strong, intellectual face; campaigns in earnest, and is only defeated by dishonesty at the polls. From that time on success is assured—at least to the eye of the experienced reader. Indeed, it is only a year or two before he is chosen Governor of the State. This happens against the wishes of both parties, which are in league to defraud The People, and are under the thumb of an oligarchy, one of the most rascally chiefs whereof is father to the haughty but amenable damsel who is destined to be Mrs. Helm. All the well-bred persons in the story (the novelist says they are well-bred) are haughty and rascally; but this the readers of Mr. Phillips's other novels will not take to be a special reflection upon the aristocracy of Ohio.

The Honourable Mrs. Garry. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mrs. de la Pasture seems definitely to have outgrown her earlier manner. The innocent and clinging maiden no longer marries the baronet old enough to be her father. Sentiment no longer bathes the scene in rosy light. We fear that not a few of the gentle readers who so warmly greeted the writer of "sweet-pretty" stories must now be wondering if their trust has been altogether justified.

The Honourable Mrs. Garry is the Erica Clow of "Master Christopher." That narrative, it will be recalled, left her betrothed to the wealthy but sottish Christopher Thorverton. He is clearly capable of salvation, and his devotion to Erica is by no means ignoble. She, however, has accepted him purely for his money. She is the feminine worshipper of luxury who will pay any price, within the bounds of a legal relation, to get what she wants. Without experience of love, she is far more strongly attracted to several men than to her promised husband. One of them, Tom Garry, eldest son of an impecunious Irish peer, loves her deeply. On the eve of marriage Christopher hears her tell Garry that she prefers him, but is determined to marry Christopher. Christopher throws her over, she appeals to Garry, and he marries her at once. The substance of the present story lies in Garry's gradual discovery that his wife is anything but the noble character he has imagined her. She, for her part, makes an attempt to live up to his theory of her; but she is incapable of exertion in the interest of others, and when accident cuts off his life he has already lost interest in it. Another good-natured young aristocrat stands ready to fill poor Tom Garry's shoes—a far less intelligent and far wealthier man. Meanwhile there is emerging a more dominant figure—that of a brilliant and cynical Jew who, understanding Erica, is yet desirous of her. We perceive that the bride of poor Lord Finguar is not likely to find her relation with him the final experience. A third story dealing with Erica is promised.

THE AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

The Union of South Africa: With Chapters on Rhodesia and the Native Territories of the High Commission. By W. Basil Worsfold. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Worsfold, who was editor of the *Johannesburg Star* in 1904-5, and who since then has written several books on South Africa, has put forth in the present volume one of the best representatives of the All Red series. It is more comprehensive and serviceable than any book of its kind. The material has been collected with care, and the story is told with great clearness.

The book is divided into five sections. In the first Mr. Worsfold describes the physical characteristics of the vast stretch of country south of the Zambesi, the native races and the Semitic occupations; and recounts the history of European colonization, giving special attention to the rule of the Dutch East India Company and to the permanent British rule in Cape Colony and Natal in the period from 1806 to 1910. One of the most valuable chapters in this first section, and one of the most informing in the book, is that in which Mr. Worsfold traces the various native policies of the British Government. More than four and a half million natives are now within the confines of the Union and under its control; while the responsibilities of the Imperial Government have gradually been reduced since 1884-85—the year of the Bechuanaland occupation—until to-day it has not more than a million and a quarter natives under its supervision, including those in Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland, as well as those in southern Rhodesia, which is not in the Union and is administered by the Chartered Company. Mr. Worsfold realizes that the native problem was not settled by the Union; but he is convinced that the task of the Union Government must be lightened by having inherited the honorable traditions of the British Government.

In the second section of his book Mr. Worsfold briefly sketches the movements and the influences that brought about the Union, and describes the new governments—the Union Government and the provincial administrations—and the financial and administrative reorganization that followed the Union. A sketch is also included of the Supreme Court of South Africa, which was created at the Union. The author's genius for clear statement serves him admirably in these chapters, and in particular where he is concerned with the differences between the power of the governor-general and the power of the governor-general-in-council. The quite important difference in these powers is not peculiar to the Constitution of the Union of South Africa. It is more or less common to the Constitutions of all the oversea dominions; and a realization of the difference as defined by Mr. Worsfold will help to end the misconception in this country as to the actual power—much less than is commonly supposed—of the governor-general at Ottawa. In describing the relations of the native population to the Union Parliament, Mr. Worsfold shows that it is only in Cape Colony that natives exercise the parliamentary franchise. Members of the first Senate, that which came into existence in 1910—whether nominated or elected—hold office for ten years; and precautions were taken that the native population of Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State should not be completely ignored. One-half of the nominated Senators from each province, it is provided, must be selected mainly on the ground of their thorough acquaintance with the reasonable wants and wishes of the colored races. Mr. Worsfold regards this as a useful, if limited, effort to provide for the special legislative requirements of the colored as distinct from the European population. It is a case of virtual representation—the kind of representation that non-electors in England before 1832 were told was substantially as serviceable as direct representation. It was not of much value to the large unrepresented cities of England in the period between the American Revolution and the Reform Act. Time will show whether this indirect representation will be of real value to the native populations of these three provinces which have always resolutely refused to follow the example of Cape Colony and give the natives direct representation in Parliament.

Rhodesia and the native territories under the administration of the High Commissioners are described in the third section. Mr. Worsfold quotes figures in regard to population and mining and trade which seem to warrant hopefulness. Rhodesia, he shows, has benefited from the experience of the older South African colonies, and, unlike the other provinces, except perhaps Natal, has no complications of nationality. The Dutch-Africanders who have settled in Rhodesia have identified themselves in sentiment, language, and manner of life with their more numerous British neighbors. There are no racial conflicts there; no difficulties about language or bi-lingual schools; and English is the only language used in politics, in business, and in social intercourse. The people of Rhodesia pride themselves on their freedom from the bi-lingual incubus; and Mr. Worsfold is convinced that Rhodesia will not seek admission to the Union so long as union involves a sacrifice of her immunity from race conflicts or a diminution of her administrative efficiency.

Chapters on labor supply, on railways and telegraphs, on the mines at Kimberley, at Johannesburg, and in Rhodesia; on agriculture and stock raising, and on trade and commerce, almost encyclopædic in their detail, form the fifth part of this book. They constitute the best survey of industrial and economic conditions in South Africa that has been published since the war. In the concluding chapters on political and social conditions, Mr. Worsfold is outspoken in his comparison of South Africa with Canada, with Australia, and with New Zealand as a field for British immigration. He concedes what has long been understood by observers of all four of the oversea dominions, that South Africa does not present the field for emigrants that is offered by the other three dominions, and in particular by Canada. The native races, from which all manual labor is drawn, and the high cost of living, exclude British unskilled labor, and the demand for mechanics and clerks is small. Prices are not so high as they were during the war and in the years immediately following. They have been coming down to an appreciable extent the past few years, but three hundred pounds a year is still regarded as only a living wage for an English artisan with a family in Johannesburg.

Men, Women, and Minxes. By Mrs. Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

This book was in the press at the time of Mr. Lang's death. He had helped choose the contents, and had furnished a prefatory note to the effect that "anecdotes and entertainment, rather than severe speculations, historical and social, are the *farrago libelli*—the burden of the book." It is a selection from papers contributed by Mrs. Lang, during the past quarter-century, to various English periodicals—fresh material, therefore, to most American readers. The table of contents suggests a range of interests such as we have been wont to associate with the name Lang. Nearly half of these papers, to be sure, deal with eighteenth-century manners, English, French, and Scottish. Madame de Genlis is sketched as "A Poseuse of the Eighteenth Century," Grimm as "A Paris Correspondent of 1753"; and there are papers on Rousseau and the Baron de Frénilly. British society in the eighteenth century is studied under such titles as "Morals and Manners in Richardson," "The Home-Life of the Verneys," and "Records of a Scotch Family." A number of these articles appeared originally as reviews, of that leisurely English species which is not even yet obsolete in its native habitat. Mrs. Lang has an instinct for the quaintnesses of past fashions and manners, and a shrewd humor in recording them which has a tang of its own.

The essay on morals and manners as painted by Richardson is particularly good. His ignorance of the manners of good society was, she asserts, gross enough to justify the complaints of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Chesterfield. "But the blame lies not in Richardson's want of knowledge of what he never had the opportunity of acquiring, but in the fact that he did not confine his stories to the condition of life of which his personal experience qualified him to speak." Making all possible allowance for his initial mistake in attempting the thing at all, his blunders remain almost incredible. Sir Charles Grandison is an intelligible monster; for all Richardson's men are monsters, at one end or the other of the moral scale. Women he knew. Of Clarissa Mrs. Lang says: "One marvels how a man who could have conceived her in her single-minded simplicity could have likewise painted the embodiment of self-conscious swagger that goes by the name of Mr. B., or the galvanized puppet that struts to and fro upon earth under the title of Sir Charles Grandison." But this man's knowledge of the female heart did not entail familiarity with feminine manners above the social rank of a Pamela. To Clarissa and his other damsels of supposed breeding he ascribed a degree of independence such as is hardly the portion of the well-born British maiden, even in this emancipated day. At eighteen Clarissa is an heiress in full command of a fortune. She oversees her own estate, has always about her a hundred guineas or so of pocket-money, and spends extravagant sums on dress, even from the modern point of view. She pays and receives visits without benefit of chaperon, travels alone—outdoes, in short, the modern American girl in her own particular field of distinction. No wonder that sensitive spirit, Lady Mary Wortley, was outraged at this kind of misrepresentation.

An intimate quality marks these papers as a whole, and a number of them are familiar essays without disguise. "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man," "Art in Country Inns and Lodging-Houses," "Poets as Landscape Painters," and "Other People's Friends," are all amusing in their kind.

Americans and Others. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.10 net.

These essays on various aspects of contemporary manners contain something of that dry and clarified sweetness and light which we find in the letters of Dr. Johnson's lady friends, and which might be explained as the product of Georgian classicism and feminine finesse. They preserve the mean of a cultivated drawing-room style: they are neat without primness, witty without paradox, satirical without malice, and serious without lapsing into homily. They are well nourished with select reading, intelligent travel, and shrewd observation of men and women.

If we should hint a defect, there is a trace here and there of the professional essayist's "anthologizing" habit. The true child of the tribe of Montaigne always appears to be writing because he has read and observed; the professional essayist appears to be reading and observing because he is to write. The one seems to offer the fruits of experience and the image of a man; the other seems to offer the fruits of browsing and a cento from the five-foot shelf. The American school of "informal essayists" is deeply tainted by this pestilent habit, and there is—oh, just a suspicion of it in the essays of Miss Repplier. When we have said that, we have said enough; for there is really a distinct and decisive character—if not much "temperament"—informing these pleasant discourses. They advocate, for example, and exemplify the tactful application of common sense to the conduct of life. They reveal throughout a disciplined serenity of temper which one associates with certain fine gentlewomen of the previous generation, and, in the present generation, as the acidulous Hazlitt would say, with certain fine serving-women from Virginia.

The defect in American humor, says Miss Repplier, comparing our comic spirit with that of Molière and Carlyle, is that "it lacks, for the most part, a logical basis and the dignity of a supreme aim." Her own humor has perhaps no very solid logical core, but it reposes securely enough upon a clear and just conception of good breeding. For penetrating moral sense and an almost Johnsonian pungency of expression we commend her exposure of the fallacy underlying the romantic coupling of rudeness with sincerity in a Question of Politeness: "A man may be cruelly candid to his associates, and a cowardly hypocrite himself. . . . He may wound the pride and hurt the feelings of all with whom he comes in contact, and never give his own soul the benefit of one good knockdown blow." Nothing could be more gently and at the same time persuasively satirical than the circular series of letters without comment, in which she shows how American society women discharge the burden of charity. Original, too, and happy in conception is her essay on Goodness and Gayety, depending on the question, "Can surly virtue hope to find a friend?" and stuffed with proofs that even sanctity and wit should lie down together—proof drawn from the writings of saints, popes, and church fathers. And what in this heyday of neurasthenia could be more wholesome and more timely than her quotation from Marcus Aurelius at the close of her bantering paper on The Nervous Strain?—"Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, passing from one social act to another, thinking of God." This is her antidote to the advice of comfortable doctors to comfortable ladies in comfortable homes, "to avoid the strain of anything and everything which makes the game of life worth living."

Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813. By F. Loraine Petre. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

The author of this volume has succeeded in telling clearly and accurately the details of one of the most confused and complicated campaigns in history. He has gathered his information from Napoleon's own dispatches, from the memoirs of eye-witnesses and participants, and from the best recent secondary authorities in French and German. He writes as a military critic rather than as a political historian; and he can make a striking comparison of what Napoleon did in 1813 with what the Japanese did in the war against Russia, or with what he happened to see in the French manœuvres last summer He is at great pains to give the precise figures of the numbers engaged and the detailed action of different corps or battalions. He has a keen eye for the military possibilities of different kinds of ground, and, like Carlyle, describes many of his battlefields after having tramped over them himself. In his detailed, though crudely executed, maps it is always easy to follow the narrative of his text.

In analyzing Napoleon's movements in 1813, Mr. Petre has the advantage of ripeness of judgment due to his having already studied carefully Napoleon's earlier campaigns. In two previous volumes on Napoleon's conquest of Prussia and of Poland in 1806-7, he was dealing with the Emperor at the culminating point of his military genius; in a volume on the campaign of 1809 he showed how the great master was failing to live up to his wonderful previous record. In this volume on the campaign of 1813 he finds that "it is only at times that the flame of Napoleon's genius burns with its old vigor." Time after time Napoleon seemed to lose sight of the real objective and to hanker after the occupation of mere geographical points, the attainment of which would inevitably have followed on success in the true objective—the decisive defeat of the enemy's main army. He pictures Napoleon sitting at Düben in doubt and uncertainty in a way which can hardly be imagined of the conqueror of Ulm, of Austerlitz, and of Jena. He recalls how the news of a French division defeat threw Napoleon into such childish temper that he discharged his pistol at a cur which ran out and barked at him, and when he missed fire he hurled the pistol at the dog. But at other times the Emperor evinced an extraordinary equanimity at bad news. He heard of Ney's defeat at Dennewitz with the utmost calm and without a word of reproach for the unfortunate marshal. He laid the defeat to the difficulties of the art of war which he lamented were so little understood. It was in relation to this event he made the curious remark that no great soldier, except Turenne, had ever learned much of war by experience, and that he himself, in the fulness of his experience, had never done anything better than his first campaign in Italy.

But while pointing out that Napoleon did not keep to the extraordinarily high level of genius of his earlier campaigns, Mr. Petre is right and fair in making due allowance for the greater difficulties which he had to meet. For fifteen years his enemies had been learning wisdom and strength from the very lessons which Napoleon had been inflicting upon them. They were beginning to be filled with that wonderful feeling of nationality and patriotism which heretofore had been such a potent force on the side of the French alone. They were now a whole people risen to fight for home and country, instead of regiments of serfs or mercenaries forced to fight for a dynasty. Leaders like Blücher had learned from the master the value of speed in decision and action, and, by rapidly advancing and retreating, clung to the edge of Napoleon's lines with a fatal persistency. Under these new conditions, when Napoleon's front extended in a long line from the Baltic to Bohemia, his centralized system of command broke down. He had to wage war with armies entrusted to his marshals, instead of with a single army of moderate dimensions always controllable by himself; and his marshals did not prove equal to the tasks expected of them. Commanding a unit of the army which the Emperor controlled had not fitted them for independent commands of their own. This danger was aptly summed up in Marmont's prophetic warning, "I fear greatly lest on the day which your Majesty has gained a victory and believe you have won a decisive battle you may learn that you have lost two." Sure enough, a few days after this was written, Napoleon, victorious at Dresden, learned of the disastrous defeats of MacDonald on the Katzbach, of Oudinot at Gross-Beeren, and of Vandamme at Kulm.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July to December, will be printed with the issue of January 2.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has been appointed editor of the *Poetry Review*, the name now given to the journal of the Poetry Society.

Francis Seymour Stevenson is publishing, through Jarrold & Co., "A History of Montenegro."

The best French novel of the year was M. Jacques Morel's "Feuilles Mortes," if we may accept the judgment of the *Vie Heureuse*, which has so awarded the prize.

The opening, a few weeks ago, of an underground "book-store" near the Radcliffe Camera basement to relieve pressure on the Bodleian Library occasioned a considerable flutter at Oxford. There was a numerous gathering of members of Congregation, and Bodley's librarian, Mr. Falconer Madan, explained at length the history of the undertaking and furnished statistics. This storeroom, to which books least in demand have been consigned,

> is about 126 feet long, with an average breadth of 72 feet, and the height of the two floors is 18 feet; it can contain, when filled with iron book-stacks, over a million octavos. At present we have 200 stacks out of 1,500, and the volumes here are about 120,000. There are in the whole library about 1,700,000 separate pieces, but, owing to the old practice of binding several works together, there are not more than about 800,000 volumes as they stand on the shelves. The increase is well over 200 a day from one year's end to another; and this place will last us about twenty-

five years. Then a second will be erected on the other side of the Camera. The cost of the whole building was £12,000. No money had to be spent on site or architecture.

The Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament has just transmitted to the United States and other countries the regulations covering the next award of the Nobel Peace Prize, which is to be made December 10, 1913. Proposals of candidates for the honor must be laid before the Nobel Committee by some duly qualified person before the 1st of February, 1913. This "duly qualified person" may be any of the following: (1) Members and late members of the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament, as well as the advisers appointed at the Norwegian Nobel Institute; (2) members of Parliament and members of Government of the different states, as well as members of the Interparliamentary Union; (3) members of the International Arbitration Court at The Hague; (4) members of the Commission of the Permanent International Peace Bureau; (5) members and associates of the Institute of International Law; (6) university professors of political science and of law, of history, and of philosophy; and (7) persons who have received the Nobel Peace Prize. The Nobel Peace Prize may also be awarded to an institution or association.

The *American-Scandinavian Review*, a bimonthly publication issued from No. 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, for the purpose of cultivating closer intellectual relations between the people of the United States and those of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, includes in its first number: Sonnets by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark, a translation of a short sketch by Strindberg, articles on industrial conditions in Scandinavia, etc.

Between the earlier part of the life of Fanny Burney, described in Miss Constance Hill's "House in St. Martin's Street," and the later part, described in her "Juniper Hall," lies the great episode in the royal palace. This episode Miss Hill has now made the subject of a third volume, "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte" (Lane). Like the earlier volumes, this is composed largely of extracts from Miss Burney's "Diary," with a kind of running comment by the editor. In this case Miss Hill has had the privilege "of studying carefully the seven volumes of the 'Diary and Letters' in the original MS.," from which she has introduced into her account certain cancelled passages, containing "amusing scenes which probably their writer considered too light and trivial to place before the world," and others which "throw light on Fanny's more intimate feelings and sentiments." She has also made use of other contemporary biographies to check or complement Miss Burney's comments on various personages of the court. For those who are frightened by the bulk of the "Diary" itself, we can recommend this pleasant volume heartily, and even those who are at home in the original will find profit in the explanations and additions of the present editor. The book, like its predecessors, is delightfully illustrated with reproductions of contemporary portraits and with drawings by the editor's sister, Miss Ellen G. Hill.

It is, obviously, the coming up again of Irish Home Rule that has led to the publication of "Aspects of Home Rule" (Dutton), by Arthur James Balfour. The volume is made up of selections from his speeches, only one of which is later than 1893. This necessarily gives the volume a somewhat archaic flavor, though it must be confessed that the great debates of the eighties and nineties left little that is new to be discovered later.

Mrs. Talmage has edited the autobiographical sketches left by her husband and has contributed four chapters covering the last few years of his life, in a volume entitled, "T. De Witt Talmage as I Knew Him" (Dutton). It need not be said that the narrative of the final years is told with sympathy and fidelity to fact. The chapters left by Dr. Talmage himself are such as one would expect who had read his sermons and knew the man. It is not strange that such a preacher attracted large audiences and claimed many thousands of constant readers. One would not look to a volume thus composed for an analysis of his limitations.

In "From My Hunting Day-Book" (Doran), by his Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia, translated from the German by J. E. Hodder Williams, the author apologizes needlessly for these sketches as the work of a hand "more skilled in the use of bridle, rifle, and alpenstock than the pen." We have not the German text at hand for comparison, but the few infelicities of expression serious enough to annoy are clearly the work of the translator. The Prince is an enthusiastic sportsman, and the brief chapters here presented bring the joys of the chase to the reader in great variety, ranging from the shooting of grouse and capercailzie in Scotland and the Black Forest, respectively, to elephants in Ceylon and crocodiles, tigers, and wild buffalo in the delta of the Ganges. Though participating with the King of Italy in an ibex "drive," with scores of "beaters" to bring up the game, the Prince does not hesitate to assign a decidedly low rank to this form of the chase as compared with "stalking." The shooting of driven game, he holds, is merely a question of marksmanship, rather in the nature of a shooting exercise than sport. From cover to cover there is no trace of that savage delight in the mere quantity of game killed by which the sporting literature of an earlier day was wont to be marred. In fact, apart from any question of game at all, the chase makes a strong appeal to the spiritual side of his nature. "The great book of nature opens itself willingly and without your asking before the eyes of a true hunter. In the glowing sunrise; in the silence of the midday hour, when tired nature sleeps; in the soft dusk of the evening, spreading its peace over wood and dale; in the wild, shrieking mountain gales; in all these great glories, Nature speaks to us lonely hunters in ever-varying, ever-mighty voice, singing to us the high song of the Creator of all things." The volume is illustrated with about thirty excellent photographs.

The Century Co. has published in book form "Everybody's St. Francis," by Maurice F. Egan, with pictures by Boutet de Monvel. The pictures have the quaint naïveté characteristic of all that artist's work, and those in color are excellently reproduced. There is a certain childishness, too, in Mr. Egan's style, particularly in its enthusiasm for edibles—"lucent sweetmeats," "luscious jellies tinct with cinnamon"—and in its frequent disregard of the ordinary grammatical proprieties, the more interesting on the part of a professor (emeritus) of the English language. So long as Mr. Egan follows the "Fioretti" his narrative runs along well enough—except when he relates (with a correspondingly labelled illustration) how the people of Assisi fed the wolf of Gubbio. But when Mr. Egan essays literary remark or historical comment he moves uncertainly. The first of three references to Dante tells us that he damned Frederick for luxury, the second that he first saw Beatrice in church, and the third that he might never have written in Italian had it not been for the "Canticles of the Sun." And we are informed that "when an enraptured girl elopes at midnight in our day to meet her future husband, nobody but the prudent condemn," whereas "in the Middle Ages even the prudent did not condemn"; and that "Asceticism in the Middle Ages did not imply that nature was evil or the legitimate pleasures of the world evil, but only that the non-ascetic might not become 'fat and scant of breath' when devotion to things higher than nature might be needed." One is relieved to discover that the title, "Everybody's St. Francis," means only that St. Francis was a man who appealed to everybody—not, as might be inferred, that this is a book which everybody ought to own. It is not; it is only the ideal St. Francis for the parlor table.

An interesting addition to the rapidly lengthening list of books for the embryo reporter is Grant Milnor Hyde's "Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence" (Appleton). The volume is the result of the writer's own newspaper experience and of his work as an instructor in journalism at the University of Wisconsin. It does not exploit theories, but presents crisply, yet with fulness of illustration, the business of gathering and writing news as it confronts the beginner. Now and then Mr. Hyde finds himself compelled to write of things as they should be, rather than as he conceives them to be actually. Very few dramatic critics, he believes, are so fortunate as to be able to say exactly what they think about a play. Nevertheless, "for the purpose of a more complete study of the subject," he considers "only dramatic criticism that is not restricted by editorial dictum or by the requirements of paid-space." On such large views is his presentation founded. At the same time, the comprehensiveness of his chapters, coupled with the practical character of the appendices in which he offers suggestions for study and exercises to be corrected, makes the book one of the best texts that have appeared in this new field. His list of "Don'ts" needs revision at the hands of some one who really knows the English language.

"The Indians of the Terraced Houses" (Putnam), by Charles Francis Saunders, falls into the class of "pleasant books" which describe superficially but delightfully the native peoples of the Southwest. It is inferior to Professor Prudden's "On the Great American Plateau" in its scope. The two books, both brought out by the same publisher, cover about the same country.

The appeal is timely "to arrest the disintegration and sure extinction of these little Pueblo republics, an extinction toward which the present well-intentioned but misdirected governmental interference is inevitably tending." In the description of a country where it is necessary to use a large number of Spanish words, it is difficult to understand why the author feels called upon further to encumber his text with many foreign words in other languages.

Mrs. Mabell S. C. Smith attempts to impart "The Spirit of French Letters" (Macmillan), including its political and economic connection with each period, in a volume of 374 pages, of which even the quotations are in English translation. The task is an impossible one: no wonder she has not succeeded. But it is fair to add that, though Mrs. Smith dared too much, "l'audace était belle." The narrative, so necessarily brief, is sensible; the extracts are, on the whole, representative, and the relations of history and literature are intelligently indicated. But seven and a half lines of appreciation can scarcely make the novice understand Sainte-Beuve even if followed by six pages of quotation from an essay. Nor do half a dozen lines apiece enable one to get much idea of Anatole France or Brunetière. The plan of the book demands a setting for the extracts three times as full as the actual one. Even then, in a work entirely in English, one would have the facts, rather than the spirit, of French literature.

Prof. Marion D. Learned's "Guide to the Manuscript Materials relating to American History in the German State Archives" (Washington: Carnegie Institution) adds another to the bibliographical helps with which the Bureau of Historical Research of the Carnegie Institution is gradually equipping the historian. Lack of time has made it necessary to confine the present guide, almost exclusively, to the archives of the several states of the Empire, including Alsace-Lorraine and the Hansa cities of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck; but of these there are upwards of fifty, although eighteen are found in Prussia alone, and ten in Bavaria. The documents, most of which are now for the first time listed in usable form, open a wealthy mine to the student, only a small part of whose riches have hitherto been explored. In addition to a vast array of material, including voluminous lists of names, relating to almost every phase of German emigration to America, one finds virtually complete documentary data for the history of the German troops in this country during the Revolution; the diplomatic negotiations of the Revolutionary period, notably the correspondence between Arthur Lee and Schulenburg, the Minister of Frederick the Great; and the early problems of German-American trade. Included in the survey are the Moravian documents at Herrnhut and in the Grand Ducal Archives at Weimar, and those at Breslau relating to the Schwenkfelders. Only for the Palatinate are the present-day archives seriously lacking in completeness, and that gap is in part supplied by the Palatinate papers preserved in other South German states. An excellent introduction, historical and descriptive, and an index add to the usefulness of this important volume. It is much to be wished that Professor Learned's work may be completed by a survey of the American material in municipal and ecclesiastical repositories.

"Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages" (Houghton Mifflin) is a title of such promise that the reader's interest is stimulated even before a line be read. Unfortunately, in the present volume, by Sidney Heath, the promise is not well fulfilled. What Mr. Heath has done he has not done badly, though it would be idle to say that the work, even so far as it goes, is marked by any distinction; our complaint is that, with such a field for exploration, the results given us are more meagre than we had a right to expect. What a wealth of material and what possibilities of color such a theme contains the most casual student of mediævalism knows. Only in the history of pilgrimages that survive today, as, for instance, the important though little known one to the shrine of La Trinità, in the mountains of the Abruzzi, is a vast store of interesting matter inviting research. Mr. Heath, however, has dealt in the most perfunctory manner with the pilgrimages of Continental Europe, virtually confining his attention to his native England. Indeed, he does not at any time venture very far beyond the safe and beaten track of the "Canterbury Tales," and the shrine of Beckett looms unduly large in a work bearing so comprehensive a title. As a fairly readable collation of historical data concerning pilgrimage in England, the book would merit moderate praise; under its present title it is wholly inadequate to the subject.

Prof. L. M. Larson, of the University of Illinois, already favorably known to historical specialists by his studies in early Danish history, has added an excellent biography of "Canute the Great" to the Heroes of Nations series (Putnam). "Canute's career is the history of Danish imperialism carried to a swift realization." In England and in Norway, as well as in Denmark and along the southern shores of the Baltic, he achieved what his ancestors had attempted in vain; he built up a great northern empire. The steps in the growth of this empire in the early part of the eleventh century, and the practical statesmanship of its builder. Mr. Larson tells clearly and effectively. He has caught the poetry and imagination of the Sagas, and draws upon them freely, but judiciously, to give life and background to his hero. Canute's age was the interesting and critical period when Christianity had begun to contest with the old Norse gods for supremacy. It was still an age in which the Swedish people gathered every ninth year at Upsala for the great sacrificial feast, at which at least nine human beings were immolated. Christians, however, were released from the duty of attendance at this national festival upon the payment of money. Mr. Larson concludes with a valuable chapter upon Northern culture in the days of Canute the Great, which paves the way for a good discussion of the controversy in regard to the extent of the Scandinavian influence upon early English institutions.

Professor Perrin is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of his annotated translation of "Six of Plutarch's Lives." The third and last volume of the work has just been issued by Scribner. It adds the Nicias and Alcibiades to the Themistocles and Aristides and the Cimon and Pericles; so that the admirer of the prince of biographers and the student of Greek history whose Greek has grown rusty can now read with pleasure and competent guidance Plutarch's revelation and betrayal of the great age of Greece. The charm and accuracy of the translation are as noticeable as the sanity of the introduction and the aptness of the commentary.

Readers of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" do not need to be told the quality of Ian Maclaren's humor. Its intellectual character and its "imperfect sympathies" show how much he is a Scotsman. In the first essay in the present collection, which gives its title to the volume ("Books and Bookmen and Other Essays." Doran) he draws a rather too long comparison between dipsomania and bibliomania, which is nevertheless amusing to the end because of the quiet but hearty enjoyment of the author. That he is himself an incurable bibliomaniac is evident throughout the volume. The malady should have kept him from heading his second essay "Humour: An Analysis." He should have seen that it would arouse too great expectation. Of course one does not sigh for the soul-destroying dissection of the German analyses, but one does look for more than a characterization of the humor of different nations as French wit, English fun, Irish drollery, the American humor of surprise, the solemn ironic waggery or "pawkiness" of the Scotch. This is not analysis at all. Besides, though his comic sense is displayed in the selection of several good stories as illustrations, only the description of Scotch humor is distinguished by penetrating understanding. As a critic, he exhibits similar limitations. In the opening section the glow of sentiment not only lights up his memories of delightful penny-dreadfuls among his childhood favorites, but surrounds with a halo of praise the idols of his mature years. In the essays on Burns and Scott there is little acute thinking anent fundamental characteristics, but a winning enthusiasm for the fine emotional qualities in the work of his fellow-countrymen. His account of the feudalism in Scott's novels and life, his breadth of sympathy in tracing national characteristics in the poetry of Burns, are specimens of generous appreciation. But they are in the strict sense not criticism at all.

Will Carleton, writer of ballads, died on Wednesday of last week in Brooklyn, where he was editor of *Everywhere*, a monthly periodical. His rhymes, written for the most part in colloquial language, were popular some years ago, and were widely circulated. Because of his name as a writer, he was in demand as a lecturer, particularly in the West. In 1871 Carleton published in the Toledo *Blade* "Betsy and I Are Out," which immediately became popular and established his reputation as a writer of dialect verse. Among his works are: "Farm Ballads," "City Ballads," "Rhymes of Our Planet," "The Old Infant, and Similar Stories," and "Songs of Two Centuries." He was born in Hudson, Mich., in 1845.

Brig.-Gen. Theophilus Francis Rodenbough, U. S. A., retired, who was honored for distinguished service during the Civil War, died last week at his home in New York, at the age of seventy-four. He was the author of several books, among them "From Everglade to Cañon with the Second Dragoons," "Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute," "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor," "Autumn Leaves from Family Trees," and "Sabre and Bayonet."

Science

How to Cook in Casserole Dishes. By Marion H. Neil. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1 net.

Soyer's Standard Cookery. By Nicolas Soyer. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

The Helping Hand Cook Book. By Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Recipes from East and West. Compiled by Euterpe Craies. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

The Expert Waitress. By Anne Frances Springsteed. New York: Harper & Bros. $1 net.

In French restaurants an extra price is always charged for dishes cooked in casseroles or earthenware pots, and they are more than worth the additional quarter. In braising, pot-roasting, stewing, and steaming slow cooking is the secret of success, and for slow cooking the casserole is far superior to metal pans. The earthenware is cheap; it is easily cleaned; there is no danger of metallic contamination; it is good for left-overs and small entrées; valuable for cooking fruits, the acids of which do not harm it; economical, because of its non-conducting qualities, and so on. Fourteen reasons for preferring casseroles are given in her book by Marion H. Neil, who is the principal of the Philadelphia Practical School of Cookery and editor of the *Table Talk Magazine.* The two most important are that it develops the finest flavors of food, and that dishes are served as well as cooked in them, thus retaining their heat till they are ladled out. The author also gives important directions for taking care of the earthenware, and then proceeds to give 230 pages of recipes, for invalids as well as normal persons. There are separate sections for soups, fish, poultry and game, meats, vegetables, puddings, cheese, eggs, cakes, preserves, and salads, these last being only served in earthenware dishes. Far too little attention has heretofore been given in this country to casserole cooking; the adoption of it generally in our kitchens would effect a revolution.

In 1911 Sturgis & Walton published a book of 130 pages, entitled "Soyer's Paper-Bag Cookery," in which the eminent chef, Nicolas Soyer, explained his discovery of a method of preparing food which has since come much into vogue. The bulk of the recipes contained in that little volume have been incorporated in Soyer's new volume, "Standard Cookery," which is a much more comprehensive book (436 pages), with an exceptionally large number of recipes in all branches of the culinary art, and with special sections on Jewish dishes and on viands for invalids. The chapter on hors-d'œuvres is the most comprehensive we know of, special attention being also given to the various "butters" that go with these appetizers. Though of French extraction—a son of the famous Alexis Soyer—Nicolas Soyer has practiced his art chiefly in England, as chef of Brooks's Club. His recipes accordingly partake of an international character, like those in "La Cuisine de tous les Pays" of Urbain-Dubois. The English as well as the French are greater cheese-eaters than we are, and to cheese many pages are devoted. French *raffinement* is displayed on nearly every page. Under "fried eggs," for example, the ordinary American cook will read with astonishment that they should be dealt with one at a time, and that, with a wooden spoon, the yolk should be quickly covered up with the solidified portions of the white in order to keep the former soft. Imagine Bridget taking so much trouble! She might, perhaps, be induced to heed these directions in making an omelet: "Heat the pan until nearly a brown color. This will not only lend an exquisite taste to the omelet, but will be found to insure the perfect setting of the eggs." It is such trifles that insure perfection.

The "Helping Hand Cook Book" will be found useful in any home, but is intended primarily for women who do their own kitchen work, and who, being of moderate means, find it worth while to make profitable use of "left-overs." How these can be converted into palatable dishes it is the main object of the authors to indicate. Menus are given for every day in the year, for each of the three meals, and always the "left-overs" are provided for. This takes up the first 230 pages of the book; the remaining 110 are devoted to recipes of many of the dishes included in the menus, most of them of distinctly American flavor. The subject of beverages is treated gingerly, only two recipes being given—for tea punch and ginger ale.

Judging by diverse classical allusions, Euterpe Craies is not only, as indicated on the title-page of "Recipes from East and West," "certified by the National School of Cookery," but is a college graduate. One of the dishes is given in Greek. It is mentioned in Aristophanes's comedy, "Ecclesiazousæ," in which the women revolt and act very much like our suffragettes. "I dare not give the recipe for this, wishing my readers a long life," says the author. She does, however, give various Greek recipes, as well as some used by Turks and other Eastern epicures. Indeed, for an Englishwoman, this writer betrays a remarkably cosmopolitan taste, Sweden, Holland, and Spain being represented, as well as France and Italy. The roast meat of England will, she thinks, "always be supreme, but fish, vegetables, and farinaceous foods yield more to Eastern skill." She particularly commends the pilafs and mussakas which form the staple diet of the Near East. On grilling and the cooking of birds useful directions are given which will be new to most cooks.

To increase the comfort of those mistresses who employ only one or two maids is the avowed purpose of "The Expert Waitress." It is intended not only for waitresses themselves, but for mistresses who desire to know how a table should be set and served with good taste and good sense, without adhering in all respects to the latest conventions; who wish to know, also, how much can be expected of one domestic assistant. One of the most valuable chapters is on dishwashing; it includes a dozen hints about things usually neglected in the kitchen. There are chapters on what the waitress has to do before and during each meal, afternoon tea, the care of the pantry and of lamps and silverware, etc. Adaptability, a servant's contract, truthfulness, and honesty are other topics discussed.

Dr. John Grimshaw, who describes himself as an industrious plagiarist, has prepared "The People's Medical Guide," and the Macmillan Co. has handsomely printed it. The author says he did this because the publisher urged it, and he himself had many things he wanted to say, besides a large number of note-books and scrap-books to utilize. The result fills about 850 large pages. The sub-title is suggestive as to his methods and purpose. It runs: "Points for the patient, notes for the nurse, matter for the medical adviser, succour for the sufferer, precepts for the public." He might have added that there is poetry for the plodding peruser, much for many, and so on indefinitely. No one of these classes of readers will be quite satisfied with the book, despite its excellencies and the happy treatment of many topics. As a book for the family, it brings much useful information, often well put, but the author goes further afield in some of his discussions than is profitable for the layman. Certain topics, notably the problem of immunity, are hardly made clear enough for the lay mind. Medical men, if they happen to take up the book (and the author often seems to be writing really for them or at them), will find a good deal to arouse objection. In its favor let it be noted that the book contains much matter bearing on social reform, a good discussion of foods and feeding, and many excellent suggestions about the training of children, about nervousness, and so forth. Dr. Grimshaw is no fanatic about tobacco and alcohol, but he sets forth their dangers well and forcibly. He makes the good point that there is a growing aversion to drinking water, because of the very general, and possibly exaggerated, fear of "bugs," and that this leads to the use of other liquids, which are not good substitutes for plain water. The author has British conditions primarily in mind, but we have noticed few places where this will trouble an American reader who desires an entertaining book of this kind.

Prof. William James Vaughn, senior member of the faculty of Vanderbilt University, who had held the chair of mathematics from 1882 to 1895, and the chair of astronomy since the latter year, died at Nashville the early part of last week, aged seventy-eight. He was a graduate of the University of Alabama.

Drama and Music

England has never got over feeling cheated because her greatest literary genius failed to leave more knowledge of his personality behind him. What couldn't the critics do with his plays if Shakespeare's life lay as bare to the public as, say, Goethe's? The moments of Hamlet's despair, of Macbeth's ambition, Romeo's passion would all be pointed with the sting of actuality. No one will deny that much might be learned from Shakespeare's own experience; and even the most careful students of his works have fancied they discovered there at least sidelong glances of himself. They must be there, if the practice of other writers counts for anything. But to admit the existence of his own likeness in the plays is one thing; to pluck it out bodily and hold it up to the gaze of all is quite another. Yet even this Mr. Frank Harris—known for his "The Man Shakespeare" and just now for "The Women of Shakespeare," published by Mitchell Kennerley—has not hesitated to attempt. In the thick of a smart London set, who by their sharp wits are pleasantly making over all philosophy, all religion, and all life, it must have seemed to him like child's play to find out a thing or two about that fellow Shakespeare. The earmarks of child's play are indeed on nearly every page of his latest book.

Just how he reaches the conclusion that the "Dark Lady" is Mary Fitton, and Shakespeare's patron and false friend Lord William Herbert, is of no great importance. Mr. Harris ignores the recent discovery that Mary Fitton was a blonde, as well as the growing difficulty in the way of making Herbert the person designated as "W. H."; and, accepting them for his purpose, finds their broad trail through most of the plays. So Helena, of "All's Well," running after Bertram, and, after she has tricked him into the marriage relation, trying to force him to acknowledge her openly, is Mary in indecent pursuit of the young lord. Poor Helena! Heaven knows Shakespeare himself pitied her and tried hard to free her from the taint of the original story. Would Mr. Harris read into this source of the play a record of the same historical intrigue? In passing we are told that the poet's wife appears as the scold, Adriana, of "The Comedy of Errors"; his mother as Volumnia, of "Coriolanus," and his daughter, Judith, as Marina, Perdita, and Miranda. Mr. Harris's reasoning is too uninstructed to deserve to be recounted in detail. It is a good illustration of how smartness, when it attempts to unmask genius, is itself stripped bare.

Of the Select Plays of Shakespeare, which J. C. Smith as general editor is publishing in small volumes through the Clarendon Press (Frowde), we have just received "Richard the Second." The introduction and notes, for which Henry Newbolt is responsible, are very full. The former contains a helpful discussion of the historical characters in the play and a comparison of them, as found in actual life, with Shakespeare's conceptions.

The success which Professor Geddes had with the presentation of the "Masque of Learning" has encouraged him to give similar performances at the University of London, where in March he will present a series of ancient and modern masques.

James O'Neill has been engaged for "Joseph and His Brethren" at the Century Theatre. He will play Jacob and Pharaoh.

Edward Locke's latest play, "The Silver Wedding," will be placed in rehearsal this week and produced in New York late in January. "The Silver Wedding" is described as a folk-play of German-American life.

Macdonald Hasting's new play, to be produced in London immediately by Ethel Warwick, is in four acts, and of a serious nature. It deals with the law which allows the separation of mother and child, and incidentally touches upon the proceedings of the recent Divorce Commission. The principal character, to be played by Miss Warwick, is that of a woman of thirty-five with a grown-up child. The first act takes place in a London hotel; the remaining three in Guernsey.

William Poel was the guest of honor at a dinner given in London recently, in honor of his Elizabethan production of "Troilus and Cressida," which is to be the last he will undertake on his own responsibility. Granville Barker presided and spoke of the great influence which Poel had exerted on the contemporary theatre. Mr. Poel, in reply, said that if the drama was to hold its proper position in the theatre, the author must realize his responsibility, and, besides being able to write, he must be a dramatist, a poet also, and a philosopher, for he would be called upon in the future to represent Nature on the stage as it really existed. The actor would be called upon in the future to consider that his sole and responsible business was to be loyal to the author and to interpret the author according to his intention. His own work was going to be carried on by their chairman, and no doubt it would be carried on in a more practical way than it had been by himself.

Martin Harvey is about to produce "Hamlet" in conjunction with Max Reinhardt. Talking with a London reporter, he said: "We hope to have one special performance almost immediately, if we can get the right sort of theatre. If this proves impossible to arrange, the production will open my April season in London. Mr. Reinhardt has, I believe, staged 'Hamlet' on the Continent, giving it an early fifteenth-century setting. But we are now hard at work on quite original lines, though we keep to my usual eleventh-century setting." Explaining some of the points which the production will bring out, Mr. Harvey said that the treatment would be simple, large, and spacious.

After a tour extending over eighteen months, Matheson Lang and his wife, Hutin Britton, have returned to England. During their absence they have visited the principal cities in South Africa and in India, and have broken many records. Their repertory included seven Shakespearean plays and five modern pieces. During the course of their eight weeks' season in Johannesburg Mr. Lang made a special production of Miss Peggy Webling's drama, "Westward Ho!" adapted from Charles Kingsley's romance. Mr. Lang will try to procure a London West End theatre wherein to present this piece.

Gerhart Hauptmann paid a fine tribute to the memory of the late Otto Brahm, until recently director of the Lessing Theater in Berlin. He said:

> I do not believe that in the whole history of the German theatre there was ever before him such a union of practical force and ideal force. He compelled the theatre to serve serious, true, and living art. He brought it near to life, and life near to it, as had never been done before. . . . There may be people who regard a fight for the prestige of the German theatre to be not important enough to justify belief in its seriousness. It is Brahm's service that he recognized its importance and gave himself to the work.

John Cheever Goodwin, writer of plays and adapter of musical comedy librettos, died last week at his home in New York. Mr. Goodwin, who was born in Boston in 1850 and graduated from Harvard in 1873, commenced his connection with the stage as an actor, being for a season with the company headed by the elder Sothern, but he soon gave up acting for writing. Among his best-known librettos are "Evangeline," "Wang," "Dr. Syntax," and "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen." He also wrote several plays, among them "The Merry Monarch," "The Lion Tamer," and "The Monks of Malabar."

Sir Hubert Parry's new symphony, recently played by the London Philharmonic, has curious headings for its parts. The four movements played continuously are called "Stress," "Love," "Play," and "Now!" and the themes of the first are described by such phrases as "brooding thought in the presence of tragedy," "wrestling with the meaning of it," "revolt," "tokens of suffering," and "the pity of it." But the listener who begins with the music and works back to the verbal description, as all real listeners must, the London *Times* remarks, generally finds that he is passing from the greater to the less—that the music has carried him so much further than the words that the latter are superfluous.

Ernest Newman has an article in the *Musical Times* for December on "A Forerunner of Wagner," its subject being Ignaz Franz Mosel, whose book, "Versuch einer Aesthetik des dramatischen Tonsatzes," originally published in the year of Wagner's birth (1813), and now made accessible in a new edition, edited by Dr. Eugen Schmitz, anticipates Wagner's principles in a remarkable way.

The National Conservatory of Music of America, No. 126 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York city, gives more free scholarships to pupils of talent without means than any other music school in this country, following the example of the Paris Conservatoire. Nine were granted at the annual entrance examinations in September, and more scholarships for voice, piano, and violin will be given at the semi-annual examinations, to be held Saturday, January 4, 1913, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

Luisa Tetrazzini has received the gold medal of the London Philharmonic Society, an honor that has been conferred on few musical celebrities. Among those who have received it are Patti and Paderewski. Mme. Tetrazzini will accompany the Chicago Opera Company to the Pacific Coast next spring.

Julia Heinrich, the daughter of the eminent Armenian baritone, Max Heinrich, continues to receive warm praise from the German critics. She is now prima donna of the Stadt Theater in Elberfeld, gaining experience in many rôles. This is the chief advantage of being associated with one of these theatres.

Mme. Gadski, who returns to the Metropolitan this week, after a most successful concert tour in the West, appears to have had some unique experiences. In Texas, at Fort Worth, her coming created a great stir. The house, we read, was crowded, and seats had to be provided on the stage for hundreds of people. "It was really quite funny, for after the first group of songs some one handed Mme. Gadski a note in which she was asked to please sing some of her songs facing those on the stage. She did so, turning her back to the auditorium each time an encore was demanded and singing it that way. Thus it happened that she sang about one-third of the programme all over again."

Art

Homer Martin. By Frank Jewett Mather, jr. New York: F. F. Sherman. $12.50.

Like other great artists who in their lifetime were unknown to the large public, Homer Martin, perhaps the most elevated and distinguished of our landscape painters, is slowly gaining recognition. Little has been written about him, yet his fame grows steadily, and in an entirely natural manner. There is every reason, therefore, that a serious study of him should be welcome. Such a study was no easy task. In the case of one of our own people there is none of that help for the imagination which comes from the remoteness of the atmosphere about the foreign artist in the traditional, Old World *milieu* in which a Millet, for example, and his models were placed. To make the matter more difficult, most of Martin's works are scattered in unknown hands, and what could be known of them and of him, outside of his wife's little book, was to be found in the memories of a few friends. Our thanks are due to the author for his painstaking labor to establish facts which would otherwise be lost, and to discover the works of the artist and give them their proper date, thus establishing the chronology of his development. This Catalogue Raisonné, which must be the essential part of such a work, is admirably done and makes the book one of solid and permanent value.

The author is a humanist as well as a critic, to whom the man and his work are inseparable. He follows the modern method of making a personality reveal itself to the reader by a hundred minute facts, in the same way as a mosaic picture results from a mass of little cubes. The success of such a method depends upon the proper adjustment and relation of parts, as well as upon the correctness of facts used. Now, in his desire to realize and do full justice to Martin the man, Mr. Mather labors under a great disadvantage—he has never even seen the artist. Notwithstanding all he learned, and in spite of his evident candor, his presentment will not give entire satisfaction to those who knew Martin, and may convey a wrong impression to those who did not. When Whistler made the remark which Mr. Mather quotes in regard to Martin's physical appearance, it can only have been in the sense of: "Gentlemen, here is my friend Martin, a true artist, although he looks like anybody else"—a remark which might be made about many other great men. But the addition of a saying of Boughton's to reinforce the much exaggerated impression of the man the author wishes to convey is particularly unfortunate. *On choisit ses témoins*—in the Court of Public Opinion as in any other court! The simple statement that Martin was wont to accompany one of the most distinguished gentlewomen of New York to public concerts would have helped the reader to draw his own conclusions on the point in question.

The critical temper of the author is that of the broad-minded scholar who knows and values the art of many schools. The descriptions of pictures are admirable; each subject is felt and characterized with sympathetic insight, and with a fine glow of enthusiasm tempered by a sense of measure. Possibly, Mr. Mather underestimates Martin's technique. On seeing some of Raphael's most beautiful figures very much enlarged on the screen, one becomes aware that the drawing is often quite "out," that it is not at all what the student is taught (and rightly) as correct drawing; yet, it is not only good drawing, it is drawing of the finest quality because it so thoroughly expresses the artist's conception. Whether it might do that and be "correct" is now becoming more and more a purely academic question. In the same way the battle of techniques is getting to be a thing of the past. "There are fifty roads to town and a great many more to heaven," and all technique is good which enables the artist to express himself and convey his particular message. Martin's technique needs no apology, neither does that of Inness; but if the latter seems more facile, more brilliant, more "painter-like" as we now say, that is just where it may be somewhat inferior to the former. We are inclined, for other reasons also, to disagree with Mr. Mather on the relative ranks of these two artists. Inness has benefited greatly by the fact that he was doing large things, with a proper method and adequate technique, when American landscape painters were given to doing the little things in a little way. Inness and Martin were alike in this, although the achievements of the one were generally recognized, while those of the other were not; but in poetical feeling the large and simple art of Inness is comparatively commonplace. Martin's mood is not only subtler, more moving, and more distinguished, but it is far deeper. Whatever may be said of Inness, surely Martin is the great lyric poet of the two.

But it is obvious that we are too near these men, that we lack perspective, to judge them with anything like finality. Such a book as Mr. Mather's will prove invaluable to students and lovers of art. It belongs to the class of serious, elevated, and scholarly, yet human, works of which we are in particular need and which we so seldom get.

The dialogues contained in the little volume "On the Truth of Decorative Art," by Lionel de Fonseka (London: Greening & Co.), are more important than their modest manner and dress would suggest. Ostensibly we have the plea of a Ceylonese æsthete against the Western theory that art should be the expression of idiosyncrasy and directed solely to the appreciation of a cult. Beauty and truth are to be found not along the lines of asserting and exaggerating personality, but through the restraint and disciplining of personality and its adaptation to social use. Truth and beauty are not met in the endeavor at self-expression, but through submission to universal decorative conventions which are the key to the general heart. Thus no European art is really fine and broadly humane except that of Greece and the Middle Ages with its fixed themes and established symbolism. The way of beauty and truth is social. One must avoid inordinate curiosity, both about nature and about one's own soul. This collectivist and anti-individualist doctrine is advanced with quiet and gentle conviction. The book should be read by all who seek a corrective for the restless individualism of modern art. Doubtless few will go the whole quietistic way with Mr. Fonseka. Yet it is hard to gainsay the force of passages like this: "Has it never occurred to you that it is inhuman to breed grotesque personalities for the sake of art? You worship beauty and you sacrifice human victims on your altars."

In a letter to the London *Times*, Bernard and Ellen M. Whishaw give interesting details of the remarkable discoveries recently made in the centure of Seville. Excavations were there undertaken of a purely business nature, with the object of improving the access to the top of a steep ascent known as the Cuesta (cliff) del Rosario, which has hitherto been believed to be part of an outcrop of rock in the midst of the great plain of Guadalquivir. During these operations, a quantity of large stones were dug up, which were recognized as dating from a period far earlier than that commonly accepted for the foundation of Seville or Hispalis by Julius Cæsar. Careful investigations were then made, and it was found that the "cliff" was not a natural rock at all, but an artificial mound, formed by building tier after tier of houses on the débris beneath. A number of different floors of different construction were brought to light, and roughly dated—the earliest as far back as the Bronze Age—by the objects discovered with them. Brick and stone walls extending a long distance were also laid bare. It is the belief of the discoverers that this ancient site is to be identified with that of the lost city of Tharsis, which has before been shown to correspond exactly with the site of Seville. The various objects found during the excavations have been deposited in the Museum of Andalusian Pottery and Lace at Seville.

Finance

THE "TURN OF THE YEAR."

The sudden recovery on the Stock Exchange, towards the close of the past week, did not accomplish much towards making good the declines of the two preceding months, which had run to 15 and 20 points in many stocks, but it brought up for fresh consideration some factors, other than those which have lately absorbed the attention of the financial community. This week-end recovery affected simultaneously the European stock exchanges and our own: for instance, British consols moved up 1 point in London, and French rentes ½ at Paris, on the very days when Reading shares and Union Pacific were advancing 5 points apiece on Wall Street. Each market had its own particular explanation for the recovery. London was cheered by the fact that the predicted rise in the Bank of England rate did not occur; Paris was relieved at positive reports that Austria and Servia had composed their differences; Wall Street professed relief that the "Money Trust" Committee had adjourned.

All these causes may have had a hand in the rise of prices; but the coincidence of three separate irresistible reasons for recovery, on three separate markets, was somewhat striking. Since, also, practiced students of finance are aware that stock exchanges will seize on the nearest plausible explanation for any movement of prices, whether up or down, there is reasonable warrant for the question whether the movement on all three markets, and on others with them, might not perhaps have had a common cause, apart from those assigned in the gossip of the markets. There is at least one factor, of recognized importance to all the markets and stock exchanges of the world, which now has to be taken into account with more carefulness than heretofore. That is the fact that the end of the year is at hand.

The large forward and backward movements of economic prosperity are not affected by the passing from one calendar year into another. The natural and legitimate elements in the situation are the same on the 15th of January as on the 15th of December. But a forced and unnatural financial position—especially one dominated by money stringency—is apt to be considerably changed by the ending of a year. December is the climax of demand from all quarters—financial, mercantile, and industrial—on the money markets. Such are the habits of those markets that the point of highest tension is usually reached on, or shortly before, the last day of the year, with progressive relaxation of the strain and eventual return to easy money, after a few weeks of the year.

There are many causes for the abruptness and completeness of that change; but the essential point is that the invariable relaxing of the money strain brings a new test to the financial situation, and throws new light on the underlying conditions. The turn of the year after December, 1899, was a notable case in point. The month ended with European money markets at the utmost tension, under the influence of the Boer War, the blockade of the Transvaal gold mines, and the strain of financing a large commercial business. Bank rates were 6 per cent. at London and 7 per cent. at Berlin; 6⅞ had just been paid for three months' bills on Lombard Street; call money on Wall Street had been at 186 per cent., and closed the year at 25, with even six months' loans at 6. Before the end of January, however, the London bank rate was down to 4 per cent., the Berlin rate to 5½, and the New York money market got down to 3 per cent. on call and 4 on time. This was typical of the movement after the turn of the year, even following severe tight-money periods, such as 1907 and 1909.

Such abrupt return to easier conditions on the money market, after December 31, does not necessarily restore favorable conditions on the stock exchanges or in general trade; that depends on circumstances. The low money rates of January, 1900, so far as Europe was concerned, served only to introduce a general decline of trade prosperity in England and Germany and a prolonged period of both financial and industrial liquidation. In America, on the other hand, notwithstanding the reflex influence of the European reaction and the handicap of a disturbing Presidential campaign, prosperity continued, leading up to the active times of 1901. This was because the underlying conditions differed in Europe and America. On the one continent a prolonged and overdone boom in trade was reaching its natural end when the money strain occurred; on the other, the upward movement of industrial activity had just begun. The December stringency had disguised the real state of affairs on both sides of the Atlantic.

The test of the turn of the year has not always had such plain results. It did not after the extreme money tension of December, 1906; for, in 1907, though the year began with easier money markets, the high-strung speculation prevalent throughout the world continued, and soon brought all the world's markets back to the December stringency. It will presently be possible to determine which of the two periods referred to bears most resemblance to the present period. At all events, the first few weeks of 1913 will go reasonably far towards showing just how much of the recent European depression has been due to actual fear of a general European war and just how much to money stringency; also to what extent the recent extreme weakness at New York is attributable to the Southern Pacific decision, the Money Trust inquiry, and the coming tariff revision, and to what extent to the unusual difficulty of procuring money, whether in Wall Street or in Europe, in the face of the demands on capital imposed by almost unprecedented interior trade activity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abernethy, J. W. Correct Pronunciation. C. E. Merrill Company. 75 cents.

Ayscough, John. Saints and Places. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.

Babbitt, Irving. Masters of Modern French Criticism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Book of Winter Sports. Edited by J. C. Dier. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Bradford, William. History of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1647. Two vols. (Mass. Historical Society.) Houghton Mifflin. $15 net.

Browning's The Ring and the Book. Introduction by E. Dowden. Frowde.

Catalogue of Newspaper Files in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Second edition. Madison: The Society.

Carden, Admiral J. S. A Curtail'd Memoir of Incidents and Occurrences. Written 1850, now first printed and edited by C. T. Atkinson. Frowde.

Coler, Bird S. Two and Two Make Four. Frank D. Beattys & Co.

Coleridge, S. T. Poems, edited by E. H. Coleridge. Frowde.

Douglas, G. W. Essays in Appreciation. Longmans. $1.20 net.

Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association. Vol. III, collected by W. P. Ker. Frowde.

English Literature and the Classics. Nine lectures delivered in Oxford, 1911-12, by Gilbert Murray, and others. Frowde.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol V, Dravidians-Fichte. Scribner.

Fear, and Other Essays. By the author of "Times and Days." Longmans. $1.25 net.

Foerster, F. W. Marriage and the Sex-Problem. Stokes.

Gladden, Washington. Ultima Veritas and Other Verses. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Jekyll, G., and Weaver, L. Gardens for Small Country Houses. Scribner. $5 net.
Jones, H. W. A Man in the Making. Topeka: Crane & Co. $1.35 net.
Jeudwine, J. W. The First Twelve Centuries of British Story. Longmans. $4.50 net.
Madison, L. F. Peggy Owen and Liberty. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.
Masefield, John. The Story of a Round-House, and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Milman, H. H. The History of the Jews. Vol. II. (Everyman's Library, No. 378.) Dutton.
Nichols, M. L. History of Art Outlines. Vol. I, Ancient Art. Hartford, Conn.: Burr Index Co. $2.
Old Chinatown. Pictures by A. Genthe; text by W. Irwin. Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.
Oxford Books of Latin Verse. Chosen by H. W. Garrod. Frowde.
Park, J. Edgar. The Dwarf's Spell: A Christmas Play. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Peabody, Leila. A Little Book of Verse. Boston: Sherman, French. 75 cents net.
Prothero, R. E. English Farming, Past and Present. Longmans. $4 net.
Robinson, E. B. A Child's Glimpse of God. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Robinson, Victor. Pathfinders in Medicine. Medical Review of Reviews. $2.50.
Saintsbury, George. The Historical Character of English Lyric. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy.) Frowde.
Schrakamp, Josefa. Deutsche Heimat. American Book Company. 80 cents.
Shoemaker, M. M. Indian Pages and Pictures. Putnam.
Tennyson's Idylls of the King. Selections, edited by John Erskine. Holt.
Torelle, Ellen. Plant and Animal Children. How They Grow. Boston: Heath. (School edition.) 50 cents.
Townshend, Aurelian. Poems and Masks, edited by E. K. Chambers. Frowde.
Wells, A. R. The Ideal Adult Class in the Sunday School. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Wilkins, E. H., and Altrocchi, R. Italian Short Stories. Heath. 60 cents.
Wilson, W. H. The Evolution of the Country Community: A Study in Religious Sociology. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Wright, A., and Reid, T. H. The Malay Peninsula: A Record of British Progress in the Middle East. Scribner.

American and English THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE 1580-1912
Compiled by BURTON E. STEVENSON

3,120 poems—1,100 authors—1 volume, $7.50 net *cloth.*

"A body of poetry in a single volume that is unparalleled in the history of English anthologies."—*Boston Transcript.*

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St New York

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. xlvi, No. 3. The Labor Movement in France

A Study in Revolutionary Syndicalism.

By LOUIS LEVINE, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Professor Franklin H. Giddings. 8vo. *Paper covers,* $1.50. *Cloth,* $2.00.

"The first thorough and impartial study of the subject, and highly important."—*Evening Mail.*

Vol. lii, No. 2. The Distribution of Incomes in the United States

By FRANK HATCH STREIGHTOFF, M. A., Instructor in Economics, De Pauw University, Sometime University Fellow, Columbia University, Author of "The Standard of Living." 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50.

Longmans, Green, & Co.

Plays and Players in Modern Italy

Being a study of the Italian stage as affected by the political and social life, manners and character of to-day.

By ADDISON McLEOD

8vo, cloth, gilt top, with illustrations $2.75 net

Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago

"TO LIBRARIANS"

It is of interest and importance to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Magazine excerpts on all subjects supplied. Let me know what you are interested in. H. Williams, 105 E. 22d St., N. Y.

PYGMIES AND PAPUANS:

The stone age of to-day in Dutch New Guinea.

By A. F. R. WOLLASTON.

The adventures and scientific results of an expedition to the Snow Mountains of Dutch New Guinea made under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. *Octavo. Profusely illustrated in color and black and white, and with maps. $4.00 net.*

Studies in the Psychology of Intemperance

By G. E. PARTRIDGE, Ph.D.
Author of "The Nervous Life," etc.

This book considers its subject in relation to psychological and social conditions. Practical and grounded in science, it is of special value to all interested in intemperance as an individual or social problem. *12mo. $1.00 net, postpaid $1.10.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

"An invaluable addition to the literary and social history of the period."

THE DIARIES OF
WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY
1833-1851

Edited by WILLIAM CHARLES TOYNBEE

8vo. 2 vols. With 49 full-page illus. $7.50 net. Carriage 50 cts.

This exceedingly valuable and interesting personal record of the stage career of one of the greatest actors contains a great deal of material hitherto withheld from publication. In a style full of candor, the author speaks of the stage rivals and illustrious contemporaries with whom he came into contact.

Profoundly interesting, abounding in intimate glimpses of Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Bulwer, and other Victorian Celebrities.

New York **G. P. Putnam's Sons** London

THE JANUARY ISSUE OF THE
YALE REVIEW
CONTAINS

"THE DEMOCRATS AND THE TARIFF"

By HENRY C. EMERY,
(Chairman of the Tariff Commission under the administration of President Taft, and Professor of Economics at Yale University.)

This is a brilliant and authoritative statement of the efforts to revise the tariff under the last Congress, with side lights on the two parties in that session from a man who was in the midst of the controversy. Mr. Emery, in this paper, goes into what the next Congress is likely to do and what it can do. If it is pessimistic of popular applause over the results, from a lower cost of living view point, the reader will discover the reason.

"POPULAR ELECTIONS OF SENATORS"

By MAX FARRAND *(Professor of History at Yale University)*

"TRADITIONS IN GREEK LITERATURE"

By GILBERT MURRAY *(Professor of Greek at Oxford University)*

AND MANY OTHER PAPERS OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTEREST, together with signed and authoritative book reviews.

Says the *Educational Review* for December, 1912:

> "One of the best reviews appearing in the United States is the Yale Review. Its broad scope, its literary standards, and its attractive appearance commend it to thoughtful and studious readers. Amid the great mass of worthless or worse than worthless publications, one turns with relief and satisfaction to the Yale Review for something that is really worth while for intelligent people to read."

$3.00 a year

THE YALE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, 135 Elm St., New Haven, Ct.